Pioneer believes that any objective comparison of quality/performance/price between our new SX-1010, SX-939 and SX-838 AM-FM stereo receivers and any other fine receivers will overwhelmingly indicate Pioneer's outstanding superiority and value.

The most powerful ever
Pioneer uses the most conservative power rating standard: continuous power output per channel, with both channels driven into 8 ohm loads, across the full audio spectrum from 20Hz to 20,000 Hz. Despite this conservatism, the SX-1010 far surpasses any unit ever produced with an unprecedented 100 + 100 watts RMS at incredibly low 0.1% distortion. Closely following are the SX-939 (70 + 70 watts RMS) and the SX-838 (50 + 50 watts RMS) both with less than 0.3% distortion. Dual power supplies driving direct-coupled circuitry maintain consistent high power output with positive stability. A fail-safe circuit protects speakers and circuitry against damage from overloading.

Outstanding specifications for flawless reception
FM reception poses no challenge to the exceptionally advanced circuitry of these fine instruments. Their FM tuner sections are designed with MOS FETS, ceramic filters and phase lock loop circuitry. The result is remarkable sensitivity, selectivity and capture ratio that brings in stations effortlessly, clearly and with maximum channel separation.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>SX-1010</th>
<th>SX-939</th>
<th>SX-838</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FM Sensitivity (1kHz)</td>
<td>1.7uV</td>
<td>1.8uV</td>
<td>1.8uV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selectivity (the higher the better)</td>
<td>90dB</td>
<td>90dB</td>
<td>80dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture Ratio (the lower the better)</td>
<td>1dB</td>
<td>1dB</td>
<td>1dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signal/Noise Ratio (the lower the better)</td>
<td>72dB</td>
<td>70dB</td>
<td>70dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Total versatility plus innovations
  Only you, listening interests limit the capabilities of these extraordinary receivers. They have terminals for every conceivable accommodation—records, tape, microphones, headsets—plus Dolby and 4-channel multiplex connectors. Completely unique on the SX-1010 and SX-939 is tape-to-tape duplication while listening simultaneously to another program source. The SX-838 innovates with its Recording.
There can be only one best.
The finest stereo has ever known.
Selector that permits FM recording while listening to records and vice versa. Up to three pairs of speakers may be connected to each model.

**Inputs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>SX-1010</th>
<th>SX-939</th>
<th>SX-838</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tape monitor/4-ch. adaptor</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phono</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Microphone</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auxiliary</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noise reduction</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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**Outputs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>SX-1010</th>
<th>SX-939</th>
<th>SX-838</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Speakers</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tape Rec./4-ch. adaptor</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Headsets</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Noise reduction</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-channel MPX</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Master control system capability**

Pioneer's engineers have surpassed themselves with a combination of control features never before found in a single receiver. All three units include: pushbutton function selection with illuminated readouts on the ultra wide tuning dial, FM and audio muting, loudness contour, hi/low filters, dual tuning meters and a dial dimmer.

Never before used on a receiver are the twin stepped bass and treble tone controls found on the SX-1010 and SX-939. They offer over 3,000 tonal variations. A tone defeat switch provides flat response instantly throughout the audio spectrum. The SX-838 features switched turnover bass and treble controls for more precise tonal compensation for room acoustics and other program source characteristics.

In their respective price ranges, these are unquestionably the finest values in stereo receivers the world has ever known. Audition their uniqueness at your Pioneer dealer.
Anonymity is fine. Sometimes.

But when a company like ours has been a leader in its field for 37 years, one begins to wonder whether being anonymous is all that good for business. So, after mulling it over, we've decided to shoot for a little visibility among you who have known the products we sell (Garrard turntables, B·I·C Venturi speakers, to name two) but not our company name.

British Industries Co. will henceforth be known as B·I·C INTERNATIONAL (pronounce it "bee eye see" please, not "bic") and will be identified by this logo. B·I·C

We hasten to add that while we believe it is good business to change our name, we don't intend to change our ways.

We will continue to be innovators in the component field. We will continue to emphasize honesty, fair dealing, and all those other business virtues that mean so much when you're laying out several hundred dollars for a piece of equipment.

So remember us. B·I·C INTERNATIONAL. The name stands for more today than ever in our history. And as the man said, "you ain't seen nothin' yet."
Introducing the Fisher Auditorium speaker.

The speaker based on a revolutionary new principle discovered in 1404 A.D.

The Fisher Auditorium speaker model ST-900 represents a major step backward in speaker design.

The details are now obscured, and the participants are largely forgotten. But early in the 15th century, Europe was introduced to a new method of sound production which would revolutionize the world of music for the next several centuries. Ironically, the effect of this new development is just being felt in the high fidelity industry.

The new development was the invention of the clavichord, the earliest musical ancestor of the modern grand piano. What made the clavichord so unique then, as now, was the over-sized sounding board upon which taut wires were plucked. With its large radiating surface, the sounding board made those wires “sing” with an inspiring richness and clarity.

From this brief, but significant footnote in history the engineers at Fisher resurrected a timeless principle of sound production: the larger the radiating surface, the clearer and cleaner the sound.

The Auditorium ST-900 requires less energy (the audio signal) to push more sound into the listening area. Hence, you have a speaker of unusually high efficiency: one which doesn’t require a blockbuster amplifier to fill a room with music.

In its technical specifications, our new Auditorium Speaker reads like a state-of-the-art lesson in speaker performance:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Fisher Auditorium Speaker model ST-900</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Frequency Response</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Pink noise source;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/3-octave bands)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50-20,000 Hz ± 3dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maximum Music Power</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minimum Music Power</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.8 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dispersion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>360 degrees</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnet Structure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.64 pounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voice Coil Diameter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 inch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Impedance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Ohms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dimensions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 5/8” x 29 5/16” x</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27/8” deep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 pounds</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A speaker for hard and soft music.

The ST-900 is perfectly at home with the hardest rock music. The reason is that it doesn’t have a woofer. Big woofers can be unfaithful in reproducing the strong, but short-lived electronic and percussive elements of hard rock. Their bulky cones tend to “smear” those transients. A smaller woofer isn’t the answer; it falls short on the low end.

The acoustical polymer diaphragm of the Auditorium speaker is low enough in mass to reproduce an undistorted transient. So a resounding clash of cymbals comes across as crisp and clear as the original. And with nearly two square feet of radiating surface, a polymer diaphragm is certainly hefty enough to move the large volume of air necessary to reproduce extreme lows at high sound pressure levels without distortion. The deep thrum of an electric bass is smooth and natural.

The perfect speaker for two and four-channel sound.

Whether they’re employed in stereo or four-channel mode, the Fisher Auditorium ST-900 overcomes another thorny problem: limited or exaggerated dispersion. Many conventional speakers “beam” sound, limiting the ideal listening area of any room to one small spot. Fully-reflective omnidirectional speakers are often accused of over-compensating to the other extreme. They bounce sound off of everything within reach, making a virtuoso violin solo stretch unrealistically from one end of the room to the other.

Auditorium speakers are omnidirectional, too. But only in the best sense of the word. They don’t bounce or beam; they “emanate” sound from front and rear a full 360 degrees. The result is a speaker which recreates the ambient characteristics of the original sound source as faithfully, and more so, as conventional speakers costing several times more.

Take a listen, learn a lesson.

In designing the Auditorium ST-900, Fisher engineers discarded several new theories in favor of an old one. The result is a speaker which offers the serious audio listener an opportunity to enjoy a fidelity of sound previously available only to people with unlimited budgets.

The Fisher Auditorium speaker sells for $99.95. Compare it with other speakers you think you would like to own. Even speakers two and three times our price. You’ll probably agree that it was worth taking one step backward in speaker design, to take two steps forward in high fidelity.

Fisher Radio, Dept. SK-5,
11-40 49th Road, Long Island City, N. Y. 11101.
Studio-Standard speakers are available only at Fisher Studio-Standard Dealers. Fair trade prices where applicable.

MAY 1974
DA CAPO, AMERICA

It is said that pessimism is a character trait, optimism a philosophy. There would seem to be some truth in the notion, for pessimism is the passive acceptance of things as they are (pretty awful) and optimism is an active search for proof (pretty scarce) that they can be better; you need a philosophy to persevere in that search, you need to have made up your mind ahead of time that the proof is there to find. And so, if I have a generally sanguine, philosophical-optimist attitude toward our musical life, it is not because of a shortage of evidence that things are in their usual sorry state, but because there are reassuring signs that they are getting better. As the current comedic bromide has it, better as compared to what? Well, as compared to what they were only a short decade or so ago.

That divinely appointed gadfly who goes by the name of Anna Russell tells us that folk music is defined in the Encyclopaedia Britannica as "the uncouth utterance of the people." (Miss Russell’s edition is perhaps a little older than mine: the 1946 essay on folk music is by Ralph Vaughan Williams, recommended for its uncommon civility and good sense.) The quotation is an all-too-apt example of the widespread but completely erroneous idea that when we speak of a people’s "culture" we mean only its high culture. (There would, of course, be no difficulty in finding another quotation from the far side of the ideological spectrum that would tell us just the reverse—that there is no culture but folk culture.) But despite those who would appropriate the word’s meaning and restrict its operations to the area of their private concerns, culture’s juggernaut inevitability rolls over them all, with the result that high, middle, and low penetrate, flow, and otherwise shade into each other imperceptibly. This has been true for almost as long as the world has been round, but it has evidently amused certain whole cultures (ours among them) to pretend otherwise, to admire the flower while despising the plant (or vice versa). This pernicious elitism has had, in this country at least, some disastrous effects, particularly in music. The academy has become a cloistered retreat where those who ought to be our learned composers sing only to each other, the whole genre of “classical music” has become something very close to a dirty word, and record-industry die-hards lie spitefully entrenched behind the classical records they can’t sell. So much for easy pessimism.

This cockeyed optimistic sees a definite change in the weather: a whole gang of (mostly) young academics who have come out, taken a good look (and listen) around, sniffed the air, and gone to work uncovering our neglected musical beginnings (yes, da capo) to see if they will help to get our musical culture going again. No, there will be no neglected Beethoven brought to light, and no, the one we have was not asked to roll over. But these engaging subversives have already, by infiltrating the studios of a few key record companies, persuaded us to listen again, with natural American sympathy rather than smug European condescension, to William Billings, Stephen Foster, Scott Joplin, George Gershwin, and Jelly Roll Morton, with others to come just as soon as a few more slow-on-the-uptake record companies have scrambled, with whatever grace they can muster, onto the bandwagon. Who knows whether it will work or not; we all know that is what we must try. This music, these composers, are ours; we have nobly denied them long enough. There will be those who will call all this merely another money-grubbing nostalgia kick. I have never been able to see much wrong with money, and I see even less wrong with nostalgia; I quarrel with no man’s Eden, having one of my own. But it has occurred to me to wonder whether we call a nostalgia “binge” may not be rather a return to normalcy, a healthy interest in and regard for the past and what it has to teach us. Have we not had enough of running headlong without plan through the present and into a future that is looking darker daily?
The Technics SA-8000X demodulates or decodes any kind of 4-channel. Even some that haven't been invented yet.

The Technics SA-8000X is master of all 4-channel systems. With special talents in discrete. Like a built-in demodulator for CD-4 records. Plus jacks for up to three 4-channel tape sources. And jacks for future discrete 4-channel FM.

It can handle any matrix method with ease. Because the Acoustic Field Dimension (AFD) controls and phase shift selector adjust to the coefficients of all the popular systems. Plus some that haven't been tried yet. And the same controls can help compensate for poor speaker placement and unfortunate room acoustics.

Each of the 4 direct-coupled amplifiers delivers 16 watts of RMS power at 8Ω, all channels driven.* (4×16w = 64w.) And because they can be strapped together, you get 42 watts RMS per channel at 8Ω, all channels driven,* in the 2-channel mode. (2×42w = 84w.)

That's double-power stereo.

In the FM section, we have combined a 4-pole MOS FET, ceramic IF filters, a monolithic IC and epoxy resin coils for superb reception.

FM sensitivity measures 1.9µV.

Insist on the SA-8000X for total 4-channel.

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

*T.H.D.: less than 0.5%. Power Bandwidth: 5Hz—40kHz ~3dB.

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Technics
by Panasonic
Pachelbel’s Canon

Mr. Goodfriend’s learned analysis of Pachelbel’s Canon in D (March) is interesting, but his conclusions are beside the point. He seems annoyed that “this fragment of ancient music” (in terms of its composition) is “the thing that buys it” (the piece is widely enjoyed by the public). It is commonly accepted that the Canon is not the first composition of its kind and that it is not particularly new or unique. However, it has found a new public; in fact, it has become a pop hit that should be enjoyed by the Great Unwashed. This is because the piece has a simple and pleasant melody that appeals to the general public. It is not meant to be analyzed or understood in depth, but simply enjoyed for its ear-pleasing qualities.

Mr. Goodfriend suggests that the piece produces an ecstatic, quasi-religious experience encouraged by a short, repeated harmonic progression of eight notes in an unvaried rhythm, etc. How tiresome, this dissecting of a butterfly’s wing. Does anyone who enjoys it-as if anybody ever anything with a view to how or why it works-expect everyone to love rock, but honestly, many can validly say rock is poetry. I find the lyrics of Ray Davies as aurally pleasing as those of T. S. Eliot. Bob Dylan’s imagery will be long remembered after Andrew Marvell is deleted from the Norton Anthology. One finds that every argument of an aesthetic nature has an equally valid opposing argument; therefore, beauty is truly in the eye of the beholder. Granted, time may be the yardstick since Socrates—“Poetry’s purpose is to delight” or so, he says, says Dryden)—rock delights; therefore rock is poetry.” Yes, and so are merry-go-rounds, comic strips, and the Marx Brothers, for they all delight too. Since this syllogism’s conclusion is patently foolish, there must be something wrong with either its major or its minor premise; I will leave it to Mr. Kessler for one of the most comical syllogisms since Socrates to puzzle out which, countering in his dubs are indeed to be found in the pre-recorded catalog. As to who is responsible for this sorry situation, the argument is purely chicken-or-egg.

Substandard Software

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Hall of Obscurity

I must thank J Marks for the very nice write-up of Joanne Vent (February). I think she’s done a wonderful job on “The Black and White of It Is Blues.” She was quite unfortunate with managers, and I think there should have been more promotion with the album. She did another album for A&M that was never released, and it too is quite good. I especially like It’s a Slow Train and For the Love of My Man. Singing is Joanne’s whole life, and she really puts her heart and soul into it. I can say this truthfully as I am her mother.

Irene Vent
San Diego, Calif.

Addition to your “Hall of Obscurity”: Perhaps the most under-appreciated band of all—Little Feat. And what about Ry Cooder, Kenny Rankin, . . . ?

George Kotzas
Toms River, N.J.
Here's an easy way for you to get additional information about products advertised or editorially in this issue. Just follow the directions below... and the literature will be sent to you free of charge.

Tear out one of the perforated postage-free cards. Please print or type your name and address where indicated.

Circle the number on the card that corresponds to the key number at the bottom of the advertisement or editorial mention that interests you. (Key numbers for advertised products also appear in the Advertisers' Index.)

Simply mail the card. One card per person is all that is necessary. No postage is required.

This address is for our "Free Information Service" only. All other inquiries are to be directed to, Stereo Review, One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.
a remarkable listening experience for stereo headphone owners!

The phenomenal realism of binaural sound recording is demonstrated by Stereo Review's AMAZING NEW BINAURAL DEMONSTRATION RECORD

Created specifically for playback through stereo headphones, this unique record presents the listener with sound of unsurpassed realism. It recreates at each of the listener's ears the precise sound that each ear would have heard—individually—at the original scene.

Binaural recording re-creates the directions, distances, and even the elevations of sounds better than any other recording method. The super-realism of binaural recording is accomplished by recording the acoustical input for each ear separately, and then playing it back through stereo headphones. Thus the sound intended for the left ear cannot mix with the sound for the right ear, and vice versa.

Binaural recording offers the listener the identical acoustical perspective and instrument spread of the original. The sound reaching each ear is exactly the same as would have been heard at the live scene.

“MAX”—GENIE OF BINAURAL RECORDING. “Max,” a specially constructed dummy head, cast in silicone rubber, duplicates the role of the human head as an acoustical absorber and reflector of sound. Super-precision capacitor microphones were installed in Max's ears so that each microphone would pick up exactly what each human ear would hear. The result is a demonstration of phenomenal recorded sound.

STARTLING REALITY. The Binaural Demonstration Record offers 45 minutes of sound and music of startling reality. You'll marvel at the eerie accuracy with which direction and elevation are re-created as you embark on a street tour in binaural sound—Sounds Of The City... Trains, Planes & Ships... a Basketball Game, a Street Parade, The Bird House at the Zoo—all demonstrating the incredible realism of binaural sound reproduction.

MUSIC IN BINAURAL. The musical performances presented on the Binaural Demonstration Record transport you to the concert hall for a demonstration of a wide variety of music. Selections total 23 minutes, and include examples of jazz, organ, and chamber music.

Although headphones are necessary to appreciate the near-total realism of binaural recording, the record can also be played and enjoyed on conventional stereo systems.

Only $5.98

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER YOUR BINAURAL DEMONSTRATION RECORD

CASH: Mail your order along with your name, address and remittance in the amount of $5.98, postpaid.

CHARGE: Your American Express or BankAmericard account! Mail your order, name, address and credit card number. You will be billed at $5.98, postpaid.

MAIL ALL ORDERS TO: RECORDS, ZIFF-DAVIS SERVICE DIVISION 595 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10012. OUTSIDE U.S.A. RECORDS ARE $8.00 POSTPAID.
How much would you expect to pay for a turntable with these features?

$160? $180? $220?

If you know something about turntables, you know that, as a general rule, the more features you get, the more money you pay.

With that in mind, add up the features of the ELAC/Miracord 625 automatic turntable shown here, and see if you can guess the price.

1. Exclusive ELAC/Miracord Push-Button Controls. Less than an ounce of pressure activates any of the 4 buttons. One is a stop/reject button, the other 3 are start buttons programmed to play 7", 10" and 12" records.

The push-button system eliminates shaking caused by conventional lever-type controls that cause the tone arm to skitter across the record and damage it.

2. Two Magic Wand Spindles. One holds up to 10 records for really long playing. The other is for playing a single record, or for continuous repeat playing of a single side.

3. Precise cueing device. This lets you interrupt a record, then gently drop the arm again into the same groove. Or, in its raised position, you can locate the arm anywhere you want.

4. Adjustable anti-skating device. This adjusts the anti-skate for any stylus pressure, to prevent distortion and uneven wear.

5. Dynamically balanced tone arm for precise tracking.

6. Heavy, pressure-formed turntable platter for smooth steady motion.


8. The most important, most exclusive feature of the Miracord 625 is one that you can't see. It's a reputation for quality craftsmanship and attention to detail that has made the ELAC name famous.

How much does that kind of quality cost? Much less than you'd expect. The Miracord 625, with features that you'll find in much more expensive models, sells for less than $150. Isn't it about time you got more than your money's worth?

ELAC Products, Benjamin Electronic Sound Company, Farmingdale, New York 11735.

You can't rush craftsmanship.
a definition not of poetry’s purpose, but of what it is: it is, according to Coleridge, “the best words in their best order.” (For me, even that is insufficient, since it covers such a statement as “Keep off the grass,” which is not poetry.)

But neither a definition of poetry nor my opinion of rock (as Mr. Kessler will have it further on) happens to be the subject of my March editorial “Deceptive Packaging.” Mr. Kessler is therefore guilty of an Ignoratio elenchii (the fallacy of irrelevant conclusion), an old sin against the science of logic that many husbands (and a few wives) will recognize as changing the subject in the hope of winning the argument. (Would that both the Latin language and Logic were compulsory subjects in our high schools!)

Music is everywhere in our culture, and one can get with extraordinary ease from any musical subject (rock lyrics, for example) to practically any other in the field of literature, politics, or even, as in this case, education. I chose the subject of “rock poetry” courses in order to demonstrate that some peculiar things are going on in our institutions of “higher” learning. “Rock poetry” is simply a subject that is defined, in terms of itself, as intellectual social climbing, a case of the species usurping the office of the genus. Students who are permitted to graduate with such a false notion of the world of the mind have been handed a second-class education, a plastic discharge from an educational kindergarten rather than a bona fide sheepskin.

I would call Mr. Kessler’s attention to a “sign of the times” reported in the February 25 issue of Time magazine: a half-million dollar suit is being brought against San Francisco’s Board of Education in the interest of a young man who was permitted to graduate from one of that city’s high schools with only fifth-grade competence in reading. It turns out that he found that to be a great handicap in the big world outside. Who will be the first to sue, say, UCLA when he discovers that the “rock poetry” course he got such a kick out of in his senior year has not prepared him but served to disqualify him for that publishing job he covets?

To get back to that other subject: the question of what is and what is not poetry is hardly a subjective or “esthetic” matter with “an equally valid opposing argument” for each case: there are objective criteria, demonstrable facts that have been known in many cultures for centuries—in English, since the sixteenth (see Saintsbury, History of English Prosody). Mr. Kessler may well derive as much “aural pleasure” from Ray Davies as he does from T. S. Eliot. I am sorry about that, for even if he is getting the whole 100 per cent of what there is to be discovered in Ray Davies (and I am fond of the Kinks), then he is certainly missing at least 90 per cent of what there is in Eliot. More royalist than the king, he may even find the work of Leiber & Stoller as witty and whimsical and clever as that of G & S: I somehow doubt that Leiber & Stoller would agree. And Bob Dylan has already been memorialized—not in the Norton Anthology, but on the Carol Burnett Show. In a series of comic blackouts based on pop music, Harvey Korman sang the lines “How many roads must a man walk down/ Before they call him a man . . .” (from Blowin’ in the Wind—and then minced off, in his best Nurse Peterson style, down that ol’ road. Time is cruel, and that very quickly, to popular culture: Dylan’s “imagery” will therefore last no longer than, shall we say, Woody Guthrie’s has. (For more on this subject of song lyrics and “poetry,” see Edward Jablonski’s article this month on Ira Gershwin, a man who knows the difference.)

Overlooked Guideline
• In Craig Stark’s interesting article “A Few Guidelines to Help You Plan your own Home Recording Studio” (March 1974) he states: “Ribbon microphones, rare today, tend in most cases to be fragile but are capable of excellent performance.”

This remark was probably true of the ribbon microphones of yesteryear. However, Dr. Stark’s comment is certainly not accurate insofar as the currently available Beyer ribbon microphones are concerned. Ribbon microphones of twenty years ago were physically extremely large and featured comparatively low-output, long ribbons with resultant comparatively slow transient ability and a certain fragility. Still, they were widely used.

However, today’s Beyer M160 ribbon microphone has two ribbons, each weighing 0.438 milligram and measuring 0.002 millimeter thick and less than ½ inch long. The result is extremely good transient ability, smooth and extended frequency response, high output (typically ~56 dBu), unobtrusive size and light weight, uniformly tight polar pattern. and...

(Continued on page 14)
Other fine turntables protect records.
Only PE also protects the stylus.

Some of the more expensive precision turntables stress their ability to protect records. Which is important. But this still leaves the problem of damage to the stylus. And even the finest tonearm can damage records if it plays them with a damaged stylus.

Among all the quality changers, only PE protects the stylus. For only PE has the fail-safe stylus protection system which prevents the tonearm from descending to the platter unless there’s a record on it. It’s simple, yet foolproof.

But this is not the only reason to buy a PE. For example, even the lowest-priced PE, the 3012, has many quality features associated with far more expensive turntables. These include: 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 tone arm 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 of the center hole.

For those who want additional refinements, there are two other PE models to choose from. The 3015 which has a rack-and-pinion counterbalance; anti-skating synchronized with tracking pressure; and a dynamically balanced non-ferrous platter. Or the 3060 which features a gimbal-mounted tonearm; synchronous motor; two-scale anti-skating; and vertical tracking angle adjustment.

High Fidelity magazine reported the 3060’s “performance and features...rival those found in other automatics costing the same or even higher.” And Stereo Review placed the 3060 “in the top rank of automatic turntables.”

The best way to decide which PE model you want is to visit your PE dealer. But if you’d like to read our new brochure first, just circle the number at the bottom of the page.
most important, immense strength. Another ribbon model, the Beyer M500, is designed to withstand sound-pressure levels exceeding 136 dB without distortion or damage—performance that cannot be claimed for the typical condenser microphone.

Peter Giddings
Revox Corporation
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dr. Stark replies: As Mr. Giddings says, ribbon microphones were the backbone of the recording industry for many years, and even today some performers will use nothing else. And I have personally used the Beyer ribbons, with gratifying results. While the reputation for fragility of ribbon microphones is of many years' standing, I had hoped the phrasing of my remarks ("in most cases") left room for exceptions, among which, on the basis of my knowledge at this time, I would certainly number the Beyer products.

Where Good Jazz Comes From

- Many thanks to Chris Albertson for the nice review he gave to Clifford Brown's "The Beginning and the End" (February). I recorded these tapes in the Fifties, but no one was interested in them until well into the Sixties, when New York record man Fred Norsworthy started talking them up around the Sam Goody store. Don Schlitten bought the tapes, and now, in the Seventies, Columbia has released the disc.

- A jazz-fan recordist can become almost paranoic waiting so long to have music this good finally accepted. Clifford, of course, was the one who made it great, but I am quite proud of the acclaim it has received. A good three-motor record at 15 ips, with a decent microphone, and a little care in watching the needle and placing the microphone made a difference, I suppose. Not everyone had such equipment in those days, and not everyone was fool enough to carry it around week after week as I did. It was worth it, though, and Clifford Brown made it really rewarding.

Fred Miles

Electronic Girlie Magazine

- What is Stereo Review becoming? An electronic girlie magazine with the many ads featuring women in slinky dresses and billing bosoms (what "separation")? How about something for us ladles who are also good-music and good-sound-reproduction enthusiasts—"fit for tit," as it were?

Ms. Leslie Zeddies
Oak Park, Ill.

According to last count, our readers are over 95 percent male.

Michael Tippett

- Many thanks to Bernard Jacobson for his fine article on Sir Michael Tippett in your March issue. A few years ago, a fellow student at the University of Massachusetts suggested that I listen to a recording of Tippett's "March" issue. A few years ago, a fellow student of Sir Michael Tippett in your March issue. A few years ago, a fellow student of Sir Michael Tippett in your March issue. A few years ago, a fellow student of Sir Michael Tippett in your March issue. A few years ago, a fellow student of Sir Michael Tippett in your March issue.

Peter Giddings
Revox Corporation
Syracuse, N.Y.

- The article on composer Michael Tippett (March) was welcome and altogether fine reading. However, the Music Editor's capsule accounting of Tippett is in error in saying the composer is in his seventieth year. He has jumped the gun by a year, for Tippett was born in 1905.

James Browning
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Browning forgets that to be in one's seventieth year is not the same as being seventy years old. Mr. Tippett will be seventy on January 5, 1975, but he is now living through his seventieth year.

Glitter Syndrome

- I'm awfully tired of reading letter after letter in this column from zealots defending the "sincere" side of rock music—mainly because they're always lumping Alice Cooper and David Bowie together in the same sentence with regard to the glitter/sensationalism syndrome. That's criminal, not to mention dense. Alice Cooper is wacky, perverse fun (yes, fun) and not much more. But Bowie is and always has been serious, from his recorded beginnings in 1968 to the present. Anyone even slightly familiar with his musical past will realize that this glitter scene he's in now is merely a medium, and one which has succeeded in attracting me, as well as thousands of other new fans, to the work of one of the most aware and engaging minds in the world today.

Rob Meurer
Houston, Tex.

Hmmmm. . . see page 82.

Non-Standard Operas

- I would like to congratulate George Jellinek on his "Essentials of an Opera Library" (December), which helped me a lot in deciding which opera recordings to buy. I would also like to ask Mr. Jellinek to write another article: "The Non-Puccini-Mozart-Wagner-Verdi Opera Library." There are many fine operas by other composers, but because of the preferences of many singers, especially sopranos, one keeps hearing the same thing over and over.

Deayton Brisbane
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Youth's Musical Follies

- In his review of "Music of the Thirties" (February), James Goodfriend mentions how Lawrence Tibbett used to sing "Aces-Ten-Chu-wait Sync-chub-Tif, EE-lim-ti" and on and on and on and on. I often cite his strange approach to "Gimmelman, lotodz land, underdirstriffays abu (pause, breath), Don't FencMe In" as evidence that this genera-

- Richard Freed has done a good job of publicizing some very deserving composers and their works in his article "One Hundred Years of Neglected French Music" (February). It is difficult to understand why most of our great American music lost its momentum for so long. Sometimes even hard to convince others that one can admire the music of Roussel for reasons that have nothing to do with trying to come up with something "fashionably obscure." Roussel's Third Symphony alone entitles him to be ranked with the great composers of the century.

Robert A. Ellis
Beloit, Wis.
In the beginning there was folded horn bass reflex acoustics suspension.

And now BIC VENTURI

For about 40 years, speaker designers have been juggling the characteristics they wanted from speakers: Compact size, high efficiency, high power-handling, and deep ranging, pure, clean, gut-reaction bass. They tried folded horns: efficient, clean, good power-handling, but too large for most homes, quite expensive. They tried the bass reflex: Efficient, compact, but limited by uneven, one-note bass. Ditto the labyrinth, but far less efficient.

Today's favorite: the acoustic suspension: Compact, smooth, deep ranging bass. But inefficient (requiring costly, high-powered amplifiers) and limited dynamic range.

A virtue here, a virtue there -- but all with corresponding compromises.

Ironically, the principle that combines these objectives into one compact cabinet has been around for some 180 years: The VENTURI principle of fluid motion transformation, reapplied in a form better suited to acoustics (patents pending). Our simplified diagram shows how the scientifically formulated VENTURI coupled path functions as a step-up transformer. Up to 140 times more bass energy comes from the duct as comes directly from the woofer. And bass is reinforced broadly over the low frequency spectrum, not at a single "tuned" frequency.

The BIC VENTURI coupled path also operates as an acoustic, low pass filter, cleansing harmonics and distortion components from the bass waves. So, the bass not only goes down further and is louder, it's cleaner and more natural. And requires hundreds percent less amplifier power than other speakers of comparable size and performance. Yet, even though BIC VENTURI need less amplifier power, they can handle more. This new principle eliminates compromises in cone, suspension and magnetic design to "match" cabinet characteristics.

Above the woofer, you can see our midrange. To match the exceptional high efficiency of the bass section, we had to invent a new horn, combining two different types of flare, conical and exponential, BICONEX™ (patents pending). It provides wide, smooth dispersion in both horizontal and vertical planes, so placement in the home won't be critical. BICONEX covers the full midrange to well beyond 15,000 Hz without crossover network interruptions, for distortion-free, smooth response.

Our super tweeter handles just a half octave from 15,000 to over 23,000 Hz. While you can't hear single frequency tones in that range, the accuracy of musical "timbre" depends upon those frequencies being added in proper proportion to the complex tones you do hear. An important subtlety.

Because you hear less bass and treble at low and moderate levels, we built a DYNAMIC TONAL COMPENSATION circuit (patents pending) into the speaker. It automatically adjusts speaker frequency response as sound pressure output changes.

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Our Formula 2 is the most efficient speaker system of its size, yet can be used with amplifiers rated up to 75 watts per channel! Formula 4 has deeper bass and can be used with amplifiers up to 100 watts. Formula 6, the most efficient, will handle 125 watts. Hear them at franchised BIC VENTURI dealers. Or write for brochure: BIC INTERNATIONAL, Westbury, N.Y. 11590, a div. of Avnet, Inc. Canada: C.W. Pointon, Ont. CA.

CIRCLE NO. 8 ON READER SERVICE CARD
The Discrete Cartridge of Choice
with CD-4 Record Manufacturers:

Whether listening to reference lacquers or
checking metal "mothers" for quality, you'll
find more Audio-Technica built cartridges
in use than any other make.

Illustrated: Model AT14S with Shibata stylus, $75.00,
mounted in AT-1009 Tone Arm, $139.95.

BSR 810. For the record.

The BSR 810 starts as a record player, a machine to spin
discs and generate music.

It's a pretty special machine, loaded with engineering advances, design
innovations, and all kinds of fancy hardware that impresses even
professional audio experts who don't impress easily. The 810 looks
clasy, runs smoothly, keeps quiet, and is probably more reliable than
any other record changer you can buy.

The 810 is all of these things; it fills many complex needs
for many kinds of people. But if you just want to play
records, it's just fine. You shouldn't settle for anything
less... and you just can't find anything more.

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STEREO REVIEW

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CIRCLE NO. 5 ON READER SERVICE CARD

STEREO REVIEW

CIRCLED NO. 3 ON READER SERVICE CARD
BIG NEWS from KENWOOD

introducing the New Top-of-the-Line Receivers

BIGGER Performance
BIGGER Power
BIGGER Size

KR-5400
STEREO RECEIVER
35 RMS Watts per Channel (8 Ohms, 20-20k Hz) * Direct Coupling * Dual Tape System * Phase-Lock-Loop MPX

KR-6400
STEREO RECEIVER
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KR-7400
STEREO RECEIVER
55 RMS Watts per Channel (8 Ohms, 20-20k Hz) * Direct Coupling * Tape-Through Circuit * Phase-Lock-Loop MPX

For Bigger-Than-Ever Stereo Enjoyment, write for All the Big News on the new KENWOOD Receivers.

CIRCLE NO. 17 ON READER SERVICE CARD
A totally new transport drive system has produced the first cassette deck with record and playback wow and flutter of less than 0.07%! Measurably better than any other cassette deck in the world.
THE TEAC 450
No other cassette deck can touch it.

TEAC can now announce a Dolbyized* cassette deck with record and playback wow and flutter of less than 0.07%! This WRMS measurement assures you a steady, flutter-free sound previously unheard of in cassette decks.

The heart of this accomplishment is TEAC's new transport drive system—a system with all new parts and exceptional critical tolerances. It features a newly designed capstan with a critical tolerance of 0.15 microns—a perfect roundness that smoothens and steadies the tape flow. A new slip clutch has been critically machined to give perfect balance of tension between take-up reel and capstan. A hysteresis synchronous outer-rotor motor has the outside revolving for greater inertia. A 93-mm flywheel has twice the mass of any other TEAC flywheel, dramatically increasing stability of the transport drive element which pulls the tape.

Thus, the TEAC 450 gives you reel-to-reel quality with cassette deck convenience.

What else does it give you? The first dual-function Dolby* system. Automatic timer circuit. Bias and equalization switches. Two mic inputs and two line inputs with slide control mixing. And more. The 450 is an example of TEAC technological leadership and incredible quality control.

A beautiful example.

TEAC
The leader. Always has been.

* Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

TEAC Corporation of America Headquarters: 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640. TEAC offices in principal cities in the United States, Canada, Europe, Mexico and Japan. A 64

MAY 1974

CIRCLE NO. 42 ON READER SERVICE CARD
NEW PRODUCTS

Wollensak Model 8075
Dolby Eight-Track Tape Deck

- A stereo record-playback deck for eight-track cartridges said to rival the performance of the best cassette decks is being marketed by the Wollensak division of the 3M Company. The new machine, designated the Model 8075, has built-in Dolby noise-reduction circuits (switchable to decode external Dolby-zied programs such as FM broadcasts) and a tape-equalization selector with positions for standard cartridges and for Scotch "Special High Performance" cartridges that 3M is currently introducing. With standard tape, the deck's frequency response is 30 to 12,000 Hz ±3 dB. The new high-performance tape extends response to 15,000 Hz with the same tolerances. At 4,000 Hz and above, the signal-to-noise ratio exceeds 60 dB with Dolby, 50 dB without. Wow and flutter are 0.1 per cent (weighted). A recording level of 0 VU results in less than 1 per cent distortion with a 1,000-Hz signal.

Yamaha CR-1000
AM/Stereo FM Receiver

- The top unit in Yamaha's newly re-styled receiver line is the Model CR-1000, rated at 70 watts per channel continuous power, both channels driven into 8 ohms across the full 20- to 20,000-Hz range. Harmonic and intermodulation distortion, specified for all audio circuits of the amplifier including the phono preamplifier, do not exceed 0.1 per cent at any level up to rated output. Signal-to-noise ratios are 80 and 90 dB for the phono and high-level inputs, respectively. 1HF sensitivity for the FM section is 1.7 microvolts (55 dB of quieting is achieved at 5 microvolts), with a capture ratio of 1 dB. 80 dB alternate-channel selectivity, and stereo separation of 35 dB from 50 to 10,000 Hz. Image, i.f., and spurious-response rejection are all 110 dB.

The Yamaha CR-1000 has a number of unusual electrical and control features. Loudness compensation is continuously variable at the front panel, permitting user adjustment of the compensation to suit the actual listening levels. The threshold of the FM interstation-noise muting circuit is also continuously variable. Grasping the tuning knob automatically deactivates the FM automatic-frequency-control circuit to permit greater tuning accuracy; releasing the knob switches the circuit back in. One of the four magnetic-phono inputs has switchable input impedance (30,000, 50,000, or 100,000 ohms); the preamplifier employs FET's at the input, and it is specified as conforming to the RIAA equalization characteristic within ±0.2 dB. The bass and treble controls, like the balance and loudness controls, are slider-type adjustments, with a choice of two switch-selectable inflection points for each as well as a defeat position. The high- and low-cut filters have 12-dB-per-octave slopes and a choice of two cut-off frequencies. There is a front-panel microphone input that feeds a separate high-gain amplifier with its own volume control, permitting input mixing. The receiver has the necessary jacks and tape-monitor switching for two three-head stereo tape decks, with dubbing possible from either deck to the other. Two pairs of speakers are accommodated. Dimensions of the Yamaha CR-1000 are 20 x 6¾ x 13¼ inches. Price: $799.95. The price includes the wood cabinet shown.

Revox A700 Stereo Tape Deck

- The highly sophisticated Model A700 has joined the various versions of the A77 in Revox's line of semiprofessional consumer tape decks. While sharing a number of design features with the A77 series, the new machine has a number of mechanical and electrical innovations. Except for the switching of power to the reel motors, mechanical relays have been dispensed with in favor of digital electronics. This permits the inclusion of some new automatic transport features such as continuous play/record (at the end of the reel the tape is rewound and repeated automatically) and "instant repeat" (depressing a pushbutton puts the transport into high-speed rewind; releasing the button returns the machine to normal forward operation at the selected tape speed). There is also a pause control. Electromechanical sensors for tape motion and tension continuously regulate the power to the reel motors and monitor switching commands to the transport to prevent tape damage. The capstan motor is similar to the direct-drive design used in the A77, but it uses a more sophisticated digital servo design. Speed is referenced to a quartz crystal which provides three electronically regulated tape speeds—5, 7¾, and 3¾ ips.

The electronic section of the A700 has mixing and sound-on-sound facilities (via slider-type level controls) for four input channels. A master recording-level slider acts on all four inputs after initial balancing with the individual controls. The four microphone inputs are of the balanced configuration, with switching for high- or low-output, low-impedance microphones. In addition, most of the functions of a stereo preamplifier are provided, with volume controls for each of the two output channels, mode and input selectors (positions for magnetic (Continued on page 22))
The classics from KLH. Four bookshelf loudspeakers of such extraordinary quality that each has set the standard of excellence in its price range. Pictured to the far left, our popular little Thirty-Two ($55.00). Next, one of the best selling loudspeakers in the country, the Seventeen ($79.95). Up front, everybody's favorite, the Six ($139.95). And finally, our most spectacular bookshelf model, the Five ($199.95). If you really want to know what KLH is all about, we suggest you listen to any one or all of these fine loudspeakers. And when you do, also look for our other bestsellers—the KLH stereo receivers. The Model Fifty-Five ($219.95); the Model Fifty-Two ($319.95); and our newest receiver, the stereophonic/quadraphonic Model Fifty-Four ($525.00). KLH—the best thing to happen to bookshelves since books.

For more information, visit your KLH dealer or write to KLH Research and Development Corp., 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

What's a bookshelf without the classics?
THE LATEST IN HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

STEREO REVIEW

NEW PRODUCTS

phono, tuner, and auxiliary sources included), bass and treble controls, and tape-monitor switching. The resettable index counter is calibrated in elapsed time (minutes and seconds) for the 7½-ips tape speed. The two stereo head- phone jacks are usable with high- and low-impedance phones.

Specifications of the A700, with 3M Type 207 tape or the equivalent, include frequency responses of 30 to 22,000 Hz (15 ips), 30 to 20,000 Hz (7½ ips), and 30 to 16,000 Hz (3½ ips), all +2, -3 dB. Signal-to-noise ratios for the three speeds exceed 65, 66, and 63 dB, respectively, and wow and flutter are under 0.06, 0.08, and 0.1 per cent. For a 0-VU recording level at 1,000 Hz, playback distortion is under 0.6 per cent for the 15- and 7½-ips speeds, and under 1 per cent for 3½ ips. Distortion is under 2 per cent at +6 VU for the two higher speeds. The recording-level meters conform to VU specifications; they are augmented by peak-indicator lights that are triggered by levels of +6 VU or more.

The A700 is now available in a half-track stereo version; a quarter-track model will be offered in the near future. The transport is a three-head design incorporating push-pull circuit configurations throughout—not even in the output stage. To 8-ohm loads the amplifier delivers 70 watts per channel continuous, both channels driven, with harmonic distortion (including hum and noise) of 0.1 per cent or less at any audible frequency. Intermodulation distortion, which varies slightly with the setting of front-panel sensitivity controls, is between 0.19 and 0.07 per cent at full rated output, and between 0.08 and 0.05 per cent at lower power levels. The signal-to-noise ratio is 85 dB. At input of anywhere from 0.15 to 1 volt, depending on the sensitivity-control setting, drives the amplifier to full power with 8-ohm loads. Front-panel volume controls for each channel are also provided; input impedance varies from 33,000 to 100,000 ohms depending on the controls' settings. Protective devices, including a circuit breaker resettable at the front panel, interrupt the amplifier's operation under conditions of excessive current or heating. The TR-3D is unconditionally stable with any load or combination of loads; the damping factor is rated 28 at 1,000 Hz, infinite at 20 Hz. The unit is 8 inches high, 5¼ inches wide, and 11½ inches deep. Price of the kit: $169.50. A single-channel version, the Model TR-3M, is also offered at $123.50. This can be converted at any time to two-channel operation with the TCK-3 conversion kit ($51.50).

The cabinet of the Ultralinear 1000 is sealed, with a removable sculpted foam grille. Accessible behind the grille are a continuously variable high-frequency level control and the reset button for a circuit breaker that protects the drivers from amplifier overloads. The frequency response of the system is 35 to 22,000 Hz, with a power-handling capability of 60 watts continuous; at least 25 watts continuous is the minimum recommended amplifier-power requirement. The system's nominal impedance is 8 ohms. The cabinet, measuring 27 x 14½ x 12 inches including integral base, has a walnut-grain finish. Price: $149.95.

Three new tape-recorder-maintenance publications are being offered by the Recorder Care Division of the Nortronics Company. The first is the Nortronics Recorder Care Manual, fifth edition, a thirty-two-page illustrated handbook that covers such topics as the principles of magnetic recording, tape heads, splicing, and recorder maintenance. There is also a tape bibliography for further reference. The second publication, Recorder Care Test Tapes, is an eight-page brochure explaining the purpose and use of test tapes and describing the Nortronics test and alignment tapes available for open-reel, cassette, and eight-track equipment. Finally, Recorder Care Kits describes the current line of Nortronics products for cleaning and maintenance of all types of tape equipment, including video tape recorders. All three publications are available free of charge from Nortronics dealers, a list of which can be obtained by writing Nortronics Company, Inc., Recorder Care Div., Dept. SR, 8101 Tenth Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minn. 55427.

Schober TR-3D Stereo Amplifier Kit

- Known primarily for its electronic musical instruments and accessories, the Schober Organ Corp. also manufactures several products of audiophile interest, the latest of which is the Model TR-3D amplifier kit. The TR-3D is reported to be the only available audio amplifier incorporating push-pull circuit configurations throughout—not even in the output stage. To 8-ohm loads the amplifier delivers 70 watts per channel continuous, both channels driven, with harmonic distortion (including hum and noise) of 0.1 per cent or less at any audible frequency. Intermodulation distortion, which varies slightly with the setting of front-panel sensitivity controls, is between 0.19 and 0.07 per cent at full rated output, and between 0.08 and 0.05 per cent at lower power levels. The signal-to-noise ratio is 85 dB. At input of anywhere from 0.15 to 1 volt, depending on the sensitivity-control setting, drives the amplifier to full power with 8-ohm loads. Front-panel volume controls for each channel are also provided; input impedance varies from 33,000 to 100,000 ohms depending on the controls' settings. Protective devices, including a circuit breaker resettable at the front panel, interrupt the amplifier's operation under conditions of excessive current or heating. The TR-3D is unconditionally stable with any load or combination of loads; the damping factor is rated 28 at 1,000 Hz, infinite at 20 Hz. The unit is 8 inches high, 5¼ inches wide, and 11½ inches deep. Price of the kit: $169.50. A single-channel version, the Model TR-3M, is also offered at $123.50. This can be converted at any time to two-channel operation with the TCK-3 conversion kit ($51.50).

Circle 117 on reader service card

Ultralinear Model 1000 Speaker System

- Solar Audio Products has introduced the Ultralinear line of speaker systems, headed by the Model 1000, a two-way design employing a pair of 3½-inch cone tweeters for high-frequency reproduction. The tweeters, which take over from the 10-inch woofer at a crossover frequency of 2,600 Hz, incorporate structural differences intended to make their frequency-response and dispersion characteristics mutually complementary. A special feature of the woofer, called an "Inertial Equalizer" disc by Solar, is a flat Neoprene structure that covers 40 per cent of the cone's radiating area. This is said to control the acoustic behavior of the cone.

Nortronics Tape Brochures

- Three new tape-recorder-maintenance publications are being offered by the Recorder Care Division of the Nortronics Company. The first is the Nortronics Recorder Care Manual, fifth edition, a thirty-two-page illustrated handbook that covers such topics as the principles of magnetic recording, tape

heads, splicing, and recorder maintenance. There is also a tape bibliography for further reference. The second publication, Recorder Care Test Tapes, is an eight-page brochure explaining the purpose and use of test tapes and describing the Nortronics test and alignment tapes available for open-reel, cassette, and eight-track equipment. Finally, Recorder Care Kits describes the current line of Nortronics products for cleaning and maintenance of all types of tape equipment, including video tape recorders. All three publications are available free of charge from Nortronics dealers, a list of which can be obtained by writing: Nortronics Company, Inc., Recorder Care Div., Dept. SR, 8101 Tenth Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minn. 55427.

Circle 118 on reader service card

Stereo Review
The new Micro-Acoustics QDC-1 Stereo Phono Cartridge:

It will make any well recorded LP sound exactly like its master tape.

Recently at a trade show in Chicago, we invited audiophiles to compare a master tape with a stereo disc cut from the tape. The tape and the disc were played through the same electronics and the same loudspeakers. The only difference was that a tape deck was used to play the 15 IPS master and a turntable with our QDC-1 Stereo Cartridge was used to play the commercial pressing. Without fail, listeners could not hear a difference between the disc and the master.

Actually it's not as incredible as it sounds.

People in the record business have known for a long time that a well recorded stereo disc is potentially every bit as good as its master tape. We make the Series 300 Micro-Point Recording Stylus—an ultra precision cutting tool used in record mastering. (Over two-hundred million records a year are manufactured from masters cut with our Micro-Point stylus.) And it has been our experience that there's no problem in getting the music onto the record; the problem is in retrieving it.

The cartridge is the culprit

Until the advent of the QDC-1, there really wasn't a cartridge on the market that could make a stereo record sound as good as its master tape. So cartridge manufacturers didn't have to deal with an absolute standard of measurement for their product. They sold their cartridges very much like loudspeakers, using subjective criteria. In the end, the customer had to choose between the "sound" of one cartridge or another. The fact is that a cartridge shouldn't have any sound of its own. Ideally it should just be a direct link between the record groove and the preamp input. And that's precisely what the new QDC-1 is—an ultra precision component that will radically change the way all cartridges are judged. Now a cartridge's performance can be measured against a completely reliable objective standard.

Stated simply: Does a cartridge make a well recorded disc sound identical to its master tape? Or doesn't it?

Ours does.

Hearing is believing

The new Micro-Acoustics QDC-1 (Pat. Pend.) is available in spherical, elliptical and Quadra-Pointe™/CD-4 configurations. Prices range from $100 to $120. Frankly, we're not selling to every dealer and not every dealer we sell is doing our master tape/disc demonstration. But if it's been a long time since you were really excited by something new in stereo, we urge you to look for local ads announcing demonstrations in your area. In the meantime, why not take a stereo LP of your own to your Micro-Acoustics dealer and let him show you what our cartridge can do for your records. We think you'll be startled by the difference.

For technical information and a dealer list, write to Micro-Acoustics Corp., 8 Westchester Plaza, Elmsford, New York, 10523.

CIRCLE NO. 24 ON READER SERVICE CARD
**Q** I don't understand why you keep plugging the Dolby system in your column. The prerecorded cassettes I have been buying lately, which are marked (sometimes in very small print) as being mastered to the Dolby B standard, have highs only when the Dolby circuit is switched off. As soon as I switch in my deck's Dolby circuit the highs disappear. I think I would rather have the highs and the hiss than neither.

New Brunswick, N.J.

**A** I have had the same experience, but I interpret it differently. Most of the cassette duplicators in the United States, for one reason or another (mostly lack of care and/or inadequate equipment), don't record the higher frequencies on their prerecorded cassette products. Since the Dolby encoding process boosts the low-level high frequencies, when you play Dolbyized tapes without decoding them they sound somewhat brighter than non-Dolbyized tapes. However, when you flip the Dolby decoding switch, the extra boost is removed—as it should be—and you are left with a tape that is reasonably hiss-free but lacks the highs that were lost in the duplication process. It is obvious then that the problem lies not with the Dolby encoding or decoding per se, but rather with the duplicators who, by and large, are doing such a rotten job.

**Q** My husband and I have run into a problem with interference from a Citizens Band radio on our stereo system, which so far has stumped our audio dealer. A Citizens Band operator lives next door to us, and we receive all his outgoing transmissions through our right speaker, regardless of our preamplifier's function-selector setting. We have tried shielded cable, grounding of the amplifier, and a few other suggested techniques, but nothing seems to help. The CB radio operator informs us that he is licensed and is operating under the power limit approved by the FCC, and so is under no obligation to stop transmitting even though our privacy and enjoyment are infringed upon. Needless to say we are extremely distressed that we are not able to enjoy our stereo system, for which we spent a sizable amount of money. Can you help?

Michele Noonan
Denver, Colo.

**A** It will probably be of little comfort to assure you that you are not alone with your particular problem, since, unfortunately, there is no general solution for it. First of all, I would suggest that you write a letter to the service department of the manufacturer of your preamplifier. They may be able to suggest to the local warranty station a modification that will lower your equipment's sensitivity to radio-frequency signals. Often, the installation of ferrite beads, which some equipment manufacturers will supply, will help enormously—assuming that the electrically (and physically) correct spot to install them is specified. The FCC also has a bulletin available on radio-frequency (r. f.) interference (check your telephone directory for your local FCC office).

In the November 1972 issue we published an article telling (as much as it is possible to) how to eliminate r. f. interference in your audio system; it is an exhaustive treatment of the subject, and we will be happy to send reprints to anyone who sends 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed long envelope to: **Stereo Review**, Dept. RFI, One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016.

There are other aspects of the question that you might investigate. The fact that your CB neighbor may be observing the power requirements of his CB license does not mean that he is also following the rest of the rules. For example, the Citizens Band was established by the FCC not for hobby use, but rather for "necessary communication." "Necessary," as defined by the FCC, specifically excludes chatting and simple friendly conversation. All communication should be short, direct, and to the point. Telling someone to bring home a loaf of bread is permissible; a discussion of the best bakeries in the neighborhood is not. In addition, in a recent booklet the FCC states that CB should not be used when other forms of communication, such as the telephone, are available. In short, the FCC's position is that anyone interested in using the radio waves for hobby purposes should get an amateur radio license and stay off the CB band. All of these rules and regulations are spelled out in a booklet (SS Bulletin 1001a, February 1973) issued by the Federal Communications Commission with each Citizens Band license. It could well be that your neighbor is not aware of these restrictions, or that he knowingly ignores them. In any case, a call to your local FCC office might help the situation.

**Q** Would you please send me any information you might have on companies that make compact three-in-one stereos containing the following: AM/FM radio, phonograph, and cassette player.

David Marcus
West Covina, Cal.

**A** We have no such listing available, mostly because the companies that make such products do not generally fall within our area of concern: that is, high-fidelity equipment. Unless you have some special reason for wanting an all-in-one, I feel that such a system is not a good idea for two main reasons, one having to do with servicing, the other with upgrading. Suppose, for example, that the phono cartridge or something else in the record-player mechanism becomes defective. Unless you feel technically competent to extract the record player from the rest of the ensemble, you'll have to return the entire unit to the shop for repair, thus losing the services of your cassette player and radio. In addition, if one day you want to upgrade to a more sensitive FM tuner, a record player with less rumble, a cassette player with better frequency response, or some other improvement in performance, you'll have to trade in the entire assembly rather than simply replace the components piece by piece as you could with a conventional stereo system. And if you think about it, I'm sure that you'll find that you've gained little or nothing (in shelf-space or anything else) by going to an all-in-one unit rather than separates.

Because the number of questions we receive each month is greater than we can reply to individually, only those letters selected for use in this column can be answered. Sorry!
Going quad — you'll want to know everything there is to know about 4-channel and our
discrete 4-channel system, CD-4. For the ultimate in quad, JVC introduces 3 receivers de-
signed for all of today's 4-channel sources ... plus advanced engineering features for future
4-channel innovations, like discrete 4-channel broadcasting.
The new JVC receivers — 4VR-5436, 46 and 56 feature a built-in discrete CD-4 demodulator
plus matrix decoder circuits with an automatic switching computer (4VR-5446 & 56) so
you can play a mixed stack of CD-4 and matrix discs without making any adjustments. Each
CD-4 receiver is equipped with JVC's patented Sound Effect Amplifiers that break the sonic
spectrum into 5 bands so you exercise tonal control and complete freedom over sound in all
crucial frequency ranges to compensate for room acoustics and individual tastes. Then there's
JVC's Balanced Transformer Less Circuitry that links up the amps so that all four are used
when playing 2-channel stereo for double the rms output power.
These are only a few of the many JVC innovations that reflect the ultimate in 4-channel
engineering and performance. Get all the facts today. Write for your copy of this brochure.
Use the handy coupon or visit your local JVC Hi-Fi Dealer. For his name and address, call
this toll free number: 800-243-6000. In Conn., call 1-(800)-882-6500.
How else would you describe a preamplifier with:

- **A Peak Unlimiter** that restores dynamics lost in recording to closely approximate the original.
- **A Downward Expander** that reads "gain riding" and expands dynamics down to precisely the intended level.
- **An AutoCorrelator** that makes record/tape hiss and FM broadcast noise virtually vanish without affecting musical content.
- **Plus an Active Equalizer** that gives you flat energy distribution over the full audio spectrum, Joystick Balance and Step Tone Controls that allow precise music tailoring to your listening environment and SQ* and Phase Linear differential logic for Quad Sound.

The 4000 is an advanced stereo preamp that actually puts back in what recording studios take out... lets your music (at last) reach life-like levels without distortion... lets your music (at last) reach life-like dynamics down to precisely the intended level.

**Price:** $599  
**Cabinet:** $37  
**Warranty:** 3 years, parts & labor.

**GLOSSARY OF TECHNICAL TERMS – 9**

- **D.C.** (direct current) is an electrical current that runs in one direction only—for example, the current derived from a dry cell or storage battery. The opposite of d.c., alternating current (a.c.), cannot be used “as is” in audio circuits because a.c. already is, in effect, an “audio” signal: the familiar and aggravating 60-cycle hum. The power-supply section in amplifiers, tuners, and receivers converts the alternating current from the wall socket into the usable d.c. form.

- **Decoder**, a term that can designate a number of audio circuits to an engineer, is primarily known to today’s consumer as the name for a device—either a circuit built into an amplifier or receiver or a separate component—that converts encoded two-channel source material into four-channel programs. Decoders exist for the CBS SQ and Sansui QS matrix systems, as well as for synthesizing a four-channel effect from two-channel program sources that were never intended for such processing; most decoders are capable of performing all three functions to a certain extent. As separate components, the majority of decoders are **active** devices (that is, they must be plugged into an electrical outlet) that are placed in the audio signal path somewhere before the four power amplifiers required to drive the four speakers. However, there is also a simple **passive** decoder—the so-called Dyanquad device—that is designed to be inserted between amplifier and speakers. It needs only a two-channel amplifier for its four-channel process, since the division of the two channels into four occurs right at the speaker terminals. The **demodulator** (see below) for the CD-4 system is also a decoder.

- **Demodulator**, besides referring to a type of electronic circuit common in radio use, is also the name for the "decoder" used in the CD-4 four-channel disc system. A CD-4 demodulator actually performs more functions than the name suggests. Besides converting the frequency-modulated 30,000-Hz carriers on the disc to audio-frequency signals, the demodulator also processes the extracted signals with a noise-reduction system, and finally combines them with the so-called "base-band" (or normal stereo) information from the disc to produce the front and rear channels.

In its basic operation a CD-4 demodulator is highly reminiscent of an FM multiplex (i.e., stereo) tuner. Virtually all consumer demodulators have controls that must be adjusted (with the test record supplied) to provide adequate carrier-signal strength from the phono cartridge, and to ensure proper level relationships when the carrier information is combined with the base band. A front-panel light indicates the presence of a CD-4 carrier.

- **Difference signal** is the term for what is obtained when two (or more) stereo channels are electronically subtracted from each other by inverting the phase of one. Algebraically, this is usually expressed as \( L - R \) (left channel minus right channel); \( L + R \) is the **sum** signal. Until recently, the best-known application for difference signals in audio has been the mono-compatible "multiplex" system of stereo FM broadcasting.

When four-channel stereo was introduced, a method of synthesizing a four-channel effect from two-channel material was suggested (by David Hafler in this country) employing difference-signal techniques. The theory was that subtracting the left and right channels (eliminating their common information) produced a third channel with a significant (if accidental) content of reverberant sound or of other information useful in simulating four channels. This difference-signal channel is usually derived and routed to rear speakers through a simple speaker matrix (the Hafler "Dyanquad" system) or a more complicated electronic adapter often built into four-channel receivers.
The Heathkit AR-2020. Spec for spec, dollar for dollar, it's today's best 4-channel value. And you can prove it!

All that glitters isn't gold in today's crowded and often confused 4-channel market. Fancy styling, galaxies of gleaming knobs, and impressive-sounding specifications taken out of context are no indication of the performance you can really expect for the dollars you spend on a 4-channel receiver.

So we're putting our specs and our price where our mouth is ... and letting you be the judge. Clip out this do-it-yourself rating chart, take it with you on your next 4-channel shopping trip, and jot down the equivalent specs (be sure they are based on the same parameters) and prices of your favorite receivers in the spaces provided.

We're so sure of your conclusions, we'll say no more. Except this — if you're skittish about building this receiver because you've never built a kit ... forget it! The AR-2020 was designed for you ... with simple, clear check-by-step instructions that assure success. Grab your scissors, and start shopping!

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Do-it-yourself Shopping Guide to 4-Channel Receivers
Which would you prefer in your living room,

this

or this?

Scott announces the first super powered receiver that doesn't force you to pay for a confusing array of slides and switches, meters and lights, matrices and malfunctions you neither want nor need.

Scott deplores the current faddish trend in our industry toward selling chrome instead of chromatics, sheen and flash instead of sharps and flats. Engineers at Scott are music lovers dedicated to providing you with the most accurate music reproduction the state of the electronic art will allow, without useless gimmickry. Scott believes you would rather have your receiver look like a receiver than the control panel of a 747, or a pinball machine in climax.

The elegantly simple exterior of the new Scott R77S AM-FM stereo receiver contains all the switches and controls you need to reproduce music from records, tapes and FM broadcasts. Its distinctively designed case conceals all new electronics using the latest advances in circuit design and componentry. It puts out a typically conservative 70 Scott watts per channel into 8 ohms and drives even low efficiency speakers to life size volume levels. The Scott R77S costs $599.90 and probably substantially outperforms what you're listening to now. For a visual and aural evaluation of the new Scott R77S receiver, visit your demonstrating Scott dealer now. Or contact the factory for full product specifications and list of dealers serving your area.
THE CONSUMERS UNION LOUDSPEAKER RATINGS: I read with interest the report on "expensive loudspeakers" (a number of those costing from $200 to $315 were tested) in the February 1974 issue of Consumer Reports. Although I have no argument with most of Consumers Union's test procedures, or even—for the most part—with their specific findings, the report clearly reveals some of the basic differences in philosophy between an audiophile-oriented service such as Hirsch-Houck Labs and a broad consumer-oriented organization such as Consumers Union.

Let us first consider the similarities between CU's approach and ours, for these outweigh the differences. Like us, they have concluded that a loudspeaker's total radiated power response is closely related to its sound in a typical listening room. (Power response can be defined as the sum total of the energy radiated by a speaker, in all directions, throughout the audible frequency range.) They measure a speaker's total power output in an anechoic room, using a large number of microphone pickup points at different angles to the speaker, and have a computer programmed to print out the integrated power response. We do much the same thing, in a "live" room, using much less elaborate (no computer!) equipment. Although I have not seen the actual response data obtained by CU in any of their tests, I am confident that our measurements of the same speaker would come quite close to theirs.

CU also used a simulated live-vs.-recorded comparison to judge a speaker's ability to duplicate the sound of another musical source. Except for simply listening to a speaker (which is unfortunately too subjective a procedure for anyone who does not have absolute knowledge of what the original program should sound like in his room), this is probably the only type of test that has a meaningful correlation with the overall quality (or "accuracy") of a loudspeaker.

Curves and other measurements, though significant to a speaker-system designer, have no real value to the lay reader—or even to the most enthusiastic audiophile—without sheaves of explanatory material.

Formerly, CU's test format was essentially identical to ours, but they have recently changed it slightly to "simplify" the procedure. As I have pointed out on occasion, the placement of the microphone in the anechoic chamber when it picks up the sound of the reference speaker (to produce the live-vs.-recorded comparison tape) must be determined empirically to provide a close match to the way the speaker will later sound in a listening room. This is a weakness, or at least a potential one, of the technique. CU now equalizes a high-quality loudspeaker system to produce a flat response (within 1 dB) as measured in the listening area, and dispenses with the anechoic chamber recording. The test is thus reduced to an A-B comparison between a reference loudspeaker equalized to be "ideal" (the quotes are mine) and the unit being evaluated.

To me, the flaw in their reasoning lies in the assumption that equalizing a loudspeaker to produce a flat response in a certain portion of a room somehow makes it "ideal." My own experience is quite different. No matter how carefully one equalizes the frequency response of a speaker, its transient response and directional properties remain what they were, for better or for worse. The differences in directionality alone will usually cause the speaker under test to sound somewhat different from the reference speaker—unless these differences happen to be slight—even if their measured frequency responses are identical. CU claims that this procedure is merely a simplification, which it may well be, but I don't see it as an improvement over their former technique.

Now, however, we come to a fundamentally and probably irreconcilable difference between the CU and H-H Labs test methods. Having made their tests, CU feels compelled to reduce the information thus obtained to a single number that tells the reader how "accurate" the speaker is. I understand their desire for such a magic "figure of merit"—how I wish I could come up with one! Aside from its obvious advantages for reader interpretation, it would eliminate questions of human taste, skill, and general fallibility from the evaluation process.

To arrive at these accuracy percentages, CU again puts its computer to work, converting the power-response data from decibels to sones (a measure of subjective loudness). The variation in sones across the frequency range from 110 to 14,000 Hz is then translated into an accuracy rating—100 per cent for a "perfect" speaker, 90 per cent for a very good one, and so forth. At a time when many workers in the field are investigating such matters as time delay and phase distortion and are claiming to have established a good correlation between these factors and the "accuracy" of a speaker, it is distressing to find CU reducing the entire matter to a computer manipulation of a power-response measurement. If only it were that simple!

However, even if the evaluation is to be restricted to frequency/power response, I question CU's assertion that their omission of the frequency range...
below 110 Hz from the accuracy computation (because room characteristics and speaker placement can have a profound and unpredictable effect at these frequencies) "poses no serious problems since that [110 to 14,000 Hz] is the range of prime importance for reproducing music accurately." I suspect that CU stresses this range because they can make measurements there with some assurance that the data will apply in other acoustic environments. The fact that none of us can make low-bass measurements in a certain way, or in a given room, and then predict the performance in a different (and unknown) listening environment is a serious problem to H-H Labs, to CU, and to everyone else who tries to rate loudspeakers.

For other reasons, our own live-vs.-recorded test cuts off at 200 Hz, and some speakers that appear to have outstanding accuracy in this test prove to be "duds" when later evaluated with full-range program material. Thin bass, distorted bass, muddy or tubby bass, peaky or boomy bass—any of these could be a property of a speaker system whose mid-range and high-frequency reproduction is nonetheless highly accurate. Overall, could such a speaker be called "accurate"? Not by my standards.

I may be criticizing CU's tests unjustly, since my knowledge of them is limited to what has been published in Consumer Reports. I agree that among those speakers covered in their latest report (of those I have heard or tested), most are likely to satisfy the average reader of Consumer Reports, possibly even the average reader of Stereo Review. However, I do not understand how such a diverse group of speakers can fall within the accuracy-rating range of 82 to 90 per cent (within which CU says that accuracy differences are not likely to be detected by ear). Among them are speakers which sound so dramatically different from each other that I cannot conceive of anyone judging them to be equally accurate. In other words, one or more of them has to be "wrong."

I have a few additional disagreements with CU's approach which space does not permit me to discuss here, but let me sum up my general view: I am in favor of any and all test procedures that can shed some light on the problem of rating loudspeaker performance. I have no vested emotional or other interest that favors any particular test technique, although I do have a critical "show me" attitude toward some of the more esoteric evaluative procedures currently in use. I think, however, that it is downright silly to assign numbers for accuracy ratings, especially as guides for a buying public that is unable to appreciate the flaws in the system. I speak with some experience here, having tried for some time to assign "A, B, C" accuracy ratings in speaker testing. But I have abandoned even these relatively crude distinctions, since they are largely arbitrary and subject to misinterpretation. Even so, the decisions were mine, and not those of a computer! Without being conceited, I would venture to say that my personal judgment of a speaker's accuracy (backed up by such measurements as I am able to perform) is more meaningful to Stereo Review readers than one made by a computer—especially a computer whose decisions are apparently largely based on only one of the many factors involved in a loudspeaker system's performance.

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### EQUIPMENT TEST REPORTS
By Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

**Dual 701 Record Player**

- The Dual Model 701 semi-automatic single-play turntable is similar to Dual's Model 1229 automatic turntable in styling and overall appearance. The 8¾-inch tubular tone arm, like that of the Model 1229, has low-friction gimbal bearings and a slide-in plastic cartridge holder. The counterweight of the Model 701 is unique, however, consisting of two concentric mass elements that are elastically isolated from each other as well as from the arm. They serve as mechanical filters to help damp resonances that may affect tone-arm performance. The counterweight is adjusted to zero-balance the arm after the cartridge is installed.

The tracking-force dial is calibrated from 0 to 1.5 grams at intervals of 0.1 gram, and from 1.5 to 3 grams at intervals of 0.25 gram. The anti-skating adjustment dial, located on the motor board, is calibrated over the same range, with separate scales for conical and elliptical styli (the latter require slightly more anti-skating compensation for the same tracking force).

To the left of the 12-inch platter is a window for viewing the stroboscope markings, which are on the underside of the platter and are internally illuminated by a neon lamp. Each of the two control levers (one for start/stop, the other for 33- or 45-rpm speed selection) has a small concentric knob on top for individual vernier adjustment of each of the two speeds. The cueing lift lever, to the right of the arm, raises and lowers the pickup with damped motion in both directions.

Despite external similarities, the Dual 701 is radically different from the 1229. For one thing, it is a single-play, automatic/manual unit. Operating the start lever turns on the motor, indexes the arm over the lead-in groove, and lowers it gently to the record. At the end of play, the arm returns to the rest and the motor shuts off. The indexing is automatically set for 12-inch records when the 33¼-rpm speed is selected, and for 7-inch records with the 45-rpm speed. Alternatively, manual operation for any disc diameter is possible: simply lift the arm from its rest, thus starting the motor. The real differences between the Model 701 and other Dual record players become apparent when the 6-pound, 10-ounce outer platter is lifted off. Instead of the usual drive shaft and idler wheel or belt system, there is only a smaller "inner turntable" visible. This is actually part of the rotor assembly of the 701's d.c. motor: it requires no speed change.
Leave it to Realistic® to create...

a beautiful receiver at a down-to-earth price!

You want a new receiver. One combining top technology, features, looks. But you're not about to pay the price of an overpowered monster to get it. What you really want is Realistic's STA-80. With direct-coupled, fully protected output. Flat 20-20,000 Hz audio response. FET/IC tuner with crystal filtering on FM and AM, 300- and 75-ohm inputs, dual metering, FM muting. Glide-Path™ volume/balance controls. Perfect loudness.™ Walnut case. And more! Sensible 82-watt power ±1 dB (48 watts RMS) — we don't create monsters. U. L. listed. #31-2046.

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Retail prices may vary at individual stores.
The tone-arm tracking error was less than 0.25 degree per inch of radius over the entire record-groove area. The tracking-force dial calibration was accurate within 0.1 gram over most of its range. At the 1-gram setting where we operated the Model 701, the error was less than 0.05 gram. Although we used an elliptical stylus (the Shure V-15 Type III) in our tests, the anti-skating calibration of the red scale (supposedly for conical styl) proved to be correct. When we used the white (elliptical) scale, it was necessary to set the anti-skating dial about 0.25 gram higher than the indicated reading for optimum results. These "errors" are insignificant in practical use.

Although we do not measure tone-arm mass per se, we did evaluate its effects using a severely warped record which has proved to be unplayable on most record players. In this aspect of its performance, the Model 701 (with Shure's V-15 Type III cartridge installed) was neither better nor worse than the vast majority of players using conventional pivoted tone arms. The capacitance of the tone-arm wiring, from the cartridge terminals to the phono jacks beneath the turntable base, was only 27 picofarads. With low-capacitance connecting cables installed (such as are supplied with CD-4 adapters), the total capacitance came to only 77 picofarads — an acceptable value for any CD-4 cartridge. Although suitable low-capacitance cables for CD-4 use were not supplied with our test unit, they are available from Dual.

The direct-drive motor of the 701 has essentially just one moving part — the rotor (with the record spindle) visible directly above.

Comment. The measured performance of the Dual Model 701 speaks for itself. It would indeed be difficult to improve on this unit, most of whose technical performance characteristics surpass, to a greater or lesser degree, those of any other integrated record player we have tested. Its operation is as simple and foolproof as could be desired, and its silence during operation is as impressive as its performance specifications. We have never heard a spurious click, buzz, whirr, or hum, either mechanically from the record player or electrically from the speakers, during play. Obviously, the price of the Dual Model 701 removes it from consideration as "Everyman's record player," but for those who appreciate a superior product and are willing to pay for it, this unit merits the most serious consideration.

Circle 50 on reader service card
By Jupiter!
the sound comes at you
from all directions.

Empire's unique Jupiter cylinder produces the kind of sound no conventional box speaker can deliver. Our all-around sound is simply phenomenal — it radiates in all directions: front, rear, left and right.

The Jupiter's perfect three-way system uses Empire's heavy 12 inch down facing woofer for bass you can feel as well as hear, a powerful midrange for crisp, clear alto and voice tones, and a lightweight ultrasonic tweeter with wide angle dispersion. The power of the Jupiter 6500 speaker is awesome — it can deliver an impressive performance without overload, burnout or strain.

Best of all, the virtually indestructible Jupiter enclosure is made of a new space-age acoustic material with a marproof surface, making it ideal for today's casual living.

*Jupiter speakers are completely weatherproofed for indoor or outdoor listening.

Empire's new Jupiter 6500 Speaker list price $149.95. Available at better hi-fi dealers. For your free "Empire Guide to Sound Design" write: EMPIRE SCIENTIFIC CORP., Garden City, New York 11530.
nated AUTO-MAQUIC indicator appears on the dial face, and the tuning meter is lit in the same color as the dial scales. When the tuning knob is touched, the AFC system is electrically disabled, and the tuning meter illumination changes to white. After a station is tuned in, releasing the knob results immediately in the reactivation of the AFC, which is indicated by the change in color of the meter illumination. This automatic feature simplifies tuning in a signal close in frequency to a much stronger station by preventing the stronger signal from "capturing" the tuner's AFC system. If AFC is not desired, pushing the AUTOMATIC button disables the circuit and extinguishes the identifying words on the dial face.

The STA-150 has two vertical slider potentiometers for individual adjustment of the volume in each channel. Both are operated simultaneously for overall volume setting, and a slight displacement of one of the sliders provides a channel-balancing function. In the rear of the STA-150 are the various inputs and outputs, with thumbscrew binding posts for the speaker connections (one pair of binding posts is paralleled with standard phono jacks), output-transistor and line fuses, and a single unswitched a.c. outlet. In addition to the usual tape-recording inputs and outputs, there is a second set of tape "dubbing" outputs to provide signals for a second tape deck. This feature can be used for making tape copies from the first recorder or for making two tapes simultaneously. The playback from the second recorder must be connected to the receiver's AUX inputs. There is a phono-sensitivity switch for high- and low-output cartridges. The nonadjustable AM ferrite-rod antenna is inside the receiver. A capacitive coupler prevents the a.c. line cord as an FM antenna in strong signal areas. The front panel of the Realistic STA-150 receiver is finished in gray, with contrasting bright aluminum knobs. A wooden walnut cabinet is included. Price: $349.95.

- **Laboratory Measurements.** The audio amplifiers of the STA-150 clipped at 34.5 watts per channel into 8-ohm loads, 47.5 watts into 4 ohms, and 23.2 watts into 16 ohms. These measurements were made at 1,000 Hz, with both channels driven. The 1,000-Hz total harmonic distortion (THD) was 0.2 per cent at 0.1 watt, falling to 0.1 per cent at outputs of 20 to 30 watts, and reaching 0.24 per cent at 35 watts. The intermodulation (IM) distortion followed a similar pattern, dropping from 0.2 per cent at 0.1 watt to less than 0.15 per cent at outputs between 1 and 30 watts, and rising to 0.175 per cent at 35 watts. With 30 watts per channel as a reference full-power output, the THD was below 0.3 per cent from just under 50 Hz to 20,000 Hz. However, at half power and less, the THD was under 0.15 per cent all the way down to 20 Hz, reaching a maximum of about 0.5 per cent at 20,000 Hz.

The audio amplifiers could be driven to a 10-watt output with inputs of 90 millivolts (mV) on AUX, 2.5 mV on PHONO HIGH, and 1.25 mV on PHONO LOW. The noise level was unusually low: –80 dB on the AUX inputs and –74 dB through the phono inputs. This result, in part, from the fact that each slider volume control is actually a dual control that operates both before and after the tone-control amplifier stages, which are important sources of noise in an amplifier. The phono dynamic range was very good, with overload occurring at 140 mV (HIGH) or 70 mV (LOW).

The loudness compensation boosted only the low frequencies, and the filters had 6-dB-per-octave slopes with the –3-dB points at 100 and 4,500 Hz. The bass and treble tone controls had good characteristics, with the sliding inflection point of the former providing boost or cut at frequencies below 300 Hz (100 Hz at intermediate settings) with no effect on middle or high frequencies. The mid-range (tone control had a broad characteristic centered at 2,000 Hz, but it affected most frequencies from 200 to 20,000 Hz.

(Continued on page 36)
Technology must be confirmed by performance.

Here are the judgments of the most respected critics and reviewers on the BOSE 901*

"I urge that you listen for yourself. I think you will have to agree that Bose has, in a single giant step, produced one of the finest speaker systems ever made."
AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE

". . . If your response to it is like ours, you'll be reluctant to turn it off and go to bed."
Norman Eisenberg
HIGH FIDELITY

". . . I must say that I have never heard a speaker system in my own home which could surpass, or even equal, the Bose 901 for overall 'realism' of sound."
Hirsch-Houk Laboratories
STEREO REVIEW

"The Bose have replaced forever our bulky studio speakers with compact, handsome units. The only trouble is -- our studio is beginning to look like a living room!"
DOWNBEAT

"To hear a thunderous "low C" organ pedal . . . , or a clean, weighty impact of a bass drum is truly impressive . . . . There is no doubt that the much abused and overworked term "break-through" applies to the Bose 901 and its bold new concepts."
Bert Whyte
AUDIO

"But these speakers provide a quality which is not to be matched."
STEREO & HI FI TIMES

"The 901 is very possibly the only speaker to date to actually pour forth in true concert hall fashion."
HI-FI BUYER'S GUIDE

"After a time trial measured in months rather than weeks, this one can definitely proclaim Bose is best, big or small, high or low."
Irving Kolodin
SATURDAY REVIEW

Now the Bose 901 Series II Direct/Reflecting® Speaker does everything its predecessor did, and more. We invite you to compare it with any conventional speaker, and hear the difference for yourself.

For information on the BOSE 901 SERIES II, 501 SERIES II Direct/Reflecting® speakers, and other BOSE products, circle your reader service card or write us at Dept. S3.
15,000 Hz to some degree. Its maximum range of ±5 dB permitted a useful amount of correction without risking excessive response variation. The RIAA phono equalization was very accurate—within ±0.25 dB over the full 20- to 20,000-Hz range. Phono-cartridge inductance affected the phono response in a typical manner, with a loss (using a high-inductance cartridge) of 1.5 dB at 10,000 Hz and from 2.5 to 4 dB at 20,000 Hz.

Although the FM tuner section had an IHF (mono) sensitivity of 2.4 microvolts (µV), it achieved a 50-dB signal-to-noise ratio (S/N) at only 2.8 µV, with 1.25 per cent THD. The ultimate distortion, at a 1,000-µV input, was 0.24 per cent with a noise level of -72 dB. The stereo-switching threshold (and the muting threshold) was 10 µV. In stereo, a 50-dB S/N was reached at 28 µV, with only 0.9 per cent THD. At 1,000 µV, the stereo THD was 0.6 per cent with a noise level of ~68 dB.

In stereo-FM operation, the frequency response was flat within 0.5 dB from 30 to 7,000 Hz, and down only 1.4 dB at 15,000 Hz. Effective filtering reduced the 19-kHz pilot-carrier leakage to ~67 dB. Channel separation, which reached a high maximum of 44 dB in the mid-frequency range, exceeded 30 dB from 70 to 10,000 Hz, and was still as much as 22.5 dB at 30 Hz.

In its other characteristics, the FM section of the STA-150 was equally good, with a 1.3-dB capture ratio, 61-dB AM rejection, 86-dB image rejection, and 63.5-dB alternate-channel selectivity. The AM section performed adequately, with the expected limited frequency response (down 6 dB at 100 and 2,700 Hz).

Comment. As its features and performance clearly show, the Realistic STA-150 is a solid entry in the medium-price class of stereo receivers. We also found it to be very easy and pleasant to use. The AUTO-MAGIC system worked perfectly, the muting was free of noise and transient effects, and the dual-slider volume controls proved to be much more practical in use than the equivalent system of concentric rotary controls used in some receivers. We were pleased to find the FM dial calibrations as accurate as they are to the width of the pointer would allow (within 100 kHz of the indicated frequency). The change of pointer color to red when receiving stereo is a more easily observed indication than the usual light or STEREO legend elsewhere on the dial face. All in all, a fine, well-thought-out job of design.

Scintrex Model 98 Stereo Headphones

**The Scintrex Model 98 stereo headphones feature a novel dual-cavity acoustic design in which the rear of the driver is fully isolated from the outside environment, but its rear radiation is admitted to the earcup cavity through a system of internal ports. The ports and the area surrounding the front of the driver are damped by plastic foam, which is also used behind the driver. This system is intended to sonically enlarge the cup volume at low frequencies while keeping the volume small at high frequencies.**

The frequency response of the Scintrex Model 98 is designed to provide what might be called a built-in Fletcher-Munson loudness-compensation characteristic: both the bass and the treble are somewhat accentuated relative to the mid-range response. The glycerin-filled earseals provide exceptionally high attenuation of external sound (claimed to be 40 dB at 1,000 Hz), as well as extended low-frequency response.

The Model 98 has a 14-foot coiled cord, with a strain relief where it enters the earcup. The headphone specifications include: 6.5 milliwatts sensitivity to achieve a 100-dB sound-pressure level (SPL), 50 milliwatts maximum input (corresponding to a 110-dB SPL), and distortion of 1 per cent at 1,000 Hz at an unspecified SPL. The headset weighs 16 ounces. Price: $34.95.

**Laboratory Measurements.** The Scintrex Model 98 phones were tested using a Koss-designed test-measurement coupler that we have been using for all our headphone evaluations. The volume of the cavity presented to the earpiece by the coupler (and, of course, the possibly different volume of the individual user's ear cavity) can have a critical effect on the measured—on audible—frequency response of the phone. Therefore, one cannot necessarily expect to measure the “objective” response of a headphone when using a test coupler not specifically designed to take into account its physical characteristics. This is not unlike the situation with regard to testing loudspeakers in different acoustic environments.

As it happened, our measured response of the Scintrex Model 98 proved to be very good, and followed the general contours of a curve run by Scintrex on the same headset, using their coupler and test equipment. The response was within ±3.5 dB from 20 to 5,300 Hz, with the average levels in the 400- to 1,500-Hz area being about 5 dB below those of the lower frequencies. Above 5,000 Hz, the output increased to about +10 dB in the 7,000- to 10,000-Hz range (relative to the averaged lower frequency level), and remained strong all the way to 20,000 Hz. The Scintrex curve showed a stronger output between 50 and 100 Hz than ours, but the two curves were otherwise quite similar in shape.

An input of 2.8 volts at 1,000 Hz produced a 100-dB SPL, and the rated maximum of 110 dB required about 9 volts of drive. (This is well within the capability of any amplifier rated at 10 watts or more into 8 ohms.) The total harmonic distortion at 1,000 Hz was 1 per cent at a 90-dB SPL, reaching 10 per cent at a 110-dB output level. The sound isolation of the liquid-filled ear cushions was excellent (this has been a characteristic of the other Scintrex/Sharpe phones we have tested in the past). An external random-noise signal was reduced by 23 dB. The impedance of each earpiece was a uniform 300 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz. There is no compatibility problem with the standard headphone jacks found on current amplifiers and receivers.

**Comment.** The subjective character of the Scintrex Model 98 was completely consistent with its measured performance. There was a slight but noticeable brightness, complemented by a powerful bass response. At the same time, there was no mid-range deficiency, and the overall sound, despite a distinct "punch," was well balanced.

Circle 106 on reader service card

(Continued on page 38)
The anatomy of the total performers

If you take apart one of TDK's new Dynamic-series cassettes, you might think it looks pretty simple. Five screws. Two hubs. A length of tape. Two rollers. Two cassette shell halves. A few other parts. What's so complicated about that?

Plenty! Unlike open reel tape, a tape cassette becomes an integral part of your recorder. Not just electromagnetically, but also mechanically. So in addition to good sound reproduction capabilities, a cassette must be an absolutely precise mechanism.

It took years of research, development and testing to produce the present-day TDK cassette. The result is a unique combination of superior electromagnetic characteristics and mechanical precision that make TDK cassettes completely compatible with any cassette recorder. And it permits them to deliver total sound reproduction and mechanical performance unequalled by any other cassette you can buy today.

Take the tape, for example. TDK cassette tapes are coated with exclusive formulations of ferric oxide powders in special binders, using proprietary TDK methods which result in the most desirable electromagnetic characteristics. Not just full-range frequency response and high-end sensitivity, but the proper balance of all the other characteristics essential to the faithful reproduction of "real-life" sound. Like high MOL (Maximum output level). Broad dynamic range. Wide bias tolerance. High signal-to-noise ratio. Low modulation and bias noise. Low print-through. Good erasibility.

The housing is precision-molded of high-impact styrene. The transport mechanism uses tapered and flanged rollers with stainless steel pins, all-felt pressure pad, silicone-impregnated liners, and two-point hub clamps. Features first introduced by TDK. And all parts are manufactured to extremely fine tolerances to assure trouble-free operation and to resist jamming, stretching, warping and tangling.

What does all this mean to you? Just that when you record on one of TDK's new Dynamic-series "total performer" cassettes, you can be sure of getting everything! All the highs and lows. All the important harmonics, overtones and transient phenomena. All the natural richness, fullness and warmth of the original performance. Plus reliable, trouble-free mechanical operation.

So look for TDK's total performers at quality sound shops everywhere. For sound you feel as well as hear, discover the dynamic world of TDK!
Pioneer QX-949 AM/FM Four-Channel Receiver

- Pioneer's finest four-channel receiver, the QX-949, has an impressive combination of performance specifications and operating versatility. The QX-949 has built-in decoding circuits for all the major types of four-channel records—SQ, RM, and CD-4 plus an AM tuner and a high-performance FM tuner. It is a powerful receiver, rated at 40 watts per channel into 8-ohm loads, all channels driven, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with less than 0.3 per cent harmonic or intermodulation (IM) distortion. For two-channel use, the power output of the front-channel amplifiers can be boosted by inverting a plug in the rear of the receiver. This removes the power-supply voltage from the rear-channel amplifiers and thereby supplies the front amplifiers with a higher d. c. operating voltage. (Note that this is not the "strapping" system used in many four-channel amplifiers to obtain higher power in stereo service.)

Pioneer has incorporated an imposing array of control functions on the front panel of the QX-949. The large slide-rule dial has AM and linearly spaced FM calibrations, the latter being at 200-kHz intervals. To the right of the dial is a dual-tuning-meter assembly (zero-center and relative-signal-strength indications) and a large tuning knob. Above the dial scales, illuminated words and a large red light are activated by the QX-949's strapping system. A CD-4 adjustment record is included. Price: $749.95.

- Laboratory Measurements. The audio amplifiers clipped at 49 watts per channel with all four channels driven into 8-ohm loads at 1,000 Hz. Our subsequent tests were made with only the two front channels driven, but with the unit set up in the four-channel mode. This had only a slight effect on the maximum power. With 4-ohm loads, the power at clipping was 72.5 watts per channel, and with 16 ohms it was 33 watts. In 2 CH POWER BOOST mode, the receiver delivered 72 watts per channel to 8-ohm loads.

We chose 50 watts per channel as a full-power reference level, although it is higher than Pioneer's own ratings. At 20 Hz, the total harmonic distortion (THD) was 0.04 per cent at full power, and from 30 to 7,000 Hz it was very low 0.03 per cent, reaching only 0.06 per cent at 20,000 Hz. At lower power levels, the THD was less than 0.04 per cent and typically under 0.02 per cent from 20 to 20,000 Hz. The THD at 1,000 Hz, which was 0.085 per cent at a 0.1-watt output, fell to less than 0.02 per cent between 2 and 40 watts, and rose to 0.1 per cent at 50 watts. The IM distortion was under 0.1 per cent from 50 milliwatts to about 2 watts, and it rose to 0.25 per cent between 15 and 40 watts output.

The input required for a 10-watt output, with the channel-balance controls set to their mid positions (about -7 dB) was 175 millivolts (mV) at the AUX inputs and 0.94 mV at the phono inputs. The respective noise levels were very low: -80.5 dB and -73.5 dB. The phono gain is controlled by the CD-4 separation controls, which also affect the phono overload level. At mid settings the inputs overloaded at a very safe 85 mV, and at maximum (which was not required with either of the CD-4 cartridges we used in our listening tests) at a rather low 22 mV.

The bass tone-control curves had a sliding characteristic, moving from below 100 Hz to about 500 Hz, and the treble characteristic "hinged" at about 3,000 Hz. The loudness compensation boosted low moderately and highs very slightly, while the filters had 6-dB-per-octave slopes and -3-dB points of 70 and 4,000 Hz. The RIAA equalization was within ±1 dB from 100 to 14,000 Hz, rising slightly to +3.3 dB at 30 Hz. Because the phono signals have to be filtered for CD-4 demodulation, the receiver's response is limited to 20 kHz.

## Laboratory Measurements

- **Input Requirements**: 175 mV at AUX inputs, 0.94 mV at phono inputs.
- **Noise Levels**: -80.5 dB and -73.5 dB.
- **IM Distortion**: Less than 0.04% at 50 milliwatts, 0.1% at 50 watts.
- **Frequency Response**: -10 dB at 14,000 Hz.
- **Tone Control**: Sliding characteristic for bass, hinged for treble.
- **Riaa Equalization**: Within ±1 dB from 100 to 14,000 Hz, rising to +3.3 dB at 30 Hz.

## Specifications

- **Power Output**: 50 watts per channel, 49 watts into 8-ohms.
- **Harmonic Distortion**: 0.04% at full power, 0.03% at 7,000 Hz.
- **Riaa Equalization**: Within ±1 dB.
Dual tonearms allow the most advanced cartridges to track accurately and gently. Gyroscopic gimbal suspension as used in 1229 and 1218 is best known way to balance precision instruments. Stylus pressure, applied around pivot, keeps perfect dynamic balance. Separate anti-skating scales for conical and elliptical styli achieve perfect tracking balance on each wall of the stereo groove.

Unlike conventional automatic tonearms, the 1218 and 1229 track records at the original cutting angle. The 1229 parallels single records, moves up to parallel changer stack. The 1218 has similar adjustment in the cartridge housing.

**You'll appreciate some things about a Dual right away. Others will take years.**

You can appreciate some things about a Dual turntable right at your dealer's: 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 owns a Dual, you've probably heard all this from him. But you may also wish to know what makes a Dual so different from other 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.

A case in point is the tonearm suspension. Every gimbal is hand assembled and individually tested with precision instruments especially developed by Dual. Vertical bearing friction 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.

**Precision and reliability.**

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.

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.

United Audio Products, Inc.,
120 So. Columbus. Ave., Mt. Vernon,
N.Y. 10553

Dual 1216. $154 95

Dual 1218. $189 95

Dual 1229. $259 95

United Audio is exclusive U.S. distributor for Dual.
response drops sharply above 15,000 Hz (at which point it is down only 1.5 dB), to about –20 dB at 20,000 Hz. Phono equalization was influenced only slightly by cartridge inductance (much less than with most receivers we have tested), and showed a loss of less than 2 dB in the 15,000-Hz level with any of the popular cartridges we use for this test.

The FM tuner surpassed most of its already excellent specifications. The I HF sensitivity was 1.7 microvolts (µV) in mono and 4 µV in stereo, and 50 dB of quieting was obtained with 2.4 µV (mono) and 33 µV (stereo). The corresponding distortion levels were 1 and 0.63 per cent. The signal-to-noise ratios at 1,000 µV were 71.5 dB (mono) and 68.5 dB (stereo), and the distortion at that level was 0.09 per cent in mono and 0.21 per cent in stereo—about half the published ratings. The muting and automatic stereo-switching threshold was at 2.8 µV.

The capture ratio of 1.4 dB (at 1,000 µV) and AM rejection of 50 dB were the only measurements that failed to surpass the published specifications, although no apologies are required for either figure. The selectivity of the QX-949 was very fine—81.5 dB above the signal frequency and 84 below it. The image rejection was 92 dB.

The stereo FM frequency response was ±0.25 dB from 30 to 11,000 Hz, down only 1.5 dB at 15,000 Hz. Even with this excellent FM high-frequency response, the 19-kHz pilot-carrier leakage was a very low –78 dB. Channel separation was unusually uniform, remaining between 32.5 and 35 dB from 30 to 10,000 Hz, and it was still an excellent 30 dB at 15,000 Hz. The AM frequency response was somewhat better than average—flat within ±2.5 dB from 25 to 3,700 Hz and down 6 dB at 4,500 Hz. Our test unit's dial pointer was displaced by approximately its width from the correct position, which gave a uniform 200-kHz calibration error across the FM band. A simple readjustment of the pointer would have produced essentially perfect FM calibration; even in the "as received" condition, the calibration was much better than that of most tuners and receivers because of the 200-kHz marking points.

- Comment. Despite the almost overwhelming completeness of the Pioneer QX-949's front panel, it is a fairly simple receiver to operate. The CD-4 calibration can be done quickly and easily with the test record supplied, maximizing the right/left, front/rear separation by ear or with the aid of the four-channel display. Although it is convenient to have the (Continued on page 42)
Speakers are a matter of taste.

No other component in your high fidelity system will influence your enjoyment of music as much as your choice of speakers. Every speaker design has its own individual characteristics, and actually imposes its own personality on any music you play. What kind of a sound do you prefer? The tight sound of an acoustic suspension speaker? The open sound of an omni-radial speaker? The crisp sound of an all-directional speaker? The light sound of an anamorphic speaker? Each design has its own individual character, and actually imposes its own kind of sound on your monitor. But there's a speaker to match your taste. And they're all superior in performance, delivering sharp definition and a smooth, but crystal clear dynamic attack over a wide range.

Yes, speakers are a matter of taste. Only you can decide which one of the seven Sansui speakers is really the best speaker you ever heard. So stop in at your nearest Sansui dealer and listen.
Maxell’s 60-minute Giveaway.

To a real audio buff, the only thing better than a beautiful bargain is a great giveaway.

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CIRCLE NO. 21 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Pioneer QX-949
Four-Channel Receiver...

(Continued from page 40)

CD-4 adjustments on the front panel, it would be better if they were not so close to the volume-control knob, since recalibration is required if their settings are disturbed.

The CD-4 demodulator performed in a most satisfactory manner with the Audio-Technica AT-15S and Grado FTR+1 cartridges. The quality and subjective separation appeared to be limited only by the present state of the CD-4 recording art. Some of the earliest CD-4 recordings were marred by occasional disturbing noises (this happens with any demodulator we have used), but the more recent records produced essentially perfect results. The matrix decoders operated adequately, although they lack logic enhancement.

Perhaps the only instance of ambiguity offered by the well-marked controls has to do with the fact that, although the CD-4 position is also used for other discrete four-channel sources (such as a quadraphonic tape player), there is no indication of this on the panel (it is stated in the manual, however). We also noted that there is no provision for playing a single-channel or mono source through more than one channel. For example, if TV sound were to be connected to one of the AUX inputs, it would be heard only through the corresponding speaker unless an external "Y" adapter were used to parallel other channels.

The four-channel display is almost as fascinating to watch as a real "scope" display, and it has the added advantage that its response (unlike a scope's) is approximately logarithmic over a 20-dB display range. This permits simultaneous viewing of high- and low-level signals in different channels; it also gave us a clue as to the actual CD-4 separation, which appeared to be in excess of 20 dB. The variable illuminated quadrants responded rapidly and precisely to program changes.

The figures measured for the tuner section speak for themselves. This is an uncommonly sensitive, selective, and smooth-handling FM tuner. The interstation muting is first-rate, with no noise and only a trace of a muting "thump."

It is difficult to do justice to such a versatile receiver in the limited space available. A study of its schematic diagram leaves us with a sense of amazement that such a complex instrument can be sold for only $750. It is not only a handsomely styled and highly flexible four-channel control center, but, in respect to the electrical performance of its tuner and amplifier, it rivals some of the finest separate-component systems.

Circle 108 on reader service card
Only Sony Plus 2 cassette tapes give you two extra minutes at no extra charge!

How many times have you missed those last few bars when you're recording your LP's because the tape ran out? Well, no more.

With Sony Plus 2 you get MORE. A FULL TWO MINUTES MORE TAPE than you get with most other cassettes. And Sony Plus 2 won't cost you one cent more than standard length cassettes.

Sony Plus 2 tapes give you far less distortion, a smoother frequency response, less dropout, reduced tape hiss and greater dynamic range than other cassette tapes. They offer better signal-to-noise ratios, durable flexi-strength polyester backing and Sony's exclusive Lubricushion coating to protect heads. And Sony Plus 2 tapes in 47, 62, 92 and 122 minute lengths are available in Standard and UHF series for the finest performance from any machine.

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GOING ON RECORD
By JAMES GOODFRIEND
Music Editor

MUSIC AS METAPHOR

THE subject of music as metaphor is rarely considered today in serious writings about serious music. The reason is partly that it is not so much a musical matter as an aesthetic one, and partly that the whole matter of extra-musical meanings and connotations has, for many years, been considered unworthy of the attention of serious musicians and musicologists, though it has unquestionably fascinated certain composers. Yet it is a subject that obviously preoccupied some very great composers of the past, and a host of minor ones as well, and a lack of understanding of it has led some musicians and listeners to the conjecture that such composers as Claude Debussy were writing “storytelling” music when, in fact, they were not.

One is dealing with metaphorical music when one comes across a work that seems to have a programmatic title, even when individual movements have programmatic titles, but the music attempts neither a narration of events nor the aping of extra-musical sounds, when what is conveyed is a mood, rather than a mood. Such music is frequently referred to as Impressionistic, which is at least defensible as an aesthetic categorization, but impossible as a musical one. For if we consider Impressionism to be a musical movement, then we must consider certain harmonic, melodic, formal, and orchestral devices typical of it, and we must then find another term for those composers who have adopted an Impressionistic aesthetic at times (Sibelius, for example) without using the musical devices we have already decided characterize the Impressionistic style. Similarly, if we look upon Impressionism as purely a historical style, then we wind up with no satisfactory description of composers outside that historical movement who may have employed either the Impressionist aesthetic or the technical devices.

The aesthetic position of Impressionism is both a non-imitative and a non-emotional one. It is non-imitative from intent, for it deals with the impression produced on the artist by an outside event rather than with the effect the artist is going to produce on his audience. It is non-emotional in a procedural sense, for, as opposed to Beethoven’s categorization of his Pastoral Symphony, it is not concerned with the “feelings evoked” by the outside event, but with the prior step of the perception of the outside event. What Impressionism involves, then, is a way of looking at the world, both in the selection of what is seen and in the quality of how it is seen. “Seeing,” in this instance, is an abbreviation for all sensory experience—hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting—and perhaps for factors of memory, association, and mood as well. This is the passive or receptive aspect of Impressionism.

The productive aspect is, theoretically, the selective giving back of one’s impression in the medium appropriate to the artist, rather than that appropriate to the thing experienced. Since such a physical entity as a garden in the rain is far beyond music’s ability to imitate onomatopoetically (a musical “drip, drip” sound might well be taken for a representation of a leaky faucet instead), what we get in such a titled composition is a musical metaphor for the physical and psychical event. The metaphor is, of course, a completely personal one, and, like all metaphors, it is subject to the evaluation of others as to its aptness, its musical (literary) quality, and its importance. It is clear, however, that in no sense is the music a realistic and recognizable portrayal of the original outside event, nor is it a reflection of the emotions produced in the composer by the experience of that event. This, despite the fact that the resultant music is not necessarily unemotional and that it does not necessarily eschew, in its metaphorical quality, musical sounds that are onomatopoetic in relation to the subject.

The argument has been raised against Impressionist music (and against an impressionistic understanding of music) that the title may well have been put on after the music was written. In a few cases we know this to be so. In such a case (goes the argument) the music cannot possibly be a result of a perception of the event described in the title. Though this is certainly true in a causal sense, the notion of causality has not much to do with the products of the Impressionist aesthetic, and we need not get hung up on the chicken-or-egg problem. A piece of Impressionist music presents us with two things: the music and the title. That one is a metaphor for the other is inherent. We assimilate the title far more quickly than the music (it is shorter, for one thing), and we therefore judge the music as to its metaphorical aptness to the title rather than the other way around, and despite the order in which the two may very likely have been created. It is just the opposite of the case with the finale of Chopin’s B-flat Minor Sonata, for which the pianist Anton Rubinstein coined the metaphor “the wind over the grave”; the music was familiar long before the literary metaphor was born.

All the above rests on the idea of Impressionism as an aesthetic position rather than as a musical movement. The difficulties creep in when we examine the musical materials composers have used in the composition of Impressionist works, for, in many cases, the same composers have used identical materials to construct works that statedly are not Impressionist. So, for example, the harmonies of Debussy’s Études, which for the most part bear specifically musical and technical titles only (no one can believe that such a title as Pour les Huits Doigts refers to a musical metaphor for eight fingers), are essentially the same as those used in the Preludes, whose titles (Fireworks, The Maid with the Flaxen Hair, Footsteps in the Snow, etc.) are indicative of “impressions.” Whether one is then free to read a metaphor into a nonmetaphorical work is a moot point. Rubinstein did it, but he was a child of his time. And it is interesting that no one seems to have come forth with a set of metaphorical titles for the Debussy Études. Perhaps—and here we venture into one of those unexplored psychological, psychoacoustic aspects of music—there are kinds of music that need titles and kinds of music that do not. The musical sense of every great work of music is complete in itself, but the aesthetic sense may be self-contained in some and may need a literary or pictorial addition to find completeness in others. That may well be a rationale for all program music, and, though it will not make the second-rate work sound any better than it does, it at least saves it from damnation through categorization.
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"for those who can hear the difference"
OLD MAN DYLAN

I'd like to make it clear right off that I was never really a Bob Dylan fan, at least not in the way most of my contemporaries and college classmates were. I never memorized the lyrics to whole sides of his albums; I never claimed, as a Beatnik (!) chock I knew in my freshman year did, that Dylan made the most beautiful music in Western history; and I never even cared much for Mr. Tambourine Man until the Byrds electrified it. During his topical-song days, at the height of the folk period, I was too busy getting back into rock-and-roll after a six-year hiatus (a move I made when I discovered it was difficult to make it with girls by talking about Sibirius, who was my fave at the time) to pay much attention to Dylan. Besides, all that protest stuff always struck me as a bit simple-minded, though I will concede that I liked his first album for the traditional numbers (like Baby, Let Me Follow You Down) and the obvious Everly Brothers influences on his guitar playing.

When Dylan finally began to rock in earnest, I was much more impressed with the other stuff on the radio; you will recall that the summer his Like a Rolling Stone exploded onto AM was also the summer of the Beatles' Help, the Beach Boys' California Girls, and the Rolling Stones' Satisfaction, to name just a few. But, with the passage of time, I began to appreciate what he was doing, and I did indeed get off on "Highway 61" and "Blonde on Blonde" like any normal American teenager. Still, I never related strongly to him, so when he lost me with the slick countrified banality of "Nashville Skyline" and "New Morning" I was too busy getting back into rock-and-roll to pay much attention to him. Besides, my fave at the time was rock-and-roll, and while I won't go quite that far, I would, at this juncture, like to present to the New York Times music department and to Ms. Alterman the "Those Who Do Not Learn from History Are Doomed to Repeat Its Mistakes" Award.

Rather than running all that down in detail, let me offer instead some observations at random. First of all, I caught the closing night at the Garden, but my spies at the afternoon performance (what Mick Jagger called "the breakfast show") report that, at one point, Robbie Robertson of the Band announced "See you next year" to the crowd. I bring this up because one of the unresolved Dylan enigmas, as of this writing, is just how seriously he intends to ply his trade now that he's gotten his feet wet again. The fact that he now has a record label that he feels comfortable with will undoubtedly have some effect on his plans, but the concert itself came off, at least on one level, so much as a retrospective that it was difficult to avoid the feeling that he was about to go back into hiberation for another couple of seasons.

Of course, if Robertson wasn't kidding, and if Dylan seriously wants to tour again soon, then the concert is subject to reinterpretation. If Dylan is indeed ready to be Dylan again, then he intended the concert not only as a reintroduction to an old friend, but as a calculated attempt to reach a new audience and re-establish himself as a major force. If, on the other hand, he is not, then what the hell was he doing? A farewell? A sop to his fans? Or, as rumor had it, a fund-raising effort for Israel? (Dylan himself has been conspicuously non-committal on this last point, as he has a perfect right to be, of course.)

Second, in New York at least, the audience was overwhelmingly and surprisingly youngish; this was the same crowd you'd see for the Allman Brothers or, say, Loggins and Messina, which is pretty remarkable when you consider that most of these kids had not even reached puberty when the Dylan of the protest songs and Woody Guthrieisms began to be a cult figure for disaffected intellectual youth in the early Sixties. There are two theories that could account for this phenomenon. One is the Bangladesh movie, which, quite by accident, may have functioned as Dylan's A Hard Day's Night. In other words, all the kids who went to see that film to view latter-day heroes like Leon Russell were suddenly exposed to this unfamiliar yet fascinating figure in a jean jacket, and they came away instant fans. Personally, I much prefer the second theory, which is, simply, that today's kids have been looking (unconsciously, perhaps) for a Dylan, and finally, with his return, they have one. That it was also the Dylan is almost coincidental. For all intents and purposes, he was a new artist for them, but he was filling exactly the same needs he had filled for some of us old farts ten years ago. Eat your heart out, David Bowie.

Third, the earliest published review (by Lorraine Alterman) of Planet Waves was in the New York Times, and it was sadly typical both of that august journal and what seems, at this point, to be the prevailing critical judgment. Author Alterman dismissed the record as mere "Sixties nostalgia" (a comment that truly annoys me, because it's both a meaningless, hackneyed phrase and an obvious ploy to disguise the absence of any real insight), and as "inferior," if you can believe it, to new albums by Graham Nash (!) and Carly Simon. I found this last especially amusing in the light of the Times' classic 1968 piece on the Beatles' white album, one in which Mike Jahn dismissed the Fab Four's magnum opus in a one-to-one comparison with "Blood, Sweat and Tears." Ha! At the time, Rolling Stone Editor Jann Wenner commented that anyone who could write such a review was either deaf or evil, and while I won't go quite that far, I would, at this juncture, like to present to the New York Times music department and to Ms. Alterman the "Those Who Do Not Learn from History Are Doomed to Repeat Its Mistakes" Award.

Finally, a brief word or two on the concert itself. Both Dylan and the Band gave extraordinary performances. The Band, whose records and live shows have always struck me as being afflicted with a kind of studied, sterile perfection, stretched out and rocked harder than I could ever have imagined, and Dylan himself made such fresh interpretive choices that even the most overfamiliar of his material came across as brand new. The strongest impression I came away with was that, after all these years, he might just be at last in a position to become the kind of rock-and-roll star he's always wanted to be, one capable of holding, as he did so effortlessly that night, twenty thousand people in the palm of his hand. It's ironic that it's taken him so long, but at any rate, the idea of Bob Dylan, Father Figure, is something to conjure with.
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1. No. He's called "The Ole Skipper" by his landlord and the finance company. Gimmick: Never sails without a good tide, fair winds, and his rubber duckie. His hard-drawing cigarettes are like a cheap lighthouse—they blink twice, then go out.


3. No. He's Stu Mack Paump. Makes all sea trips "by rail." He even gets seasick watching his shorts go around in the laundromat. His cigarettes have so much charcoal in the filter, he's had to join the miners' union.

4. Right. He's here to catch fish—not the latest fads and gimmicks. Wants no nonsense in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco.

5. He's the cook, Phil Layasol. His meals are so bad, African pygmies come to dip arrows in his soup.

6. & 7. No and no. They're porgie and bass.

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

THE BASIC REPERTOIRE • 169

By MARTIN BOOKSPAN

RODRIGO’S CONCIERTO DE ARANJUEZ

The guitar is the principal survivor and descendant of a whole series of plucked stringed instruments that date back to ancient European and Oriental civilizations. Though we tend to regard the guitar as the particular national instrument of Spain, other countries and cultures have contributed to its development and literature. For instance, the concerto for guitar was developed largely by Italian composers: an otherwise obscure self-taught performer and composer named Mauro Giuliani (1780-1840) wrote at least four concertos for guitar and orchestra. In our own time a significant contribution to the growing guitar literature was made by the Italian composer Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895-1968), who composed a number of works for guitar solo as well as two charming guitar concertos.

It was in 1939 that a thirty-seven-year-old Spanish composer named Joaquín Rodrigo began writing a guitar concerto in Paris, finishing it a short time later in Madrid. Rodrigo titled his completed work the Concierto de Aranjuez, taking the name from the ancient royal palace of the Spanish kings situated some fifty kilometers from Madrid on the way to Valencia. Aranjuez is considered the most cheerful and beautiful of the royal sites, and Rodrigo has said that his concerto “is meant to sound like the hidden nature of a rondo: one theme, folk-song in the nature of a rondo: one theme, folk-like in character, recurs several times in different keys. The ending is somewhat unexpected: a descending flourish in the unaccompanied guitar picks up pizzicato string unisons, pianissimo, in its last three notes and subsides into silence.

The concerto is in the traditional fast-slow-fast three-movement format, and the opening movement, Allegro con spirito, is in Classical sonata form. It is the solo guitar rather than the orchestral forces that immediately establishes the opening movement’s rhythmic and melodic profile; the movement’s two principal themes are perspicuous and engaging, and the interplay of the solo guitar with the orchestra is deft and exhilarating. The slow movement, Adagio, is the true center of the piece. Longer than both the opening and closing movements together, it takes the form of a ruminating dialogue between the guitar and solo instruments from the orchestra: English horn first, followed by bassoon, oboe, trumpet, etc. Near the end of the second movement there is an extended guitar cadenza with varied figurations and embellishments, and then there is an impassioned orchestral climax. The concluding movement, Allegro gentle, is in the nature of a rondo: one theme, folk-like in character, recurs several times in different keys. The ending is somewhat unexpected: a descending flourish in the unaccompanied guitar picks up pizzicato string unisons, pianissimo, in its last three notes and subsides into silence.

One guitarist, Narciso Yepes, has had the opportunity to record the Concierto de Aranjuez three different times, twice for London Records with Ataulfo Argenta and the National Orchestra of Spain and most recently—again with Spanish compatriots—for Deutsche Grammophon (disc 139440; reel L 9440; cassette 3300172). It is the second of the three Yepes versions (London STS 15199) that I prefer above all the other currently available recordings of the score. Together with Argenta, whose untimely death more than a dozen years ago robbed the world of a truly outstanding young conductor, Yepes conveys the modest grace of the music most convincingly. The recorded sound may lack the immediacy of contemporary reproduction, but it is still highly serviceable. And not to be overlooked is the fact that the disc is a reissue in London’s budget-price ($2.98) Stereo Treasury series.

An altogether different kind of performance is the one by John Williams with Eugene Ormandy conducting members of the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia MS 6834). Here the approach is very much a virtuoso one; tempos are generally brisker than in any of the Yepes recordings, the sound is considerably more brilliant, and the overall effect is on the dazzling side. Of its kind, it is a perfectly splendid performance, and I can recommend it without qualification to anyone who might prefer an approach more robust than that of Yepes and Argenta. Julian Bream and Colin Davis, in their collaboration (RCA disc LSC 2730; reel ERP A 2730/1; cassette RK 1052), offer an interpretive attitude similar to that of Williams and Ormandy, but the latter team scores higher points in terms of accuracy of ensemble and rhythmic buoyancy.

Special interest attaches to the RCA Victrola recording (VICS 1322) by the guitarist Regino Sainz de la Maza. It was to him that Rodrigo dedicated the concerto, and Sainz de la Maza was the soloist at the November 1940 performance in Barcelona. If the Victrola recording was made just before its release in this country in 1968, then Sainz de la Maza was already into his seventies at the time. His performance (with the Manuel de Falla Orchestra conducted by Cristóbal Halffter) resembles the Yepes-Argenta version in its relaxed ease, but it does not summon up quite the charm of the latter. The most recent recording to be released is the one by Alexandre Lagoya and Antonio de Almeida (Philips SAL 6500454). This is a perfectly reasonable performance, but not a particularly distinguished one.

Word from the grapevine has it that a Christopher Parkening recording of the score is on the way. It is curious, though, that the Concierto de Aranjuez has been neglected by that most prolific of all recording guitarists (and the master of them all), Andrés Segovia. True, Decca is no longer recording classical artists, but will not some other enterprising company snap up Segovia for a recording of the Rodrigo Concierto?

By Edward Jablonski

LET US DISPOSE OF THE DOUBTERS RIGHT OFF:

Blah, blah, blah, moon.
Blah, blah, blah, above.
Blah, blah, blah, croon.
Blah, blah, blah, love.*

That ought to demonstrate once and for all that lyricist Ira Gershwin is no mere “moon/June” Tin Pan Alley tune man. He is, however, the first songwriter ever awarded the Pulitzer Prize (for his contribution to Of Thee I Sing, 1931), the author of a remarkably entertaining, thoroughly erudite book (Lyrics on Several Occasions, Knopf, 1959, just reissued as a Viking paperback), an honorary Doctor of Fine Arts (University of Maryland, 1966), and perhaps the first man in history—though certainly not the last—to rhyme “glamorous” with “amorous” (in ‘S Wonderful, from Funny Face, 1927).

When I brought this little historical fact to his attention recently, Gershwin’s response was typically professional: “‘Glamorous/amorous’ is an ordinary three-syllable or triple rhyme: I don’t understand why you give it so much importance, even though perhaps I was the first to use it in a song. Actually, a more original triple rhyme in the same song is the second refrain’s ‘four leaf clover time/working overtime.’”

Gershwin may not have found the line particularly remarkable, but a drama critic once did. At an afternoon rehearsal during the out-of-town tryout phase of Funny Face (it was then still suffering extensive revisions before its New York opening), Gershwin happened to be standing in the lobby of the Shubert Theatre and was spotted by the critic, who first inquired about the show’s progress and then went on to ask whether anything were being done about the “obscene phrase” in ‘S Wonderful. Ira Gershwin, the soul of decorum and the model of taste, was taken quite aback. Recovering, he managed to ask the critic just which phrase he had in mind, and was informed that “feeling amorous” was a sentiment perhaps more fittingly scrawled on a fence somewhere than sung from the stage of the Shubert. The artist in Gershwin wisely chose to ignore the critical advice and ‘S Wonderful stayed in the show in its original form, uncensored for Philadelphian delicacy. What the critic apparently missed was that the song was a satire of the popular ballad (Tin Pan Alley-ese for lovesong). What Gershwin delivered with a wry twinkle in the eye, however, countless imitators were soon to declaim in dead, humorless earnest, and before long the air was almost as cluttered with “amorous/glamorous” as it had once been with “moon/June.”

But Gershwin has consistently walked confidently in where less imaginative eclectics fear even to borrow. The classic example, of course, is the already quoted Blah, Blah, Blah—not even the most desperate of plagiarists would dare lift its central idea, which is nothing more than a put-down of the conventional Hollywood “theme song” idea. It was concocted by the Gershwin brothers for their first film, Delicious (1931). The lyrics consist of a series of “blahs,” with line endings selected from such time-worn lyric rhymes as “eyes,” “hair,” “skies,” and, of course, “care.” These, together with a sprinkling of “tra-la-las” to lend rhythmic variety and a few multisyllabic clichés such as “cottage for two,” “merry month of May,” and “clouds of gray” say all that is necessary to be said on the subject.

The song is useful, however, for the insight it provides into the Gershwins’ work methods. Written initially for a proposed Ziegfeld project, East Is West (1928, for production the following year), as Lady of the Moon, it had to be reworked when Ziegfeld switched in midstream from the Oriental setting of East Is West to the less exotic Show Girl.

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“My Body,” self-portrait by Ira Gershwin (courtesy the Gershwin Collection)
It re-emerged as *I Just Looked at You*, but when *Show Girl* finally opened in the summer of 1929 it was strangely not to be heard. And so it was that when the Gershwins were summoned to Hollywood the following year and needed a "good ballad tune" for their theme-song spoof, *Lady of the Moon* came out of the trunk to be born again as *Blah, Blah, Blah*, a good musical idea whose time had finally come.

Curiously, many of the Gershwins' friends accused the Words Gershwin of scuttling the Music Gershwin's fine melody, insisting that the "too-special" lyric denied the song its deserved popularity. But these misguided well-wishers hardly give George Gershwin his due. His musical wit, his compulsive striving for technical excellence, as well as his caustic view of inferior songwriting are completely at one with his brother's lyric in this song. For all their personality divergences, the Gershwins' attitude toward the art of popular songwriting was a common meeting ground. When they met for work, their relationship was purely, even severely, professional; that they shared the name Gershwin was merely an accident of birth.

There is, it would appear, no satisfactory explanation in heredity for the Gershwins' talents. Their parents were Russian immigrants who had come to the United States in the early Nineties, had met on New York's Lower East Side, and married. Morris Gershwin was then a shoemaker and Rose Bruskin Gershwin kept house. Their first son, Israel (later Ira), was born December 6, 1896. The New York childhood of the Gershwins—George was born in 1898, Arthur in 1900, Frances in 1906—was typical of that of many who grew up there just after the turn of the century. It was an exciting time, but a relaxed one as well. On New York's "teeming Lower East Side," the Old World and the New fused. If the older generation tended to keep familiar traditions—language, folklore, religion, and song—alive, the younger generation was bent on Americanization. Thus the Old World values survived, but with a slight new twist.

For example, in compliance with the traditions of learning and culture brought over from Europe, a second-hand piano was, conventionally enough, introduced into the Gershwin household—but so was a phonograph. The piano was intended for Ira, then about fourteen, but it was younger brother George who ran to the keyboard and surprised everyone by playing a current popular song. "I remember being particularly impressed by his left hand," Ira Gershwin later wrote.

Ira's first earnings (from catering his mother's weekly poker parties) and allowance he spent seeing the new movies at the Unique Cinema on Grand Street: nearby was the Grand Street Theatre where he could experience live dramatic productions. By the time he was twelve he had begun a scrapbook, clipping and preserving those examples of humorous verse that delighted him. He revealed an even more enterprising intellectual curiosity by compiling a kind of encyclopedia from old history books and almanacs.

An omnivorous reader from boyhood, he rapidly graduated from the dime-novel phase (*Fred Fearnot* and the Horatio Alger series) and read everything he could lay his eyes on. And he began producing, in his early teens, his own handmade newspaper, *The Leaf*, which had a life of no less than twenty-six weeks. For this sturdy little publication (it was printed on shirt-cardboards) he wrote the text and drew the illustrations, reporting on neighborhood events and even supplying his own advertising.

In 1904, at the age of eight, Ira Gershwin gave some evidence of becoming a snappy dresser. But more serious artistic talents were developing, and in 1915 he produced this sketch (far right) of the view from the Gershwins' window in Coney Island, as well as involving himself in the tricky craft of putting words together meaningfully.
The mature Ira Gershwin is characterized by steel-rim glasses, a pipe in the mouth, and pencil and notepaper always in hand.

In his teens Ira Gershwin revealed himself to be a competent artist: his early sketches and paintings (and his mature productions as well) are excellent, his cartoons deft and witty. When asked years later why he had given up painting after mastering technique and developing a fine color sense, he replied that "it became too interesting"—meaning, of course, that it took him away from his true calling.

That calling was, of course, words. He had quite early become taken with light verse, particularly the witticisms of columnist F. P. A. (Franklin P. Adams, of Information Please fame) and C. L. Edson. Under their influence he began writing down his own wry world view in rhyme. And so we find him, in 1910, listed on the masthead of the Academic Herald, a little newspaper put out by the students of Townsend Harris Hall, the New York prep school for bright youngsters who hoped to enter the City College of New York; Gershwin was identified as one of the art editors. He was also co-editor of the paper's "Much Ado" column—quips, verse, and snappy sayings—with a fellow East Sider, Edgar Y. Harburg. They continued the partnership later at City College, contributing the "Gargoyle Gargles" column to the school's newspaper. Gershwin's co-author would of course eventually burst upon the world as the lyricist E. Y. "Yip" Harburg (The Wizard of Oz, Bloomer Girl, and Finian's Rainbow, among others).

Although "Gersh," as he signed himself in CCNY's monthly humor publication Mercury, had begun to carve out a modest literary reputation for himself on campus, his academic performance was not something to call home about. "My career at City College," he once remarked, "could hardly be set down as felicitous. In my second year I was still taking first-year mathematics, and when I heard that calculus was in the offing, I decided to call it an education."

Gershwin followed his "education" with an assortment of odd jobs while trying to regroup his faculties by attending college classes at night. He was a cashier in his father's hotel/Turkish bath, a photographic darkroom assistant, a shipping clerk in a department store, cashier for a traveling circus, and a critic for the long-gone show-business paper called The Clipper (at a salary of nothing per week). "I'm afraid I was pretty much of a floating soul. I couldn't concentrate on anything. I haunted the movies; I read without plan or purpose. To tell the truth, I was at a complete loss, and I didn't care."

Then, in February of 1918, there occurred a small event that may have been decisive in breaking this spell. The Mencken-Nathan magazine, The Smart Set, published an eight-line contribution by Ira under the pen name of Bruskin (his mother's maiden name) Gershwin. Titled The Shrine, the little piece must have seemed to its author to be some kind of sign or portent. For along with the check came the editors' request that he send in more of his work. As Gershwin noted in his diary, the check, "in full payment for all rights in America and Great Britain," represented "the munificent honorarium of 1 simoleum."

Ira was not unaware, at the time, of the craft of songwriting, for brother George had long since (May 1914) dropped out of the High School of Commerce (no bookkeeper he) to become a Tin Pan Alley piano player and had, in fact, published his first song in 1916. He was also active as a piano-roll cutter and rehearsal pianist. And Ira Gershwin's diary of this period reveals that he was a frequenter of vaudeville: "To the Century with George and saw The Century Girl, a mammoth musical extravaganza . . . Music by I. Berlin and Victor Herbert or vice versa." Little sister Frances ("Frankie") is mentioned in the diary's pages as an aspiring singer/dancer. Clearly there was a musical/theatrical atmosphere into which Ira was irrelutently drifting.

At just what moment Ira decided to try his hand at joining his brother in the world of song is not precisely known. As early as June of 1918 he had written out lyrics to a song, The Great American Folk Song, on the stationery of his father's St. Nicholas Baths ("Russian and Turkish"). He showed the lyric to George, and he liked it. "So we sat down at the piano and George started something. The something sounded good, so we kept it." The song eventually evolved into The Real American Folk Song (Is a Rag) — that sounds almost prophetic today!—
the first Gershwin Brothers collaboration to be used in a show: *Ladies First*, starring Nora Bayes.

For this occasion Ira decided to use a pseudonym, so he borrowed the names of his sister and younger brother to bring into the world one "Arthur Francis"—he would not be accused of trying to smuggle himself into the theater on his brother's reputation. By this time George was collaborating with Irving Caesar and Schuyler Greene, both of whom enjoyed greater Tin Pan Alley celebrity than the newborn Arthur Francis. Ira's taste for anonymity, the background, and privacy was no pose. Even in the days when he was hailed and celebrated, he preferred blending, if not into the wallpaper, then at least into the crowd. George, he believed—and still believes—was the one who deserved the spotlight. This is not to say that Ira Gershwin sells himself short—he enjoys intelligent recognition and sincere appreciation as much as anyone—but that he prefers to have his privacy and to let his work speak for itself and for him.

The year 1920 is something of a watershed date. It introduces the decade of the Twenties, so tightly held in those vise-like parentheses of history, the Great War and the Great Depression. The changes in the social fabric of the Western world of which these two events are still such potent reminders were not without their reflections in the arts, both serious and popular. If the period was not notable for anything else (Stutz Bearcats, bobbed hair, and spats?) it would have to be remembered as the begetter of a singularly productive and accomplished generation of songwriters. Native-born (most of them), they unconsciously (or even consciously) declared their independence from European traditions to embrace, with characteristic American zest, the sounds, both words and music, around them. Most of them were New Yorkers, most were educated men, and these creators of the songs for the musicals of the Twenties brought to their work a standard of musical craft and literacy that had few antecedents in the Tin Pan Alley of the time, and regrettable few descendants since.

And so they came, these first-generation (most of them) Americans, from the halls of City College (Ira Gershwin, Yip Harburg, Irving Caesar), from Columbia (Oscar Hammerstein II, Lorenz Hart, Richard Rodgers, Howard Dietz), from Yale and Harvard (Midwesterner Cole Porter is part of the story if not quite cut to the pattern), out of the academy and straight into the rough-and-tumble of Broadway. To survive in that world it was necessary to be tough as well as talented: these men not only survived, but managed to invent in the process what was really a new kind of music, one whose base was the theater and the idea of the "musical show" rather than Tin Pan Alley and the individual "hit." And it was not only the music that changed, but the audience as well, for it was composed not of Everyman and his buxom wife, but rather a reasonably sophisticated, modestly literate, and, in fact, quite limited circle of metropolitan theater-goers. The music was not cynical hack work for the masses, and popularity, however gratifying and lucrative, was not their chief concern: excellence was.

That somewhat grand socio-cultural exposition out of the way, let us return to the career of "Arthur Francis." Some time in 1920 he joined forces in a songwriting venture with composer Vincent Youmans; by the next year they had made their mark. Arthur Francis, in fact, attached his name to two shows that year. The first, *A Dangerous Maid*, had music by George Gershwin, but it expired prematurely in Pittsburgh. The second, with music by Youmans and Paul Lannin, was *Two Little Girls in
Blue, which made it to Broadway and ran for more than 130 performances (not at all bad for those days). Though three songs from Two Little Girls were to enjoy some popularity (Who's Who with You?, Oh, Me! Oh, My!, and Dolly), the songs from A Dangerous Maid also reveal a lyricist of imagination and skill. In one titled Boy Wanted, for example, there are, surprisingly, references to Nietzsche and Freud. This must have been a little hard for the publishers to take—they would surely, along with the greater part of the public, have preferred less esoteric allusions. Another song, The Simple Life, is perhaps more typical, a little tribute to bucolic employments:

I love to chase the butterflies.
And watch them flutter:
I think the greatest exercise
Is churning butter.

The imagery is charmingly apt, and the double rhymes are characteristically Gershwin (though he would now be uncomfortable about using ‘butter’ twice). The lyric later reveals (in a line using the then-current piece of slang ‘making hay’) the punster in Gershwin. More important, however, this relatively minor effort reveals all the elements of the Gershwin approach, those factors that make his work an enduring contribution to the history and evolution of the American popular song: originality without archness; a craftsmanship which issues naturally from intelligence, wit, and taste; rhymes that are true rhymes; and words that not only fit the music but make sense. It may seem obvious to list these virtues so flatly here, but they were very original virtues when they first appeared, and they are rare even today.

Gershwin is—always was—a stickler for the right word, whether in conversation, correspondence, or song. He was one of the pioneers of good grammar and good sense in popular songwriting. Not that he shuns dialect, slang, colloquialisms, the pungent cliché, or other useful idiomatic ornaments, for everyday speech—and Gershwin songs are rooted in it—invests a lyric with timely vigor and a communicative energy today just as it did in the earthy, functional lyrics of the Elizabethans. Gershwin, despite the claims of many of his over-enthusiastic admirers, does not consider himself a poet. So far as a song lyric is concerned, he says, ‘any resemblance to actual poetry, living or dead, is highly improbable.’ Popular song lyrics—unlike poetry—were never intended to stand alone, he maintains. They are there to verbalize the melody and, in a musical show, perhaps to further the progress of the plot a bit (though this was not as much a preoccupation of songwriters of the Twenties as it was to be for those of the Forties). The result of joining words to music is a single unit, a song. When the two parts are good, and when they match—aye, there’s the rub!—the song may be a very good one indeed. The secret is no secret at all: fine songs need only a certain genius and a lot of hard work, with an emphasis on the latter.

Gershwin’s collaborators always remarked on his industry and perseverance. He filled pages with notes, dummy lyrics, and alternate rhymes before, with much hesitation, he would part with one of his creations. His penchant for polishing even beyond that point earned him the nickname ‘The Jeweler’ from friend and composer Kay Swift. As for that classic question about working method, in Ira Gershwin’s case it was almost always the music that came first. This was especially true in his collaborations with his brother; a melody George may have tossed off in an evening might keep Ira occupied for a week.

Typically, then, Gershwin went back to work. Having achieved a modest success with Two Little Girls in Blue, he kept the hand of Arthur Francis busy for the next couple of years collaborating with several composers, among them Lewis Gensler, Raymond Hubbell, and Paul Lannin. He also collaborated on a lyric now and then with B. G. De Sylva; their best-known joint effort from that time is the apparently imperishable I’ll Build a Stairway to Paradise (it began life in Ira’s notebook as New Step Every Day). By 1924, since just about everyone in the music business knew the true identity of Arthur Francis, it seemed appropriate to consign him to history. Besides, Francis was being frequently confused with another lyricist, Arthur Jackson, and in England there was one whose real name, as
luck would have it, happened to be Arthur Francis. With Francis' exit, Ira Gershwin entered the musical lists, his first show being the London-produced success *Primrose* in September of 1924. Within four months he made his American debut in his own name with the Broadway production of *Lady, Be Good!* The songs from *Primrose* are little known today (Boy Wanted is among them, having been salvaged from *A Dangerous Maid*), but not so those from *Lady, Be Good!*, which are already examples of the Gershwin brothers at their best. *The Man I Love*, now one of the everlasting musico-lyrical glories of our popular song, was intended for the show, but it was eliminated (as it would be from several subsequent productions) because it simply refused to function as a show song. But there were more than enough without it: the title song, *Fascinating Rhythm*, the duet *So Am I*, the satiric *Half of It*, *Dearie Blues*, and *Little Jazz Bird*.

*Lady, Be Good!* was an auspicious beginning for the brothers, and its promise would be more than fulfilled over the next couple of decades up to the tragic ending of *The Goldwyn Follies* of 1937, which George did not live to complete. A listing of the songs the Gershwins provided for shows would read like a “hundred best” compendium of the Twenties and Thirties. The shows themselves were another matter: their librettos, or "books," were gossamer, mere vehicles to carry the stars, the comedians, the girls, the songs, and the dances—entertainment was all, plot incidental, enlightenment inconsequential. Not all of the musicals of the period in which the Gershwins were most active were plotless and utterly lacking in saving topicality—the revues of the time were often trenchant comments on current foibles and contemporary fools. But the Gershwin musicals following *Lady, Be Good!* and including the 1930 *Girl Crazy* were characteristic: lighthearted, amusingly brittle, certainly entertaining, and graced with songs of high quality. The "vehicles" are gone today, of course; what remains are the songs they were designed to carry.

One Gershwin show, however, does not fit into this mindless category: the original version of *Strike Up the Band* of 1927. It was one of the earliest Broadway shows with a truly "integrated" score (Jerome Kern's *Show Boat* appeared later the same year, and it too had songs that were woven carefully into the plot). The plot of *Strike Up the Band* revolved around an oddly delicate subject: war. Librettist George S. Kaufman was most unkind to various sacred cows, including patriotism, and the book impressed many as being too bitter, too mocking for "entertainment," which was at the time, of course, the very raison d'etre of the musical. Undaunted, Kaufman went ahead with his decidedly jaundiced view of one of mankind’s most popular and pertinacious activities, and the Gershwins matched it with songs that slipped seamlessly into the story. The point of view was right out front in the original verse to the title song:

> We're in a bigger, better war
> For your patriotic pastime.
> We don't know what we're fighting for—
> But we didn't know the last time!*

Variety observed that the show would never become a favorite with the American Legion—but then that never became an issue, for *Strike Up the Band* closed in Philadelphia during its tryouts: it attracted critical praise, but it did not bring in an audience. The Gershwins had their disappointment alleviated by the success of *Funny Face*, a less bookish show, later the same year. Three years later, in a stingless revision by Morrie Ryskind, *Strike Up the Band* opened again for a successful run.

*Note: *C) 1929 & 1940. New World Music Corp. Copyright renewed. Credit for *Of Thee I Sing*, awarded a Pulitzer Prize on May 2, 1932, was shared by George and Ira together with George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, the librettists. Victor Moore (right) played vice-presidential candidate Alexander Throttlebottom.
run. Some of the original songs were retained, but new ones were fashioned to fit the revised version.

Broadway never discounts success, so the team of Kaufman, Ryskind, and the Gershwins was brought together to concoct another satire, Of Thee I Sing, in 1931. Though the show partook more of the flavor of Ryskind's revision than the original of Strike Up the Band, it was still a fairly devastating lampoon of the American political scene, viewing politicians as masters of stupidity and cupidity (shouldn't we be having a revival of it about now?).

The songs are as much a part of the book as the dialogue. "There are no verse-and-chorus songs," Ira Gershwin once pointed out. He took special pride in Wintergreen for President because it was one of the shortest lyrics ever written:

Wintergreen for President!
Wintergreen for President!
He's the man the people choose:
Loves the Irish and the Jews.*

That's it, all of it. Fifteen words (not counting the repeated line), and an ingenious invention. One wonders how politicians could ever again employ foolish campaign songs after it—but as the show made clear, if anyone never learns from history, it's a politician. The irreverent tone of the show led to some concern, even fears, perhaps, of political repercussions (would there have been an "enemies list"?), and the story was that Victor Moore expected to be jailed for his interpretation of vice-president "Alexander Throttlebottom." Instead, Of Thee I Sing was hailed by practically everyone, including the Pulitzer Prize committee. One exception was the France-America Society, which objected to Ira's lyrical references to the war debt, the depiction of the French ambassador, and the representation of the show's Diana Devereaux as "the illegitimate daughter of an illegitimate son of an illegitimate nephew of Napoleon." Just the idea of the lyric was quite daring for the time—one simply did not bring up the subject of illegitimacy in a light-hearted musical comedy.

Further political dissections ensued in Let 'Em Eat Cake (1933), which carried the story of Wintergreen and Throttlebottom beyond their election, the point where Of Thee I Sing ended. Emboldened by the success of the earlier show, Kaufman and Ryskind reverted to the acrid spirit of the first Strike Up the Band. The result was undoubtedly one of the most bitter books ever written for a musical—and one of the outstanding scores of the American musical theater. It is also one of the Gershwins' least known—only the contrapuntal Mine has achieved any popularity.

Let 'Em Eat Cake was a festival of iconoclasm. No one was spared—politicians, the rich, the military, the Supreme Court (which had already received lumps in the first show), and revolutionaries. As Gershwin himself observed, "If Strike Up the Band was a satire on War, and Of Thee I Sing one on Politics, Let 'Em Eat Cake was a satire on Practically Everything. Straddling no fence, it trampled the Extreme Right one moment, the Extreme Left the next."

But Ira's gentle touch contrived nonetheless to take some of the bitterness out of the Kaufman-Ryskind invective:

Down with one and one make two,
Down with everything in view!
Down with all majorities;
Likewise all minorities.
Down with you, and you, and you!*
denunciations, swearing to “tear down the House of Morgan,” and “burn the Roxy organ.” There are even more drastic incitements in an unused verse:

Let’s tear down the House and Senate!
Down with Joan and Connie Bennett!
Down with Russia, down with Stalin!
Down with four quarts to the gallon!
Down with Marx and those four brothers!
Down with plays by Rachel Crothers!*

While these sentiments and the technique that gives them expression may qualify as “light verse,” there is hidden among the rhythm and rhyme a bit of wisdom that says: What fools these mortals be. The witty juxtaposition of the reasonable and the ridiculous—a Gershwin trademark—is, of course, sublimely successful here. But, just as Gershwin does not view himself as a poet, neither does he cast himself in the role of social commentator. These lines were intended only to reveal character and move the story along. They are not Ira Gershwin voicing a political view; they are Ira Gershwin doing a job, and a good one too.

Long before these political operettas Gershwin had been making observations on human folly: social climbing in These Charming People (1925), psychiatry (and its conjoined inevitability, the giant fee) in Tell the Doc (1927), a theme he was to touch upon again in Freud and Jung and Adler (1933) and push to some kind of musical -theater apotheosis in Lady in the Dark (with music by Kurt Weill) in 1941. Women? Ira Gershwin noted their plight in contemporary society as early as 1946, long before The Cause resurfaced. Collaborating with Arthur Schwartz on the Broadway show Park Avenue, Gershwin created what he refers to as “an upper-bracket litany,” succinctly entitled Don’t Be a Woman If You Can, in which a trio of well-heeled ladies lament their plight spending their lives “catering to man.” The coddled but put-upon trio

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George and Ira flank DuBose Heyward in Boston in 1935. The inscriptions refer to the enthusiastically received Boston tryout of Porgy and Bess, ten days before the New York opening, in which Catfish Row came to vibrant operatic life for the very first time.
voices its trials with perfume ("Shall it be Chanel or Flattery/Sexy or Assault-and-Battery"). fur coats ("Soon they'll have a killer-diller/Made of unborn caterpillar"), nail polish ("Danube Blue or maybe Hudson River/Or that new tone called Chopped Liver"), and hair-dos ("Upswept, downswept, would you like it broom-swept?").

Virtuoso word-play is Gershwin's delight, as is obvious in these lines. I Love to Rhyme, one of the last songs he wrote with his brother, is probably as close to an Ira Gershwin credo as we'll ever get. When he carries something off well, he is not ashamed to enjoy it, and he admits to certain favorites among his lyrics—the verse to I've Got Beginner's Luck, for example, with its allusions to neophyte gamblers and anglers. He is disappointed when, as is customary today, singers omit the verses of Gershwin songs: "My brother and I worked as hard on the verses as the refrains. Old timers felt that verses were very important, but they seem to have gone out of style." (As an example of the old style of thinking, it might be pointed out that what is now the brilliant refrain to The Man I Love was originally the verse to another song.)

Other examples of Gershwin's facility in verbal capers may be found in Let's Call the Whole Thing Off ("You say tomato and I say tomahto . . ."), Delishious, and Sunny Disposish, not to mention 'S Wonderful, especially the verse. The first of these parodies speech affectation, the others speech vorges. Gershwin has always had a fine ear for the verbal mannerisms, accents, and dialects in which English—any language, perhaps—is so rich, and his skill in bending them to the requirements of lyric writing was tested many times, not the least of them in the writing of Porgy and Bess. George had started work on Porgy and Bess with the dramatist-poet DuBose Heyward at the time Ira was occupied with Harold Arlen and Yip Harburg on the revival Life Begins at 8:40. The whole of the first-act music of Porgy was completed (including the fine Summertime) before Ira was invited to lend a hand with the lyrics—it having been discovered that being a poet was not quite the same thing as being a lyricist! Gershwin thus assisted in editing some of the lyrics that Heyward mailed up from North Carolina. It developed into a smooth working relationship, with the two lyricists sharing the work on some songs and doing others on their own. In general, the more purely folk-like are Heyward's and the more sophisticated Gershwin's. Needless to say, Gershwin provided the words for the brilliant It Ain't Necessarily So.

Porgy and Bess was the last major collaboration of the Gershwins, although their final film songs were among their best. The death of his brother led Ira to retire for a time from songwriting. He kept his hand in for an occasional chore, but from 1937 until 1941, with the triumphant production of Lady in the Dark, he preferred to remain inactive. This Kurt Weill musical finally liberated "Arthur Francis," for in it he was, although not as he would have wanted it, finally on his own and out from under the shadow of his brother. The excellence of the lyrics caused many who had taken him for granted to reassess his work, and students of song and the musical theater quickly, if belatedly, promoted him to a place on the dais alongside his brother.

Ira's future work with Weill as well as with Arthur Schwartz, Jerome Kern, Aaron Copland (yes, Copland—the songs for a film called North Star), Harry Warren, Burton Lane, and Harold Arlen were additional proof of the genuineness and importance of his gifts. Now, with the passage of time, it can be seen that even among those George Gershwin songs that have endured, the bulk of them have lyrics by Mr. Words. Among Ira's last film scores was the fine one, done with Harold Arlen, for A Star Is Born. The haunting The Man That Got Away, with its chilling first line—"The night is bitter"—will be around for a very long time. Characteristically, the score also includes a couple of irreverent love songs—Someone at Last and Gotta Have Me Go with You—to prove that the lyricist has been consistent in his outlook. For, as he chided a friend, "Don't knock love, my boy. Without it we'd be out of business."

Edward Jablonski is co-author, with Lawrence D. Stewart, of The Gershwin Years, just published in a new edition by Doubleday. He is now at work on An Encyclopedia of American Music.
What are the special AUDIO EQUIPMENT REQUIREMENTS FOR LISTENING TO ROCK MUSIC?

By Dan Dugan

There is just no way you can get the Grateful Dead live into your living room.

From its beginning up until the mid-Sixties, rock-and-roll was crippled in its live-performance aspect by inadequate sound equipment as the musicians—and their audiences with them—graduated from small clubs to larger and larger halls and auditoriums. Equipment manufacturers began to see the market potential in the need thus created, design engineers were put to work, and by 1968 or so live-music amplification systems had evolved to the point that concert-goers in the larger halls were at last getting sound that was adequate—from the standpoint of volume, at least.

There has been a continuing evolution since, though it is now principally in the direction of higher sound quality. In a sense, the trend was inevitable: the rock audience, conditioned to good sound by home hi-fi components, had simply become less tolerant of bad sound at concerts. But improvement has been slow, and rock concerts at which all elements—electronic and acoustic—combine to produce sound as good as can be heard from a top-quality home system are still rare.

Producers of rock recordings do not try to reproduce the concert experience. In fact, there are so many differences between the sound at a concert and that on a record that recorded rock could almost be considered a different art form with different aesthetic criteria, and this has definite implications for home reproduction.

Live rock-and-roll is primarily a social ritual. The rock music lover's objective in going to a concert is to get off on a communal experience involving witnessing the live performance of his favorite music. The finer details of sound texture are not necessary for this experience, though they certainly enhance it when they are present. Live rock, just like most of the other performing arts, is a matter of two-way communication between artist(s) and audience. At its best, the current flow in such a circuit can become so intense that things like the fidelity of sound become almost irrelevant.

Recorded music, however, is a whole different trip. Like film, it is largely a director's medium, one in which the final product is usually not created by its performers as an integrated whole in real time. Most rock recordings are the product of laborious analysis and synthesis in the mixing and editing process, and these often take place quite some time after the performers have put down their instru-
ments. The multitrack professional tape recorder that permits each of the instruments and vocalists to be recorded on a separate track (or even at different times) is the basic tool of the recording engineer/producer. In the recordings of certain groups this equipment plays such a large role that these groups cannot even duplicate their recorded performances in live concerts. And since few, if any, of the most devoted rock fans can work up for a recording the same degree of all-absorbing ecstasy induced by a concert, listeners to rock recordings are naturally a lot more critical of the sound on records and the way it is reproduced by their audio equipment than they are of "live" sound.

Given this situation, what special qualities are required in a home music system to do justice to rock recordings? To get right down to cases, there is abroad a common notion that there are different equipment requirements for classical and for rock-music listeners; I don't think there are. However, a real distinction should be made between serious and casual listeners to music of any type. "Serious" listening takes place when the music is the focus of attention and listening the principal activity. This usually, though not always, means comparatively high sound levels—or perhaps realistic volume levels would be more apt in the case of music that could conceivably be performed live in your home, and just plain loud a suitable description for all the rest. Dynamic range is one of music's most powerful aesthetic elements, and when it is restricted by inadequate volume, most of the music's impact and excitement are lost. Casual listening to music played at background levels and functioning as a sort of rhythmic accompaniment to our daily activities involves entirely different—and far less critical—standards of reproduction.

Serious rock listeners tend to be concerned principally with two aspects of sound reproduction at home: getting enough volume and enough bass. Let's look at the sound-level needs first. Everybody agrees that rock concerts are loud, and most rock musicians take a certain pride in achieving ever-higher sound levels. Grace Slick of Jefferson Airplane once told an interviewer that her main ambition was to be "louder." Charlie Butten, the builder of Santana's big systems, says that stage monitor speakers that can produce a level of 130 dB at the performers' ears are accepted as "loud enough—but
they'd like more." (The purpose of stage monitors is
to allow the performers to hear their own contribu-
tion separated from the general din.) Concert sound
man Jim Coe (Jefferson Airplane, Hot Tuna) has
reported typical levels in very large halls in the
range of 100 to 115 dB. This is the sound level
reached by a landing jet plane. So live rock is loud,
and rock records—for serious listening, that is—are
meant to be played loud. Just how loud being a mat-
ter to be resolved between your personal taste and
your neighbors' forbearance.

But there seem to be two kinds of "loud" music-
listening levels. If listeners are relatively passive,
sitting down, sound levels from 95 to 105 dB are
usually as loud as they want. However, something
happens when people get up to dance. About ten
times more sound energy is then preferred, perhaps
to support the human energy output. This means
sound levels of 105 to 115 dB. If you're not dancing
or otherwise physically involved, levels that high
can be decidedly unpleasant.

The volume a hi-fi system can deliver depends
principally on the power of the amplifier and the
efficiency of the speakers it drives. (Efficiency is the
ratio of acoustic power coming out of the speaker to
the electrical power fed into it.) Speakers vary so
much in efficiency that it is impossible to give any
rules for matching up speakers and amps for some
desired sound level. The accompanying chart
shows the general relationship between speaker
efficiency, amplifier power, and sound level in a typ-
ical room. The problem is to find reliable (and com-
parable) efficiency ratings for available speakers.
Occasionally, speaker specifications will give some
idea of the sound-level output achieved for a given
amplifier-power input, but there are, unfortunately,
no "standard" test conditions for such measure-
ments and no agreement as to the type of test sig-
nals that should be used. Furthermore, efficiency
ratings duck the question of power-handling capa-
bility. The fact that speaker X provides a 90-dB
output with 1 watt of amplifier drive doesn't mean
that a proportional increase (to 110 dB) is possible
with a 100-watt drive. Very likely, the speaker will
simply come apart—audibly or mechanically—instead.
(For a detailed discussion of these matters,
see "Loudspeaker Power Needs" by Roy Allison in
the September 1973 issue.)

There is, however, a very rough method you can
use in the showroom to determine a speaker's vol-
ume-output potential. First play a selection of
the sort of music you like as loud as you would usually
set your controls. The listening room in the hi-fi
store should not be smaller, nor too much larger,
than your home listening room. Turn the volume up
and switch between several speakers. Some will be
able to put out a lot more volume than others before
they distort or make other strange noises. The vol-
ume setting on the amplifier (it should be a high-
powered one) will provide a rough guide to the
relative efficiencies of the speakers, but don't get
hung up on efficiency in and of itself. Many manu-
facturers have achieved high efficiency in their
speakers at the expense of the really low bass—
below 60 Hz or so—and/or by building in a mid-
range peak. What you are after is a speaker that is
efficient enough and has enough power-handling
ability to deliver the volume levels you want with an
amplifier priced within your budget. It is a bad
trade-off if you have to sacrifice smoothness or
low bass response in order to achieve high volume.

Unfortunately, attempting to secure higher
sound levels means that the cost goes up fast—it
can cost a lot to get an increment of just a few more
decibels. (A boost of only 3 dB means that you need
double the power from your amplifier.) And there
are other considerations, besides your budget,
which may keep the sound levels in your home be-
low what you might consider optimum. The listener
to the spacier, jazzier rock music, which has its
quiet moments, has to be concerned about the noise
level inherent in the recording media (records and
tapes). If you turn the volume up too loud, the hiss,
hum, surface noise, and rumble get to you quickly.
Most of us tend to play our equipment at a level
where the noise of the medium (hiss, rumble, etc.)
is just perceptible above the background noise in
the room, but not much more. As recording media
and playback equipment improve and noise is
reduced, we tend to turn up the volume so that the
noise is at the same relative audible level as before,
and thus we listen to the better records and tapes at
a louder level. For example, when I first installed
Dolby noise reduction in my tape studio, I was dis-
appointed to find that tape hiss seemed just as much
of a problem as before—but I was listening to
everything about 10 dB louder. For me, at least, the
effect of using noise reduction turned out to be not
less noise, but more dramatic contrast and intensity
—in other words, improved dynamic range.

The hard-driving rock-and-roll freak may be
aware of noise only during the "silent" passages be-
tween the songs, but he may run into another prob-
lem: keeping peace with the people who live near-
by. When I had my tape studio in a small apartment.
I used a sound-pressure-level meter to measure the
attenuation (the reduction in sound levels) between
my room and my next-door neighbor's. The read-
ings were 38 dB on the A scale and only 23 dB on
A rough guide to the amplifier powers needed for loud sound levels with speakers of various efficiencies. Most speakers for home use are relatively low in efficiency (under 1 per cent). Only large horn systems are able to offer 10 per cent or more.

The C (flat) scale. This meant that if I listened at 100 dBC, 77 dB of it was going right through the wall! Consequently, at night, when the ambient noise (traffic) level dropped to about 40 dBA in our apartments, I had to keep my music down to 78 dBA (40 plus 38) in order to be inaudible next door.

So much for volume. Let's consider the other major concern of serious listeners to rock, the question of tonal balance. Doesn't rock music demand a system having more bass? No—no more than is needed for serious classical listening, and no less. Our ancestors enjoyed solid lows just as much as we do, and they went to great lengths to produce them using organ, large drums, and as many double-bass viols as the orchestra management could afford. Thanks to electronics, we can now get the same low bass from a flick of the fingernail on a bass guitar string, but the human perception of musical balance—the sound that "feels good"—hasn't changed.

There may be greater density of low-frequency energy in rock, however (because low-bass instruments make more of a contribution in rock than is common in classical music), but the balance of bass to other frequencies is the same. To put it another way, what rock listeners want from a speaker is the ability to reproduce accurately the frequency and the strength of the bass signal that is on the record or tape. We don't want our speakers second-guessing the record producer by changing either element of the bass line because of "doubling" distortion and resonant peaks.

In judging a system for bass balance, you run up against the problem of the human ear's nonlinear volume/frequency response, the so-called Fletcher-Munson effect. A system that has relatively flat response may sound balanced at loud levels, but still be bass-shy at low levels. Conversely, a speaker with built-in bass boost may sound right at low volume, but will be somewhat boomy and muddy at high volume. We can help ourselves out of this difficulty with our amplifier's bass control. On most equipment, its curve is close enough to the compensation needed to boost bass for different listening levels, and therefore one shouldn't be timid about using it as required. As a matter of fact, with much equipment, the bass control seems to provide more satisfying compensation than the built-in loudness-control function.

Mid-range peaks and high-frequency slope are more difficult to deal with at the listening end. The tonal balance on a record as set during the original taping or mix-down was determined by ear, by listening to the monitor speakers and adjusting the various equalization controls until the sound was "right"—whatever the producer's notion of that was. For this reason, "flat response" has to be defined here as whatever response in reproduction achieves the musical balance that the producer intended in the first place. If the producer is sensible (most of them are), the monitoring equipment used to make tonal judgments will have reasonably flat frequency-response curves. But flatness is not always the rule in the recording studio, and two records produced in different studios with monitoring speakers equalized to opposite extremes of high-frequency rolloff (as a reflection of differences in engineering opinion) may differ by as much as 9 dB in the treble energy delivered by your amplifier.

To deal with this kind of variation, try to assemble a system that is flat all the way from phono cartridge to speaker, so that the ratio of acoustical output to electrical input remains constant throughout the frequency spectrum. Then trust your ears and do not be afraid to readjust your tone controls when necessary to compensate for the vagaries of different records. Despite the enormous number of frequency-response variables in the recording process, to most critical listeners (including the technical editors of this magazine) records sound better when played through a speaker that tests flat than with a speaker that does not.

The frequency-response data offered by the manufacturer do not always give you much of a clue as to how the speaker is going to sound in a given listening room. Why do speakers with almost identical (and honest) "on-axis frequency response" curves sound different from each other? Because what we hear is the total energy output of the speaker vibrat-
ing the body of air in the room. Our perception of the tone of a speaker is a combination of its direct (on-axis) radiation and the multiple reflections bouncing around the room. These reflections arrive at our ears in such rapid sequence that they are not heard as discrete entities, but blend together to produce a single "impression." The overall high-to-low frequency balance of a sound is determined by the tonal balance of the total integrated sound, while localization information is supplied by the direct, non-reflected sound. To put it in more practical terms, say you have two sets of speakers, one omnidirectional pair and a pair of conventional forward radiators. If they sound alike in a hard, reflective acoustic environment, they will not sound alike in a softer, more damped environment—and vice versa.

Loudspeakers, like musical instruments, have different radiation patterns for each part of the frequency spectrum—unless steps are taken to circumvent the natural laws involved. The higher frequencies are short sound waves (in the highest octave we can hear, the wavelength is less than one inch), and speakers and musical instruments tend to radiate them in very narrow patterns. Conversely, the low notes—below 250 Hz or so—are nondirectional for practically all instruments and speakers.

Some designers combat the inevitable loss of directional fidelity to the live music by producing high-quality multi-directional speaker systems. (The term "multi-directional" includes the direct/reflector type and also the hemispherical and omni-directional radiators.) In most cases, these provide a much more spacious and realistic sound quality to any music that benefits from the illusion of existing in a large space. Unfortunately, however, some speakers designed to create this illusion are not as good as conventional speakers in creating another: providing pinpoint localization of voices or instruments.

Quadrephonic recording promises to improve the space-control aspect of reproducing sound, but it doesn't make all the problems go away. In a four-channel mix-down it is possible to create more variety in spatial effects than was possible in ordinary stereo, but being able to provide more directional effects doesn't guarantee that you can create credible illusions in the dimension of distance. When multi-directional speakers are used for quadrephonics, distant effects will be much better, but sounds meant to be close may also sound a bit remote.

Rock makes more demands on a playback system's ability to create the illusion of space than do the older musical forms. In mixing rock-and-roll, for example, many producers try to create several different space illusions at the same time: whereas an orchestra is usually recorded to sound as if it is at a moderate distance, and a string quartet is ideally supposed to sound as if it is playing right in front of you, the rock recording engineer wants to provide both sonic illusions simultaneously. In most rock mixing, some elements—such as acoustic guitar, bass, and drums—are supposed to sound intimate, and the electric guitars and vocals are often supposed to have the kind of sound that is associated with large reverberant spaces.

There is a conventional method of doing this by varying the proportion of reverberated sound to close pick-up in the recording, but to my ears reverberation coming from directional speakers doesn't create a real illusion of space: it simply sounds as if it's coming out of a tunnel behind the speakers. Obviously there are still some unanswered questions about recording techniques relating to the "reality" of reproduction of multi-directional speakers. If such speakers sound fine with most recordings but provide rather vague localizations or 30-foot-wide pianos on others, the difficulty has its source in a mismatch of recording technique and speaker design rather than a flaw in either.

**W**hat guidelines are there, then, for choosing the type of directivity you want in your loudspeakers? Considering the divergence of views among the experts, directivity preferences would seem to come down to a question of taste. I think your choice should depend on the kind of rock-and-roll you listen to most. If it is loud, hard boogie, you may want a fairly directional system to give punch and immediacy. But if your taste runs to the slower, spacier, Moody Blues head trips, you might prefer speakers with wider dispersion to give you transparency and "air" in the music. And systems are available with practically any amount of dispersion you could wish, ranging from fairly narrow to fully spherical.

What it all boils down to is that what we want for good rock reproduction is nothing less than is required for any other kind of music. The special demands? Make sure the speaker/amplifier combination you choose can play as loud as you like, but also make sure that low distortion and a reasonably wide frequency response have not been sacrificed. The name of the game—no matter what your listening preferences may be—is and remains high-fidelity sound reproduction.

Dan Dugan is a San Francisco audio consultant with a great deal of practical experience in the field of concert and theater sound reinforcement. His professional involvement with rock notwithstanding, Mr. Dugan describes his musical tastes as catholic.
THE PRIVATE SHOSTAKOVICH

When a composer has thoughts that lie too deep for tears, their musical expression will not likely be a symphonic one

By Irving Kolodin

SINCE the appearance of his first symphony in the mid-Twenties, Dmitri Shostakovich has let no decade pass without producing additional works in that form, with the result that they now number no less than fifteen. The appearance of each of the last ten in the sequence has been preceded, in this country at least, by a flash of invisible lightning and a roll of critical thunder such as is rarely generated by a symphonic work from any other contemporary composer. As a result, even when they have not heard them, most musically literate listeners already have a point of view about, or at least an awareness of, the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh ("Leningrad"), Tenth, and Thirteenth (Babi Yar) Symphonies if not of the perhaps lesser known Eighth, Ninth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth.

It would doubtless surprise many of those enthusiasts of the symphonic form to discover that there is another kind of Shostakovich altogether, one quite as extensive numerically and perhaps even more substantial musically. Unlike the "public" Shostakovich that is associated with works of large scope for substantial forces, this other no less prolific but "private" Shostakovich contents himself with the same modest foursome of string players that sufficed for Haydn and Mozart, and occasionally, with the addition of a piano, with the quintet that was enough for Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms. Though it was not until a decade and a half after he wrote his First Symphony (in 1925, at the age of eighteen) that Shostakovich published his first quartet, they have since accumulated at such a rate that they may now be said to number "thirteen, and still counting." If the composer's known practice with works in other forms applies also to his quartets, it is reasonable to suppose that there are more completed quartets on the way, awaiting only what their composer considers the opportune time for their launching.

Why this should be so pertains, to some extent, to the reasons why there should be a private as well as
a public Shostakovich in the first place. It relates to the repetitiousness with which we have been reminded, just as regularly as the decades have brought new major works from Shostakovich's hand, that not even a Hero of the Soviet Union (the award was granted for the first time to a musician when Shostakovich turned sixty in 1966) can claim the distinction of being a "Free Artist" such as many were during the Czarist regimes. As recently as 1970, when the Babi Yar Symphony was performed for the first time in the West, the channel of its delivery to Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra had to be kept a well-guarded secret, for circulation of the work was forbidden after its ill-fated Soviet premiere in 1962.

If any part of the Soviet power structure has found something displeasing in the ideological content of the Third, Fifth, Eighth, Eleventh, or Thirteenth String Quartets, however, no information about it has come to us through any of those "usually well-informed sources." None of the Shostakovich quartets contain verbal texts, of course, so any perception of their "political" content, if they have any, calls for a somewhat higher order of insight into such things than was expended in finding fault with Babi Yar's clear denunciation of anti-Semitism. There may be some kind of musical modulation that might be termed "antisocial," just as certain other aspects of Shostakovich's music have been found to be culturally offensive or capitalistically tainted, but the aesthetic canons of Soviet bureaucracy have not yet, apparently, been woven into a net subtle enough to capture allusions so fine.

Nevertheless, and in more than a few attentive listeners agree, there are clearly defined indications that Shostakovich is speaking of more private things in his chamber music—in an order of expression to which Sibelius gave the title "Voces intime"—than in much of his other recent production. He is, indeed, "speaking" as only a musician of his quality can speak—through those notes and tones, inflections of the melodic line, and collisions of the crossing voices as they weave the tonal texture that tells us in its own eloquently non-verbal way what is in the composer's mind.

In the later quartets (those numbered five to thirteen) that line of communication strikes me most of the time as more direct, less hedged about by concessions, than it is in the bigger, more public pieces. And even more artistically significant than what is included in them is the exclusion of those bids for public favor that gave us the bumptious, repetitive finales in such otherwise excellent works as the Sixth and Tenth Symphonies.

The awareness that there might be another, secret Shostakovich to reward the attention of those whose esteem for his gifts (whatever their manifestation) has never flagged came to me perhaps a decade ago with the circulation of the Quartet No. 8. This awareness was considerably heightened by the appearance in 1968 of recordings of Quartets 1 through 11 by the Borodin Quartet (Nos. 1-5 in the Seraphim album SIC 6034, Nos. 6-11 in SIC 6035). The issuance, at about the same time, of the first twelve quartets in miniature scores (Kalmus Editions Nos. 429, 430, and 366), plus the recent release of a recording of the Thirteenth Quartet (1970) on Melodiya/Angel SR 40189, have now provided the necessary means for a thoroughgoing review and resume of the whole subject. Taken all together, they prove the validity of these words:

... at times there is a graceful lyricism in his music when he forgets himself (particularly in his chamber music, which by its very nature is freer from those moral ob-

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Shostakovich in 1937 with his first wife Nina Vasil’evna and the music critic Ivan Sollertinsky. Each was later the dedicatee of one of the composer’s chamber works.
lifications that govern his long descriptive symphonies), and this natural lyricism shows us that somewhere deep behind the screen of impersonality and moral obligation there still lives an individual . . . a man by the name of Dmitri Shostakovich.

Surprising as the discovery will be to almost everyone who reads it, this prophetic statement has been in print for more than thirty years. The only one who could not possibly be surprised is the composer-critic-scholar Nicolas Nabokov, who wrote them in an article entitled "The Case of Dmitri Shostakovich" published in Harper's magazine in February 1943. I do not recall reading them during those somewhat distracting wartime days; they came to my delighted attention only lately in a perusal of the Shostakovich files of the Music Reference Division of the Library-Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center.

It would be enough of a compliment to Nabokov's perception had he comprehended the existence of Shostakovich's schismatic subjectivity when it was fully formed, if not yet rendered into the accessibility of a recorded survey, but he made his pronouncement in 1943, when only the very first of the quartets (Op. 49) existed. True, it had been joined, in 1940, by the Quintet for Piano and Strings (Op. 57), a decidedly major work of more than fifty minutes duration. But to project from these two pieces of evidence not only an inclination but, better, a disposition that would eventually produce results that history may well judge to be the most valuable and durable of all Shostakovich's music is, I think, an act of intellectual divination for which Nabokov deserves nothing but un stinting praise.

It is, indeed, even possible to argue that Nabokov was aware of Shostakovich's quest for privacy in his chamber music before the composer himself was. The First Quartet (nominally in C Major) is an attractive work. It is only sixteen minutes long, which is not necessarily an index to its worth, but it presents no grave structural problems, merely demonstrating an aptitude for on-going part writing which a composer of Shostakovich's attainments (at thirty-two) would reasonably command. But there are in it, particularly in its use of materials from the then just-completed Fifth Symphony, intimations of what we can now recognize as things-to-come (see the accompanying table). The significance of the composer's habit of self-quotation is less in the carry-over of an impulse or idea already committed to another purpose than it is in the composure, the reflectiveness, and the lack of the pressure-to-please with which the materials are so unselfconsciously utilized. (The best movement—the Scherzo marked Allegro molto—has a kinship with Hugo Wolf's Italian Serenade, a family connection that may exist only in my own mind, but which I find, nevertheless, quite beguiling.

The Op. 57 Quintet is rather another matter. As presented by the Borodic Quartet and pianist Lyubov Edlina (Melodiya/Angel SR 40085), it depicts Shostakovich's growing awareness of chamber music as something more than a random outlet for otherwise unutilized capacities and energies. It conveys a consistent sense of a composer going his own confident, creative way in full, sure possession of a poetic purpose. Musically, it adds up to a rather full-blown retrospective of the values on which he had been nurtured, with little projection in depth of future possibilities.

A rather different impulse, one much more supportive of Nabokov's intuition, is evident in the E Minor Trio (Op. 67). This postdates the Harper's article by many months, having been written in 1944 and not performed until November of that year. (It bears the designation Trio No. 2, which suggests that there is an earlier work somehow overlooked in this survey, but No. 1 was never published.) The Trio No. 2 is, and definitively, the private Shostakovich, telling us more about his inner emotions than is contained in any other work of that period, including the massive Seventh Symphony. It is permeated with the composer's affection for and indebtedness to Ivan Sollertinsky, a music critic and enthusiast who had died in February of 1944. Sollertinsky, as one can read in that valuable source work Music and Musical Life in Soviet Russia, 1917-1970 (by Boris Schwarz, W. W. Norton, New York, 1972), shared with Shostakovich an admiration for the music of Mahler—a fundamental factor in Shostakovich's aesthetic not often comprehended. Sollertinsky died at forty-one, and his death was a blow to Shostakovich, who needed all the intellectual support he could muster at that (or any other) time. The elegiac, compassionate character of the music is expressive of a real memory of its subject rather than merely an occasional utterance springing from the dedication.

If the person of a sympathetic critic has rarely before or since been so creatively commemorated, the work itself can be understood as but a down-payment on the many debts Shostakovich has so discharged over the decades. As the table on page 69 indicates, Shostakovich has repeatedly returned to chamber music to say what he perhaps could not express in words. Whether the tribute is to a dear friend (Sollertinsky), a respected fellow composer (Vissarion Shebalin), a cherished group of colleagues (the Beethoven Quartet), an outstanding
instrumentalist (Vasily Shirinsky), his first wife Nina (she died in the Fifties), or to Irina (who became his second wife in 1964), the pattern is far too consistent to be accidental. All this is, to be sure, no guarantee of musical quality, but it demonstrates an admirable earnestness of intention.

The Quartet No. 2, a product of the same year as the Trio No. 2, is reflective, rhapsodic, and, in some respects, retrospective as well. The overture, or first movement, with its slow introduction and cantilating rise and fall, the waltz-like third movement, and the concluding theme and variations are all reminders that Tchaikovsky, too, wrote quartets. But it is the Adagio that reminds us that slow movements, often with a string emphasis, have distinguished a number of Shostakovich works that are otherwise lacking in distinction.

The persons celebrated in Shostakovich's first post-war quartet (No. 3, 1946) were the members of the Beethoven Quartet, for whom he created a workmanlike piece of some humorous intent. It includes references to the Seventh Symphony as well as to the more recent Eighth. Three years were to intervene before the Fourth Quartet appeared in 1949. It is relaxed and free-flowing, a kind of philosophic quintet in which the listener is the fifth participant in the ensemble. In some opinion, such as that of the unidentified annotator of the printed score, the finale is "unmistakably Jewish."

By the time No. 4 was first performed (in Moscow, at the close of 1953, by the Beethoven Quartet), Shostakovich had moved on to another kind of expression. If the symphonies sometimes tell us less than we would like to know about what was truly on the composer's mind, the quartets sometimes tell us more than we can fathom—at least in the context of our immediately available information.

Nevertheless, there can be discerned, in the Fifth Quartet, a clear break with Shostakovich's chamber-music past and a clear endeavor to link up with and extend the tradition of Beethoven's late quartets. Its three movements flow, without break or interruption, in a sequence that is cyclical not only in its connective tissue but in its utilization of material that evolves across the work's whole length (half an hour). It is dedicated to the Beethoven Quartet as a token of gratitude for its thirty-five-year history of service to Russian (and other) chamber music.

The Quartet No. 5 marks, for me, the emotional and aesthetic high point, up to this time, of Shostakovich's chamber music. He was to write only one other quartet during the Fifties (No. 6, 1956), and it is pervaded with the same sophistication of craftsmanship as No. 5, though in a more cheerful, less personal, vein. He was not impelled to write another quartet until 1960, when he wrote two. No. 7 is one of the briefest of all (eleven minutes), another sequence of three movements performed without interruption. It is a heartfelt work dedicated to his wife Nina, who died in 1954, but the musical riches it contains relate less to the agony of separation than to a remembrance of the joy in their life together and a celebration of their offspring, especially their son Maksim, now one of his father's most effective musical interpreters. (One wonders why father Dmitri didn't write a finale of this quality for one of his symphonies of the time. I think his private comment might be, Why waste it?)

In the Quartet No. 8, Shostakovich was moved to memorialize "the victims of war and fascism" to whom the score is dedicated. The music invokes a retrospect of such works as the First and Tenth
And finally there is Quartet No. 13, written in 1970, recorded on Melodiya/Angel SR 40189 by the Beethoven Quartet, and not merely nominally but musically dedicated to viola player Vadim Borisovskiy. His instrument is provided with a part of uncommon richness in this terse, uncompromisingly compact work, which is characterized by the composer’s willingness to get away from a tonal center. It raises more questions musically than it answers, but it does at least support the belief that there are still musical questions that Shostakovich wants to answer. Above all, it projects a sense of Shostakovich’s absorption in his task, which is all the assurance I have ever required to know that the outcome would be absorbing.

How much more music there is to come from Shostakovich no one can either imagine or predict. What we may have gleaned from this flood of it in a realm for which he did not appear to have any early inclination is perhaps this: the gifts of a truly creative person may be diverted, but they cannot be suppressed. Like water, their expression will flow around all obstacles and eventually join that ocean of influence for which they were destined.
So many musicians have won fame after struggling to triumph over an environment of poverty or racial discrimination that it has become almost the conventional success story. It therefore comes rather as a surprise to learn that the white upper middle class in Southern California is also capable of producing a great virtuoso on a difficult instrument, for that is precisely the background of the twenty-six-year-old classical guitarist Christopher Parkening. When his debut albums "In the Classic Style" and "In the Spanish Style" were released by Angel Records in 1968, he was immediately proclaimed America's first important classical guitarist, and he quickly took his place among the half dozen greatest guitarists in the world.

More significant than the critics' raves about his musical taste, brilliant technique, and great range of tonal color and dynamics has been the approval he has won from composers for his instrument and from that elder statesman of the guitar world, Andrés Segovia, who brought about the twentieth-century renaissance of the classical guitar. The composer Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco heard Parkening play when he was still in his early teens and in 1966 honored the young artist by permitting him to play the world premiere of his Second Guitar Concerto. Segovia accepted him as a scholarship student in master classes at the University of California at Berkeley and at the North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem, and in 1968 invited Parkening to serve as a judge in the International Guitar Competition at Santiago de Compostela in Spain. Segovia has made many public statements praising his young colleague, as extravagant as they are sincere: "By reason of his unique talents, Christopher Parkening belongs to that special group of my disciples of which I am so proud. I am sure that the younger generation will increase limitlessly in years to come."

Last year, when a festival honoring the Spanish composer Joaquín Rodrigo was organized in Japan, the administrators asked him which guitarist they should invite to play his Concierto de Aranjuez and other guitar works. Rodrigo specified Parkening.

When he returned from Japan, I interviewed Parkening over lunch in Los Angeles during a short vacation before he set off on his current tour across the United States and to Europe. He is the embodiment of what most Easterners think a Southern Californian of his generation should look like. Unusually handsome, tall, blond, and slender, with broad shoulders, muscular arms, and strong hands, he is a well-brought-up, polite young man who exudes an air of clear-headed good health that comes from plenty of exercise and the lately somewhat neglected art of clean living.

Others may find his artistic career incongruous against the Southern California accent on sports and the outdoor life; he does not. "I was born here in Los Angeles, grew up here, and went to school here, and I'm immensely grateful for the advantages offered by life in this part of the country." One of those advantages is easy access to nature and to water—he swims, scuba dives, fishes, skis a bit, and rides horses a lot. Although he lives in North Hollywood, he also owns ranch property in Idaho and Montana, but is too modest to talk about that unless pressed.

"Basically I'm not a city person. I prefer the out of doors. Sometimes the people thing sort of gets you down, always fighting traffic, always an hour driving somewhere and an hour driving back. My parents now live on a ranch in Idaho, and I visit them quite a bit. When I was very young, my dad and I fished a lot. We got into tournament casting, and eventually both of us won the Western United States all-around fly-casting championship. We release ninety per cent of our fish. It's tying the flies and the art of catching that's the sport."

A less well-publicized advantage of growing up in Southern California is that it offers excellent opportunities for musical education. When Parkening acquired his first guitar at the age of eleven, he was advised by his cousin Jack Marshall, a professional guitarist, to study classical technique, which could be the basis for any kind of playing he might care to do later on. He began lessons with the Spanish guitarists Celedonio and José Romero (father and son) and studied with them for four years. Although he gave a recital after only one year and made a formal concert debut in 1963 under the auspices of the Young Musicians Foundation, he was never exploited as a child prodigy, but continued his academic and musical education.

"I completed my freshman year at UCLA, but on the advice of some of my professors transferred to the University of Southern California, which they thought was a better school for a performing musician. At USC I studied with the cellist Gabor Rejto, the head of the string department, who taught me interpretation." Since there was no regular guitar program at the university at that time, he was listed officially as a cello major. "I also worked with Gregor Piatigorsky on the side, and from these gentlemen and my other professors I received marvelous training, and I work with them to this day." While he was still a student, USC invited Parkening to begin teaching there, and he has since become the head of the guitar department.

Segovia, who is Parkening's greatest idol, has urged his disciples to do three things: to make the guitar better known throughout the world, to expand the repertoire for the instrument, and to foster the proper teaching of the guitar in major conservatories. Parkening is dutifully at work in all three areas. He is increasing the audience for the guitar through recordings and a very active schedule of performances, many of them in out-of-the-way places—so far he has given only two recitals in New York. "At present eighty per cent of my engagements are..."
at colleges, where the classic guitar has enormous acceptance—and not just by the classical music crowd. The audiences are not narrow stereotypes but represent the whole college." He thinks the guitar appeals especially to the young partly because of its intimacy and partly because they identify it as their instrument since so many of them play it, though not necessarily in the classic style.

"It's the most popular instrument in the world right now. There are more than thirteen million guitars in this country alone." He sees the guitar as a bridge between popular and classical music and is pleased to think he might help lead young people to expand their appreciation of music. Even popular performers have shown interest in his work—Grace Slick invited him to play on a Jefferson Airplane album, and Paul Simon has offered to commission a concerto for him.

Given the popularity of his instrument, it is little wonder that Parkening's performing schedule is a busy one: "My manager is now working on 1975, and he says I can be booked for a concert every other day. It's a question of how much I want to play. I've done close to ninety performances some years, and that's as much as I want. I'm going to Europe on my forthcoming tour and will probably return there in 1975 and perhaps go back to Japan. I've been invited to play in Russia, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. I'm getting married in May, and my fiancée [Barbara Colyear] is interested in animals and the out of doors, and she would like to see South Africa. And I want to go to Australia and to New Zealand, which I understand is absolutely beautiful and a great place for trout fishing. So it looks like another gigantic schedule. But I've talked with my manager about booking me so that I'll have two weeks on tour and two weeks at home. To develop as an artist you need time to relax and time to learn new music."

Parkening feels strongly about the second of Segovia's dictates, the expansion of the guitar repertoire. "It's the business of the young generation of guitarists to make further transcriptions and commission new works. It was an honor to be chosen by Rodrigo and to play for him in Japan, and I learned a lot from working with him on his two concertos. That's important because I'll record both of them with the London Symphony and André Previn in July, but what I'm most excited about is that I asked Rodrigo to compose a concerto for me, and he agreed. He even asked me what kind of concerto I'd like, and I told him to base it on Spanish folk songs. When I'm in Spain on tour, I'll work with him in selecting the songs.

"It's a misconception of many composers that you have to play the guitar in order to write for it. I asked Rodrigo if he had ever tried to play it, and he said, 'No, too difficult.' So neither he nor Castelnuovo-Tedesco has ever played a note on the instrument, and nobody has ever written for it better than they have. There are a few very simple basic rules which Julian Bream has set down in a short essay on how to write for the guitar, and I'm sure he gave it to Benjamin Britten when he commissioned him to compose for him.

"Segovia has done a tremendous job in expanding the rather small literature for the guitar by transcribing hundreds of works written for other instruments. For my tour I learned several new pieces that he had transcribed, and it was fantastic just to pull down the music, open it, and find the fingering and everything all done and not have to do it myself.

"Translation is a part of life for a guitarist. I and my assistants at USC have spent a year and a half working on the pieces for my next album, which will be of French Impressionist music. It's a style that has been largely ignored by Segovia and other guitarists, perhaps because it is extremely difficult to transcribe and to play—the tremendous octaves in Debussy's Clair de Lune and Ravel's Empress of the Pagodas, for example. But actually Impressionism suits the guitar very well because of its five middle C's, each of which has a different color, and the different kinds of vibrato and the different ways of striking the strings with the right hand to create certain sounds. Satie's Gymnopédies sound as though they were written for the instrument."

Parkening and his colleagues at USC have published the transcriptions they have made for his albums, and he has published an instruction book, The Christopher Parkening Guitar Method (1972), which brings up his activities as a teacher. "Five or ten years ago you couldn't get a bachelor's degree in the guitar, much less a master's. That's all changed. I'm proud of our guitar department at the University of Southern California and of my assisting teachers. I give a master class once a month for all the guitar majors, and my assistants give regular weekly lessons. If not actually the best, our department is certainly one of the finest in the country. Our curriculum is unique in that we offer not only the usual courses in technique, performance, and interpretation, but also courses in transcription, harmony, and theory as related to the guitar, plus recording techniques. You know, when I walked into the Capitol studios when I was nineteen, I hadn't the faintest idea of what recording was really like. Our course will take a lot of the shock out of it. We actually go to a major studio, such as Capitol, and record—it's as professional as you can get short of going as far as actually cutting the disc."

Parkening's first four albums for Angel Records are among that label's top-selling classical discs, particularly "Parkening Plays Bach," and last year Angel issued "The Christopher Parkening Album," made up of the most popular selections from his earlier records, to celebrate his fifth anniversary on the label. "Angel would like me to record two albums a year," he said, "but the labor of transcription is so great that I'm doing well to finish one. It's extremely difficult to assemble a program that works for the guitar and is good enough to pass the New York reviewers as well as satisfy the buying public. The Bach album seems to have passed that test. Really, it's hard to find anything more beautiful to listen to than Bach. Now that it's finally completed, I'm pleased with the Impressionist program, and I think it will make a beautiful album. I'll record it in June or August, and in 1975 I plan to record both of the Castelnuovo-Tedesco concertos with the Pittsburgh Symphony."

Does he ever listen to records for pleasure? "Yes, I travel a great deal and don't rely on the airlines' programs. I take along a small cassette player and listen constantly. It's nice for a change to hear some folk music. I like Gordon Lightfoot, Paul Simon, John Denver, and some of the things the Carpenters do, and I've always liked Frank Sinatra. But mostly I listen to solo piano recordings of Impressionist works or Spanish pieces that might possibly be transcribed for the guitar. You see, even when I'm enjoying myself, I like to do something that's at least slightly constructive."
Some day I may be lucky enough to catch a top-flight performance of Mozart's Magic Flute at the Vienna State Opera—meeting the special demands of the work seems to be beyond the current capability of our own Metropolitan Opera. In the meantime, how reassuring is the opera's representation in the recordings catalog! There are four stereo recordings available, any one of which can be recommended for pleasurable listening, to say nothing of the pioneering Beecham version on Turnabout—pre-War and monophonic, but still wearing its years with grace and dignity.

A brand-new recording can now be added to this generous list, a performance by the Bavarian State Opera with Wolfgang Sawallisch at the helm. The opera has been brilliantly cast right down the line (a prerequisite, and this is precisely where the Met fails season after season), but the somewhat self-effacing conductor nonetheless deserves the lion's share of the credit: his approach to the music is alertly dramatic, his tempos sensible, and the finely nuanced whole is characterized by an admirable clarity. The Sawallisch way with Mozart may best be described as noncontroversial. It lacks the muscular energy of Böhm and the massive grand sweep of Klemperer, but it is also free of the occasional tempo eccentricities of Solti. Except for an occasional tendency toward squareness (the handling of the first Queen of the Night aria, for example), it takes a consistently sensible view of the work and through firm control of a cast of topnotch singers flowers into an immensely pleasing totality. Happily, this version retains the spoken dialogue (Angel's previous Zauberflöte, S-3651, suffers from its absence), and the cast handles it all admirably.

In the role of Pamina is Anneliese Rothenberger, a consistently musicianly and dependable performer with a limpid tone and fine technique. I find her somewhat more mature-sounding than most recorded Paminas, but this in no way lessens her appeal. Edda Moser's Queen of the Night is not unfamiliar to Metropolitan Opera audiences as one of the positive elements in that house's otherwise mixed bag of offerings. She knows what the character is about and attempts to bring some quality of menace into her recitatives. If her florid singing falls a little short of real virtuoso abandon, it is nonetheless accurate and impressive throughout the range. Olivera Miljakovic is a conventional but entirely pleasing Papagena.

Commenting a little more than two years ago (February 1972) on bass Kurt Moll, I predicted (on the basis of his brief appearance as the Night Watchman in Angel's Die Meistersinger) that he would eventually become a great Telramund, Dutchman, and Sachs. Well, here he is, a great Sarastro, rolling out that heav...
enly music with a sumptuous warmth and roundness of tone, a firmly sustained legato—a true basso cantante. Peter Schreier is probably the best Tamino around today, and he is a reasonably manly sounding one, particularly in his flute-accompanied search for Pamina. On records, only the late Fritz Wunderlich (Deutsche Grammophon 2709017) surpasses him.

This is Walter Berry's third recorded Papageno, and the character emerges here as a lighter and more entertaining one than it was under the baton of the more “serious” Klemperer. Berry's handling of the dialogue is delightful, with occasional ad-lib interjections enlivening the Schikaneder text. The two Armed Men, the three Ladies, and the three Boys are all good, blending into a smooth-sounding ensemble in which only the quavery Speaker of Theo Adam strikes a mildly discordant note.

The edition used in this recording contains a brief duet, between Tamino and Papageno, that was discovered after Mozart's death under circumstances that suggest it is authentic. It precedes the Quintet of Act 2 (No. 12 in the score), and this is its first appearance in a recording.

According to the illustrated booklet with the set, this Magic Flute was recorded quadraphonically. Angel says it will be released as a quadraphonic recording in Europe, but there are no present plans to do so in the U.S. That may or may not give us something to look forward to, but, in the meantime, the two-channel stereo sound is everything one might ask for.

RACHMANINOFF
BY CLIBURN

An album of works for solo piano reveals a decided flair for a virtuoso repertoire

Within the last year there have been some notable additions to the catalog of recorded Rachmaninoff, including, unquestionably foremost, RCA's whopping five-album reissue of all the composer's disc recordings, plus Vladimir Ashkenazy’s performance of the Etudes Tableaux and Corelli Variations for London, Sviatoslav Richter's account of a selection of the Preludes, André Previn's version of the uncut Second Symphony, and the U.S.S.R. Russian Chorus' Vespers (the last three on Angel).

All of these were splendid—if in some cases slightly tardy—contributions to the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Rachmaninoff's birth, and to them we can now add another RCA disc, Van Cliburn's first solo record devoted to the music of this composer. Cliburn, who has previously recorded Rachmaninoff's Second and Third Concer-
tos as well as the Paganini Rhapsody, provides an excellent selection of works on this disc—a variety of short pieces plus the not-too-well-known Sonata No. 2. Throughout the program he displays the boldness, warmth, and expansiveness that marked the playing of a much older generation of performers, characteristics that are, for the most part, missing in that of the younger ones. Listen, for example, to the gorgeous tonal quality he lavishes on the G Major Prelude (Op. 32, No. 5), or to the way he thunders his way through the E-flat Minor Etude Tableau (Op. 39, No. 5) so brilliantly without slighting either the tremendous technical demands or the tragic passion of the music (I am thinking especially of those chromatic descending figures near the end of the piece, where all of Rachmaninoff's sorrows seem to well up in one great, despairing outcry). Cliburn does this sort of thing so supremely well in a number of works here that it is disappointing when he does not. In the familiar G Minor Prelude (Op. 23, No. 5), for example, he seems to be a bit guarded, as though deliberately trying to avoid being accused of daredeviltry.

But if there are one or two places in which an inhibiting caution is evident, they are minor lapses in what is on the whole a bracing, hell-for-leather approach to the music. Nowhere is this more obvious or more kinetically exciting than in the recording of the Second Sonata, derived from a live performance in Moscow in June of 1960, two years after Cliburn had triumphed in that city's Tchaikovsky competition. The sound in the sonata is not as good as it is on the studio-made second side, but no matter. Cliburn's performance of the complete original version of 1913 (a few of the composer's later revisions are included) is simply stunning in impact. It is much more idiomatic than John Ogdon's reading of the revised version (also for RCA), but it does not quite reach the voltage generated by Horowitz for Columbia. Horowitz, interestingly, works back from the revised version to add some material from the sprawling original; Cliburn's opposite approach gives us the opportunity to hear something close to Rachmaninoff's first tentative thoughts (there is a difference of about four minutes between the early version and the later revision).

Let us hope that Cliburn will record more solo Rachmaninoff; his grasp of this music is on a level with that of the finest interpreters. (A word of caution for buyers: my copy had an edge warp that resulted in unpleasant wow, especially at the beginning of each side. This is usually one of those non-repeating flaws, but it is good to check if you can.)

Igor Kipnis


--POPULAR--

MITCHELL AND LIGHTFOOT: THE HE AND THE SHE OF IT

New releases by Canada's leading songsmiths cast some revealing light on each other

In the old days of popular music, men were men and women were—it says in some of those recent analyses of old songs—abused. Now, though, David Bowie and other painted persons are happy to be asexual, bisexual, polysexual, pansexual, what-

Joni Mitchell: butterfly-light, bluebird-lovely

Gordon Lightfoot: broad-shouldered, lean-hipped
ever works, and many of the pop stars who are still interested in music (you remember music) are phasing out the Me-Tarzan-You-Jane (or vice versa) slant in favor of a commitment more, ah, aware politically.

Against that background then, one is likely to notice all the more that two powerful new albums from America's best Canadian songwriters, Joni Mitchell and Gordon Lightfoot, have the flavor of yesterday's heterosexuality about them, and seem, too, rather luxuriously traditional in their romanticism. The Canadian upbringing no doubt is a factor, as is the long view both artists are able to take. Lightfoot's "Sundown" for Reprise is a scruptumous summation of what else he has done; compared to what several other troubadours are doing, it's notably broad-shouldered, wide-brimmed, lean-hipped, and outdoorys. Mitchell's "Court and Spark" for Asylum is, in that kind of comparison, butterfly-light, bluebird-lovely, intricately lacy, and even a bit bitchy. It is also punctuated with earthiness and stumped a time or two by vulnerability. Neither takes what might be called a snug view of anything, but Lightfoot, in a manly, ulcer-inviting way, bottles it up sometimes with lines like "that's how it goes," while Mitchell goes to her usual great lengths to track down and define feelings. And, yes, I know it is cliché-mongering to say women talk about feelings more easily than men do, but still it jibes with my own observations, some made at dangerously close range.

But that gets us into the matter of which sex Ingmar Bergman might be: he comes into this because "Court and Spark" is the kind of experience a good Bergman film is. You want to turn it off but cannot, you hate it and love it at the same time, you feel you are in the hands of a brutal but trustworthy genius and are somehow being tested. It is, as popular cant would have it, heavy, and Joni's feminine viewpoint doesn't lighten it much. Neither does her use of humor, which gets undermined when it has the floor, as it does in Raised on Robbery, the quotations of a pushy lady trying to pick up a gent who's more interested in the Toronto Maple Leafs game.

The title song ("courting" and "sparking" are dated terms used for a reason) is a charmer and only medium-heavy; Free Man in Paris is narrower in scope than all those boy-girl quandaries, but it is a brilliant song about fame-chasing, as ingratiating as it is well-built. Car on a Hill waits for the man to make the first move—specifically an overdue move, it seems—and reminds me of a story by Shirley Jackson. Only one song strikes me as weak—Help Me, which has no discernable melody. Joni's singing covers an even greater emotional range than it usually does, and the backing, while a bit too serene in places, is touched up with banks of harmonizing acoustic guitars, a stylized bouncy flow of piano and woodwinds, and other small delights.

"Sundown" finds Lightfoot reunited with bass player John Stockfish, a regular with the troupe in the early days. But latter-day regular Rick Haynes is still around, too, and both are great. Lightfoot's songs are often keyed to the bass, and Lightfoot takes a direct (manly?), no-nonsense approach to instrumentation. His songs don't need anything getting in their way, anyhow, and these particular ones have quite a way about them; one after another, they are remarkable.

Too Late for Prayin', an embarrassment of riches in itself, demonstrates how quietly remarkable they can be, but give yourself time and it will also demonstrate Lightfoot's uncanny ability to invent beautiful melodies and keep them simple, to say his piece in verses so graceful and economical that you can enjoy the flow of the syllables as many times as you like before settling down to what the words mean. Circle of Steel is another such demonstration, and my other special favorite is Somewhere USA, which has that long-legged pace that Lightfoot practically owns. The title song is perhaps too simple, but its refrain—which will stay in your head for a month, and you have no choice in the matter—has three different wordings, including, "Sometimes I think it's a sin/When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again."

Lightfoot puts images, mostly with outdoor settings, into your head; Mitchell puts you in parties, trains, social situations, and thinking situations. It isn't quite a purely objective-subjective contrast you'll find in their approaches, but no one can blame you if you do a little broad-brush (no pun intended) thinking about male-female questions when listening to two albums so different, so similar, and so fine.

JONI MITCHELL: Court and Spark. Joni Mitchell (vocals, piano); John Guerin (drums); Tom Scott (reeds, woodwinds); Larry Carlton (guitar); other musicians. Court and Spark; Help Me; Free Man in Paris; People's Parties; The Same Situation; Car on a Hill; Down to You; Just like This Train; Raised on Robbery; Trouble Child; Twisted. Asylum 7E-1001 $5.98, @ TP-5072 $6.97, © CS-5072 $6.97.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT: Sundown. Gordon Lightfoot (vocals, guitar); Red Shea (guitar); Terry Clements (guitar); John Stockfish (bass); other musicians. High and Dry; Carefree Highway; Is There Anyone Home; Somewhere USA; Too Late for Prayin'; Sundown; Seven Island Suite; The List; The Watchman's Gone; Circle of Steel. Reprise MS 2177 $5.98, ® M8 2177 $7.97, ® MS 2177 $7.97.
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POPULAR DISCS AND TAPES

Reviewed by CHRIS ALBERTSON • NOEL COPPAGE • PAUL KRESH • PETER REILLY • JOEL VANCE

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

JAN AKKERMAN: Tabernakel. Jan Akkerman (guitar); orchestra. House of the King: Javel; Lammy; A Pavan by Thomas Morley; and six others. Atco SD 7032 $5.98. © CS 7032 $6.98.

Performance: Lovely
Recording: Excellent

Jan Akkerman, the guitarist with Focus, has brought out one of the most interesting albums of the year. On a variety of guitars (acoustic, bass, electrical), his playing suggests that the pop Julian Bream has arrived. If it were only on the basis of his work in the traditionally inspired material, such as John Dowland's Britannia or Morley's Pavan, then I might be tempted to judge him as a gifted technician with a peculiarly Seventies approach to the classics. But when he shifts gears into one of his own compositions, such as House of the King; with its rock beat and his vital performance on electric guitar, and proceeds to produce some of the most elegant sounds that I've ever heard in rock, then I know that I'm listening to a real artist. Akkerman already knows all the components that go into a pleasing musical experience, and he displays them with the assured grace of a great gourmet ordering a dinner for you.

If all this strikes you as a mite too civilized, some-sometimes pleasurable because they are emulating people and styles they admire; they aren't trying to swipe anything because of its commerciality. Still, it comes down to whether they swing or not, and they don't, really. It's awfully difficult to beat Sly Stone at his own game (when he feels like playing); Jr. Walker knows only one solo, but nobody else impresses me with how well they emulate surprising rhythm changes à la Sly Stone, saxophone à la Jr. Walker, vocals à la the O'Jays and twenty other groups. They write almost all their own material, and here too they produce facsimile versions—from Ashford & Simpson of Motown fame, Thom Bell of Philadelphia, and so on.

The Average White Band is listenable and sometimes pleasurable because they are imitating people and styles they admire: they aren't trying to swipe anything because of its commerciality. Still, it comes down to whether they swing or not, and they don't, really. They appropriate the styles of several people: surprising rhythm changes à la Sly Stone, saxophone à la Jr. Walker, vocals à la the O'Jays and twenty other groups. They write almost all their own material, and here too they produce facsimile versions—from Ashford & Simpson of Motown fame, Thom Bell of Philadelphia, and so on.

The Average White Band is listenable and sometimes pleasurable because they are imitating people and styles they admire; they aren't trying to swipe anything because of its commerciality. Still, it comes down to whether they swing or not, and they don't, really. It's awfully difficult to beat Sly Stone at his own game (when he feels like playing); Jr. Walker knows only one solo, but nobody else plays it like he does. As for the writing—well, "soul" these days is machine-made anyway.

But the band deserves high marks for diligence and application. If they have played themselves into a corner by not contributing anything original, at least that's where they want to be. They sound happy about it. The Average White Band is listenable and sometimes pleasurable because they are imitating people and styles they admire: they aren't trying to swipe anything because of its commerciality. Still, it comes down to whether they swing or not, and they don't, really. It's awfully difficult to beat Sly Stone at his own game (when he feels like playing); Jr. Walker knows only one solo, but nobody else plays it like he does. As for the writing—well, "soul" these days is machine-made anyway.

But the band deserves high marks for diligence and application. If they have played themselves into a corner by not contributing anything original, at least that's where they want to be. They sound happy about it. J.V.

BOBBY BLUE BLAND: His California Album. Bobby Blue Bland (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. This Time I'm Gone for Good; (If Loving You Is Wrong) I Don't Want to Be Right; Goin' Down Slow; The Right Place at the Right Time; I've Got to Use My Imagination; Where Babes Went; and four others. ABC-DUNHILL DSX-50163 $5.98, © M 8023-50163 $6.98.

Performance: Solid
Recording: Good

Bobby Blue Bland is one of those unsung he-

Explanation of symbols:

- = reel-to-reel stereo tape
= eight-track quadraphonic tape
- = stereo cassette
- = quadraphonic disc
= reel-to-reel quadraphonic tape
= eight-track quadraphonic tape
= quadraphonic cassette

Monophonic recordings are indicated by the symbol @

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

MAY 1974
Paul Butterfield's Better Days: It All Comes Back. Paul Butterfield (vocals, harp, piano); Geoff Muldaur (vocals, guitar); Christopher Parker (drums); Amos Garrett (bass guitar); Billy Rich (bass); Ronnie Barron (vocals, keyboards). Too Many Drivers: It's Getting Harder to Survive: If You Live; Win or Lose: Small Town Talk and four others. BEARsville BR 2170 $5.98, ® M8 2170 $6.98, ® M5 2170 $6.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Very good

Paul Butterfield, as Paul Butterfield knows, doesn't have to prove anything. But handling one's own ego, like all pursuits, can be rewarding. Bland is a man who has been waiting his own time for his chance, and he may get it this time. It's well deserved. If you have never heard him, this album isn't the best place to start, but it is a beginning from which you can work your way back.

J.V.

Bobby Blue Bland
Unmistakable experience and savvy

Paul Butterfield, as Paul Butterfield knows, doesn't have to prove anything. But handling one's own ego, like all pursuits, can be rewarding. Bland is a man who has been waiting his own time for his chance, and he may get it this time. It's well deserved. If you have never heard him, this album isn't the best place to start, but it is a beginning from which you can work your way back.

J.V.

Dr. Hook: Belly Up! Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show (vocals and instruments). Ballad of...; Roland the Roadie and Gert trade the Groupie: Come On In; Acapulco Goldie; When Lily Was Queen: Life Ain't Easy; and five others. COLUMBIA KC 32270 $6.98, ® CA 32270 $6.98, ® CT 32270 $6.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Good

Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show are the Kats' pajama Kids of rock-and-roll, and their patron saint is the late Buddy Holly. They seem to have a permanent case of the giggles, and they peddle mischief in an occasionally charming way. They have had two hits. Sylvia's Mother (boy calls old girl friend who's about to be married and is told by her mother to bug off) and The Cover of Rolling Stone, a deserved and delicious attack on the most venal of rock musicians and the youth-pop syndrome. Both were written by cartoonist Shel Silverstein, who most often gives himself to writing dirty limericks and Middle lollipops fantasies. An example of the latter on this album, is The Wonderful Soup Stone. Two examples of the former are Acapulco Goldie and Penicillin Penny; one is a whore and the other has teeth. Both types occur so frequently in Silverstein's songs that it seems he must have general reservations about the female species. Poor fellow.

With this album, Dr. Hook and the Show offer one of their own material and try to be more of a band than they are ordinarily required to be when singing Silverstein's songs and being comedians. They are a good, country-rock, white Southern band, and their

Performance: Good
Recording: Clean

Rick Derringer was an original member of the McCoys (Hang On Sloopy) and stayed with them for years while they went through various morphoses from a jazz back-up group to Johnny Winter, the blues guitarist who never quite became a superstar. From there, Derringer moved over into record production and has guided Johnny's piano-playing brother Edgar into prominence (Frankenstein). Rick Derringer is a fluent multi-instrumentalist and a good shouting singer (all those one-night-stand McCoy songs toughened his throat), and he and the Winter brothers are managed by Steve Paul, former owner of the Scotch club in New York, a gathering place for most of the rock talent back in the mid-Sixties.

Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo has been performed by almost everyone in the Paul stable; here Derringer, who wrote it, gets his chance. It's a gamma-rock-tonight tune; a performer has to be energetic with it, but it's not the kind of song that inspires wild abandon. Most of the others are about depression, rolls in the hay, one-night (musical) stands, and the pain of life 'n love, all seen from the "teenage" standpoint that Derringer has adopted for himself. The album succeeds as straightforward rock-and-roll, but we already have enough of that. Derringer is a very capable musician—dear reader, I know I've been using the word "capable" a lot lately but damnit, that's what most rock musicians are today: good but not that good. That sums up this album as well.

J.V.
songs indicate they may well come up with better in time. The best of those included here are a hoo-raw stomp-down, Come On In, and Ballad of . . . a melodramatic thingie about a deflowered rock fan who shoots her superstar betrayer dead at a concert.

Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show apparently want to be known less as humorists and more as a band; that's laudable, and this album indicates that they have enough talent to make it.

**DONOVAN: Essence to Essence.** Donovan (vocals, guitar); instrumental accompaniment. 
*Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth; Lazy Doze: Life Goes On; The Dignity of Man; Boy for Every Girl; Yellow Star;* and five others. Epic KE 32800 $5.98, © EA 32800 $6.98, © ET 32800 $6.98.

**Performance:** Ridiculous 
**Recording:** Very good

Can you imagine a grown man making a fortune by writing and singing such lines as "Don't pour filth into the air/Air is the best thing we can breathe"? Well, if it does nothing else, Donovan's new album proves once and for all that the worst of pop music cannot be satirized; nothing can ever equal unconscious self-parody.

Donovan is a canny young lad who started off imitating Woody Guthrie, switched to Bob Dylan, gave that up for semi-hip druggie songs in the late Sixties, and finally put on a sheet and turned guru as the decade ended. He changes persona as shrewdly as Walt Whitman or a society jewel thief: he is a canny combination of professional entertainer and Angst publicist. Since he started out, there never was a spiritual fad that Donovan Leitch was not either at the forefront of or comfortably ensconced in.

Ah, but of course I do not see with a loving eye. I am much too literal; there is no song in my heart and my mind is closed. I have missed the whole point of this album. Instead of its being the contemptible kitsch I think it is, this compleat collection of hooey may not only be masterly but have real Spiritual Significance. Why, if I hadn't heard Lazy Doze I wouldn't have known what could be stolen from the clumsy melody of The Battle of New Orleans. Nor would I have discovered, had I skipped over Life Goes On, what would, with lyric changes, make a dandy chewing gum jingle.

Probably Donovan thinks he is sincere; at times he may even have been so. But most of his public life has been devoted to packaging himself a la mode—the scoop of vanilla atop the slice of pie. Well, to quote a famous cartoon, "I say it's spinach and I say the hell with it."

**FOUR TOPS: Main Street People.** Four Tops (vocals): instrumental accompaniment. Are You Man Enough; Sweet Understanding Love; Peace of Mind; One Woman Man; Too Little, Too Late; and five others. ABC-Dunhill DSX-50144 $5.98, © M8023-50144 $6.95, © M 5023-50144M $6.95.

**Performance:** Professional 
**Recording:** Good

The Four Tops had been banging around for some time when they became one of the staples of early- and mid-period Motown. They were written for and produced by Holland-Dozier-Holland, staff geniuses of the same period. H-D-H were also writing and producing.
As a commercial phenomenon, David Bowie has been remarkably successful, having made the transition from private pet of the rock avant-garde to large-public pop idol in a relatively short period of time. As a serious artist, however, he has been the target of more than a few raspberries. The shoddiness of his "Aladdin Sane" album wasn't exactly gratifying to his supporters, and many old fans have been crying "sell-out" ever since his rise to fame—and with some reason. For Bowie the songwriter hasn't yet been able to match his uncanny "The Man Who Sold the World" of several years ago.

His new album, "Pinups," is something of a departure from his previous offerings. He wrote none of the songs, the material having been culled from the repertoires of the early days of the British Beat Boom (1964-1967), and those he has chosen show him in a far different light from that he has customarily displayed himself in. Here Darling David is singer, arranger (adding his still distinctive touch on synthesizer, harmonica, and saxophones), and interpreter, but he seems curiously stripped of substance and is left only with style. That style is, to be sure, often striking, but unfortunately it is just as often inappropriate; he misinterprets the songs with style. That style is, to be sure, often striking, but unfortunately it is just as often inappropriate; he misinterprets the songs more than he does anything usefully original with them.

But one can still give him some credit simply for undertaking a project of this kind: many of his fans, after all, aren't overly familiar with the recorded work of such Sixties masters as the Yardbirds, the Pretty Things, and early Pink Floyd. If only he'd had the guiding hand of a Sixties producer like Shel Talmy or Andrew Oldham to show him the way.

Bowie does particular justice to the Pretty Things tracks Rosalyn and Don't Bring Me Down, sticking close to the guitar-based sound of the original versions and adding a minimum of Bowie-isms and other vocal hanky-panky. We fare far less well with the Yardbirds' material, however, for his affected accent is out of place in Shapes of Things and Mick Ronson's guitar is not biting enough in I Wish You Would. The album's major disaster is Friday on My Mind. so arranged that it is heavy in all the places it should be light and vice versa—it cannot compare with the superb original by the Aussie Easybeats Here Comes the Night, too, is execrable; Van Morrison's vocal delivery (on the Them original) communicated the purest kind of personal anguish, but Bowie just sounds as if he's trying to unload it all on the listener.

The Who songs here are half successful, half not—odd, since parts of Bowie's "Ziggy Stardust" album were so clearly influenced by that group. I Can't Explain just might have worked—the basic arrangement is okay—but in the end it drags terribly. Its faults are, ironically enough, thrown into considerable relief by Bowie's masterly performance of Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere; he outdoes Roger Daltry as lead singer here, and the new arrangement delivers a lot more punch than the original.

The album's single, Sorrow, is a ballad, a song more like one of Bowie's own than any of the others here. It's string-laden arrangement is a natural for him, and he does well by it. The Kinks' Where Have All the Good Times Gone and the Mojos' Everything's Alright are likewise stylistically congenial—they would, in fact, have been right at home in "Aladdin Sane," probably improving it in the bargain.

And then there's See Emily Play, a tune Bowie is perhaps spiritually very close to. Written by Syd Barrett, founder of Pink Floyd, it reflects the schizophrenic mind warp that has been such an important part of Bowie's image from the beginning. There were those of us who thought of him, before his meteoric rise, as just another station on Barrett's wavelength. Perhaps he still tunes in, sometimes, and that is why this version of See Emily Play, while not really sticking very close to the original, seems somehow the feeling of Pink Floyd's reading of it.

On the whole, "Pinups" is a novel and perhaps even a noble idea (think of all those compositional royalties Bowie is forgoing!), but it can be considered an artistic success only if that is what you call an album in which seven out of twelve tunes work and the rest are miserable failures. Considering the material he had to work with, and in the quality of the backing musicians, Bowie should have produced a little masterpiece. He didn't. But perhaps, at least, he now has all this out of his system and can move on to an album of all new material as exciting as "Ziggy Stardust," as lasting as "The Man Who Sold the World." The way these things go, however, his next album will probably be a live two-record set, so grab a book and sit down. It could be a long wait.

DAVID BOWIE: Pinups. David Bowie (vocals, saxophone, synthesizer); Mick Ronson (guitar); T. J. Bolder (bass); Aynsley Dunbar (drums); other musicians. Rosalyn; Here Comes the Night; I Wish You Would; See Emily Play; Everything's Alright; I Can't Explain; Friday on My Mind; Sorrow; Don't Bring Me Down; Shapes of Things; Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere; Where Have All the Good Times Gone. RCA AP L-0291 $5.95, @ AP 51-0291 $6.95.
ing the Supremes, so that the latest Supremes hit often became, with a few altered notes and new lyrics, the latest Four Tops hit. Holland-Dozier-Holland left Motown in a contract dispute. For this and other reasons, the Four Tops were sitting on ice for a few years. Later they left Motown and began appearing in "oldie but goodie" shows. They were then signed by ABC-Dunhill, which, like many other primarily white labels, eagerly began signing black acts when white rock began to disintegrate and black music appeared to be the only reliable (that is, selling) style.

The Four Tops' style has changed along with their label; lead singer Levi Stubbs no longer has to grate and growl his way through tunes. He and the group now sing very pop-oriented songs that purport to be black. They have been successful at it, and I am glad, as I would be glad for any artist who escaped the Motown machine and survived to prosper. What they do as music, however, is no more remarkable than what the Ink Spots did thirty years ago, only now we call it "soul." Correction: we are supposed to call it "soul." It is actually—not only for the Four Tops but for most of black music today—carefully crafted, highly professional, very commercial nightclub stuff touted and sold as Art with a Message. This is not to say that the Four Tops are not good and pleasing to hear; they are, as long as you take them as entertainers, and not as the prefabricated social spokesmen that most black artists are being merchandised as today.

I hope the Four Tops have many more hits because I respect a hard-working and talented group, even if I appreciate their hard work more than their talent. But there is nothing important or outstanding in this album besides perhaps two songs that will be, respectively, their most recent hit single and their next one.

Er, um—right on?

J.V.

GENESIS: Selling England by the Pound. Genesis (vocals and instrumentals). Dancing with the Moonlit Knight; Firth of Fifth; More Fool Me; The Battle of Epping Forest; After the Ordeal; and three others. CHARISMA FC 6060 $5.98.

Performance: Ornate
Recording: Very good

Guess I'm just going to have to get me 'ands (if 'ands is wot yer plays it with) on one of those mellotrons and find out something for meself. Seems an increasing number of working-class British lads are coaxing not just music but character from the mellotron—and think of that: character from an electronic gadget. Here Tony Banks does some of his best work yet for Genesis, providing for me the only excuse I can find to keep listening to the album. The thing soars, bends, slides, curls around every which way, and it isn't that Banks plays better than the other musicians—they all play well, the problem being the songs they're playing—but that he and his instrument do so much with a mediocre score.

Genesis' writing hasn't improved much, you see, and Peter Gabriel's strained, scratchy vocals are starting to get on my nerves. They still go in for pretentious gobbledegook in lyrics that aren't really about much of anything but whose awkward configurations play havoc with melodic structure—they could write good melodies if they rearranged their priorities—and the arrangement ideas still infringe too much on Yes and Jethro Tull and such folk. Occasionally, of course, some
GRATEFUL DEAD: Wake of the Flood. 

The Grateful Dead have their own record label now—this being their first product—and if they run it in the neat, droll, businesslike manner in which they are now making music, it should be just the thing prudent investors are looking for. As music, I suppose this album could be a great value in easing jazz-hermits back into the "real" world—no danger of an overdose of raunch here, and no chance that it will inspire your primly inhibited aunt to boogaloo on the tabletop, either. Restful, I might find it, if I could hold still for being restred by one of the original San Francisco hippie bands.

Time is cruel, especially in the way it erodes contexts (look out, John Mitchell) and leaves only the naked evidence to stand or fall on its own merits; the Dead had a lot of assumptions, had they found them in the late Sixties, an important point in the scheme of things. Now most of those assumptions have collapsed or—worse yet—are irrelevant, and a series of gently tricky and essentially antiseptic guitaricks by Jerry Garcia have no special élan. A seamless organ overlay placed just right, something like a refinement contrivance to stir the listener's own enthusiasm and given high marks for taste, and it is not now what it is supposed to mean. "Soul" is a term originally used in the late 1950's and early 1960's to describe a certain type of loose jazz that differed from the automatic, stuffy, conservatory/closet styles of the time in that it was not ashamed to swing. The tune that prompted the term was canonically done by everyone, especially—hoo, boy—that mellotron. I've called it "soul" jazz not because it is black music anymore; it has been absorbed into the mainstream of American music where it always belonged and to which it always had a right. But having gained that, what has it lost? Much. I fear, because there is little American music that is individual these days: almost all of it is machine-made, and the talent goes into making the machine sound natural.

What has all this to do with Gladys Knight & the Pips? Everything and nothing. Miss Knight is a pro, an excellent vocalist, with a great voice behind her. She has sounded good and been good for many years; she is still. But whoever individuality she had—whatever personal contribution many black artists had or were able to make—is now gathered into this machine, for which "soul" is the synonym. It might be called the "Soul Blob." It makes money, and I am all for musicians getting paid well. They, like plumbers, have to pay rent, and are entitled to disposable income. But this music is not what it once was, and it is not now what it is said to be. Black?Hardly. Human? Well, yes and no. J.V.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD: Pronounced Leh'nerd Skin'nerd. 

Lyndy Skynrd (vocals and instrumental)—I Ain't the One; Mississippi Kid; Gimme Three Steps; Parchman Whiskey; and four others. MCA/SOUNDS OF THE SOUTH MCA-363 $5.98.

Performance: Wrincling and twistin' Recording: Good

Al Kooper, formerly of the Blues Project, sideman for Dylan, Jimi Hendrix, and the Rolling Stones, inventor of Blood, Sweat & Tears, solo vocalist-keyboard artist, and general shaker and mover, went to Atlanta two years ago. There he found a number of white Southern territory bands, fell in love with the sound, signed some artists, and started his Sounds of the South label. With the prestige and success of the Allman Brothers, the best-known Southern rock band, may have opened the doors for others. Kooper, meanwhile, is to be commended for his enthusiasm and given high marks for taste, for white Southern bands have received little publicity and many of them are very good. Lyndy Skynrd is very good, and I especially recommend the shivering Hawaiian-style blues guitar in Mississippi Kid.

The only problem with white Southern bands is that much of their sound may have been pre-empted by other American or British blues bands, the best of whom are first-rate but second-hand. Whether this will make any difference to audiences, I don't know. Kooper's reaction to the pre-emption is:

Stereor Review
"[Groups like the Stones, who started as a blues band] sing what they read about in the papers: these people sing about their life." Kooper is right: there is a difference, and the contribution of white Southern musicians has yet to be recognized. I am not touting white Southern bands against black Southern bands: the point is both of them are Southern and the "soul" is shared. Black and white musicians down there (as up North, in rock or jazz) admire and swap stylistic accomplishments with one another, as they have been doing for fifty years.

Since we are rediscovering everybody else these days—from doo-wop groups to blues masters to nostalgic pop-rockers—the discovery of white Southern territorial bands would be a windfall. Lynyrd Skynyrd is a first installment, with—let's hope—more to come. J. V.

ETHEL MERMAN: Her Greatest Hits. Ethel Merman (vocals); instrumental accompaniment: Billy May arr. and cond. I Got Rhythm; Medley—This Is 11/Do I Love You?/Get a Kick Out of You; Sam and Delilah; Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries; Blow, Gabriel, Blow; You're an Old Smoothie; and four others. STANYAN SR 10070 $5.98 (from Stanyan Records, Box 2783, Hollywood, Calif. 90028).

Performance: Loud and lunny
Recording: Good

I get the feeling sometimes that Merman is making a continuous, nonstop comeback. What? Still another record containing I Got Rhythm, I Get a Kick Out of You, You're the Top, and Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor? They seem to be issued by some company or other at the rate of at least once a month. After a while, you begin to know not only the songs but the liner notes by heart.

But are they really issuing any new records of Ethel Merman hits? Or could it be the same record coming out over and over again? In this case it is a reissue. What is labeled here as "Ms. Ethel Merman—Her Greatest Hits" came out years ago on the Reprise label under the title "Mer-Man—Her Greatest!" So if you already have it, don't bother to buy this one again. But if you haven't—wow! Here's the old Ethel, all right, in wide-awake arrangements devised and conducted by Billy May, socking out all the old standbys that made her famous in the Thirties. Here's your big chance to latch on to any of those lines you might have missed in the verses before the familiar choruses of Cole Porter songs. "Ms." Merman did make a brand new record of her stuff for London last year, but she was not quite in the voice she was in for this one. Still, I'm sure we have not heard the last of her.

P.K.

STEVIE MILLER BAND: The Joker. Stevie Miller Band (vocals and instrumentalists). Sugar Babe; Mary Lou; Your Cash Ain't Nothin' but Trash; The Joker; Lovin' Cup; Come On in My Kitchen; and three others. CAPITOL SMAS 11235 $5.98, 8WX 11235 $6.98, 4WX 11235 $6.98.

Performance: Spotty
Recording: Good

If I remember correctly, the Steve Miller Band is a white blues group that grew out of eclectic, disbanding, then re-formed, and has now found its original fans and newcomers to welcome it back.

This new album starts off well with Sugar Babe, which sounds Beatleish and has a lot of

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of jumpy nerve. But then there's Mary Lou, originally recorded by Ronnie Hawkins in the 1950's, when his backup group included future members of the Band (remember them?). Miller's version misses all the built-in clues the tune has as to how it should be played, and it falls flat. He does better on "Your Cash Ain't Nothin' but Trash," which, with its friendly vaudeville jive, seems to be out of the (black) 1940's. It was written by Charles Calhoun, which seems to be a name I should remember . . . wait! I find, on consulting my stacks of shells and towers of vinyl, that the song was cut by the Clovers, one of the early r & b groups, back in 1954. The second side of the album contains Miller originals, with the exception of Robert Johnson's "Come On in My Kitchen," recorded live by Miller as a solo at a club date.

As a white blues band, Miller's is pretty good. I am ambiguous about white blues bands, though, for the following reasons: (1) I heard black blues when quite young so that (2) white blues bands can't be, for me, as good as the originals, yet (3) blues are anybody's property, since white folks get unhappy too, and (4) some individual musicians in white blues bands are better than their black idols, and besides, (5) blues are so much fun to play; but (6) I can't join in the general huzzahs for white blues bands because I think that over the last seven years, despite the rediscovery of black blues masters, white blues bands have gotten the devotion that black blues bands should have had, but then again, (8) wise up, kid, and (9) what does it matter so long as good music gets played well?

What the Miller band can do for blues, they do; what they can't, they can't. In that regard, they're like most white blues outfits. And (10) I am halfway convinced by this band and by JF Murphy's songwriting, but something tells me both are still in rehearsal. The performances and the songs seem always to be on the verge of being really good, but then they slide back into being merely a little better than average.

The group has to iron out a few things. For one, they play a mixture of rock and jazz, whose elements clash where they should either mesh or get out of each other's way. For another, Murphy's vocals seem studied and artificial, as if he were paying more attention to wearing himself than singing alone. And as a resident but unsigned New Yorker of some years, I was surprised by "New York City," which contains the line, "New York City, won't you breathe on me?" Good God, Murphy, as if the city didn't breathe on us enough already. Have you been out at night lately? The second part, "Home," is another of those from-the-street sound monologues that seem to be a small rage of rock artists lately: traffic noise, mumbled voices, sounds of subways, and so forth. In this case it is set to some wayward free-form jazz—the musicians pay no attention to one another as they play. Again, JF Murphy & Salt have got to "get it together," as the young people say. If they do, I'd like to hear them again.

JONI MITCHELL: Court and Spark (see Best of the Month page 75)

ELLIOTT MURPHY: Aquashow. Elliott Murphy (vocals, guitar, harmonica); Matthew Murphy (bass); Gene Parsons (drums); Teddy Irwin (guitar); Frank Owens (keyboards). Last of the Rock Stars; How's the Family; Hangin' Out; Hometown; Gravesyard Scrapbook, and five others. POLYDOR PD 5061 $4.98.

Performance: Well rehearsed Recording: Very good

Don't know about you, but I started to suspect this thing was getting out of hand when a Rent-a-Next-Dylan Shop opened down the block. The most difficult thing about going into the Next Dylan business, it turns out, is

OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS: left to right, Buddy Brayfield, Randle Chowning, Michael Granda, John Dillon, Steve Cash, and Larry Lee

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

THE OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS: Buddy Brayfield (vocals, banjo); Steve Cash (vocals, harmonica); Randle Chowning (guitars, vocals); John Dillon (fiddle, guitar, autoharp, dulcimer, vocals); Michael Granda (bass, vocals); Larry Lee (vocals, drums, guitar). Country Girl; Spaceship Orion; If You Wanna Get to Heaven; Chicken Train; Colorado Song; and five others. A & M SP 4411 $5.98.

Performance: Impressive debut Recording: Very good

Here's a band that knows what it is doing and has most of its warts and wrinkles in character-etching places. The band plays authoritatively a smattering of rock mitigated by the acoustic grace of the Byrds-Burritos-Eagles tradition and a suggestion of country in the accents of some of the boys and in the way Steve Cash plays harp. The songs are not all great but they hold up well, and Road to Glory, Standing on the Rock, Spaceship Orion, and Colorado Song demand several rehearings. The solo vocals are pretty mundane, but the harmonies and dubbed-up choruses handle the real vocal load, and handle it very well.

The Daredevils do have their excesses: Chicken Train, despite a virtuoso performance on what sounds like a jew's harp (and must be the "mouthbow" the credits say John Dillon plays) carries barnyard dadaism too far, and a recycling riff tacked onto the end of the first side is just so much padding. But there are unexpected pleasures, too, such as the funky, ingenious bass singing by someone just the right boys and in the way Cash uses the harp almost as a rhythm instrument—and I could get enough of that—but he helps give the band a signature. On top of all that, one must consider that we had a Colorado boom, a Vermont boom, and a West Virginia boom, and well, why not an Ozark boom?

LOU RAWLS: Live at the Century Plaza. Lou Rawls (vocals); orchestra. Something; Tobacco Road; A Natural Man; Golliwog Slumbers; Dead End Street; and five others. MGM SE-4895 $5.98. © M-8130-4895 $6.98.

Performance: Fair Recording: Noisy

Lou Rawls tries to touch all bases and as a result misses most of them. Jazz, blues, rock—you name it, he tries it. What emerges, for the most part, are Billy Eckstinish vocals fighting with a rampaging orchestra that is supposed to whip up excitement. After a while it all gets as leaden as a soggy blintz. Tobacco Road is his best effort here—that is, what I can hear of it through what must be the noisiest recording of the year.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

DIANA ROSS: The Last Time I Saw Him. Diana Ross (vocals); orchestra. Sleepin'
I don’t know which is a more pleasurable experience—looking at Diana Ross or listening to her. Since this is, too, flawed only in the quality of a couple of songs that seem to have sprung not from the need to get something said in words and music but from the need to fill up an album. Just Not True, written solo, and Forever My Love, written with husband James Taylor, are examples of such fluff. But then Misfit, Grownpup, Think I’m Gonna Have a Baby (which she did), and, especially, Older Sister are all marvelous, and that’s a hell of a lot of marvelous songs for one little phonograph record. Carly and James also do a nifty job of singing Mockingbird. James sounding almost (you’re not going to believe this) happy and getting almost frontal toward the end, which would be a first, you know. The arrangements are good, too, particularly if you crank up the bass at the part where Klaus Voorman starts acting out this athletic fantasy he has. The backing is a bit stiff occasionally—but you should wonder, as I do, if I’d ever bother to notice that if I didn’t know Richard Perry was the producer for the second Carly Simon album in a row. Carly’s outlook is as middle-class as her vocal style is, but intelligently not apologetically so, and that means vast numbers of people can congratulate themselves for having good taste as they sit down and identify with her. That’s what I did.


Performance: Zingy Recording: Very good

Gerry Rafferty and Joe Egan are the main forces in Stealers Wheel, which sounds something like the Beatles warming up. These lads could play the same chord all night long, and as long as they write the way they do now, they may have to—there simply isn’t anything to these songs, except that some of the words do rhyme. The decorations are generally imaginative, if sometimes almost a bit zany: the boys know how to listen with enough objectivity to realize that an electric guitar can be put to good use in unconventional ways (meaning it doesn’t have to try to emulate B.B. King), and they seem to grasp tone and rhythm in a purer way than most arrangers do. All this album needs is words and music. N.C.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Super Recording: Excellent

I’ve lately been complaining about much so-called black music, observing that it’s a counter-defect of its former greatness—mocha, expedient, venally commercial, and dull. So I’m
pleased to be able to cry huzzah about this latest Temptations album. It's sublime. The performances are perfect, the production flawless, the arrangements and musicianship taut, and the songs provocative. The brilliant Norman Whitfield—who wrote and produced the album—has found in the Temptations the ideal vehicle for his ideas, much as Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht found one in Lotte Lenya, or Bert Bacharach and Hal David in Dionne Warwick. Doubtless this album will go to the top of the charts as it deserves; it should also be in the Library of Congress and the White House Record Collection. It is so full of life and savviness, and so American, that it makes you feel good, in these wobbly times, to be so yourself.

Real joy is hard to put down on paper, but if we were together and I wanted to give you a taste of the good life, I would hand you this album and a bottle of 1937 vintage port and wish you Godspeed. J.V.


Recorded during the national tour, this disc has some of the quirky charm of Neil Young's first solo recording; it has some of the problems a Neil Young studio album would have but not of the distressing degree. Most live albums have. Young is strangely authoritative in his uncertainty and puzzlement, like the Young of old, and, even though he does tend to keep rewriting his own stuff, he comes off here again—dare I say it—less as a songwriter a fellow can depend upon. The first few bars establish that the song is indeed going somewhere, and that must be a load off any listener's mind nowadays. Drummer John Barbata slams Time Fades Away relentlessly forward, bringing home to us the importance of simple beat in rock music, and the album is off to a flying start. Young's technical failures as a singer are well known, and practically all of those get involved in this project at one point or another, but it's often better to miss notes fervently than to hit them stolidly. He does, in fact, take his meager vocal equipment, a slightly less modest ability on the piano, a simple and derivative melody, and a fairly ordinary bunch of words, and, somehow, keep an audience engrossed through the Eyes of Cole Porter and the abortive attempt by a socially conscious Mr. Bagley to start his show off right. Fortunately for us, there was a tape recorder around in the heyday of the Shoestring Revues, and this record was dubbed from both the 1955 and 1957 editions. Originally, the album came out on a label called Off-Beat Records and too soon disappeared. This delayed re-release, with deft cover art by Yves Saint Laurent, is a delight from start to finish: the aborted attempt by a socially conscious musical comedy producer to start his show off

...
with an opening number about Man's Inhumanity to Man; generous dollops of Dorothy Greener in skits about a tough-talking roller-derby woman much in love with a salesgirl from W. T. Grant with a numbing wit, and as the star of a full-dress musical that brings Medea to Disneyland in a version for children all riggled out with sugary ditties about bluebirds and a Southland fairy godmother in the pages of Tennessee Williams. Beatrice Arthur (is that you, Maude?) carries a torch for a man who treats her like dirt in a Sheldon Harnick gem of a song called Garbage, and, with Miss Greener, despairs over the birth of a son who has sold his soul to the evil world of the arts instead of knuckling down to a steady job. And so forth.

As noted earlier, it's surprising how much of the comedy has not dated, only the rather roughish style is boxed into the period. After hearing this generous sampling of Mr. Baley's once so stylish revues (they seem to have managed to put practically everything in the two shows on this one record) I found myself wondering if the undertakers really hadn't shved this kind of entertainment under prematurely. It is still breathing. P.K.

**BURNS AND SCHRIEBER: Pure B.S.!**


**Performance: Lowdown Lunacy**

Recording: Good

The suave, stentorian Jack Burns, exuding the air of an encyclopedic salesman with one foot in the door, and the mustachioed, curly-head- ed mischief-welcoming Avery Schreiber have had their full share of television exposure, and their fast exchanges and high-strung skits are often funny and only sometimes fall flat. They specialize in quick raids on the Establishment and well-aimed kicks at stuffy hypocrisy, but their fast exchanges and high-strung skits are often funny and only sometimes fall flat. They specialize in quick raids on the Establishment and well-aimed kicks at stuffy hypocrisy, but TV seldom allows the heavier ammunition they are able to train on their objectives on this occasion.

In their war on the world's kilroy's, Burns and Schreiber start by launching a full-scale attack on sanctimony in Dial-a-Friend, wherein an oily-voiced advice artist cons his callers with preachy platitudes, and for "an extra ten dollars a month will accept an ob- scene phone call for an hour or so by night." In Youth Wants to Know, the author of The Role of the Sadist in Limited Warfare dishearteningly drops descending answers to questions as inane as any real put forward on such charades. Then there is The Faith Healer, another kind of charlatan called Holely Moley, issuing right-wing warnings about "the red tide lapping at the shores of Fire Island" and inviting his radio audience to "kill a Commie for Christ." Later, Police Officer Frank P. Pumphel, described as the person in charge of "an elite division of the vice-squad known as P.R.O.D., or Public Rest- room Observation Duty," reveals his methods for preventing "Commie perverts" and "Moscow Marys" from "making a mockery of America's Public Restroom System." A long skit about a father visiting his son in Greenwich Village and stalwartly refusing to recognize the true nature of the boy's relationship with his roommate has been seen on television but is equally effective as a gloomily parental insensitivity here. In Bookee, a jumble virtually repels a reformer's attempts to convert him to alcohol. Finally there is the classic taxi scene that first brought the Burns and Schreiber style to public attention. It holds up, but in a program where no punches are pulled and few are fumbled. The two write their own stuff—all of it—which may be one of the reasons the pump of their comedy does not have to be primed with feeble gags. This is a funny record, as coarse as its title, but never merely sneer or second-rate. P.K.

**GIGI (Lerner-Loewe).** Original Broadway-cast recording. Alfred Drake, Agnes Moorehead, Maria Karnilova, George Gaynes, and Howard Chitjian (vocals); orchestra, Ross Reimell (conductor). RCA ABL 1-0804 $5.98.

**Performance: Plaster of Paris Recording: Excellent**

The only thing French I can recall from the Lerner and Loewe all-plastic movie version of Gigi is the personality of Maurice Chevalier, lending a jaunty Gallic charm to songs like Thank Heaven for Little Girls and I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore. Now Mr. Chevalier is gone, and Alfred Drake has taken his role in the new stage version. Drake's approach to these numbers is vigorously appealing but also totally British; the last remnants of Frenchness are therefore purged from the snobbish story of the young lady brought up in Paris to lead the life of a professional courtesan. In the new stage version of Frenchmen, is replaced in the role of Gaston, the handsome young man who falls in love with Gigi, by Daniel Massey, an Englishman with a fine acting style and an excellent voice—but an Englishman. Since I am not an admirer of the bouncy synthetic music-hall verve of Gigi's score, I cannot pretend to glow with pleasure at anything in it, neither the songs transplanted from the movie version nor the four new ones that have been added. Between myself and them falls the shadow of an exquisite movie made in France many years ago, so sensitive and faithful to Col- ette's novel that the Anglicized Gigi seems doubly coarse and heavy-handed.

Yet, by this time the score of Gigi (Hollywood's version has been with us since 1957) is so much regarded as a classic that it would be tiresome to cavil. This record reflects an ultra-slick theatrical recreation of it. Of the new songs, two were written for Karin Wolde, who plays the title role. They are The Earth and Other Minor Things and In This Wide, Wide World. Both would be as suitable for Snow White as for Gigi, who, for a courte- san-to-be, come to think of it, is something of a Disney heroine in her current incarnation. Miss Wolde sings every word and note with an admirable sweetness and competence. Then, for Mr. Drake, there's Paris Is Paris Again, a stock Parisian piece, ideal as a period piece. The most ambitious of the new songs is The Contract, a little operetta on the subject of French pragmatism and avarice. Agnes Moorehead and Maria Karnilova are heard in this one as a pair of stereo- typed French madams working out the details of a match in counterpoint with George Gaynes and Howard Chitjian, and it seems as if a conference of accountants. When it finally did end, there were still three songs to go, but by that time I was fed up with this glib snobbish story of the young lady brought up prematurely. It is still breathing. P.K.
When Ella Fitzgerald, that hardiest of warbling perennials, stepped out on the stage of Carnegie Hall wearing new glasses and a wild-print dress to deliver a kind of autobiography in song on the night of July 5, 1973, she had all the help she could ask for—indeed, more than she needed. On hand to accompany her and to make her feel at home were her favorite quartet—Tommy Flanagan on piano, Keeter Betts on bass, Freddie Waits on drums, Joe Pass on guitar. Later, the Chick Webb Orchestra, which was there behind her when she first sang A-Tisket A-Tasket at the age of eighteen (she's fifty-five now) was present for a historic reprise, with some of the men from the original combo—Eddie Barefield and Pete and Arthur Clarke on saxophone, Taffy Jordan and Dick Vance on trumpet, George Matthews on trombone—still in there making good music. In the manner of a Newport matinee, the instrumentalists took over for a kind of jam session during the course of the evening, with Al Grey, Eddie “Lockjaw” Davis, and Roy Eldridge featured as inspired improvisational soloists in a mini-concert that included I Can't Get Started, The Young Man with the Horn, Round Midnight, Star Dust, and Ellington's C Jam Blues.

The concert was slightly rearranged for Columbia's "Live at Carnegie Hall," a two-record set, and the instrumental interlude gets a side all to itself, which it certainly deserves, but it is still Ella's evening. We hear her fitting herself comfortably into song after song, relaxed and surefooted and altogether genuine. Acknowledging a surge of emotion, the singer takes us on like a tennis champion lobbing a series of fast ones. She turns herself into a kind of black Sophie Tucker for her own Harlem version of Some of These Things, stretches the toes of her style voluptuously in the warm bath of I'm in the Mood for Love, and winds up with a personalized version of People that owes nothing at all to Barbra Streisand. Miss Fitzgerald has always given me the creeps when she starts speaking in tongues, in that peculiar kind of dazed doodley-doodley-doo gibberish singers used to mumble when they thought they were sounding like saxophones, and there's an excruciating example in Lemon Drop; as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing else wrong here. Ella is in glorious form—irresistible throughout. Long may she tour!

Irving Townsend has contributed to the album one of those chatty show-biz liners that is unnervingly inside-track and dreadfully knowing, but also, in this instance, exceptionally informative.

ELLA FITZGERALD: Newport Jazz Festival—Live at Carnegie Hall, Ella Fitzgerald (vocals); Ellis Larkins (piano); Jazz at the Plaza. COLUMBIA C 32470 $4.98. The final side presents some challenges, but the singer takes them on like a tennis champion lobbing a series of fast ones. She turns herself into a kind of black Sophie Tucker for her own Harlem version of Some of These Things, stretches the toes of her style voluptuously in the warm bath of I'm in the Mood for Love, and winds up with a personalized version of People that owes nothing at all to Barbra Streisand. Miss Fitzgerald has always given me the creeps when she starts speaking in tongues, in that peculiar kind of dazed doodley-doodley-doo gibberish singers used to mumble when they thought they were sounding like saxophones, and there's an excruciating example in Lemon Drop; as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing else wrong here. Ella is in glorious form—irresistible throughout. Long may she tour!

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Hotel was not recorded with release in mind—although a threatened recording ban might have been a motivating factor—but surely it should have been clear to anyone hearing these tapes even then that this is not the sort of stuff you keep in the rack like a rare wine too precious to be uncorked. Yet time has made it akin to rare wine, a vintage to be savored in the knowledge that we shall never again get the likes of it. One might wish the balance had been a bit better, particularly on If I Were a Bell, but, given the content of this bottle, that is an annoyance to be overlooked as readily as a bit of cork floating in the glass. Miles' music has aged beautifully; it gives us Coltrane in transition, Cannonball in ascension. Evans in full bloom. Chambers and Jones rendezvous in rhythm orbit, and Miles way ahead. Skaal! C.A.

ROY ELDRIDGE: The Nifty Cat Strikes West. Roy Eldridge (trumpet); Grover Mitchell (trombone); Eric Dixon (tenor saxophone and flute); Gene Bell (piano); Norman Keenan (bass); Louis Bellson (drums). Blue 'n Boo-gie; Willow Weep for Me; Satin Doll; and four others. MASTER JAZZ MJR 8121 $5.98. (Available from Master Jazz Records, P.O. Box 579, Lenox Hill Sta., New York, N.Y. 10021.)

Performance: Flawless
Recording: Excellent

Don't let the dull cover of this album fool you, for the music within is superb: small-band swing at its very best. The session took place in San Francisco in July of 1966, when Roy Eldridge and all but one of his cohorts—pianist Bill Bell—were on tour with the Count Basie band. It is from beginning to end a most relaxed set, with excellent arrangements by Eric Dixon and fine solos by all. Louis Bellson and Norman Keenan lend the kind of solid rhythmic support one would expect of Basie men, Grover Mitchell and Eric Dixon swing their perennial posteriors off. Bill Bell keeps admirable pace with his illustrious company, and Roy Eldridge forms the heart of this delectable artichoke. He builds up his solos with architectural logic, embellishes his material with exquisite taste and invention, and delivers it all in a characteristic tone: soaring, growing, and oozing beauty and fire. C.A.

GENE HARRIS: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow. Gene Harris (piano); John Hatton (bass); Carl Burnett (drums and percussion). Trieste: Monk's Tune; On Green Dolphin Street; After Hours; and seven others. BLUE NOTE BN-LA141-G2 two discs $6.98.

Performance: Reliable
Recording: Excellent

Gene Harris' Three Sounds group was popular on the jazz-club circuit in the early Sixties, but it never sent critics scrambling for their typewriters. Yet, he is a good pianist with a very pleasant, bluesy style and a technique that is beyond reproach. The trio is a close-knit unit, but it fails to generate any excitement, and it is indistinguishable from any number of lesser-known, competent piano, bass, and drums combinations. The repertoire for this set has been chosen with taste, the album is skillfully executed and well recorded, but two sides would have sufficed. C.A.

Chick Corea's album of solo improvisations—recorded in Oslo in 1971—is not quite "one of the finest jazz albums of all time," as Polydor's blurb contends, and I am not even sure it can be called a jazz album, but it is an extremely beautiful set of impromptu lyrical performances by a pianist whose true artistry has never been made more clear.

Keith Jarrett and Jack De Johnette, who have collaborated in the past (as members of the original Charles Lloyd Quartet and a later Miles Davis group) go it alone here on "Ruta + Daitya,” a set of marvelous instrumental dialogues without the slightest conversational lag.

English bassist David Holland, another Miles Davis alumni, recorded his album "Conference of the Birds" in New York in 1972. An outstanding performer himself, he has also chosen his cohorts well; Sam Rivers and Anthony Braxton are among the new music’s most exceptional reed men, and I strongly recommend this album to anyone who still thinks the new music is a structureless hit-and-miss exercise.

Vibraphonist Gary Burton's album, recorded in Massachusetts last year, is his first with his new quartet. Along with the three other releases, it demonstrates producer Eicher's apparent ability to bring out the best in his artists. Burton has never sounded better, and his three colleagues, none of whom I have heard before, are outstanding.

A sixth album, by Norwegian guitarist Terje Rypdal, was announced as part of this initial release, but I did not receive a copy of it in time for this review. However, the five albums I did receive were selected from over thirty ECM releases and were designed to introduce the series to the American market. They are superb both technically and musically. The irony is, of course, that such a distinguished collection of American music has to come to us by way of Europe.

ROBIN KENYATTA: Girl from Martinique. Robin Kenyatta (flute, alto saxophone, percussion); Wolfgang Dauner (clavinet, piano); Arild Andersen (bass); Fred Braceful (drums). Blues for Your Mama; Thank You Jesus; and two others. POLYDOR ECM 1008 ST $6.98.


KEITH JARRETT/JACK DE JOHNETTE: Ruta + Daitya. Keith Jarrett (piano, E-piano, organ, flute); Jack De Johnette (percussion). Algiers; Pastel Morning; All We Got; and four others. POLYDOR ECM 1021 ST $6.98.

DAVID HOLLAND QUARTET: Conference of the Birds. David Holland (bass); Sam Rivers, Anthony Braxton (reeds, flutes); Barry Altschul (marimba, percussion). Four Winds; Interception; and four others. POLYDOR ECM 1027 ST $6.98.

GARY BURTON: The New Quartet. Gary Burton (vibraphone); Michael Goodrick (guitar); Abraham Laboriel (bass); Harry Blazer (drums). Open Your Eyes, You Can Fly; Browndown; Olhos de Gato; and five others. POLYDOR ECM 1030 ST $6.98.
GREAT WHALES AND LITTLE PIECES

When I heard the opening, earth-shaking measures of Also Sprach Zarathustra rumbling as “music under” for a stomach mint commercial on TV the other evening, it occurred to me that Richard Strauss, with his acquisitive itch, had lived too soon. Corporate purges are wide open for the ghouls who plunder the works of dead composers to supply the TV theme market, as they are for those living composers who can find nothing better to do with their ingenuity. In comparison with some others, Bernard Herrmann, who has made art out of an extraordinary facility for musical characterization, has pursued a rigorously artistic course in restricting himself to film scores and other serious musical pursuits.

Herrmann is a curious example of an American composer whose music has been heard by literally millions but who nevertheless is better known in a foreign country (England) than in his own. When he was growing up in the Thirties, he acquired a taste for the singular and the uncommon in music, ranging from Charles Ives and Carl Ruggles to Josef Hol- brooke and Bernard Van Dieren. All were otherwise deployed, was a vintage year for wines (the male population of France being unknown. A pity, for they may, as a result, be consumed instead of producing anything as good as Dieterle's The Maltese Falcon, or something similarly exalted) when he asked a member of the reed section, “Who told you you could play the clarinet?” and was answered, “Who told you you could conduct?” It was a matter of one Benny to another, for the clarinetist was B. Goodman (this was before that name became well-known as Johnny Green, now less well-known as John Green). Herrmann rehearsed the Green program, enduring in the process such trials by fire as the scathing repartee that developed (during the preparation of the Poet and Peasant Overture, or something similarly elevated) when he asked a member of the reed section, “Who told you you could play the clarinet?” and was answered, “Who told you you could conduct?” It was a matter of one Benny to another, for the clarinetist was B. Goodman (this was before that name became a household word), and Herrmann is “Benny” to his many friends to this day.

Herrmann qualified to be addressed more formally as Bernard as early as April 1940, when his name appeared in a program of the New York Philharmonic as the composer of a cantata based on Herman Melville's Moby Dick, John Barbirolli conducting. It was a good piece then, and it is a good piece now, as one can hear from a recording (TPLS 13006) made under the composer's direction for the English Virtuoso label. The following year, 1941, though not a good year for French wines (the male population of France being otherwise deployed), was a vintage year for Herrmann. He was nominated for an Academy award not once but twice: for Citizen Kane and for All That Money Can Buy, the William Dieterle-directed version of The Devil and Daniel Webster. The Devil won, and Herrmann got his Oscar.

Since then, scarcely a year has passed without at least one film score by Herrmann, including works of such excellence as those for Anna and the King of Siam, The Day the Earth Stood Still, Five Fingers, and, of course, the now lengthy Hitchcock sequence that began in 1958 with The Trouble with Harry. But all this movie work has impelled the composer toward, rather than diverting him from, flexing his mental muscles elsewhere. It was as a result of his work on Jane Eyre (1943) that he became absorbed in the subject of the Bronte sisters, an absorption that was to produce Wuthering Heights, perhaps the only opera by an American to have been recorded without ever having been staged (Pye CSCI 30173, four discs). I don't doubt that a lot of Hitchcock-derived loot went into the financing of this recording (of excellent quality, incidentally). What went into the writing of it was a good deal of sturdy dramaturgy, but the score did not escape the unevenness that mars many first operas, and Herrmann has not, alas, been motivated to undertake another.

The purpose of this paean to Herrmann is not, however, to propagandize for his compositions but rather to salute his abilities as an interpreter of music, his own and that of others. As I have suggested above, he is much more a presence in English concert halls than he is in American ones. He occupied, from time to time, a flat near Regent's Park in London, and I am told by a recent returnee that he now lives in one formerly occupied by that star of the political theater known as Christine Keeler. I am told by a recent returnee that he now lives in one formerly occupied by that star of the political theater known as Christine Keeler. Life in London (which he enjoys), a solicitous wife, and a fine bank balance are equitable consolations for never having made the Arthur Judson management stable, for never having learned how to bow from the waist at symphony-orchestra board meetings.

Since Herrmann does not frequent our American concert halls, there may be more than a few to whom his flair as a conductor is unknown. A pity, for they may, as a result, be denying themselves substantial pleasure. Like a bygone celebrity he affectionately dubbed
"the old boy" (perhaps because Sir Thomas Beecham directed the radio premiere of his Welles Raises Kane suite in 1942), Herrmann has rarely felt impelled to perform music he didn't genuinely enjoy. But, considering the variety of names peppered through the preceding paragraphs, it should not be surprising that the range of his musical sympathies is wide. As documented in a series of excellent recordings for London, Herrmann's favor extends to such works as the Second Symphony of Ives (the most affecting, because the most unaffected, performance I have heard of this work; SPC 21086), Holst's The Planets (clangorous and communicative, minus any Stokowskian "reinforcements"; SPC 21049), and the delectable oddities embodied in the collection called "The Impressionists" (especially Faure's Pavane, Satie's Gymnopédies I and II, and Ravel's ineffable Five O'Clock Fox-Trot; SPC 21026).

A companion to the last-named release is a more recent miscellany, misleadingly titled "Four Faces of Jazz," on SPC 21077. It includes not only the best performance on contemporary discs of Milhaud's Création du Monde and a pungent one of Stravinsky's Ragtime, but equally appropriate treatments of music by Gershwin and Weill: a brilliantly persuasive rendering of the Variations on 1 Gru Rythms (David Parkhouse is the gifted pianist) and a suitably see one of the songs from The Three Penny Opera.

The specific distinction between Herrmann's re-creation of these pieces and those of most others is simple: he was around when they were being created, he understands the idiom as well as he understands his own, and he is therefore neither faking nor intellectualizing the appropriate mode or manner when he conducts them. In more than a few instances—and this applies certainly to Milhaud, Ives, and Weill—he knew the composers and has access to personal insights not shared by others.

Music careers run many courses and they proceed at many paces. There is a breed of interpreter born to flourish when young, one to whom maturity may be an unwelcome synonym for aging. Such performers tend to be those who revel in technical expertise and the kind of music in which it is most appropriate. One such I think of in this context reacted with alarm rather than with pride to the news that a famous version of the Liszt B Minor Sonata he recorded in the Thirties was going to be reissued in the Sixties. With concern in his voice, he said, "I can't play it that way any more"—as if there were no values to a musical interpretation but the physical.

Herrmann, however, is an interpreter whose interests, sensitivities, and expository abilities are flourishing now as never before. As he would not impart to his own lovely string quartet called Echoes (coupled on Pye's Golden Guinea Collector Series GSGG 1 with Edmund Rubbra's Quartet No. 2) the breadth of sound he poured into "And God created great whales" at the beginning of his Moby Dick, so the hand he applied to Five O'Clock Fox-Trot is not the one he reserves for The Planets. In a time of competition among batonists for the next version of Bruckner's Eighth, Beethoven's Ninth, Mahler's Tenth, and Shostakovich's Eleventh, it is reassuring to know that there is, at large and practicing, one remaining Master of Musicae. Long may he continue to flourish in all his idiosyncratic individuality.

If anybody knows what Ella Fitzgerald sounds like, it's her old friend Count Basie.

So we set up a test. First, we put Ella in a soundproof booth and recorded her singing on Memorex with MRX₂ Oxide. Then we invited the Count into the studio.

He listened, but didn't look, as we alternated between Ella singing live and Ella recorded on Memorex with MRX₂ Oxide.

After switching back and forth a number of times, we asked the Count which was Ella live and which was Ella on Memorex.

His answer: "You gotta be kidding, I can't tell." Now it just stands to reason that if an expert like Count Basie can't tell the difference between "live" and Memorex, you probably can't either.

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RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

ALI AKBAR KHAN: Raga Manj Khammaj; Raga Misra Mand. Ali Akbar Khan (sarod); Nikhil Banerjee (sitar); Mahapurush Misra (tabla). CONNOISSEUR SOCIETY CS 2055 $5.98.

Performance: Remarkably colorful
Recording: Excellent

The particular aspect of special note in this recording is the use of both the sitar and the sarod in the duet form known, if memory serves, as jugelbandi. On the whole, the sitar is used in its lower registers, creating a kind of treble-alto interchange that is very striking and beautiful. In this context, the tabla emerges not only as a rhythmic element but as a kind of bass. Of course, I do not intend to imply that this “voicing” has anything to do with harmonic parts in the Western sense: rather, it is a play of registers and timbres that is certainly an important part of Indian performing tradition. Importantly as the sitar may be in this kind of duet music, there is really no question as to where the focus of interest lies. Ali Akbar Khan gets very much into the play of timbres when he pushes off from the lower strings of the sarod. The arrival point of this raga is a striking rhythmic unison that provides a blend of sound and a sense of arrival that is actually unusual (and probably quite modern) in Indian music. The Raga Misra Mand on the other side seems less dramatic and more lyric, moving on to a really breathtaking series of tempo step-ups in which the sitar participates on an equal basis. The end is a whirlwind. The recording is beautiful, all in.
Absolutely beautiful Bartók songs

Julia Hamari

Ashton Hammer


Performance: Top-drawer
Recording: Excellent

Vladimir Horowitz has recorded both of these sonatas before, his earlier "Waldstein" having been released as RCA Victor LM 2009 in 1955 and the "Appassionata" as RCA Victor M 2366 (now deleted) four years later. This Columbia album is, in my view, the finest Beethoven he has yet given us. Thus, for example, the new "Appassionata" boasts an almost symphonically conceived first movement (I could well imagine Toscanini performing it this way had it been written for orchestra), a highly poetic and freer slow movement, and an emotionally

turbulent finale. Some of these same symphonic qualities were also present in the earlier version, but here they sound less blown-up and exaggerated: there is, overall, more spontaneity, as well as a wonderful feeling of inevitability about the progress of themes and their relation to the structure, and a greater identification with the Classical-Romantic spirit of the period of composition. The forced accent (forzando) is used to a greater degree than is usual in most performances of Beethoven on the piano, even more than in Horowitz's earlier Beethoven.

In his attempt to seek tonal clarity Horowitz seems in fact to emulate some of the characteristics of the piano of Beethoven's time. This is most apparent in his new "Waldstein," where the low-lying passages, left-hand arpeggios, and so forth emerge with far more clarity than in his previous recording. Here, too, Horowitz adopts an epic but not dynamically or tonally overstated approach to the instrument and the piece. To be sure, the pianist's usual enormous control, both interpretive and technical, is displayed in both sonatas. Yet, in many ways, the results here sound freer and more natural, even in the manner in which the pieces are held together; there is dramatic tension, but there is also a modicum of relaxation—and when the music heads for a climax (as in the codas of both sonatas' fast movements), the effect is hair-raising but intrinsically Beethovenesque in its stylistic boundaries. The sound is fine.

I.K.

BASSETT: Sounds Remembered (see KUP-FERMAN)

STereo Review
The Music of Gesualdo

Just what kind of madrigals might a sixteenth-century Italian nobleman, a manic-depressive with strong masochistic tendencies, be expected to write?

Reviewed by Igor Kipnis

Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa (ca. 1560-1613), is perhaps as well-known for his personal life as for his compositions. He had his first wife, Maria d'Avola, murdered along with her lover, and, according to anecdotes, killed his son by her because he doubted the paternity of the child. A second marriage, to Leonora d'Este of the prestigious court of Ferrara, was not a happy one either. The composer-prince appears to have been something of a manic-depressive with strong tendencies toward masochism. The first two books of his madrigals, which were published in Ferrara in 1594, reveal nothing of these personality characteristics: they are merely well-made, rather limpid, reflective pieces using all the conventional composing devices of that time. But with Voi volete ch'io mora (You want me to die), which commences his third book (published in Ferrara the following year), one suddenly hears some startling shifts, unexpected harmonies, anguished chromaticisms, and angular melodic leaps. This foreshadowing is intermittent until the fourth book, printed in the same city in 1596, two years after his second marriage. The brooding from here on becomes almost omnipresent. Chromaticism abound, the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts reflect morbidity, madness, anguish, and the texts 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I Puritani is the current "in" bel canto opera; this recording follows its recent revival by the New York City Opera Company, first in Los Angeles and then in its home city. The cast of the recording has been strengthened by artists of international rank, but the pivotal elements—Beverly Sills and conductor Julius Rudel—are the same.

I Puritani was Bellini's last opera and, in the view of some commentators, his best. Sweeping judgments are not really my style, so I am inclined to view such assertions with some reservations, but I do consider I Puritani an opera of considerable power and theatrical effectiveness, quite apart from its abundant melodic riches. The libretto of Count Carlo Pepoli has its weaknesses, but it gives us personalities with recognizable human traits, reactions, and sensibilities. In the role of Elvira, the trusting, wronged, but ultimately blissful Puritan maiden, Beverly Sills offers an interpretation of by now familiar compositions. Above all, her singing is a study in excellence. The composer himself, in his best.

The recording has been strengthened by artists of international rank, but the pivotal element in the overall result is the Puritani trio. Paul Plishka sings the part of Elvira's kind uncle with mellowness, dignity, and fine responsiveness to Bellini style. On the other hand, although Louis Quilico portrays the character of Arturo's rival vigorously and convincingly, he is not comfortable with the florid writing. The others perform their relatively small roles credibly, and the experienced Ambrosian Chorus gives a good account of itself throughout. There are a few passing moments of coarseness in the orchestral textures, and the overall sound impression is impressive and even eloquent. Julius Rudel has become a thoroughly persuasive interpreter of the Donizetti-Bellini repertoire, displaying an evident understanding of and affection for the bel canto style.

This is the most complete version of I Puritani before the public, restoring a few passages (none particularly significant, though) omitted from the Sibelius-Bonyegey edition on London OSA 1373. The comparison between the two sets is unavoidable, and the choice will be defined by one's preference for the superior dramatic insight and variety of Sills or the higher degree of Sutherland's vocal cal refinement. In all other elements the two sets are closely matched. It should be added, though, that London has a new I Puritani awaiting release, with Luciano Pavarotti joining the Sutherland-Bonyegey team. You may want to wait until it comes out before purchasing any version.

G.J.

BERWALD: String Quartet No. 1, in G Minor; String Quartet No. 2, in E-flat Major; String Quartet No 3, in A Minor. Phoenix String Quartet. GOLDEN CRESCENT-CRS-41233 two discs $13.96.

Performance: A bit rough but vital
Recording: Close-miked

While the string quartets of Sweden's nineteenth-century composer Franz Berwald (1796-1868) don't pack quite the wallop of his four major essays for orchestra, the three that survive from the pairs written in 1818 and 1849 are superbly crafted and vital in substance, antedating in some respects the quartets of Brahms and Franck. The G Minor Quartet could even be mistaken in many ways for undiscovered Schubert, save that the Viennese master had written none of his mature chamber music masterpieces by that time (1818). The E-flat is not only intriguing in its fanciful ideas and juxtapositions, but its one-move structure can be said to anticipate that of the Sibelius Sev-
enth Symphony. The scherzo section embedded midway in the adagio contains some of Berwald's most scintillating quartet writing. The A Minor Quartet combines something of the Romantic fervor of the G Minor with the brilliance of the E-flat, and for my taste is the most satisfying of the lot.

Record buyers in Sweden have had their choice for some years of two versions of the Berwald quartets in their entirety: one by the Hamburg-based Bentheim Quartet, and another by the Frydén Quartet. In this country, separate performances of the E-flat by the Saulesco Quartet and of the A Minor by the Copenhagen Quartet have been available, through import specialist shops in the former instance and on Turnabout TV 34091S in the latter.

The Phoenix Quartet brings great vigor and passion to its performance, but the tone of the group is not as polished nor the critical attacks as precise as in the readings of the Copenhagen Quartet or the Bentheim Quartet. Still, this is no reason to forgo the opportunity of getting to know all three of these works, which in my opinion should be part of the regular concert repertoire of Romantic chamber music.

The Golden Crest SQ-matrix four-channel recording is rather close-miked in the frontal channels, but comfortably so, while the rear channels expand the listening ambiance effectively without in any way obscuring the musical texture. D.H.


Performance: Good Recording: Dull

André Campara (1660-1744) spent the early part of his career as a church composer, writing some stage works under a pseudonym for fear of losing his position as director of music at Notre-Dame in Paris. By 1700, however, he began writing in earnest for the stage, and he became the most important composer of ballets, lyric tragedies, entrées, divertissements, and opera-ballets in the period between Lully and Rameau.

Campara scored a particular success in 1710 with Le Seize Vénitiennes, an opera-ballet extravaganza in which the plot took second place to the concept of varied and colorful tableaux, graceful dances, and, almost for the first time, the exploitation of comedy on the lyric stage. The Parisians, tired of the formalized stage tragedies of the older school, took to Campara's comic fantasy with enthusiasm, and Les Fêtes Vénitiennes stayed in the repertoire until 1762.

In the present selection of dances — just over a half-hour's worth — there are some charming examples of Campara's melodiousness, rhythmic zest, and characterizations of Spaniards, French peasants, Bohemians, and buffoons. The Collegium Aureum ensemble interprets the eleven instrumental excrpts with knowledgeable style, though perhaps not with the maximum sparkle and rhythmic pointilng, and the disc is a good contribution to a rather unexplored area of the Baroque. The quality of sound, however, is rather dull (the harpschord continuo is almost nonexistent), and I would strongly recommend giving it a sharp treble boost. I.K.
RCA's recording leaves no doubts about the genuine musical merits of La Juive. Halévy was a first-rate composer. It is not enough to say that he knew his craft well enough to teach it to such pupils as Charles Gounod and Georges Bizet, for that implies only academic knowledge. Halévy was also gifted with a sure theatrical sense. Even Wagner thought highly enough of him to exempt him from his wholesale condemnation of the Meyerbeerian school of "grand opera" producers. La Juive (set to one of Eugène Scribe's best librettos) is not free of grand theatrical gestures, but the action that develops against the historical background (the Council of Constance in 1414, following the defeat of the Hussite rebellion) is convincing; the characters are strongly etched, and the listener is firmly gripped by the tension of the plot. The vocal writing is superb; the choral ensembles are effective and cannily developed, and the color and sophistication of Halévy's orchestration are of a kind. The famous verse aria "Dieux, m'eclaire," which has been added as a supplemental piece in A-flat and the closing one in D-major (it is the aria Berlioz saw in that era) — and Berlioz lacked Halévy's natural understanding of the theater.

This is a grand opera with ample opportunities for its substantial cast. Richard Tucker as a commanding Eleazar, brings dignity and fine artistic restraint to the Passover Scene and a convincing fervor to his fourth-act aria. The taxing cabaleta following the aria ("Dieu, m'eclaire") is omitted here. That is a minor loss, but I do regret the omission of the powerful scene between Eleazar and Brogni in the fourth act. Ronald Gage delivers Brogni's two imposing scenes with sonority and good style. As Martino, Humeau comes up well, unerringly, in the role. When the character is brought in, the color and the orchestration are strongly etched, and the listener is firmly gripped by the tension of the plot. The vocal writing is superb; the choral ensembles are effective and cannily developed, and the color and sophistication of Halévy's orchestration are of a kind. The famous verse aria "Dieux, m'eclaire," which has been added as a supplemental piece in A-flat and the closing one in D-major (it is the aria Berlioz saw in that era) — and Berlioz lacked Halévy's natural understanding of the theater.

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The Yuval is an Israeli ensemble making its Deutsche Grammophon recording debut—and Weber and Rafael Kubelik (Deutsche 4,4 bis, 5, and 6; Concerto Grosso in C Major HANDEL: Concerti Grossi, Op. 3, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6) are charming, virtuoso cello and orchestra. Raymond Leppard cond. Philips 6700 050 two discs $17.96.

Performance: Exceptional

Recording: Superb

The major portion of this album, the latest in Raymond Leppard's estimable Handel series, is devoted to the Op. 3 Concerti Grossi, including both totally divergent versions of No. 4. The playing is on the same high level found in such previous issues in the series as the Op. 6 Concerti Grossi, the concerto for double wind choirs, a collection of overtures, the Water Music, the Water Music Suite, and the various orchestral pieces that are thematically related to the last two works. Altogether, so far, it's a really fine series, with Leppard's imaginative understanding of the composer setting a standard that has seldom been equaled. To take just one imaginative example from Op. 3: the opening concerto has come down to us as a three-movement work, with a first movement in B-flat Major followed by two in the relative minor (G), a rather improbable published grouping in which Handel most likely had no part. Leppard has added an extra movement in B-flat Major as a finale, removing it from the end of the second concerto where it was extraneous.

Equally intriguing in this album is the choice of additional orchestral pieces. some of them are familiar (such as the 'Alexander's Feast' Concerto), others very likely being first recordings (the delightful Hornpipe written for a 1740 concert at the Vauxhall Gardens and the impressive three-movement Overture in B-flat). The isolated Overture in D and the Largo in F (a reworking for two horns and orchestra of a movement from an oboe concerto) are also welcome. I do think, however, that Leppard might have applied himself to supplying what is obviously a missing fugue in the first movement of the Overture in D, the abruptness of the adagio in B Minor after the initial dotted opening is jarring, as it is also in Linde's version on Archive 1333079.

Throughout these two discs, the English Chamber Orchestra and the various instrumental soloists play with enormous verve and vitality, and the recorded sound is extraordinarily good. I.K.


Performance: Attractive

Recording: Symphonic

The Haydn piano trios—trios for piano with violin and cello "accompaniment," as they were usually styled—contain some of the finest little-known music in the Classical literature. Their rediscovery (hampered no doubt by the largely secondary role assigned to the violin and cello) was only a matter of time.

This album is listed as Volume Four in a series of Haydn trios being recorded by the excellent Beaux Arts Trio. The performances and recordings are symphonic in scope, and the caliber of the playing is uniformly of the highest quality. I don't find any special insights into Haydn's particular genius; for example, gorgeous tone and suave, melodic ensemble are stressed at the possible expense of wit or fantasy or playfulness. Similarly, the chocolate-fudge recording is rich for my taste and not especially suited to Haydn chamber music. Nevertheless, the charms of the music are charming, indeed, and very much to the fore in such previous issues in the series as the Op. 27, 33, 34, 40, and 54 piano trios, both of the Op. 20 set, and Nos. 5 and 14 from the Op. 74 set.

Both programs... on LP, Cartridge & Cassette.

CIRCLE NO. 2 ON READER SERVICE CARD

MAY 1974
and the utter suavity and mellow cantabile of the playing are certainly enthrancing. E.S.

JOSQUIN DES PRES: Déploration sur la Mort d'Ockeghem (see OCKEGHEM)


KUPFERMAN: Fantasy Sonata. Robert Mann (violin); William Masselos (piano). BASSETT: Sounds Remembered. (Charles Treger (violin); Samuel Sanders (piano). Desto SC 7142 $5.98.

Performances: Very good

Recordings: Desto better

If Meyer Kupferman is not as well represented on the concert platform as he might be, he is fortunate in having a great many of his works available in excellent recorded performances. And if the wonderful enthusiasm of the Serenus program—note writer (about Kupferman’s importance in the ultimate scheme of things) seems more touching and naive than prophetic, there is no doubt at all about Kupferman’s good-hearted skill and — dare I say it? — the “listenable” of his music. The Two-Piano Sonata and the Woodwind Quintet date from the late Fifties: Infinites 22, composed in the late Sixties, is one of a series of twenty-five works based on a single tone row. The Fantasy Sonata of 1970, commissioned by and recorded with a grant from the McKim Fund of the Library of Congress, uses related material in a still wider context. It seems to me one of Kupferman’s best and most attractive works.

Leslie Bassett’s Sounds Remembered (1971) was composed and recorded under the same auspices. The remembered sounds are fragments from the work of Bassett’s friend and sometime mentor, the Spanish-British pupil of Schoenberg, Robert Gerhard, who died in 1970: this work, written a year later, is a hommage to the older composer. It is a longish piece, moody, full of effective gestures. Both works — indeed, all the works on both records — are very well performed. The Desto recording is sonically more attractive. E.S.


Performance: Excellent

Recording: Good

Franz Liszt published three collections under the title Years of Pilgrimage. The first set, Switzerland, turned up in 1855, although most of the music had been written two decades earlier. The pieces in this set are mostly nature-inspired, and at least one of the works, the Vallée d’Obermann, is by itself a major Liszt tone poem. The second set, Italy, published three years later (the supplement, Vénétie e Napoleone, was put out another two years after that) also consists of reworkings of earlier music, mostly souvenirs of the composer’s travels with the Countess Marie d’Agoult. The inspiration here is cultural rather than natural: Raphael, Michelangelo, the Salvator Rosa, Petrich, and Dante (who inspired a sonata, the largest work in the Années). The Third Year, published in 1883, only three years before the composer’s death, carries no single specific geographic location, and the character of the music is meditative. These very striking late pieces, with one exception not very well known, form a fitting conclusion to the great cycle of the Années, a cycle that covers the tremendous range of Liszt’s creative life and imagination.

A great deal of the composer’s best and most original music can be found in these highly poetic and colorful pieces. The brilliant and the demonic sides of Liszt’s personality are only too well known. But the music of the composer, from early to late, is another character — philosophical lyricism, one might call it. Indeed, the Années de Pélérinage suggest that Liszt was as important as Wagner in the evolution of the expressive tradition that culminated in Mahler and the Viennese school. Rich, wonderful stuff.

Jerome Rose is a first-rate interpreter of all this. He has the technical skills in abundance, but, contrary to what one might imagine, the real challenges here are not technical. Rose really captures (and sustains) the tonal effect of early in the music without giving any impression of mere rhetoric or synthetic emotion. Once or twice I think he misses the essentially vocal character of the lyricism, and one or two of his tempos are on the slow side — the Canzonetta del Salvator Rosa is the most obviously misjudged in this respect. But the overall impression is very strong: indeed, Rose makes remarkable overall sense out of the collection. The music emerges in all its variety and invention, and yet a naive, yearning vision is pervasive.

The sonic qualities of the recordings are good, but the review discs themselves were inferior. And surely Vox could easily have managed to indicate the actual order of the pieces to go along with its fine and informative program notes. E.S.


Performance: Concerto strong, suite sluggish

Recording: Concerto good, suite poor

Edward MacDowell has been compared — not unfairly but not without a bit of malicious patronage — to his older Norwegian contemporary Edvard Grieg. After all, MacDowell was born (in 1861) in New York City, but it was in France and Germany that he studied and European Romanticism followed him unhappily all the way back to Boston. There is certainly an affinity between those open, melodic, fluid works by Grieg and MacDowell’s own fluency and gift for melody, as well as his fondness for delineating the moods of nature in delicate musical sketches. But Grieg was consciously nationalistic; MacDowell gave regional and “American” titles to his pieces only with a sense that he was betraying his belief in the universality of music as a language. Still, he couldn’t resist the regional material that lay unexplored at his disposal, and he called his “Indian” Suite he made use of American Indian themes before Dvořák got around to composing the “New World” Symphony. The suite has a compelling atmosphere, from the opening notes of the lively and confident mood in a running motif of three notes through the tender passages of the Love Song and the somewhat tacky rhythms of the Indi-
an war dance. But only in the poignant Dirge did MacDowell come close to the gravity and grandeur of his subject matter.

The piano concertos are another matter. The Second Concerto in particular, written in the 1880's, is fleet and shipshape beyond the constructions of its day. It sings to us still, free and open, in a voice compatible with Whitman's. A fresh kind of musical air blows through its pages despite the European accent of the musical idiom and there is a hint of things to come in the flirtations with syncopation, intimations of Gershwin and even Bernstein—or are they reminiscences of Gottschalk? Throughout, the orchestral colorings are lovely, and the flights of inventive writing for piano no less than brilliant. And so must this work be played—with brilliance. The concerto has been performed on records a number of times—by Jesús María Sanromá by Van Cliburn, by Roberto Szidon. List's grand Romantic line here almost rivals that of Sanromá in the recording conducted by Howard Hanson (alas, no longer available), while the recorded sound and the orchestral playing under Siegfried Landau are not disappointing. What is disappointing is the soft, almost sentimental treatment of the "Indian" Suite here, and the inferior recorded sound on that side of an otherwise valuable release. Mr. Hanson did much better by the suite for Mercury back in the old pre-stereo days, and so did his engineers.

P.K.


Performance: Lyrical
Recording: Spacious but warm

When I reviewed the 1966 Eugene Ormandy-Philadelphia Orchestra premiere recording of the remarkable Deryck Cooke performing version of Mahler's Tenth, I observed that Ormandy's interpretation emphasized the drama and passion of the music, and that perhaps future recorded readings would "reveal more of the purely lyrical depths of the score, especially in its more serene episodes." To a considerable extent, this new Philips recording does just that. It is billed as the "finally revised full-length performing version by Deryck Cooke," and incorporates some second thoughts by Cooke regarding orchestral texture in the two scherzos and the central section of the finale.

Welshman Wyn Morris has been gaining steady acclaim in London over the past few years as a searching Mahler interpreter of the new generation. His recording of the five-movement version of the First Symphony in its original 1893 scoring has yet to be issued over here (it was done for the English Virtuoso label in 1970), but his reading of the colossal Eighth has been issued by RCA, and the British reviewers seem to consider it a worthy rival to Georg Solti's superb realization.

I must say straight off that neither the recording nor the quality of orchestral playing packs the wallop of Ormandy and his Philadelphians. The Philips recording is at a considerably lower volume level and the microphone placement more distant, resulting in less rich presence in the ensemble climaxes. On the other hand, both the character of Morris' reading and Cooke's revisions in instrumentation—including an increase in the woodwinds—has made for a greater clarity and overall transparency of texture—though
STEPHEN FOSTER'S SOCIAL ORCHESTRA

...and the music folks used to make at home

Reviewed by Paul Kresh

A MUSICAL evening at home in the Old South, based on selections drawn from Stephen Foster's own 1854 anthology of instrumental pieces called *The Social Orchestra*, has been re-created in the recording studio by Columbia and delivered on disc with considerable elegance and panache. Lest you be misled, "orchestra" in this case does not denote an aggregation of symphonic size but a modest assembly of talent such as might have been brought together informally almost anywhere during those dear, dead days before radio and phonograph made such personal musical expressions obsolete. The danger to avoid here is the dead-handed antiquarian impulse that haunts such exercises like a virus. But what might easily have been an occasion of stupifying gentility is redeemed not only by the interesting manner in which Foster arranged his own tunes and those of others for domestic musicals, but also by conductor Gregg Smith's approach to the material—honestly zestful, with no wry condescension or paralyzing reverence—and the conscientious contributions of his soloists.

The *Social Orchestra* sold in pre-Civil War days for a dollar a copy, and it must have been worth every penny of it. This recording sells for considerably more in the same (now inflated) currency, but it is an equal bargain. Most of the melodies that supply the nucleus of these arrangements for amateur music makers are drawn from the composer's best-known sentimental songs—Old Folks at Home, My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night, Old Dog Tray—and from those celebrating such sweetly pallid heroines as Nelly Bly, Irene, Eulalie, and Lilly Dear. But there are dances and opera airs from Europe—by Lanner and Kleber and Strauss, Donizetti and Bellini—too. As STEREO REVIEW contributor H. Wiley Hitchcock points out in the liner notes (drawn from the recent Da Capo Press edition of *The Social Orchestra*), the inclusion of these arrangements was motivated by "the general view...that European music was more 'tasteful' than American," and the aim of Foster's book, as a review of the period in *Musical World* had it, was to "improve the taste of the community for social music." With the benefits of hindsight, we might now be as willing to argue the validity of the first point as we would be to endorse the aim of the second.

There may be times, in listening to these homely strains, when you will want to turn the volume down, to relegate Mr. Foster's more pastel moments to the background where they will be most effective, but, for the rest, Mr. Smith's expansions of the sketchy arrangements in the original anthology and his persuasive performances of them are amply diverting, quite enough to engage your full attention. In at least a couple of cases, they may even be sufficiently inviting to pull you into the dance—can you resist the bewitching quadrille on *Old Folks at Home*?

STEPHEN FOSTER'S SOCIAL ORCHESTRA

*Foster: Old Folks at Home; Oh, Boys, Carry Me 'Long; Nelly Bly; Farewell My Lilly Dear; Plantation Jig; The Hour for Thee and Me; Irene; Eulalie; Village Festival Quadrilles; My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night; Old Dog Tray; Jennie's Own Schottisch; Anadolia; Old Folks at Home, Variations and Quadrille.*

G. Barker: *Where Are the Friends of My Youth.*

Byerly: *Byerly's Waltz.*

Lanner: *Waltz.*

Waltz: *Waltz.*

Donizetti: *Maria Redowa; O Summer Night!; Gems from Lucia, Nos. 2 and 3. Kleber: Rainbow Schottisch; Ceval Schottisch; Bellini: Katy Darling.*


City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Louis Fremaux cond. KLAVERKS.522 $5.98.

Performance: Good

Recording: Very good

It was enterprising of Klavier to get hold of the *Social* material from English Columbia's Phase Four. The showcase quality of the sound is not wasted: the two suites surely represent Massenet's most ingratiating music for orchestra—filled with infectious tunes and most imaginatively orchestrated—and Louis Fremaux is a very stylish interpreter. He makes a little less of the trifle from La Vierge than Beecham did, but his flair for the suites themselves is unmistakable, and he has the Birmingham orchestra really on its toes: the winds, in particular, are first-rate. The only real disappointment on either side of the disc comes from the cellos, who do sound provincial indeed in their big moment in the voluptuous *Catalane* of the ballet sequence. There is no complaint at all, though, about Jean Martinon's recording of the suite from Le Cid on London STS 15051. Martinon is even more persuasive, he has a real virtuoso orchestra—the Israel Philharmonic, whose cello section is a dream—and the recorded sound, itself of showcase caliber fifteen years ago, is still pretty striking. As for the Scenes Pittoresques, the finest of the surviving records of Albert Wolff is the one he made with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra of that work and the last of Massenet's seven orchestral suites, the *Scenes Pittoresques* (London STS 15033); the sound is not as rich as the original mono release of 1956, but it is certainly adequate. The combined cost of the two London STS discs is no more than that of the Klavier alone.

R.F.

MAXWELL DAVIES: Eight Songs for a Mad King. Julius Eastman (voice); The Fires of London, Peter Maxwell Davies cond. NONESUCH H-71285 $3.48.

Performance: Remarkable

Recording: Okay

Peter Maxwell Davies' Eight Songs for a Mad King are settings of the words of King George III—the same one who lost the Revolutionary War with his American subjects (enough to make any king mad). He ended his days trying to teach caged birds to sing and announced his own exit howling. In Maxwell Davies' dramatization, the howling, queuling protagonist is surrounded not by birds but by musicians in cages. In Maxwell Davies' imagination, the winds in particular are a kind of bird-like percussion player beating on a bass drum with a whip drives him off-stage. The king's part, originally written for Roy Hart, is here too the more distantly mixed recording may be a significant factor.

Though Ormandy for my taste achieves more communicative impact in the overwhelming end movements of the Tenth, Morris achieves greater rhythmic vitality and textural transparency with the inner movements. This is borne out most sharply by direct comparison of the opening pages of the first scherzo. If I had a limited purchase budget, I'm not sure that I would add the Morris album to my collection if I already had the Ormandy. Without the Ormandy, though, I'd give it serious consideration.

D.H.
Lucas (Argo ZRG-665) need be unhappy with it, but the new one is a clear winner in terms of both performance and sound. R.F.

**MOZART: The Magic Flute (see Best of the Month, page 73)**

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**MOZART: Mass in C Major (K. 317, "Coronation"); Missa Brevis in C Major (K. 220, "Spätzenmesse"); Ave Verum Corpus (K. 618).**

Edith Mathis (soprano, in K. 220 and 317); Tatiana Troyanos (alto, in K. 220); Norina Procter (alto, in K. 317); Horst R. Laubenthal (tenor, in K. 220); Donald Grobe (tenor, in K. 317); Kieth Engen (bass, in K. 220). John Shirley-Quirk (bass, in K. 317); Regenburger Domchor. Hans Simon dir. (in K. 220 and 618). Bavarian Radio Choir (in K. 317); Bavarian Radio Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond.

**Performance:** Excellent

The playing throughout is sheer glory, and RCA has done it proud with exceptionally realistic piano sound. No one who owns the earlier recording by John Ogdon and Brenda

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**MESSIAEN: Visions de l'Amén. Peter Serkin and Yuji Takahashi (pianos). RCA AR 1-0363 $5.98, E ARS1-0363 $6.98, E ARK 1-0363 $6.98.**

**Performance:** Excellent

"...the new one is a clear winner in terms of both performance and sound."

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**MOZART: Piano Concertos: No. 21, in C Major (K. 467).**

**Recording:** Excellent

"...the new one is a clear winner in terms of both performance and sound."

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**MOZART: Piano Concertos: No. 21, in C Major (K. 467); No. 25, in C Major (K. 503).**

**Recording:** Superb

"...the new one is a clear winner in terms of both performance and sound."

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**CIRCLE NO. 14 ON READER SERVICE CARD**
The two Lili Kraus recordings are volumes four and seven, respectively, of the complete Mozart piano concertos, originally issued on twelve Epic discs around 1966 or 1967 and now re-released in their entirety on the Columbia Special Products series. The pianist's Mozart performances are of course extremely well known: they are warm, gracious but not in the least namby-pamby, and often quite personal in approach as regards dynamics and phrasing. Above all, however, as revealed in these recordings, Kraus' Mozart is spontaneous and full of personality, showing a lifetime of familiarity with the music. Regrettably, her playing is not matched by the decided second-rate accompaniments in which tutti invariably crawl in without impact, orchestral precision is not ideal (the strings in particular sound thin and scratchy), and the niceties of phrasing and subtler dynamics are never really explored. Nor is the undefined warmth of heart. And, after hearing Eugen Hess (Bishop was one of her pupils), it should be obvious that I consider the present disc much better.

Paul Badura-Skoda, who together with his wife, Eva, is the author of a valuable book on Mozart interpretation, is thoroughly familiar with Mozart style; he adds all the proper improvised lead-in (so for that matter do Kraus and Bishop), he fills in bare passages on occasion, and he sometimes plays a bit of continuo in tutti passages, in addition to providing more detailed articulation in both solo and instrumental parts than one usually hears. His performances of Nos. 21 and 24 with the Prague Chamber Orchestra are generally good ones, though I prefer his previous version of No. 24 (Westminster XWN 18662, recorded in the late Fifties with the pianist also directing from the keyboard, and now deleted) for its more powerful impact. In his newer interpretation Badura-Skoda seems curiously lightweight, too close to the Dresden china approach. No. 21 is better, but must still take a second place to the Bishop-Davis collaboration.

The Prague players perform with clarity and precision here if not with the refinement of dynamics and shaping of phrases that make the Philips recording such a joy. Supraphon's recorded sound is clean though a bit distant for the accompaniment. And perhaps it is unnecessary to point out to critics of catalog duplication just why there should be three almost simultaneous releases of Concerto No. 21: Elvira Madigan may not make the music-history books, but she surely sells records.

I.A.


Performance: Tight
Recording: Good

While not announced as such, this is a reissue of a disc released here as PHS 900-036 about ten years ago; it was reissued in a low-priced series in England in 1971, but in this country Philips has only one price for its classical line. The sound is not really dated (it is, in fact, an improvement over what we heard on the domestic pressing), and neither are the performances, which are forceful, crisp, dramatic, tightly controlled—and a little austere. I wonder if Colin Davis would be a bit more expansive today than he was in the 1962 sessions. I do like the idea of his taking the exposition repeats in the outer movements, but Leonard Bernstein also does this on the only other current disc to pair these two symphonies (Columbia MS 7029), and Bernstein's sense of urgency and high drama does not rule out warmth of heart. And, after hearing Eugen Jochum's new recording of the "Jupiter," I think it may be time for him to remake these two symphonies.

R.F.
RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 357 $7.98, © 89468 $6.98, © 3300318 $6.98.

Performance: Outstanding
Recording: Excellent

Every now and then a record one is tempted to ignore because the material is so overexposed turns out to be exceptionally or even irresistibly attractive: Jochum's Beethoven Fifth with the Concertgebouw Orchestra on Philips was a notable example, and so is his disc debut with the Boston Symphony, on whom he seems to have set his imprint no less clearly than on the London Philharmonic for his splendid new Haydn set. It is not that Jochum does anything conspicuously different, but simply that he revalidates the integrity of these durable masterworks in the happiest way, his approach built on a healthy and illuminating regard for the rugged strength all too often concealed by interpreters willing to give sentiment more than its due. One has the feeling of great reservoirs of vigor held in reserve, allowing the warmth and charm abundant in both works to come through without coaxing, and the Boston Symphony has never sounded better. In short, I know of no more satisfying recording of either symphony.

Perhaps these symphonies are too familiar to require annotation; in any event, as with several other of its recent releases, Deutsche Grammophon provides none, but does include a bound-in twenty-four-page illustrated catalog of its wares.

R.F.

MOZART: Variations for Piano. Twelve Variations in C Major on "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman" (K.265); Four Variations in A Major on "Come un agnello" by Sarti (K. 460); Four Variations in G Major on Papageno's aria from "The Magic Flute"; Twelve Variations in C Major on a minuet by Fischer (K. 179); Six Variations in A Major on a theme from the Clarinet Quintet (K. Ank. 137). Bernardo Segall (piano). ORION ORS 73132 $5.98.

Performance: Pearly
Recording: Fair

Bernardo Segall is a good, strong pianist with a pearly touch and a feel for the energy flow of this music, characteristics that are attractive in Mozart playing. But the relative neglect of Mozart variations stems from a contemporary lack of sympathy with them, and Segall’s playing suggests how much of the tradition has been lost. The operatic origins and display functions of the music are almost forgotten here; Segall misses the point of many of the ornaments and neglects innumerable opportunities to add some of his own. This is not subtle music at all: wit and public display are the point, and panache, style, and dash are essential elements in its performance. But these are just good, solid, jewel-like but unstylish readings without enough in the way of a larger dynamic.

The issue is further clouded by the inclusion of a set certainly not by Mozart (on Papageno’s aria), and another which is probably not by him (a literal transcription from the Clarinet Quintet). There are, it should be pointed out, at least a dozen other authentic sets—Mozart always had one handy for his...
Among his appointments was the unusual one to three successive French rulers, and 1495, the year of his death, he was considered one of the most important musical figures of the early Renaissance and the more homogeneous sound of the styles to come.

Ockeghem, a composer often described as the leader of the Flemish school in the latter part of the fifteenth century and now considered one of the most important musical figures of the early Renaissance and the *ars nova*. He was born around 1430 in East Flanders, served as a chorister at the Cathedral of Antwerp, and later as a chorister in the service of the Duke of Bourbon. Then, between 1454 and 1495, the year of his death, he was composer to three successive French rulers, Louis XI, Charles VII, and Charles VIII. Among his appointments was the unusual one of treasurer of the Abbey of St. Martin in Tours (1459), the wealthiest and most prestigious monastery of the region, and the position of master of the royal chapel in 1465. He appears to have spent most of his career in France, although he did visit Spain as well as returning to his own native country at least once. Ockeghem may have studied with Dunay and Binchois, had a number of distinguished pupils himself, including Josquin Des Prés and Pierre de La Rue, and seems to have been widely admired by his contemporaries.

Ockeghem’s *Missa pro Defunctis* is the first complete setting of a Requiem Mass to have come down to us (a previous one by Dufay has been lost), and an extremely dignified, moving piece. (It must be noted that during this period the text of the Mass for the Dead differed in some instances from post-sixteenth-century settings, as for example in the lack of the *Dies Irae*.) No one knows the circumstances of the Requiem’s composition, although it has been conjectured that it was written on the death of Louis XI. The composer piece on the Archive disc, which has been recorded several times before, is a touching lament by Josquin on the death of Ockeghem, justly famous, it makes a highly suitable filler for the Ockeghem Requiem, as well as allowing instructive comparison between the composing styles of the earlier Renaissance and the more homogeneous sound of the styles to come.

The London-based Pro Cantione Antiqua, supplemented on both discs by German groups playing period instruments, perform all these works with superb understanding, splendid ensemble, and exquisite tonal refinement. I very much admired Bruno Turner’s group in a previously released disc of Byrd’s Mass for Three Voices coupled with Tallis’ *Lamentations of Jeremiah* on Archive 2533; both the present releases clearly demonstrate that Turner and his ensemble should be considered among the most outstanding interpreters of this period. The BASF reproduction, acoustically a bit more distant than the Archive, is very satisfactory, but in terms of clarity as well as pressing quality Archive must be rated higher, as it is in the presentation of annotations, texts, and translations. BASF provides only the Latin text of the Motet. Because of the performance quality, however, both discs are highly recommended.

I.K.

OLDFIELD: *Tobular Bells*. Mike Oldfield (grand piano, glockenspiel, Farfisa organ, electric guitars, bass guitar, acoustic guitars, piano, speed guitars. Lowrey organ, tinpani, Spanish guitar, fuzz guitars, percussion, flugelhorn, tenor sax, all made in parts by German manufacturing firms).
chorus, tubular bells, etc.). VIRGIN VR 13-105 $5.98 (distributed by Atlantic Records).

Performance: Where's the harmonica?
Recording: Home-studio fantasy

This is the ultimate do-it-yourself fantasy noodle. Virgin Records is obviously wherever it is that Mike Oldfield lives—somewhere in the (presumably English) countryside at a place grandly dubbed The Manor and obviously full of stacked-up instruments and recording equipment. Ah me! A sixteen-track recorder maybe even?

Night after wonderful night, Mike laid down these dreamy tracks: organs and guitars and fuzz tones and voices and pianos and electronic muckabouts and tubular bells and sailor's hornpipe and I forget what else. The starting point is the sort of Eastern-pop patterns of cycles and overlays that Terry Riley used to do, and these are rather effectively managed. But Oldfield's range is much wider than Riley's. For instance, he goes into a hilarious Frank Zappa Piltdown Man routine that somehow ends up in a hornpipe. Side one—the more effective of the two—ends with a long, long A Major crescendo, with the instruments entering one by one as introduced by a very suave master of ceremonies. Shades of Benjamin Britten!

It is in England that the notion of extending rock-pop styles to "symphonic" dimensions seems to be holding on, and these are rather grand examples: twenty-five minutes at a shot. However, the length is not sustained on either side, and there are many awkwardnesses and stumblings on the slopes between the high points. Climbing mountains is difficult work, if at times exhilarating. Even at its most awkward, however, there is a double-take quality of shrewdness and na"iveté, of put-on and upreach, that is likable. By the way, what ever happened to Terry Riley?

RACHMANINOFF: Piano Music (see Best of the Month, page 74)

RODRIGO: Concierto de Aranjuez (see The Basic Repertoire, page 49)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 5, in B-flat Major, Symphony No. 8, in B Minor ("Unfinished"), New Philharmonia Orchestra, Jean Martinon cond. ANGEL S-36965 $5.98.

Performance: It sings!
Recording: Highly satisfactory

Assuming congenial repertoire, the needed technical know-how, and effective communication with his fellow musicians, there is no logical reason why lieder singer Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau should not be as persuasive with the baton as he is with his voice. As far as I am concerned, he is, for these are beautiful and pleasurable performances. Fischer-Dieskau brings to Schubert's symphonies all the freshness that, at his best, he has brought to his singing of Schubert lieder.

The B-flat Symphony is played as Hausmuzik, recorded in intimate ambiance with strings reduced in number so that the woodwinds assume their proper importance as in the orchestras of Schubert's and Beethoven's day. The music is kept moving along but with just enough pointing of significant phrase endings and cadences to make the total conception a living one rather than an exercise in orchestral refinement. Likewise, it is a pleasure to hear the familiar "Unfinished" played with great tenderness, yet forthright rhetoric where called for, and with not a trace of overblown theatricalism. D.H.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 8, in B Minor (see MOZART)


Performance: Superb
Recording: Good

This is the third time around for this package; it has always seemed exceptional musically but has always had some "practical considerations" working against it. When it first appeared fifteen years ago on RCA, the performances were obviously outstanding, but the clumsy layout of the disc was hard to take: the symphony's final movement was interrupted for turnover—surely a gratuitous irritation in combining these two works, as most reviewers noted at the time. That frustrating format was repeated when RCA Victrola reissued the recording in 1966. Now, at last, the obvious correction has been made: the ballet suite precedes the first movement of the symphony on side one and the remainder of the major work is on side two without breaks. Martinon's remarkably sympathetic realization of the symphony now becomes even more recommendable than it was before—

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very likely first choice among recordings of this work. A more persuasive case for The Age of Gold has not been made, either, and the fine, clean sound is hardly dated.

Now that there is no longer a packaging problem, however, there is the one of possible or probable duplications. Leonard Bernstein's incomparable performance of the Shostakovich Ninth (Columbia M 31307) happens to be paired with a very good account of the First (complete on one side, too), and so does the Rostropovich/Ormandy version of the Cello Concerto (Columbia MS 6124), while another Age of Gold comes with Smolovski's beautiful Chicago Symphony recording of the Sixth Symphony (Columbia LSC 3133). These factors tend to diminish the urgency of the Martínón reissue, but, considered on its own very substantial merits, it is clearly a winner—and certainly a splendid buy at $2.98.

R.F.

VISEE: Lute Music (see BACH)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

VIVALDI: Violin Concertos, Op. 8: No. 5, in E-flat Major (La Tempesta di Mare), No. 6, in C Major (Il Piazzere), No. 7, in D Minor; No. 8, in G Minor. Pinchas Zukerman (violin); English Chamber Orchestra; Pinchas Zukerman cond. Columbia M$ MQ 32693 $6.98, D MAQ 32693 $7.98.

Performance: Vital
Recording: Splendid

This recording is evidently the second installment in a Zukerman Vivaldi series that will include all twelve of the Op. 8 concertos, the first four being the ever-popular Four Seasons, which Columbia released last year. There is terrific brío and juice to these performances, with little of the schmaltz that bothered me in the Zukerman-Barenboim Bach violin concertos issued by Angel some months ago.

La Tempesta di Mare is somewhat in the same programmatic spirit as the graphic Four Seasons sequence, while Il Piazzere is obviously less so. The D Minor Concerto emerges here as a serious, almost massive work, and the G Minor, which has a particularly fine slow movement, is splendidly virile.

While Zukerman eschews the fissures aspects of the Baroque style in the interest of direct and colorful musical communication, he does have the benefit of effective keyboard continuo from harpsichordist Philip Ledger. The solo violin work is slashingly brilliant, as befits a Venetian style based so much on dramatic as on architectural concepts. The recording is every bit as red-blooded in sound as in performance, and as heard in Columbia's quadraphonic sound (SQ matrix), the end product is a truly room-filling affair. I enjoyed every moment of this disc and eagerly await the final one of the series.

D.H.

WEISS: Lute Music (see BACH)

COLLECTIONS


Performance: Old-world elegance
Recording: Vintage

Supraphon is a surprising source for this historic and sentimental material, but has shed the Czecks be denied "the immortal art of Fritz Kreisler?" In any case, this is a welcome collection, and it duplicates only the two original Kreisler compositions, which are available in the Victrola (1932) reissue.

Listeners are urged to turn first to side two, which is devoted to these two originals and six of Kreisler's "encore" arrangements. These display not only the violinist's creamy tone and insinuating style at its most enchanting, but also reveal his knack of making these pieces, originally conceived for other settings, come to fresh new life. Side one offers brief excerpts from Kreisler's famous early recordings of the Beethoven and Mendelssohn concertos under Blech and his somewhat later (and less successful) treatment of the Brahms concerto under Barbirolli. These concerto excerpts are not too well reproduced, but the encores are reasonably good facsimiles of the original 1926-1930 sound with the exception of the Bach Praeludium, which predates the others by several years and, accordingly, sounds dimmer.

There is a moment of history captured in these selections. Kreisler's unhurried, aristocratic style, with its lingering portamentos and at times emphatic articulation, will sound dated to the modern ear. It must be remembered, however, that these renditions were intended for—and cherished by—a very broad audience. They were the "hit singles" of their time, helped to establish the phonograph in thousands of homes, and, together with the records of Caruso, McCormack, and Paderewski, performed a missionary function for the cause of music and records. They may not—indeed, they cannot—cast the same spell today, but for me they remain beyond criticism.

G.J.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Gorgeous guitar
Recording: Excellent

Christopher Parkening, who made his recording debut for Angel in 1968, has not only dazzled the concert audiences of the world with his lanky good looks and his handy way with a classical guitar, but has also elicited the sort of reviews usually reserved for a Segovia. But Parkening, as it happens, is Segovia's own:"
The quality of the playing is definitely advanced through the open effect of the quadraphonic recording, particularly in the Gould suite, where the trio of horns furnishes a kind of tapestry backdrop for the solo sound in an auditory illusion of distance that could not be achieved with two-channel stereo.

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MULTIPLYING the tape speed by 1,000 used to be the rule for calculating a recorder’s high-frequency response. At 15 inches per second you could get up to 15,000 Hz, at 7½ ips to 7,500 Hz, and so forth. Today, of course, even cassettes running at only 1½ ips are capable of providing the highest audible frequencies, and much of the credit for this must go to new oxide formulations. What are they?

Chemically speaking, the “standard,” “low-noise,” and “low-noise/high-output” oxides are the same: a magnetic material known as gamma-ferric oxide (γ-Fe₂O₃), the gamma simply denoting a type of crystalline structure common to them all. This oxide is a brown powder or pigment obtained as a precipitate from raw materials that may be as diverse as the mineral hematite and recycled baling wire. The particles are needle-shaped and typically measure about 0.5 micron in length and about one-sixth to one-seventh that much in diameter. (A micron, one-millionth of a meter, is 0.000039 inch.) The designations “low-noise,” “standard,” or “low-noise/high-output” depend on such factors as average particle size, length/width ratio, relative absence of needle deformities, and so forth.

An entirely different magnetic substance, chromium dioxide (CrO₂), is often used today for cassette and video tapes. The reason is that its magnetic properties make it particularly suitable for recording what are called “short-wavelength” signals—that is, high frequencies at slow tape speeds. (The wavelength of a 15,000-Hz tone at 15 ips is 0.001 inch, or 1 mil: at the cassette speed, the same tone must be squeezed into 1½ ips, so its wavelength becomes 3/8 mil—which certainly qualifies as a short wavelength.) Unfortunately, in addition to its greater cost, CrO₂ has some disadvantages. It requires substantially higher bias current and a higher record level to produce the same output on playback. Also, its exceptional high-end response requires changes in the equalization circuits of many recorders.

In the attempt to improve short-wavelength response without losing compatibility with machines designed for ferric-oxide tapes, modified “high-energy” oxides have been developed. One company, for example, uses magnetite (Fe₃O₄) for its top-of-the-line cassettes. Another introduces small amounts of cobalt to “dope” the Fe₃O₄ particles. But whatever the magnetic material used, the “oxide formulation” includes a host of other materials collectively known as the “binder.” This is an amalgam of resins whose job is to hold the oxide particles to the tape, solvents to liquefy the resins, wetting agents to make the resins adhere better both to the oxide needles and to the tape base, plasticizers, lubricants, carbon—the list goes on. And, of course, each company has its own trade-secret formula. At some point, however, the magnetic particles are mixed together with the other ingredients, making a paint-like goo called the “slurry.” This is added to the plastic base material and force-dried before the base is slit into finished tape.

Depositing the slurry on the tape film is an art which involves, among other things, deciding how thick a coating to put on: low frequencies tend to penetrate the oxide surface very deeply; high frequencies remain closer to the top. This gave several manufacturers a new idea. Why not coat the tape in two stages—and put on two layers? The first dispersion can then be relatively thick, using gamma-ferric oxide, and it will determine the basic magnetic properties (bias requirements, signal output, low-frequency response, etc.) of the tape. The second, much thinner, top coating can then be a cobalt substance or chromium dioxide, which will jack up the high-frequency response without requiring special bias and equalization from the recording and playback electronics. To my knowledge, only 3M (Scotch) and Sony have used this technique up to now, but who knows what the future will bring?
My wife threatened to leave me until I bought a Marantz.

Whenever I played my stereo loud my wife made plans to move to her mother's. Then a Marantz dealer wised me up. It's not playing your stereo loud that's bugging her, he said. It's the distortion that's driving her cuckoo. Get a Marantz.

Marantz stereo is virtually distortion free. And Marantz measures distortion at continuous full power throughout the whole listening range, so it won't bother her. No matter how loud I play it.

Not only that, Marantz will play any type of 4-channel on the market today. And it's built so you can snap in any future 4-channel matrix development. Present and future requirements for stereo or 4-channel are all set.

And Marantz' Dual Power gives me the power of four discrete amplifiers with just two speakers. More than twice the power for super stereo. When I have two more speakers for full 4-channel, I can simply flip a switch. No obsolescence worries.

The Marantz Model 4140 Control Amplifier at $549.95 delivers 70 watts power with only 0.3% distortion. It's the heart of my Marantz component system. To complete the system I got a Marantz Model 115B AM/FM tuner for $279.95. Nice. Nicer still is seeing the wife all smiles listening to Stravinsky's Firebird, up loud, pouring out of the beautiful Marantz Imperial speakers.

See your Marantz dealer. He's got a full line of Marantz components from $149.95, receivers from $199.95, speaker systems from $59.00 all designed to suit your needs and your budget. Hey, is the Marantz community property?
If your favorite rock group was recorded live, listen to it live.

Nothing can raise the hair on the back of your neck like a live rock concert. And nothing comes as close to matching the vibrant excitement of live rock like a pair of Koss HV-1 High Velocity Stereophones. Because the new Koss HV-1 isn't just another lightweight, hear-thru Stereophone. It's a revolutionary new design concept that vents the back sound waves thru the rear of the cup without raising the resonance or inhibiting transient response. So you not only hear every sound as it was played and every word as it was sung, but you can also hear the telephone ring or your wife ask you a question.

But it's the HV-1's unique engineering that makes it a Stereophone you have to hear to believe. By developing a unique ceramic magnet and by reducing the mass of the moving diaphragm assemblies, Koss engineers were able to achieve an unusual fidelity and extremely wide-range frequency response unmatched by any other lightweight Stereophone. All the delicate overtones which add to the faithfulness of the reproduction are retained. And the low-range frequency response is extended, clean and unimpaired.

All in all, the HV-1 is a lightweight Stereophone no rock lover will ever take lightly. Ask your Audio Specialist for a live demonstration. And write for our free full-color catalog, c/o Virginia Lamm. At $39.95, the price of the HV-1 is light, too.