STEREO REVIEW

OCTOBER 1974 • 75 CENTS

RECORD MAKING: THE PRICE/QUALITY SQUEEZE
Hermetically sealed microcircuits, FET circuitry
2.0 µV FM sensitivity
Solid-state ceramic FM IF filters

S-7210
RMS Power: 31 + 31 watts [8 ohms] @ 1 KHz
Solid-state ceramic FM IF filters
Hermetically sealed microcircuits & field effect transistors
1.9 µV FM sensitivity [IHF]

Front panel switching of 4-channel decoder [doubles as second tape monitor]
Built-in Dynaquad 4-channel matrix circuit

S-7310
RMS Power: 43 + 43 watts [8 ohms] @ 1 KHz
Solid-State ceramic FM IF filters
Hermetically sealed microcircuits & field effect transistors
1.8 µV FM sensitivity

Front Panel switching of 4-channel decoder [doubles as second tape monitor]
Built-in Dynaquad 4-channel matrix circuit
Sherwood Electroncs Laboratories
2300 North California
Chicago, Illinois 60618

Sherwood
The word is getting around.
If you can’t afford the State-of-the-Art...

S-7900A
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Direct-coupled output circuitry with electronic relay protection
Front panel four-channel provision [doubles as second tape monitor]
Ceramic FM IF Filtering; FET's, microcircuits
Four-gang tuning capacitor
Built-in Dynaquad 4-channel matrix circuit
you can still enjoy most of the benefits.

Considering the Best Buy ratings and favorable reviews, it's not surprising that a growing number of audiophiles are settling for nothing less than Sherwood's top-of-the-line stereo receiver.

Of course, not everyone needs the high power output and operational flexibility offered by the S7900A. Which is why we produce other, more economical models.

Like the S7900, each piece of equipment in the Sherwood line provides a performance capability unsurpassed in its price category.

There are no useless gimmicks. No misleading claims. And no disappointments. The specifications we post for our products are generally quite conservative. And we utilize only the finest of proved componentry.

After all, you shouldn't have to sacrifice quality, just because you require a little less than the state-of-the-art.

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RMS Power: 10 + 10 watts [8 ohms] @ 1 KHz
Direct Coupled Amplifier
2.8 uv FM Sensitivity [IHF]
FET Front End

S-7110
RMS Power: 20 + 20 watts [8 ohms] @ 1 KHz
Direct-coupled amplifier yields power bandwidth of 9-50 KHz
THIS IS A PROGRAM PANEL. WITH IT YOU CAN MAKE B·I·C™ PROGRAMMED TURNTABLES DO THINGS NO TURNTABLE HAS EVER DONE BEFORE.

The B·I·C 980 and 960, like many fine turntables, use a belt drive system.

What's unusual, however, is that B·I·C turntables can be programmed to play a single side as many as 6 times... or to play as many as 6 records in series. 'Til now, no belt-drive turntable has been able to do that.

How it works

The program lever (second from the bottom in the picture at left) gives you 22 possible ways to play your records in manual and automatic modes.

By moving the lever to "MAN", the turntable is turned on and can be operated as a manual unit.

By moving the lever to "1", and tapping the cycle button lightly, one record can be played fully automatically.

By moving the lever to 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, you can play a single record 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 times.

And this same program lever controls multiple play.

If, for example, you want to play 2 records, simply put them on the spindle and move the lever to "2". Or move the lever to "3" and the second record will repeat once. Or move it to "4" and the second record will repeat twice. And so on, and so forth.

Must be seen to be appreciated

This program system is news all by itself. But it's far from the whole story.

The B·I·C tone arm has features found on no other tone arm.

The B·I·C motor is a major improvement over motors in other belt and idler drive turntables.

But features aside, what's truly worth close scrutiny is how all these new ideas are welded into a perfectly balanced system which performs impeccably.

We'll send you more information about the 980 and 960 if you write to:

Andrew Stephens, Dept. 10C
British Industries Co., Westbury, L.I. 11590.

But you really must examine them, touch them and compare them, to appreciate their fundamental excellence.

After you've looked them over at your B·I·C dealer's (the leading audio specialist in your area) we think you'll be impressed.

This is the 980 with solid state speed control and strobe. About $200.
The 960 is identical except for these two features.
About $150.
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COVER: Design by Borys Patchowsky; photo by Bruce Pendleton
The new Fisher 634 is the best receiver

Stereo or 4-Channel.
It may seem strange to show our impressive new top-of-the-line receiver half in color and half in black-and-white. But we think you'll be quite impressed if you take a good look at either side of the photograph.
Which is our way of pointing out that whether you use the 634 in a basic "black-and-white" stereo system or an elaborate "full-color" 4-channel system, it's still the best receiver you can own.
Because, to meet the critical needs of 4-channel, the 634 incorporates a great number of state-of-the-art features and performance characteristics that make it incredibly good for stereo.

Plenty of pure power.
The 634 puts out 40 watts RMS per channel in the 4-channel mode. And a special power-boosting “strapping” technique gives you 90 watts RMS per channel in stereo — more than some of the most highly-touted stereo-only receivers, and enough to handle even very inefficient speakers in very large rooms.

Exceptional FM reception.
A dual-gate MOS/FET FM front end gives you terrific sensitivity to haul in many more stations with brilliant clarity than any other receiver. A ceramic ladder filter rejects interference. A Phase Lock Loop multiplex decoder gives you dramatic channel separation.

Full Logic SQ and CD-4.
So you can listen to as much 4-channel music as possible, the 634 has state-of-the-art IC decoder circuits for both CD-4 and SQ. The SQ has “full logic” for increased separation.
you can own. Whichever way you use it.

and clarity, plus Fisher's exclusive "Phase Logic" for even more separation across the rear.

If you need more convincing...

the 634 has four individual level meters and a "joystick" balance control, plus optional remote control for volume and balance. There are Baxandall bass and treble controls and a midrange presence control, and tape outputs on the front and rear panels. And 4-channel headphone jacks, illuminated function readouts, and much, much more.

It's all put together really well, with over-size parts that should last for years and years. And common-sense design with things like plug-in circuit boards to make servicing a snap in the unlikely event that something ever goes wrong.

If this sounds like the receiver you've been waiting for, stop waiting. You can try it out at your nearby Fisher Studio Standard dealer. Or send for our informative and interesting book about all the new Studio Standard receivers. Write Fisher Radio, Dept. SR-10, 11-40 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
Comparisons Are Instructive

By William Anderson

If anyone ever asks me, years from now, where I was the night former President Nixon hit the road, I will have a ready answer: I was present at another historic occasion, Spanish pianist Alicia de Larrocha’s only solo appearance in the 1974 season’s Mostly Mozart concert series. I will remember the event partly because the management of New York’s Avery Fisher Hall sensibly played the President’s resignation speech for the derisively ahistorical audience over the public-address system during intermission (apt timing!), but mostly because it was one of those faultlessly rare and perfectly incandescent musical evenings that deserve to be called historic. There is history and history, of course, and there is no reason, other than the coincidence of chronology and technology, why these two occurrences should even seem to be in competition, but there is no doubt in my mind which made the greater impression on me.

As befits the “mostly Mozart” theme of the series, Miss De Larrocha lifted the audience boldly and peremptorily into the empyrean at once with two of that composer’s sonatas (K. 330, K. 311), and surprisingly raised us even further with Schubert’s enormously and enormously difficult B-flat Sonata in the second half, completely wiping out, for the music’s duration at least, any memory of the intermission—surely a tough act to follow. Since we could scarcely be set loose on the streets in that elevated condition, we were brought back to earth with three encores drawn from a less exalted repertoire: two Spanish dances by Granados plus the Falla Ritual Fire-Dance.

There is a remarkable difference in demeanor between Miss De Larrocha and her audiences; she straightforward and businesslike, a crack typist going about her chores with a coolly dignified efficiency, they quite beside themselves with unbuttoned enthusiasm. But she refuses to be impressed with herself, a most endearing trait in any great artist. And that is why standing ovations are the rule at De Larrocha concerts, an almost palpable surge of love and gratitude welling up out of the orchestra and spilling onto the stage in great billowing combers.

It is just that sense of heightened musical and emotional awareness, certainly, that makes the “live” concert experience so peculiarly memorable and so different from listening to recorded music. There are other differences too, both historical (a live performance is unique and unrepeatable) and practical (the dynamic range—in the listening to recorded music. There are other differences too, both historical (a live performance is unique and unrepeatable) and practical (the dynamic range—in the human voice). But she refuses to be impressed with herself, a most endearing trait in any great artist. And that is why standing ovations are the rule at De Larrocha concerts, an almost palpable surge of love and gratitude welling up out of the orchestra and spilling onto the stage in great billowing combers.

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The Philips Motional Feedback™ System.
It challenges the giants.

Don't be bullied into believing that size alone means quality. The Philips Motional Feedback System is only $11\frac{1}{2} \times 15 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches small. Yet it stands up to speakers many more times its size.

The reason is a piezo electric transducer in the apex of the woofer. This enables the Philips unit to literally "listen" to itself...and electronically correct any distortion. You've got to hear it to believe it.

But the piezo electric "sensor" is only part of the story. There's also a 3-way speaker system (woofer, mid-range and tweeter); electronic and passive crossover networks. Plus integral bi-amplification...A 20 watt amp to drive the tweeter and mid-range; Another 40 watt amp for the woofer...A total of 60 watts of continuous sine wave power.

The result is a powerful, high performance sound system in a walnut finished 0.764 cubic foot cabinet. At better audio dealers now. The size will speak for itself.

PHILIPS HIGH FIDELITY COMPONENTS.
Distributed by NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS CORPORATION
100 East 42 Street
New York, New York 10017
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Electronic Debussy

● It is unfortunate that a critic of James Goodfriend’s stature should pan Isao Tomita’s new electronic Debussy album (August), but it was entirely predictable that he would do so. Mr. Goodfriend and his cohorts have consistently demonstrated their inability to judge a recorded work on its own merits, but so. Mr. Goodfriend and his cohorts have consistently demonstrated their inability to judge a recorded work on its own merits, without resorting to comparisons right and left to the “original version” or the “definitive version.” It would seem impossible for many a critic to listen to the electronic Arabesque without compulsively thinking of the piano version of the same piece—an unquestionably beautiful original version. And yet Mr. Tomita takes Debussy one step further—not better or worse, not on a different plane, but on the same level, and simply with different musical sensibilities.

Why is Debussy any worse merely because he is not played on the original instrument? Apparently to Mr. Goodfriend, the synthesizer, with all its attendant electronic servants, represents an encroachment upon the obvious musical purity of the piano or the symphony orchestra. Would he have been so eager to criticize Dame Myra Hess’ transcription of Jesu, Joy of Man’s Desiring from Bach’s “popular” Cantata 147? Dame Hess transcribed it for an instrument Bach never saw, probably never imagined, and totally changed the setting from its previous cantata stature. Nowadays, how many people listen to the cantata? But Mr. Goodfriend would not dare pan the good Dame Hess’ work, because it has been universally accepted among even the musical cognoscenti (a group of which Mr. Goodfriend desperately hopes he is a member). Until the nature of such reviews changes, they will stand as classic examples of closed-mindedness.

DAVID FIRESTONE
Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Goodfriend sadly replies: I hate it when people insist on making sitting ducks of themselves. But since the shot is obviously being demanded, okay. Let’s begin by straightening out facts. First, it’s “Dame Myra,” not “Dame Hess.” Second, Bach not only imagined a piano, he saw a piano, played on a piano, and very probably wrote music for the piano (see, for easily accessible example, Charles Rosen’s notes for his recordings of The Art of Fugue, Goldberg Variations, and Musical Offering, Odyssey 32360202). Third, nowadays, many people listen to Bach’s Cantata 147, for there are at least four currently available recordings of it and live performances crop up all over. At the time Dame Myra Hess transcribed Jesu, Joy of Man’s Desiring, not many people did listen to the cantata because there were no recordings of it then and live performances were probably rare.

But there is something else about Dame Myra’s transcription, apart from its contemporary functionality, that distinguishes it, and many other fine transcriptions, from Mr. Tomita’s unnecessarily unnecessary and tasteless. I should not be required to forget every Debussy performance I have heard in order to properly evaluate Mr. Tomita’s, but even if I could or would, what I hear from “Snowflakes Are Dancing” (even the title is a misnomer; Debussy’s title was The Snow Is Dancing) is not merely tasteless in comparison with something else, but intrinsically tasteless.

The problem with all apologists for the Moog with whom I have so far come in contact is that they assume the instrument itself automatically assures the quality and importance of whatever is played upon it. It does not (see “The Simels Report” this month); it is merely another instrument, and its potentialities are only potentialities. Thus far I have heard no one exploit those potentialities to produce anything that is either of quality itself or preferable in any respect to the same music on another instrument. There may yet be such music, but there isn’t now, and “Snowflakes” certainly is not it.

Met Mail

● The suggestion of your Canadian reader (“Editorially Speaking,” August) that the Met tour these United States by doing a year in each major city is particularly amusing to me, for in the public relations aspect of my job as the Met’s advertising coordinator it usually falls to me to answer letters that begin: “I have this great idea that will save the Met . . .” Half of them are in the crackpot category (use piano instead of orchestra, do three shows a day, fill up the aisles with more seats), and half are somewhat sensible, though almost always unworkable for reasons I carefully explain. Sometimes I think all this mail is just a bother, but I force myself to remember that these people wouldn’t be writing if they didn’t care deeply about the Met. At any rate, each and every one is answered— that is, unless I get latched onto by a genuine crazy like the man who writes me obscene letters because we don’t do some obscure Gluck opera with Beverly Sills. Maybe I’ll sick him on Stereo Review—he even accuses me of being in conspiracy with the record industry that refuses to record this same opera!

Patrick L. Veitch
Metropolitan Opera
New York, N.Y.

Still Waiting for the Seventies

● Steve Simels showed remarkable insight in his description of Seventies rock (“Waiting for the Seventies,” August). Although a few groups have shown technical and theoretical advances since the Sixties, they remain few and far between. The exploratory thrusts of Emerson, Lake & Palmer (thanks to the genius of Keith Emerson) and of Uriah Heep are among the few recent works introducing any effective advances in the world of rock today. The inability of present rock to advance without falling back on the past reflects also the unwillingness of audiences to voice a desire for totally new concepts. To encourage the new and unique requires the flexibility found in the Sixties, not the apathy of the Seventies. The Seventies will arrive. But when?

J. Davis
Frewsburg, N.Y.

● As if I weren’t already worse than depressed by rock-and-roll’s current sad state, I had to go and read Steve Simels’ August column, which was no help at all. I, for one, am getting sick and tired of waiting for the Seventies. I’m twenty-two, after all, and the way things are going, I’ll be too old and senile to know or care if, when, or whether anything new finally comes along. Oh well, all things considered I guess we’ve had a pretty fair fifteen or twenty years, so I shouldn’t complain. But if, God forbid, rock-and-roll really is as near death as it seems these days, I do wish someone would end its misery (and mine) and give it a decent burial.

Linda Frederick
Lebanon, Ohio

Four-eyes

● In reference to Elliott Gorlin’s August letter about renaming Stereo Review “when the world goes quad,” I have another suggestion. Since many a conversion to quad does not mean scrapping an entire stereo system but rather, the adding-on of the back channels, an interim solution would be to send two copies of each issue to every subscriber! But, doubtless, you will find something wrong with that too.

E. D. Hoaglan
Omaha, Neb.

Hm . . . might be the answer for those who complain that they wish right through each issue from cover to cover in one sitting.

The Original Candide

● I believe that the original recording of Candide is one of the first examples of real stereo, not “artificially induced stereo” as Paul Kresh stated in his otherwise splendid review of The Two Candides (August). Also, it should be noted that the producer of the new Candide (and of Columbia’s best shows of late), (Continued on page 10)
An extravagant statement? Not at all. For the Nakamichi 700 Tri-Tracer cassette system is so completely different from anything that has gone before that it truly represents a quantum jump in cassette technology.

A brilliantly engineered instrument, the Nakamichi 700 is an extraordinary blend of electronic and mechanical sophistication. To cite a few innovative examples, three separate heads—erase, record, playback—afford off the tape monitoring, but more importantly, extend flat frequency response to beyond 20,000 Hz. A closed-loop dual capstan system employs a servo-controlled d.c. motor to maintain rock-steady, constant speed and a second motor takes over in fast forward and rewind. IC logic and feather-touch solenoids control all tape functions. A built-in record head azimuth alignment beacon insures perfect recordings every time.

But enough. An extended technical description goes far beyond the scope of this ad. Far more persuasive, we think, are these comments from a Hirsch-Houck Laboratories Test Report that appeared in the December 1973 issue of Stereo Review.

"As our test data indicate, the Nakamichi 700 is an extraordinary cassette recorder... With Nakamichi CrO2 tape, the performance was... an almost incredible ± 1.5 dB from 46 to 22,500 Hz... The noise level, referred to the 3 per cent distortion level, was very low... - 57 dB without Dolby and - 62.5 dB with Dolby."

They go on to say, "We could not measure the 700's combined wow and flutter because it was below the residual level of our test tape."

Summing up, the Report declares, "...we would rank it (the Nakamichi 700) as the best cassette recorder we've tested and one of the best tape recorders of any type we have ever used."

See and hear the Nakamichi 700 and the companion Model 1000 at your dealer now. Then go out and start your own little revolution.

For complete information and the name of your nearest dealer write: Nakamichi Research (U.S.A.), Inc., 220 Westbury Avenue, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514. In California: 1101 Colorado Avenue, Santa Monica 90404.

PERFECTION THROUGH PRECISION.
suppose this again illustrates, if any reminder
ready had it under the guise of MK 222-C. I
August issue. I then realized that
d'Or until
ster recording of Rimsky-Korsakov's Le Coq
I had planned to get the "new" Westmin-
Reincarnations

- There was indeed a real stereo issue of the original recording of Rimsky-Korsakov's Le Coq d'Oir until I read Eric Salzman's review in your August issue. I then realized that already had it under the guise of MK 222-C. I suppose this again illustrates, if any reminder were needed, the caution one must exercise in dealing with the many reincarnations of Russian material.

Mr. Salzman is puzzled over the fact that two conductors are listed, but from the information given with the MK recording it seems that Kovalyov is in charge of the chorus, and Akulov the orchestra. It may also be of some interest to know that the conductor of the excerpts from The Tale of the Invisible City of Kitezh and the Maiden Fevronia (whose plot has been described as a cross between Parafal and Brigadion) is Svetlanov.

Mr. Adams' query, however, Mr. Ormandy commented: "Mr. Adams is quite right. At the interview I was just thinking of my large-scale orchestral sessions. I did the Fledermaus as a special favor for Rudolf Bing, to show my admiration and respect for him and the Met. The Schumann recording I did at the request of Pablo Casals with great happiness and respect for the artist. The recording was made in a church in Perpignan, France. I had unfortunately forgotten about these recordings during the interview." [Mr. Ormandy has perhaps also forgotten certain recordings of rather evanescent repertoire he made for Columbia with a "salon orchestra" long ago, apparently prior to his recordings with the Minneapolis Symphony. -- Mus. Ed.]

Younger Bing

- In "Bing Crosby: The Man Who Invented American Popular Singing" (August), Joel Vance did not mention the RCA album "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams" (LPV-584). These Crosby recordings also date from 1928-1932. Here Crosby teams up with Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra and Gus Arnheim and His Coconaut Grove Orchestra. The recordings are good mono. An older Columbia release, "Bing Crosby in Hollywood, 1930-1934," is another "early" Crosby set.

Dangerously Loud

- In his August letter, Geoffrey Prankus warned about the dangers to good hearing from listening to very loud music. The brief editorial comment was that the jury is still out and that perhaps we will know the answer in a couple of decades. (Continued on page 12)

Thomas Z. Shepard has left Columbia for RCA. Let us hope that not only will Columbia keep recording shows, but that RCA will now record them as well.

ROGER GRODSKY
Madison, Wis.

Reincarnations

- I had planned to get the "new" Westminster recording of Rimsky-Korsakov's Le Coq d'Oir. In fact, if you listen to that stereo recording, you will find minor differences from the mono issue. They were obviously different "takes" in the still experimental stereo sound of the mid-Fifties. And slightly more words of spoken dialogue were included. The performances are virtually identical, of course--a tribute to the professional dependability of the talented cast.

EDWARD BUXBAUM
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. Henning replies: The exception I was referring to--based on Mr. Ormandy's answer to an interview question--was indeed the Dvořák New World, recorded with the London Symphony Orchestra. In response to
BEFORE WE MADE THE NEW YAMAHA RECEIVER,
WE MADE THE ORCHESTRA.

The new Yamaha receiver and other stereo components emerged from a unique eighty-year involvement in music and sound. Years ago Yamaha established new standards in wind instrument precision, piano sound, guitar craftsmanship, organ electronic technology.

Our engineers didn't just sit down and create those standards—they evolved them, and the same is true in their latest audio achievements.

To reach their goal of maximum truthful reproduction, they had Yamaha's three-quarters of a century sound experience to draw from.

And they developed new technology to match and exceed the kind of quality performance (low distortion) usually found on "separates" at the highest price levels.

A New Engineering.

They developed a new kind of engineering philosophy, too.

Because they conceived this quality standard not for just the highest priced Yamaha components, but for the whole line! The result is low distortion performance, typically at .08%, available to receiver and amplifier buyers in all competitive price ranges.

Compare the specs on the new Yamaha components to any of their competition.

But don't stop there—compare them to your idea of an ultimate component selling for any price. We're confident of the outcome.

The Powerful Truth.

The new Yamaha CR-800 receiver, for example, packs a powerful 45 watts per channel RMS (both channels driven, 8 ohms, 20-20 kHz) to give you the full force of a big crescendo, or full audibility of a delicate piccolo solo.

The CR-800's FM tuner section is the first to utilize negative feedback around the multiplex demodulator. This achieves superb separation (45 dB) and reduces MPX distortion to 0.05%.

And Yamaha Auto Touch tuning allows the electronics to fine tune the station for minimum distortion (and keeps it there).

A ten-position stepped loudness control takes speaker efficiency, room acoustics, and other factors into consideration, to give you the tonal balance of lows, middles, and highs you like at all volume levels.

Multiples and Mixes.

For the multiple tape deck owner, the 800 has a five-position tape monitor selector to easily control two stereo tape record/playback circuits for recording on one or both decks simultaneously, for copying from one recorder to another, or for reproducing or monitoring on either.

Other features include a separate microphone pre-amp and volume control, a two-position low filter (20 Hz-70 Hz) and a two-position high filter (8 kHz-blend). And LED's for critical indications.

Homemade Philosophy.

The 800 fully incorporates all the years of electronics technology, metal working, machining and wood working pioneered by Yamaha in the music field.

Most of the various parts of Yamaha stereo equipment are made by Yamaha, in our own facilities, for stronger quality control.

And like Yamaha music products, Yamaha components are covered by an unusually long warranty—5 year parts, 3 year labor—and a national service and dealer network.

Audition the Yamaha CR-800, and all our new components, at your nearby Yamaha dealer.

OCTOBER 1974

CIRCLE NO. 74 ON READER SERVICE CARD
I would like to testify to an example of what we have to look forward to in a couple of decades or less. My hearing deficiency was caused by the loud noises I experienced thirty years ago while flying in military aircraft during World War II. It did not take long for the symptoms to develop, and I have had to live with them for many years. One reason why there may be some confusion about the effect is that there is only a partial loss of hearing. This is known as "the notch," so that while I have full hearing at the lower frequencies, I have lost more than 75 per cent of my sensitivity at 3,500 Hz. The result is that I often have trouble understanding conversations, and some passages of music are quite inaudible.

The problem with loud music is real. It has gotten to the point where all popular music must be amplified, even in a small room. My wife, who is a nurse in a junior high school, has commented on the large percentage of children with hearing problems. Your comment didn't help.

LOUIS H. PETERSON
Woodbridge, N.J.

The Editor replies: There are a lot of loose ends here. Is rock music really as loud as the rocket that devastated Mr. Peterson in the war? Granted that his wife encounters many youngsters with hearing problems, can they all be traced to loud rock music? Have the percentages actually changed over, say, the last decade, or are the measurements simply more accurate, the testing more comprehensive?

Grant that there is only a partial loss of hearing. That would be an understatement.

Ruth Etting's Admirers

Please relieve a curiosity that has itched away at me for some time. It is that Peter Reilly's review of Ruth Etting's "Hello, Baby" (July) was the late Cass Elliot the "superstar" devotee of Ruth Etting that Mr. Reilly referred to in his review? As an ardent admirer of both ladies' temperaments, I am writing in response to two August letters about Peter Reilly's great June review of the Carpenters. It's unjust for these two readers to take constructive criticism and manipulate it as ignorant insults. Somewhere down the line the main intention was lost. The sole purpose was for Mr. Reilly to write his evaluation. I, for one, credit him for giving an honest, truthful opinion. I was satisfied with the write-up and pity those who thrive on the childish music the Carpenters shell out.

EDWARD BRNA
Somers Point, N.J.

Traveling Headphones

I am surprised headphones weren't considered in Paul Kresh's article "Traveling with Music" (July). For some time I have been traveling with an old Borg-Warner eight-track player-amplifier and Brown stereo phones. I have the same advantages as at home — I don't bother other people!

ROBERT JENNINGS
Vero Beach, Fla.
when great sound becomes an obsession...

You'll love the Kenwood separates

The more you love music, the more you need KENWOOD. And when you simply have to have the best in stereo reproduction, nothing, but nothing except KENWOOD separate amplifier/tuner components will do!

Each KENWOOD Amplifier is a Precision Instrument whose Performance is Limited only by its Program Sources. From its outstanding phono equalizer/preamp section, to its high-powered, direct-coupled main amp, to its exclusive ASO protection circuit, each KENWOOD amplifier represents the finest in its price range. With provision for an elaborate stereo system, including 2 PHONO's, Tuner, 2 AUX, 2 Tape Decks, and 3 Stereo Speaker Systems, the new KENWOOD amplifiers incorporate such sophisticated refinements as a 'tape-through' circuit for continuous dubbing even while the system is in use for other programs. The basic difference between them: Power. And KENWOOD spells that out in the most meaningful terms possible:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>RMS Power/Ch</th>
<th>8 Ohms</th>
<th>IHF Power/8 Ohms</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>KA-6006</td>
<td>70 watts x 2</td>
<td>73 watts x 2</td>
<td>200 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KA-6006</td>
<td>48 watts x 2</td>
<td>53 watts x 2</td>
<td>160 watts</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Each New KENWOOD Tuner is a Masterpiece of Design, Engineered for Exceptional AM, FM, and FM-Stereo Reception. Whether you choose the impressive KT-6007 or the luxurious KT-8007, dual-gate MOS-FET's in the front end, a double RF stage, a superb IF system, and KENWOOD's exclusive Double-Switching Demodulator with phase-lock-loop add up to crisp, clean FM-stereo. Imaginative new design concepts add up to new convenience, too. For example, the Signal Strength Meter is converted at the touch of a button to a Multipath Detector, then converted again to a unique Deviation Meter for cassette enthusiasts who enjoy taping off-the-air. For a glimpse of top performance, check the specs:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>KT-8007</th>
<th>KT-6007</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FM Sensitivity</td>
<td>1.5 nV</td>
<td>1.7 nV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N Ratio</td>
<td>75 dB</td>
<td>70 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture Ratio</td>
<td>1.0 dB</td>
<td>1.3 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selectivity</td>
<td>100 dB</td>
<td>70 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For complete information, write...
NEW PRODUCTS THE LATEST IN HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

Harman/Kardon 44+ CD-4 Demodulator

- An add-on demodulator that, in combination with an appropriate phono cartridge, will give CD-4 capability to any four-channel system being marketed by Harman/Kardon as the Model 44+. The demodulation circuitry is automatically switched in by the presence of the CD-4 carrier on the record, which also illuminates a CD-4 pilot light on the front panel. A function selector chooses either the CD-4 mode or a stereo/matrix position, in which the unit simply amplifies and equalizes the output of the cartridge just as do the phono inputs of an amplifier or receiver. A third position, labeled bypass, routes the unaltered signal from the cartridge to a pair of special outputs intended to be connected directly to the phono inputs of an amplifier or receiver.

In CD-4 operation, the frequency response of the 44+ is 20 to 10,000 Hz ±1.5 dB; response is down 5 dB at 15,000 Hz due to the action of the demodulator's filter. Signal-to-noise ratio is 60 dB, and separation between channels exceeds 20 dB. The sensitivity of the inputs is 2 millivolts, with an impedance of 100,000 ohms and less than 30 picofarads capacitance. The unit has dimensions of 5 1/4 x 4 1/2 x 14 inches overall. Price: $119.95.

Circle 115 on reader service card

Wollensak Model 4775 Stereo Cassette Deck

- The new Model 4775 is the first stereo cassette deck from Wollensak to offer built-in Dolby noise reduction in the form of a single integrated circuit (IC) for each channel. The control facilities use push keys for transport operation and record mode, and toggle switches for tape selector ("regular" or chromium-dioxide), mono/stereo recording, Dolby, power, and input selector. The deck also has a memory-rewind feature operating in conjunction with the three-digit index counter and an automatic end-of-tape shutoff. Microphone inputs of the cartridge just as do the phono inputs or silences all speakers for headphone listening (stereo headphone jacks). Two sets of phono inputs are provided, through the tape and auxiliary inputs.

Specifications for the 4775 include: frequency response, 40 to 17,000 Hz ±3 dB with chromium-dioxide tape, 40 to 13,000 Hz ±3 dB with regular tape; wow and flutter, 0.13 per cent; signal-to-noise ratio, 52 dB without Dolby (Dolby improves S/N by 10 dB above 5,000 Hz). The microphone inputs will accept low-impedance microphones. The Model 4775 measures approximately 16 x 5 1/2 x 19 inches; it is supplied with wood base and Plexiglas dust cover. Price: $285.95.

Circle 116 on reader service card

Beyer M550S Omnidirectional Dynamic Microphone

- A relatively inexpensive moving-coil microphone is being offered by Beyer Dynamic. The Model M550S is an omnidirectional design with a frequency response of 50 to 16,000 Hz ±2.5 dB. The sensitivity of the microphone, referred to the standard sound-pressure level of 0.0002 dyne per square centimeter, is −53 dBm at 1,000 Hz. Overload does not take place even at sound-pressure levels in excess of 135 dB. The microphone is suitable for use with all load impedances.

Each M550S comes with its own individual calibration curve. The microphone is finished in black, with an on/off switch built into the case. An integral 15-foot cable is included, terminating in a standard phone plug. A small tripod stand and clamp assembly is also supplied. Price: $37.50.

Circle 117 on reader service card

Fisher 634 AM/FM Four-Channel Receiver

- The Model 634 is Fisher's largest and most elaborate four-channel receiver, providing a continuous power output of 45 watts per channel, all four channels driven simultaneously into 8 ohms. Connecting the amplifiers together for stereo operation yields a continuous output of 110 watts per channel. Harmonic distortion is 0.5 per cent and intermodulation distortion 0.8 per cent, both at rated output. The 634 has a built-in demodulator for CD-4 discs and an SQ decoder with several types of logic assistance (full wave-matching and variable blend) that can be individually switched in by the user. Discrete four-channel sources are also accepted through the tape and auxiliary inputs. Two sets of phono inputs are provided, one of which gives access to the CD-4 circuits. The CD-4 separation controls are located to the far left of the front panel. Signal-to-noise ratios are 65 dB for the phono inputs, and 70 dB for high-level inputs.

The principal controls of the 634 are a master volume knob, joystick balance control, and four small individual-channel level controls for preliminary channel balance. Tone controls for bass, treble, and mid-range provide for separate adjustment of the front and rear channels (in the case of bass and treble) and left and right channels (in the case of the mid-range controls). The speaker selector chooses between two sets of speakers or silences all speakers for headphone listening (stereo headphone jacks for front and rear channels are located on the front panel). Three dual-pointer meters also appear on the front panel. Two of the meter movements indicate signal-strength (AM and FM) and channel-center (FM) tuning, and the other four register the levels of the four channels.

(Continued on page 16)
As a British company we'd like to explain our 810 QX automatic turntable in plain English.

How the 810 QX reproduces recorded music accurately.

The BSR 810QX has a sophisticated synchronous motor, spinning a heavy 7-lb. platter for accurate speed (regardless of voltage supply or record load) and all-but-nonexistent wow and flutter. Anti-skating force may be adjusted for optimum pressure with either conical or elliptical stylus, so stylus sits perfectly centered in groove for precise stereo separation without audible distortion or uneven groove wear. A strobe disc is integrated into the platter design and a variable speed control is provided should you want to vary from, and later return to, the normal speeds. The tone arm will track as low as 0.25 grams to make use of finest light-weight, high-compliance cartridges for maximum fidelity and dynamic range.

How the 810 QX protects records and cartridge stylus assembly.

Tone arm descent is viscous-damped in automatic operation and also when using the manual cue and pause control, for gentle contact with record surface. Platter rubber mat protects records during play and cushions discs during automatic drop. Automatic spindle uses umbrella-type suspension, without outboard balance arm. Stub spindle rotates with record to prevent distortion of center hole. Stylus setdown adjustment prevents stylus damage if dropped outside of entry groove range. Tracking pressure adjustable down to 0.25 grams for newest lightweight cartridges for minimum record wear. Stylus brush whisks dust off stylus between plays. Lock automatically secures tone arm to prevent damage to stylus from accidental movement. Stylus wear meter records accumulated stylus use in hours. Knowing when to replace a worn stylus protects your records.

How the 810 QX provides convenient operation in any desired mode.

After touching a single feather-weight button, the 810QX can either play a stack of records, shutting off after the last one, play a single record and shut off, or play a single record, and repeat it indefinitely until you stop it. Manual operation uses a single button to start the motor, and the cue control to lower the stylus.

How the 810 QX operates quietly, emitting no sound that can intrude on the music.

The 810QX uses a unique sequential cam drive mechanism. It is a rigid precision assembly that replaces the plumber's nightmare of rotating eccentric plates and interlocking gears that other changers use. Unlike other changers, there are no light metal stampings that can go out of alignment and make a lot of noise, from being carried, bumped, or just from use.

For literature write to BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

CIRCLE NO. 14 ON READER SERVICE CARD
NEW PRODUCTS
THE LATEST IN HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

nals. The sensitivities of these meters can be reduced by means of a pushbutton switch. Other pushbuttons introduce high- and low-cut filters and FM interstation-noise muting, and select operating mode.

FM specifications for the Model 634 include an IHF sensitivity of 1.8 microvolts, capture ratio of 1.2 dB, 55-dB AM suppression, 90-dB spurious-response rejection, and 65-dB image rejection. Alternate-channel selectivity is 60 dB, and stereo separation is 38 dB at 1,000 Hz. Stereo FM harmonic distortion is 0.4 per cent. The receiver measures 23⅞ x 7⅛ x 15⅞ inches. A wood cabinet is supplied. Price: $799.95. An optional cable-connected remote controller ($29.95) plugs into the back of the receiver and adjusts volume and balance. Circle 118 on reader service card

Kenwood Automatic Single-Play Turntables

- A new line of turntables consisting of two automatic single-play models has been introduced by Kenwood. The top model, the KP-5022 (shown), employs a direct-drive motor that rotates at the actual platter speed, with illuminated stroboscopic markings along the platter's circumference and fine-tuning speed adjustments with ranges of ±3 per cent around either of the turntable's two speeds (33 ⅓ and 45 rpm). The Model KP-3022 is similar, but a synchronous motor drives the platter through a belt linkage, and the strob markings and speed adjustments are lacking. Both models have tubular aluminum tone arms of elliptical cross section. These are equipped with their own motors for the automatic functions (indexing to a preselected record diameter, and raising and returning to rest at the end of a record). The turntable can also be operated manually. Arm balance and tracking force adjustment are accomplished through two counterweights. Anti-skating is applied separately by means of a calibrated knob control. Stylus overhang and azimuth are adjustable right at the head shell, where the cartridge holder is clamped to the main body of the tone arm. The pilot lamp on the motorboard serves as an index for making the overhang adjustment.

Wow and flutter for the Model KP-5022 are less than 0.05 per cent, and rumble level is below 58 dB. Corresponding specifications for the KP-3022 are 0.08 per cent and 48 dB. The bases of both units are constructed of ABS resin in a simulated wood finish, within which the turntable motorboards are floated on spring suspensions. Approximate overall dimensions, including the transparent hinged dust covers supplied: 19 x 6¾ x 13¾ inches (KP-5022); 17¼ x 6¾ x 14½ inches (KP-3022). Prices: KP-5022, $299.95; KP-3022, $199.95. Circle 119 on reader service card

Dual 901 Auto-Reverse Stereo Cassette Deck

- The new Model 901 stereo cassette deck from Dual provides automatic-reversing operation in both the playback and recording modes, as well as a continuous-play mode that repeats both sides of a cassette indefinitely. The transport employs twin capstans—one for either direction—and erase heads on both sides of the single permalloy record-playback head. When the deck is in motion, only the capstan and erase head for the direction selected come into contact with the tape. The 901 has built-in Dolby noise reduction with external calibration adjustments for standard and chromium-dioxide tapes. In addition, the newer chromium-dioxide cassettes with molded coding slots on their cases will automatically switch the deck's recording characteristics to suit this tape type (manual switching is also possible with cassettes lacking the slot).

The recording-level meters of the Dual 901 have true VU characteristics. They are supplemented by a peak-indicator light that glows to indicate brief signals that would exceed 0 VU on the meters. To prevent overload effects on such peaks, an automatic level control can be switched in to limit excessive signals. The dual recording-level controls are of the slider type. In addition, microphone inputs (for dynamic microphones from 200 to 700 ohms impedance and for condenser microphones) and a stereo headphone jack suitable for low-impedance phones are provided. The cassette-eject mechanism is viscous damped.

Specifications for the Dual 901 include a frequency response of 20 to 14,000 Hz with standard tape. 20 to 15,500 Hz with chromium dioxide, both ±1.5 dB. Wow and flutter are less than 0.09 per cent, and the signal-to-noise ratio exceeds 50 dB without Dolbyizing. 59 dB with Dolby processing. At a recording level of -2 VU, 1,000 Hz, harmonic distortion is less than 1.5 per cent. The deck can be operated in any position, and hanging slots for wall installation are provided, as well as feet which make it possible to stand the deck on edge. Dimensions are 16½ x 4½ x 11¾ inches. Price: $450. Circle 120 on reader service card

TDK “Audua” Open-Reel Tape

- The “Audua” series of open-reel sound-recording tapes just introduced by TDK is reportedly the result of several improvements in magnetic-tape manufacture developed by the company. Exceptionally small iron-oxide particles are used (0.4 micron wide and roughly 4 microns long, for a length-to-width ratio of 10 to 1) in a dense coating with improved particle orientation. The result is an oxide coating with excellent overload characteristics at high audio frequencies. According to TDK, output is approximately 2 dB greater at 10,000 Hz than that of conventional tape (optimum bias assumed), with further improvements at higher frequencies. The recommended bias for Audua tape is 25 per cent higher than standard. The tape employs a polyster base material and comes in lengths of 1,200 and 1,800 feet on 7-inch reels. 3,600 feet on 10½-inch reels. Prices for the three lengths (L-1200, L-1800, L-3600): $8, $10.50, and $31.50. Circle 121 on reader service card

STEREO REVIEW
EVEN A MILLIONAIRE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO BUY THE MIRACORD 50H MARK II.

Not because it cost so much. But because it might be a little bit difficult to locate.

We'll admit that trying to track down a Miracord can be a trifle trying. But it's well worth the search. Because the fact is, that feature for feature, there isn't a better automatic turntable in its price range than the Miracord 50H Mark II.

Here's why:

The Miracord Magic Wand spindle holds hours of music. Ten records at a time. And it lifts out of the way; you remove the record stack without pulling them up through the spindle.

Miracord and only Miracord in its price class has an incomparable hysteresis synchronous motor. Professional studios and broadcasters rely on this kind of motor for absolute long-term speed accuracy.

Our speed control varies 5% with lighted stroboscopic speed monitoring on 33 and 45 rpm.

Our operating cam is metal, not plastic.

We can repeat a record continuously. Or replay a record in the middle of a stack without dropping the next record.

With Miracord's simple cartridge installation, overhang problems are eliminated. All you do is mount the cartridge, then adjust a micrometer screw to the built-in overhang gauge. It's as fast as it is accurate.

The 50H Mark II has a feather-light viscous-damped arm descent to the record surface. And the light-touch push-button panel reduces the chance of the arm skittering across the grooves.

Those are just some of the reasons that make the Miracord 50H Mark II so popular. If you'd like the full story on our full line, just write to us at: Miracord Products, Benjamin Electronic Sound Co., 40 Smith Street, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

The Miracord 50H Mark II. When you find one, you don't have to be a millionaire to afford it.

THE MIRACORD 50H MARK II.
Damn hard to find. Damn hard to beat.
Introducing the Classic Cassette with ferri-chrome.
Truer than chrome.  
Truer than iron oxide.  
Compatible with all cassette recorders.

Its secret is a tape double-layered with oxide. Through advanced 3M technology, ferri-chrome literally combines the best characteristics of two coating formulations into one. Its chromium dioxide coating delivers high output and brilliant high frequencies; its gamma ferric iron oxide provides superb mid-range and rich low frequencies and low noise levels. Together they give you full-range performance you've never heard before in any cassette.

This ferri-chrome combination gives "Scotch" brand Classic cassettes fidelity that often deceives the sharpest ear. Included in a variety of test procedures was the use of a Bruel and Kjaer Model 3347 spectrum analyzer. We began with the original play (record) of a broad-spectrum piece of music, first measuring output levels versus frequency from the record, then the Classic cassette recording of the record, and finally, the record recorded on our low noise/high density cassette and on our chrome cassette. Our graph shows the results:

Along with Classic cassettes, we've also developed an outstanding Classic 8-Track cartridge and Classic open-reel tape. Both with their own special oxide formulation which offers sound brilliance beyond previously unsurpassed "Scotch" brand standards. Super quiet. Utterly responsive.

The Classics — cassette, cartridge, and open-reel tape — are quite simply and clearly the best we've ever made.

Compatibility is another ferri-chrome bonus. It means Classic cassettes will deliver optimum performance on any quality machine. (On machines with a chrome switch position use the HIGH or NORMAL switch position.)

Scotch brand.  
The Master Tape.
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 (Pat. Pend.) was used to play the commercial pressing. Without fail, listeners could not hear a difference between the disc and its master.

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. Customers were asked 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.

Hearing is believing
Visit your Micro-Acoustics dealer and ask him to demonstrate our new QDC-1 cartridge (available in spherical, elliptical and Quadra-Point™/CD-4 configurations). Prices range from $100 to $120. Bring a record of your own and let him show you what the QDC-1 can do for your music. For technical information and a dealer list, write to:

Micro-Acoustics Corporation
62 Westchester Plaza
Elmsford, New York 10523
CIRCLE NO. 45 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Audio Questions and Answers
By Larry Klein Technical Editor

15-ips Dolby Decks
Q. Is there some technical reason why I can't find a 15-ips open-reel tape machine with built-in Dolby circuits?

Floyde Sarasohn
Queens, N.Y.

A. The "technical reason" was—until recently—that Dolby Laboratories simply refused to allow their licensees to put Dolby-B circuits into large-reel, 15-ips machines. Dolby had two reasons for this; (1) They wished to avoid potential confusion between the professional A-type four-band Dolby system and the consumer-oriented single-band B-type system. (In their view, a 15-ips, 10½-inch machine could be considered a professional rather than a consumer product.) (2) Since the B-type system reduces hiss only, it is not as useful for fast, wide-track professional machines because they are relatively less troubled by high-frequency noise. The four-band Dolby A system provides noise reduction over most of the audio band and hence can cope with low-frequency noise also. In any case, the Dolby people have now relaxed their stand and are willing to allow Dolby B to be used in 10½-inch-reel, 15-ips machines as long as they are clearly consumer-oriented—whatever that means. However, a separate Dolby adapter can be plugged into any machine you like, and this seems to make more sense than buying a deck with built-in Dolby circuits.

Speaker Fusing
Q. I'm about to buy a set of speakers and I'm interested in fusing them, having read a review that suggests such a move. Can you tell me how to go about this? In addition, I also intend to buy an amplifier that has meters calibrating power output and decibels. Just what do decibels indicate in this instance, and how do I interpret them in terms of output power per channel?

Dan Curry
Normal, Ill.

A. To respond to your first question first, it is difficult to select the proper fuse for a speaker system without extensive trial-and-error testing. The problem is this: in a two- or three-way speaker system, one of the drivers may be more susceptible to overdrive damage than the others. Therefore, the current rating of the fuse should be chosen so as to protect the "weakest" unit. To complicate matters, the impedance of a speaker changes somewhat with frequency, and it is the speaker's impedance that determines the current flow from the amplifier for a given audio signal level. In other words, the amount of current flowing through the various drivers varies with the frequency of the signal. Without knowing what amount of current is "safe" for each driver throughout its frequency range, I don't have enough information to help you select the proper fuse. But the manufacturer of your speakers should be able to.

In regard to the significance of the meter readings on a power amplifier, there appears to be no standard. The meaning of the meter reading depends only on what the manufacturer has set it to be, and there's no fixed relationship between the decibel reading on the meter and the amplifier's moment-to-moment wattage output.

Hi-Fi from Scratch
Q. I am a ham radio operator and lately I've become interested in stereo. I have built all sorts of ham equipment "from scratch" and would like to know where I could find plans for tuners and amplifiers that I could build. I'm not talking about commercial kits.

Stephen Jenkins
Tampa, Fla.

A. Our sister publication Popular Electronics regularly publishes build-it-yourself projects in the hi-fi area. Such projects are also found in that magazine's Electronic Experimenter's Handbook. Back issues of both are available (Continued on page 24)
The single-play turntables only a great changer company could have made.

Garrard's new single-play turntables are so advanced in their solution of basic engineering problems that only a leading manufacturer of automatic changers (yes, changers) could have produced them.

This may sound paradoxical to the partisans of single play, but it's a perfectly realistic view of the situation. The truth is that it's easier to make a single-play turntable that works (never mind outstanding performance for the moment) than a record changer that works.

The very qualities that make the single-play turntable the preferred choice of certain users—straightforwardness of design, lots of room for relatively few parts, fewer critical functions, etc.—also permit an unsophisticated maker to come up more easily with an acceptable model. Take a heavy platter and a strong motor, connect them with a belt... you get the picture.

As a result, there are quite a few nice, big, shiny and expensive single-play turntables of respectable performance in the stores today.

A thoroughbred single-play automatic is another matter.

We're talking about a turntable that gives you not only state-of-the-art performance in terms of rumble, wow, flutter, tracking and so on, but also the utmost in convenience, childproof and guestproof automation, pleasant handling, efficient use of space, balanced good looks and, above all, value per dollar.

Here we're back on the home grounds of the changer maker. He alone knows how to coordinate a lot of different turntable functions and niggling little design problems without wasted motions, space and expenditures. The kind of thing Garrard is the acknowledged master of.

No other proof of this argument is needed than a close look at the new Garrard Zero 100SB and 86SB.

Yes, they have heavy, die-cast, dynamically balanced platters. Yes, they have belt drive. Yes, they have -64dB rumble (DIN B Standard). And the Zero 100SB has Garrard's unique Zero Tracking Error Tonearm, the first and only arm to eliminate even the slightest amount of tracking error in an automatic turntable.

But that's not the whole story.

What gives these turntables the final edge over other single-play designs is the way they're automated.

Both are fully automatic in the strictest sense of the term. Your hand need never touch the tonearm. The arm indexes at the beginning of the record, returns to the arm rest at the end of the record and shuts off the motor, all by itself. The stylus can't flop around in the lead-out groove.

There are also other subtle little features like the ingeniously hinged dust cover (it can be lifted and removed even on a narrow shelf), the integrated low-profile teak base, the exclusive automatic record counter (in the Zero 100SB only) and the finger-tab control panel. Plus one very unsubtle feature.


Garrard Zero 100SB, $20995

Garrard's new single-play turntables are so advanced in their solution of basic engineering problems that only a leading manufacturer of automatic changers (yes, changers) could have produced them.

Garrard 65SB, $19995
Now, from JBL, something you've probably never heard before: the other half of the music.

(JBL has perfected an entirely new sound system. The most astonishing part is a new high frequency transducer that can fill a room with the high half of sound. It works—well, it works like a nozzle.)

We're going to talk about acoustics and harmonics and all sorts of heavy stuff for the next minute or two. We'll try to do it with merciful brevity. But at the end we're going to unveil a new $396 loudspeaker called Jubal.

For that kind of money, you're entitled to know what you're getting into.

First, music.
Half the music you hear is in the low and midrange of sound. "Fundamental tones," they're called: the human voice, a piano, a guitar, a violin, a trumpet, whatever. That's where you hear the basic shape and form of sound.

But the character of music, the music of music—overtones, onset tones, all the harmonic shading and texture and subtlety are hidden in the highs. (Without them you couldn't tell a flute from a trumpet from a piano.)

Next, the hard stuff.
Any good sound system is designed to disperse sound throughout the room. What you hear and feel is direct and reflected sound. Together they create ambient sound, the sense of being in the middle of something.

Now, as long as the music is in the low and midrange, the
traditional tweeter will spread it around. But as the tones go higher, the tweeter narrows its range. There’s a pea-shooter effect. You have to stand directly in front of the speaker to hear the high highs. They never get to the rest of the room.

The Nozzle.

It’s formal name is the JBL 077 Ultra High Frequency Transducer.

It was developed because the world of recording and listening is still very square. Sound studios, auditoriums and living rooms are box-like.

But sound is conical, circular, radial – the pebble in the pond.

The Nozzle™ accepts enormous amounts of high frequency power and disperses it into a near-perfect horizontal pattern.

The result? Pure, bright, transparent, distortion-free high frequency tones throughout the room.

Nice.

Enough words. Go hear the music. Take a favorite tape or record – something you know by heart – and ask your JBL dealer to hook it up to Jubal.

If you think Jubal sounds like something special, friend, you don’t know the half of it.

The Jubal is the smallest floor system we make. 24” x 18” x 13”. It has a handsome smoked glass top and a unique three-dimensional grille in Midnight Blue, Rust Red or Earth Brown.
The new
Micro-Acoustics
FRM-1
High Accuracy Speaker:

It will put you at the center of the music no matter where you sit in the listening room.

Micro-Acoustics new FRM-1 speaker has five front-mounted, direct radiating high frequency drivers set in a semi-decahedron array (see illustration). This unique configuration causes the sound of the five drivers to overlap, resulting in a hemispheric pattern from the face of the speaker. This means you get virtually identical sound intensity anywhere in the listening room. Which also means that you can sit anywhere you want and still hear perfect high frequency sound. You can put an FRM-1 up high or down low, keep it upright or set it down on its side. No matter where you put it, or how you place it, the FRM-1 will deliver superb high frequency dispersion.

Plus an unusually smooth mid-range.

And bass response that literally has to be felt to be believed.

For the FRM-1 is a complete speaker in every way—priced at $165.00 each, it is made with the highest quality components found in any bookshelf made today. A pair brings a new kind of joy to stereo. Four in quad will simply boggle your senses. For a complete demonstration, visit your Micro-Acoustics dealer. Sit where you want. With the FRM-1, you don’t have to go to the music—the music will come to you.

And be sure to ask to hear our moderately priced FRM-2 and economy priced FRM-3—they both share the excellent dispersion characteristics of the FRM-1.

(A note to people who already own a pair of fine speakers such as ADVENT, AR, KLH—we have a special high frequency dispersion system available as an accessory that sits neatly on top of each of your loudspeakers. It’s called the Microstatic (MS-1), sells for $117.00 a pair, and makes good loudspeakers sound a lot better.)

For more technical information and test reports on our loudspeaker line write to Micro-Acoustics Corp., 8 Westchester Plaza, Elmsford, New York 10523.
Empire’s new wide response 4000D* series phono cartridge features our exclusive “4 Dimensional” diamond stylus tip. This phenomenal cartridge will track any record below 1 gram and trace all the way to 50,000 Hz.

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If you're a music lover looking for more enjoyment from your music collection, we have a pleasant surprise for you.

Up to now you've enjoyed the few control functions on your tape deck, amp or receiver. But think what you could do with a discrete control center! Not a lo-fi economy model, but the famous CROWN IC150, with a variety of versatile controls unavailable in any other model under $300, and some models over $500.

This is the control center praised by that dean of audio, Ed Canby. "This IC150... is the finest and most versatile control unit I have ever used. For the first time I can hook all my equipment together at once. I find many semi-pro operations possible with it that I have never before been able to pull off, including a first-class equalization of old tapes via the smooth and distortionless tone controls. I have rescued some of my earliest broadcast tapes by this means, recopying them to sound better than they ever did before."

The IC150 will do the same for you. You could record from any of seven sources: tuners, turntables, guitars, tape players, microphones, etc. You could also tape with one recorder while listening to a second one. Even run two copies of the same source at once while monitoring each individually. How about using the IC150's exclusive panorama control to improve the stereo separation of poorly produced program material or to correct that ping-pong effect with headphone listening? It's all up to your creativity.

You'll feel perfectly free to copy and recopy through your IC150, since it creates practically no deterioration whatsoever. Cleaner phono and high-level circuits cannot be found anywhere. Harmonic distortion is practically unmeasurable and IM is less than 0.002% (typically 0.0002%).

Of course, construction is traditional Crown quality, backed with a three-year warranty. The price is $299. The enjoyment is unlimited. The opportunity is yours. Visit your local Crown dealer to discover if you are ready for a real control center, the IC150.

GLOSSARY OF TECHNICAL TERMS—13

- **Feedback** is a technique for reducing some of the distortion or other "errors" that occur in electronic circuits by "feeding back" part of the output signal to an earlier part of the circuit. The circuit is arranged so that the feedback signal is "negative"—that is, it is out of phase with the input signal. For example, say that there is 20 dB of signal feedback applied to the amplifier input. This negative signal cancels by 20 dB all areas of the signal where the input and the feedback output waveforms coincide. However, when there is a difference (other than in amplitude) between the two waveforms because of distortion in the output, the cancellation cannot take place. The difference between the output and input (in other words, the distortion) is added to the input as a "corrective" signal. The feedback reduces both the distortion and the amplifier gain by 20 dB. However, the lost gain is easily compensated for elsewhere in the system.

The feedback principle has also been applied to speaker systems ("correcting" the amplifier's output signal to compensate for certain types of speaker distortion inherent in the speaker).

The feedback described above is of the negative variety; positive feedback is also found in audio equipment, sometimes purposefully, sometimes accidentally. The unwanted howling or roar that is heard when a microphone or phono gain is turned up too high for a particular setup is acoustic feedback (from the loudspeakers) of the positive type.

- **Field-effect transistors** (FET's) are usually described as semiconductor devices that share many of the desirable characteristics of both conventional transistors and vacuum tubes. These advantages include good linearity (and hence more freedom from spurious responses and other distortions), high input impedance, and low noise. FET's were first introduced into audio equipment in the input stages of FM tuners, where they were beneficial in avoiding the overload effects from strong local stations that plagued conventional transistor circuits. Recently they have begun appearing in preamplifiers and the preamplifier sections of amplifiers and receivers. And the introduction of some powerful amplifiers employing special power FET's has been announced.

- **Filters** are circuits that selectively reduce the level of certain frequencies in an electrical signal. Audiophiles are most familiar with the high-cut ("scratch") and low-cut ("rumble") filters that can be switched in and out manually at the control panels of amplifiers and receivers. These are intended to reduce, respectively, the levels of the extreme high and extreme low frequencies in the program, in the hopes of eliminating unwanted noise at those frequencies without too much effect on the program material. Audio systems usually contain numerous other "fixed" filters (see Equalization) inaccessible to the user which process the program material to remove specific frequency areas of noise or interference.

Filters are usually characterized by the "turnover" frequencies at which they begin acting (the point at which the response is 3 db down from flat response) and the rate (slope) at which their effect takes place. A 6-db-per-octave slope is rarely as desirable as one of 12 or 18 dB per octave, since the steeper slopes discriminate more sharply against the region of unwanted noise while affecting the music-containing frequencies much less. A special family of filters, the "dynamic" types, are controlled by the program, which is to say that the signal levels and frequencies themselves automatically regulate the filtering action. Noise filters can be relatively simple or quite complex, but they all attempt to achieve the greatest possible noise elimination together with the least audible effect on the musical material.
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Altec's Stonehenge I. Fulfilling the quest of another age — for the ultimate speaker system to reproduce today's dynamic sound. With all the power and precision originally captured by modern recording technology. From the driving, virile bass notes to the crisp, tingling highs, here is a speaker system that delivers the gusto, the romance, the sheer pleasure of your favorite music — from rock to ragtime, from Bach to Baez. A speaker system totally designed to achieve a new level of accuracy in sound reproduction.

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The TEAC 360S.

* Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
Permit us this momentary bit of self-indulgence, because our intentions are pure: to assist you in choosing the best phono cartridge for your hi-fi system, within the practical limitations of your audio budget. To begin, if you feel uncomfortable with anything less than state-of-the-art playback perfection, we heartily recommend the Shure V-15 Type III, a cartridge of such flawless performance it is the perfect companion to the finest turntables and tone arms available today — and those coming tomorrow. At a more moderate level of performance and price, we suggest the Shure M91ED, a superb performer second in trackability only to the Type III. Finally, for optimum performance under a budget austerity program, the yeoman Shure M44E is for you. All in all, these are three great ways to enjoy music with the kind of system you have decided is best for you.

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TECHNICAL TALK
By JULIAN D. HIRSCH

TEST RECORDS AND PHONO CARTRIDGES: Our test reports on phono cartridges refer to certain specific test records used for measurement of frequency response, channel separation, distortion, and other aspects of cartridge performance. To simplify comparisons between cartridges, we have tried to standardize our test records and procedures, but from time to time records must be deleted from or added to our active list. In many respects, measuring cartridge performance seems ridiculously easy—simply play a suitable test record and measure the electrical outputs at the cartridge's terminals. Unfortunately, it is not easy to separate the limitations of these two imperfect links in the measurement chain. Most frequency-response test records have a number of frequencies (or a continuous sweeping tone) recorded at a constant velocity over a major portion of the audio-frequency range. To limit the groove amplitude on the record to a reasonable value, it is customary to record with a constant amplitude characteristic below 500 Hz. Sometimes the lower limit of the record is put at 500 Hz and constant-velocity recording is used throughout. Since most cartridge aberrations occur at middle and high frequencies, this is not a serious limitation in testing.

Test records designed for professional use invariably have a sweep tone that is synchronized with the drive speed of the chart of a graphic-level recorder. It is possible to use spot frequency measurements as a rough indication of cartridge response, but they lack the detail necessary for a thorough evaluation. A comprehensive series of test records has been produced by CBS Laboratories, and we—along with many others—use the CBS STR100 disc for the measurement of frequency response, separation, and output level. The sweep bands of the STR100 are synchronized with the General Radio 1521B Graphic-Level Recorder. The Danish Bruel & Kjaer test instruments are widely used throughout the world. B&K, and a number of other manufacturers, produce test records synchronized with their chart recorder. Unfortunately, however, the frequency calibration of their sweeps is not compatible with the General Radio recorder.

Since the introduction of CD-4 cartridges, there has been a need for test records useful to 50,000 Hz (50 kHz) instead of the mere 20-kHz limit of most stereo test records. The CBS STR120 has been available for some time, and we have used it for testing stereo cartridges whose response extended appreciably above 20 kHz. However, its inherent performance is not adequate for testing today's CD-4 cartridges, and we now use the JVC TRS1005 for that purpose. The TRS1005 sweeps from 1 kHz to 50 kHz with constant recorded velocity, and it is synchronized with the B&K recorder, so we use a conversion scale with our General Radio charts to calibrate the frequency axis.

Any specifications of a cartridge's frequency response or channel separation must identify the test record used for the measurement if they are to have any meaning. No two brands of records we have used are alike, and there can even be significant differences between different pressings of the "same" record made a couple of years apart. A record can be calibrated independently of a phono cartridge by optical means, or with a variable-speed turntable, but these are somewhat involved procedures and are hardly justified except for a cartridge manufacturer. We must content ourselves with measuring the frequency response of various cartridges with the same test records, as much as possible, thus providing at least some basis for comparison if not a precise absolute measurement.

Determining the tracking ability of a cartridge also presents problems. Tracking is a function of the recorded velocity (or amplitude) as well as frequency, and we know of no test record suitable for a complete measurement of this important parameter. We have for years used two records to evaluate tracking requirements at low and middle frequencies (neither has been available for some time, however). The monophonic Cook Series 60 record has a number of low-frequency bands recorded with Fletcher-Munson compensation, so that the lowest frequency of 32.7 Hz has an extremely high amplitude of about 0.034 cm. (This level of groove modulation is easily visible with the naked eye at a distance of several feet!) When playing this high-level band, the sound is often quite distorted, even when the stylus manages to stay in the groove. A few cartridges can reproduce it without serious distortion, and others simply jump out of the groove even when used at their maximum rated force. Between these limits, we judge the low-frequency tracking ability of a cartridge by how much vertical tracking force is required to play this record, and by the amount of audible distortion. This is essentially a test of the static compliance and peak amplitude limits of the stylus.

Another out-of-print record in our library is the Fairchild 101, which was made to demonstrate the effectiveness of anti-skating compensation when Fairchild introduced an arm with the feature.
more than a decade ago. This record has short 1,000-Hz bursts (about one second long, to avoid overheating the recording cutter) at a level of 30 cm/sec. By watching the two outputs of a stereo cartridge on a dual-trace oscilloscope, the anti-skating compensation can easily be adjusted for symmetrical peak clipping of the waveform. As we use it for a tracking test, the vertical tracking force is increased (up to the cartridge’s maximum rating) until the output waveforms show no further improvement. The higher of the tracking forces obtained with this record and the Cook record is used for our subsequent tests and listening to the cartridge, and that is the force we recommend for its use.

Another record we sometimes use for a similar purpose is one of a series produced by the German Hi-Fi Industries Association. Among other things, it has 300-Hz bands recorded at increasing velocities up to about 20 cm/sec. By listening, one can immediately hear the beginning of mistracking and the effect of increasing the tracking force. When using these records to compare two cartridges (at the same tracking force), it is not uncommon to find one of them excelling in one or two of these tests, but almost never in all three. Despite its lack of rigor, we find this a quick and useful way to judge the tracking ability of a phono cartridge.

A more quantitative approach is to measure the distortion of the cartridge output as a function of recorded velocity. Bearing in mind that cartridge tracking ability is a function of frequency, it is obvious that more than one kind of test is needed for this evaluation. We have used the monophonic RCA 12-5-39 record as one indicator of lower-mid-range tracking and distortion at peak velocities from about 4 cm/sec to 27 cm/sec. This record has 400- and 4,000-Hz tones, in an amplitude ratio of 4 to 1, so that the intermodulation distortion generated can be read directly with a standard IM distortion analyzer.

But this RCA 12-5-39 is a 78-rpm record (!), and this has caused some problems in its application. Often we test integrated record players that do not have the 78-rpm speed. Also, slight record warp and eccentricity can cause severe meter fluctuations at 78 rpm. At one time we tried to use the Shure TTR102, a 33⅓-rpm record with the same recorded bands as the RCA record, but we found extremely poor correlation between the results with the two records.

Shure has developed a comprehensive tracking-test record, the TTR103, which we have been using for over a year. Unfortunately, most of the test data derived from it cannot be easily correlated with earlier tests, so that we are effectively “starting from scratch” in our cartridge tracking tests. The TTR103 has three distinct sections, which require different instrumentation, for judging different aspects of cartridge tracking performance. It has the same 400- and 4,000-Hz IM test tones described above, at velocities from 15 to 30 cm/sec. Then there are 1,000- and 1,500-Hz tones at equal amplitude, with peak velocities from 15 cm/sec to 30 cm/sec. Finally, a unique test involving shaped 10.8-kHz tone bursts, evaluated with special filters, supplies quantitative data on high-frequency tracking at velocities from 15 to 30 cm/sec.

The handful of records we have described are currently used for the bulk of our cartridge testing. However, we have about thirty different kinds of test records, many of which are used as circumstances warrant. As a result, our test data and curves will not always be directly comparable to the data on a cartridge we tested a year or two earlier. This is one price we must pay for progress, as cartridges continue to be improved and better test records are developed to measure them. However, our verbal evaluations can be considered comparable — except, of course, that “the best” in any aspect of performance three or four years ago may already be second-best today.
Malcolm Scholl, Audioanalyst, As Seen Through The Eyes Of His A-200X Speaker

He can torture a tweeter out of its bird.

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Called an "audio wizard" by Sight & Sound Marketing, this engineering genius will put a crossover panel through fifty changes, if necessary, before he'll give it his Six Year Warranty.

Audio Magazine says his product "has an extremely good crescendo handling capability." It should, after bench testing every single driver before it goes into assembly and every single assembly before it goes into the box. $94 to $249.

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Monstrous About Perfection

OCTOBER 1974
CIRCLE NO. 6 ON READER SERVICE CARD
33
Among the features of the Model 1's rear panel are controls for the oscilloscope (focus, intensity, position), means of selecting the amount of de-emphasis, and scope inputs for external signal sources.

In the graph of FM performance, the levels of both random noise and noise plus distortion are compared with the audio-output level as signal strength increases. Both mono and stereo are shown.

- Laboratory Measurements. The design emphasis in the Sequerra Model 1 has been toward optimizing its audible characteristics—in respect to noise, distortion, and interfering signals of all kinds—rather than toward achieving more impressive but less useful “sensitivity” figures. In many respects, the performance of the Sequerra Model 1 approaches or exceeds the capabilities of the most advanced laboratory test equipment. Although we used the Sound Technology Model 1000A signal generator, acknowledged to be the finest commercial unit of its type, it was obvious that much of the time our readings reflected the limits of the generator’s performance rather than those of the tuner.

The IHF sensitivity was 2 µV in mono and 3.5 µV in stereo. There is no automatic mono/stereo switching threshold as such, so that stereo signals are received in stereo down to the minimum level that will lock the tuner’s multiplex circuits (about 1.6 µV). The sensitivity for 50-dB quieting was 2.9 µV in mono and 33 µV in stereo. The ultimate distortion, at 1,000 µV, was about 0.1 per cent in mono and 0.15 per cent in stereo (we assume that both of these distortion levels reflect the limitations of our generator, rather than the performance of the tuner). The ultimate signal-to-noise ratio was 69 dB in mono and 65.5 dB in stereo.

The frequency response of the Model 1 was obviously at least as good as that of our test instruments, measuring ±0.2 dB from 20 to 15,000 Hz. The channel separation was about 48 dB or better from 30 to 7,000 Hz. Accurate measurements in the upper audio-frequency range were hampered by a phase-shift problem in the signal generator, which yielded apparent separation figures exceeding 60 dB! With most good tuners, whose separation rarely exceeds 40 dB, this effect is not apparent, but in the case of the Model 1 we must content ourselves with saying that its separation exceeds at least 42 dB, and is typically (Continued on page 36)
the finest amplifier

400 watts "rms" power (60C watts @ 4 ohms); 1000 in². of heat sink plus space for optional fan; more complete protection for both amplifier and speaker than any other amplifier; and sound quality without equal. Optional illuminated meters.

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The A-25 has over 500,000 happy owners

Dynaco speakers have been the most widely reviewed and enthusiastically recommended of all loudspeaker systems. In just 5 years the A-25 has become the most popular speaker in the world. Consumer test facilities, hi-fi magazine reviewers, music critics and owners all praise its articulate, natural sound.

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better than 48 dB, across the full audio-frequency range.

The capture ratio at 1,000 µV was 1.1 dB, and it was still an excellent 1.4 dB at 10 µV. The AM rejection measured 70 dB, which is apparently the limit of our test capability and surpasses that of any other tuner we have measured. Alternate-channel selectivity was a very good 86 dB. The image rejection of 62 dB was good, but not quite as outstanding as the tuner's other characteristics. The 19-kHz pilot-carrier suppression was a good 62 dB—a notable figure in view of the fact that the tuner's frequency response showed no signs of rolloff even at 15,000 Hz.

The fact that some of these numbers are not significantly different from those we have obtained from many tuners costing a fraction of the price of the Model 1 may seem rather strange. However, given the audible performance of the tuner (which we will get to in a moment), what this indicates is that tuner measurement standards are not as useful as they might be for delineating the characteristics of a tuner with such markedly superior qualities. For example, the IHF sensitivity measurement is based on the level of input signal (in microvolts) required to reduce the level of distortion plus noise (usually hiss) in the received signal to 3.2 per cent (−30 dB). Practically, however, it matters little whether a tuner has an IHF sensitivity rating of 1.5 or 3 µV, because a signal-to-noise ratio of 30 dB is simply not suitable for serious listening. The 50-dB “quieting sensitivity” rating proposed for the new IHF FM standard approaches acceptable listening quality at the rated sensitivity, but just barely.

The overall operation of the Model 1 was flawless, with accurate tuning assured by the scope display (the low distortion of the tuner was maintained even with visible mistuning), and there was a drift of less than 10 kHz from a cold start. Compared with most solid-state tuners, the Sequerra Model 1 generates considerable heat, but its temperature compensation appeared to be excellent.

The interstation muting was good, though at times we heard a slight noise burst when tuning on or off a station.

Comment. One may fairly ask how a $2,500 price tag can be justified for an FM tuner, no matter how good its performance. Certainly that question was in our minds when we evaluated the Sequerra Model 1. First of all, it must be conceded that the electrical performance of this tuner is, in every important respect, as advanced as the state of the art permits. Most good tuners we have seen cannot match its key performance specifications, and none can equal or even approach the total capability of the Model 1. Furthermore, anyone familiar with high-grade laboratory instruments or military electronic equipment will appreciate the quality of the construction and the excellence of the parts used. The Model 1 is quite unlike most consumer products, even the very best, and its price can be justified on the basis of the overall mechanical and electronic quality of the instrument.

But what about the Sequerra tuner's listening qualities? Does it sound better than other tuners, or offer other equally obvious audible advantages? Our answer must be somewhat equivocal. For casual listening to the vast bulk of ordinary FM programs, the Model 1 sounds no different from almost any good FM tuner costing a fraction of its price. However, when listening critically—with the best ancillary equipment—to the better-quality programs from “good music” stations, and especially when comparing the sound of this tuner with that of another tuner in an A-B fashion, one can sometimes hear the slightly lower distortion and absence of obscuring “fuzz” in the sound of the Model 1. The differences are extremely subtle, and we still would find it hard to justify the cost of this tuner if that were the only advantage it offered.

The most obvious difference in the sound delivered by the Model 1 (yes, there was a difference) was in the level of background hiss and noise. Whether the received signal was weak or strong, and no matter what other tuner it was compared with (we tried several, all good), the background noise level from the Model 1 was noticeably lower. This is due partially to its superior limiting, and partially (according to the designer) to the lack of spurious noise products caused by intermodulation between the various signals entering the tuner. The fact that the sensitivity rating test done according to IHF standards does not reveal any particular superiority on the part of this tuner is merely an indication of the limitations of even the best available test equipment and procedures.

Another obvious superiority of the Model 1 is in reception of weak signals, particularly those afflicted with severe aircraft flutter, fading, or multipath distortion. Under conditions where other tuners suffer from background-noise modulation, distortion, or excessive hiss, the Model 1 generally delivers listenable and often full-fidelity sound. We convinced ourselves of this by an A-B comparison with a highly regarded FM tuner whose basic sensitivity and quieting measurements were almost identical to those of the Sequerra Model 1, and with both tuners operating from the same antenna system. In another location, ignition noise that severely marred reception on another fine tuner was completely suppressed in the Model 1. In short, the major feature of the Sequerra Model 1 is that its outstanding performance is realizable down to very low signal levels—signal levels that, with other tuners, show a substantial increase in noise or distortion, or both.

For fringe-area listeners, therefore, some of whom are unable to enjoy the benefits of FM with any previously available tuner, the Sequerra Model 1 may be a godsend, albeit an expensive one. If you can arrange to do so, it would probably be advisable to try it on a “money-back” basis. However, we are certain of one thing—if it won't do the job, nothing else will!

The panoramic display is an intriguing and informative feature, both for the “DX-er” and the concerned listener. One would probably not spend $500 for it as an accessory (even if it could be made to sell as one for such a low price, which it probably couldn't), but we feel that anyone willing to invest $2,000 in an FM tuner should go all the way and get the panoramic display.

Overall, the Sequerra Model 1 would seem to be the tuner that sets current standards in the same way that the Marantz 10B did in its time. Those who have had their orders in and have been waiting for production to start will find, we think, that their patience has been well rewarded.

Circle 105 on reader service card

(Continued on page 38)
Most people seem to take for granted the smooth, effortless way in which a Revox works. And that is as it should be.

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

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

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

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

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

Elapsed time, 25 milliseconds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The 400 millisecond miracle.

More proof that Revox delivers what all the rest only promise.
HEADING the new line of Jensen loudspeakers is the Model 15, a large, floor-standing four-way ducted-port system employing five drivers. The Model 15 Serenata is a handsome piece of furniture, finished on all sides in oiled walnut, with a stain-proof top surface that has the appearance of black slate.

The acoustically transparent black grille snaps off to reveal a white speaker with a stain-proof top surface that has the appearance of black slate. With a stain-proof top surface that has the appearance of black slate.

The Jensen Serenata is nominally an 8-ohm system, rated to handle up to 100 watts of power. It is relatively efficient, and can be driven by any amplifier rated at 10 watts or more per channel. The cabinet is 31 inches high (including the base), 23 inches wide, and 17 inches deep. It weighs approximately 75 pounds. Jensen's comprehensive five-year warranty, which covers the entire system against manufacturing defects, includes parts, labor, and shipping costs both ways. Price: $426.

**Laboratory Measurements.** Preliminary listening tests indicated that the most uniform frequency response was obtained with the high-frequency control set to its maximum and the mid-range control set to the center of its range. As is our practice, we measured the integrated output of the speaker in a normally “live” room. A closely spaced microphone was used for our bass response and distortion measurements below about 300 Hz. After correcting for the response of the room and the test microphone, we combined the curves to obtain a composite frequency-response curve, which is roughly indicative of what can be expected from the speaker in a typical listening room.

The overall frequency response was smooth, varying only ±2.5 dB from 85 to 15,000 Hz. At lower frequencies, speaker placement and room dimensions can be expected to have a considerable effect; under our test conditions the overall frequency response was within ±5 dB from 42 to 17,000 Hz. Bass distortion was very low, typically about 0.5 per cent above 50 Hz. It rose to 5 per cent at 40 Hz and to 15 per cent at 30 Hz. These measurements were made at the woofer cone only, and hence do not reflect the contribution of the port radiation, which is predominant below about 40 Hz. Therefore, the effective distortion at the very low frequencies is somewhat lower than our figures indicate. The distortion remained quite low at all frequencies whether we drove the speaker with a constant 1-watt input or to a constant 90-dB sound-pressure level (SPL).

The mid-range level could be adjusted over a range of about 8 dB, principally between 200 and 1,500 Hz. The high-frequency level control had its major effect above 1,000 Hz, with an increase of up to 7 dB from its center position to maximum. At its minimum setting, the tweeters were effectively shut off, rolling off rapidly above 1,000 Hz. The electrical impedance of the system measured between 4 and 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, except for the bass-resonance rise to about 15 ohms at 58 Hz. The speaker efficiency was high. With a 1-watt signal input in the octave centered at 1,000 Hz, a 97-dB SPL was measured at a distance of 1 meter. The SPL in the reverberant field was 87 dB at a 1-watt level.

The high efficiency of this Jensen system, typically 6 to 10 dB greater than that of most acoustic-suspension speakers, makes it possible to achieve “live-performance” listening levels in average-size rooms without investing in a super-power amplifier. In fact, any good receiver with an output of 20 watts or so per channel can drive this speaker to the highest listening levels most people will ever require. By comparison, a high-quality acoustic-suspension system would need at least 200 watts per channel to achieve the same output levels. Furthermore, the Model 15 Serenata had a big, well-dispersed sound, with an excellent overall balance. In our listening tests we combined the curves to obtain a composite frequency-response curve, which is roughly indicative of what can be expected from the speaker in a typical listening room.

(Continued on page 40)
is stereo obsolete?

$50 out of every $100 you spend on a hi-fi system may be wasted on an obsolete stereo receiver!

Four-channel receivers with built-in power strapping of the output amplifiers for stereo operation offer stereo output power comparable to the finest stereo receivers at almost the same cost and without any risk of becoming obsolete and robbing you of half the value you’re paying for!

That can’t happen with a JVC four-channel receiver with our Balanced Transformer-Less . . . BTL . . . circuitry which delivers over twice the output power to your speakers when used for 2-channel operation. Just look at the power output. Start out with a JVC state-of-the-art quad receiver and just two speakers. Later add two additional speakers and at a push of a front panel switch, go to four channel. All JVC four-channel receivers feature a CD-4 disc demodulator, a matrix 1 decoder for SQ and a matrix 2 decoder for RM, EV and QS discs. Plus automatic switching computer (4VR-5446 & 56) so you can play a mixed stack of CD-4 and matrix discs.

So don’t pay for wasted value — consider a four channel receiver with BTL, from JVC, the inventor of CD-4 — rather than an obsolete stereo receiver.

JVC Hi-Fi the best value your money can buy.
15 is rated for inputs as high as 100 watts per channel, which indicates that it should be able to play much louder than most home systems. Obviously, this goes a long way toward justifying the cost of the Model 15. In addition, its fully finished back makes it adaptable to installations where the rear of the cabinet must be exposed. All this makes the Jensen Model 15 Serenata attractive both aesthetically and sonically.

Circle 106 on reader service card

Superex EP-5 Stereo Headphones

- **Superex Electronics**, whose broad line of stereo headphones includes both dynamic and electrostatic types, has announced a hybrid model, the EP-5 Electro-PRO, employing both electrostatic and dynamic driver elements. Electrostatic phones are well known for their wide frequency range and smooth response, but they tend to be restricted, particularly at low frequencies, in the maximum volume levels they can produce without excessive distortion. Most of them also require an external coupler/power supply that usually must be plugged into the a.c. line. Dynamic phones, on the other hand, can deliver extremely high acoustic outputs approaching the threshold of pain, but of-...
Introducing the only way to get accurate and continuous CD-4 separation.

Until now you had to depend upon your hands, your eyes and your ears to bring you accurate 4-channel separation of CD-4 records. When they missed, so did you.

But now you can sit back and relax. With Technics SA-8500X. Instead of trial and error, the SA-8500X brings you optimum separation automatically. Because it’s the first 4-channel receiver with automatic CD-4 separation. And it’s continuous separation. Across the entire frequency range.

The SA-8500X also has just about everything else you need for total command of 4-channel. Automatic carrier level controls. A CD-4 demodulator with LSI IC’s for discrete 4-channel records. A decoder for both types of matrix. And an MPX output ready for discrete FM broadcasts.

There’s also an abundance of power: 34 watts RMS per channel pumped into 8Ω, all channels driven (4 x 34w = 136w. At 1 kHz, THD 0.5% Max.). Because we know the intricacies of 4-channel, we’ve given you the features to substantially minimize them. Like 4 VU meters for visual control of 4-channel balance. And a Hi-Blend switch for clear demodulation of CD-4 discs.

We’ve also put a 4-pole dual-gate MOS FET and 3 ceramic IF filters into the FM section. So you get a sensitivity of 1.9µV (IHF). S/N ratio of 65dB. And an excellent capture ratio of 1.5dB.

For stereo, a simple flick of the BTL switch on the front panel straps the amplifiers together. And produces 85 watts RMS per channel into 8Ω, both channels driven (2 x 85w = 170w. At 1 kHz, THD 0.5% Max.).

The SA-8500X. It’s the only way to hear everything in 4-channel the way it should be heard. Because it’s the only 4-channel receiver with both automatic carrier level control and automatic CD-4 separation.

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

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IN ILLINOIS: 800 322-4400.

Technics
by Panasonic
be quite similar. For those users who prefer a more conventional sound balance, most amplifier tone controls are capable of flattening the bass response to match the mid-range level.

We could not hear any distortion or similar effects that might have resulted from the use of single-ended drivers. This is not surprising in view of the high crossover frequency, since harmonics generated by the electrostatic tweeters would probably fall above the range of human hearing, and many intermodulation products would fall below the crossover frequency.

To summarize, we feel that the Superex EP-5 phones do provide the extended, smooth high-frequency response of an electrostatic phone together with the powerful bass of a dynamic phone, and at a price well below that of other electrostatic phones currently on the market. For the listener who favors the low bass, the EP-5 phones are among the most potent that we have heard in the lowest octaves, yet when desired they can easily be equalized with amplifier tone controls to suit more conventional listening tastes.

Circle 107 on reader service card

Technics RS-676US Stereo Cassette Deck

UNTIL recently, most cassette decks have followed a standard external format, with the tape-loading well, meters, and controls all mounted on the top surface. However, a recent trend in cassette-deck design, exemplified by the new Technics RS-676US, is the front-loading deck. External dimensions, styling, and general appearance of a front-loading deck generally match those of the amplifiers and tuners in the same manufacturer's product line, so that the tape deck can be stacked on, or placed next to, the other components—even be panel-mounted—without creating aesthetic problems. The tape is loaded (in a more or less horizontal plane) through a hinged front door, and is visible through a window in the door. In the case of the RS-676US, the cassette is tilted slightly forward in the lighted compartment and can be viewed either directly or via a built-in mirror. An EJECT button opens the door partially and, if the transport is disengaged, ejects the cassette.

The Technics RS-676US is a two-motor machine with a solenoid-activated transport mechanism controlled by light-touch pushbuttons in the center of the front panel. Symbols on the PLAY, REC, and PAUSE buttons light up when engaged. The PLAY and STOP buttons are long bars, easily distinguished from the other smaller controls. Pressing the REC button turns on the recording circuits (for setting levels) and lights a red dot on the button, but does not start the tape. Recording begins when the PLAY button is touched, but if one wishes to disengage the recording mode after setting the levels, it is only necessary to touch the STOP button. The PAUSE control latches when pressed, and is released by a second touch.

Above the transport controls are a three-digit index counter and its reset button, plus a button to engage the MEMORY PLAY, a feature exclusive to this machine. Several other deluxe recorders have a memory stop, which means that the counter can be set to zero at any part of a tape and the machine will rewind to that point and stop. The Technics system goes one step beyond this—the tape stops at the preset point, then automatically goes into the play mode. If you wish, it can also be used as a memory stop by pressing both the PAUSE and REWIND buttons.

The Dolby-system switch includes a third position for a filter that removes the pilot carrier and other ultrasonic signals from stereo FM programs so that they do not affect the operation of the Dolby circuits. A second DOLBY FM switch connects the recorder's Dolby circuits to decode a Dolbyized FM broadcast for listening. The circuits are so arranged that the program may also be simultaneously recorded in encoded form. The recording can then be played back later through the recorder's Dolby system and heard with full noise reduction and proper frequency balance. Recessed screwdriver controls on the panel set the Dolby-FM levels with the aid of test tones transmitted by the FM stations.

A two-position TAPE SELECTOR optimizes recording and playback equalization and recording bias for normal ferric-oxide or chromium-dioxide (CrO₂) tapes. The now-standard 70-microsecond playback equalization is used for the CrO₂ tape. Some brands of CrO₂ cassettes are manufactured with a special notch next to the recording interlock tab, and when such a cassette is loaded into the RS-676US, the recorder automatically switches to the CrO₂ operating mode for recording and playback.

A single large knob adjusts recording level for both channels, and a smaller BALANCE control provides gain adjustment between channels. Two small concentric knobs adjust the microphone-input gain, which is independent of the setting of the master recording-level control and can be mixed with the high-level inputs. The INPUT SELECTOR connects either the TUNER or the LINE inputs, or disconnects both for microphone recording alone. The two quarter-inch microphone jacks and a stereo headphone jack are located on the front panel.

The two illuminated VU meters read both recording and playback levels. Normally, they have the ballistic characteristics of a standard VU meter, with a fast attack and decay and no significant overshoot. Pressing the PEAK CHECK button below the meters converts them to very fast-responding peak indicators, with a much slower decay time.

In the rear of the recorder are the input and output jacks, left- and right-channel playback-level screwdriver adjustments, and a Dolby FM de-emphasis switch. Dolby FM programs are now being transmitted with a 25-microsecond (μs) pre-emphasis, instead of the normal 75 μs, for better compatibility with non-Dolby FM reception. When a 25-μs transmission is received, the switch on the RS-676US can convert the output of a standard FM tuner to a 25-μs characteristic for optimum frequency response and noise reduction. There is also a REMOTE CONTROL socket for use with an optional accessory ($34.95). The Technics RS-676US is 16⅛ inches wide, 11⅚ inches deep, and 5⅛ inches high; it weighs 23 pounds. Price: $459.95.

(Continued on page 46)
The finest stereo receiver the world has ever known.

We recognize the awesome responsibility of making such a statement. Nevertheless, as the leader in high fidelity, we have fulfilled this responsibility in every way.

Pioneer's new SX-1010 AM-FM stereo receiver eclipses any unit that has come before it. It has an unprecedented power output of 100+100 watts RMS (8 ohms, both channels driven) at incredibly low 0.1% distortion, throughout the entire audible spectrum from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz. Power is maintained smoothly and continuously with direct-coupled circuitry driven by dual power supplies.

To bring in stations effortlessly, clearly and with maximum channel separation, the SX-1010 incorporates an FM tuner section with overwhelming capabilities. The combination of MOS FETs, ceramic filters and phase lock loop IC circuitry produces remarkable specifications like 90dB selectivity, 1.7uV sensitivity and 1 dB capture ratio.

Versatility is the hallmark of every Pioneer component. The SX-1010 accommodates 2 turntables, 2 tape decks, 2 headsets, 3 pairs of speakers, a stereo mic and an auxiliary. It also has Dolby and 4-channel connectors. There's even tape-to-tape duplication while listening simultaneously to another program source. This is another innovative Pioneer exclusive.

The SX-1010 is actually a master control system with its fantastic array of controls and features. It includes pushbuttons that simplify function selection and make them easy to see with illuminated readouts on the super wide tuning dial. FM and audio muting, hi/low filters, dual tuning meters, loudness contour, a dial dimmer control and a fail-safe speaker protector circuit. Never before used on a receiver are the twin stepped bass and treble tone controls that custom tailor listening to more than 3,000 variations. A tone defeat switch provides flat response instantly throughout the audio spectrum.

By now it's evident why the SX-1010 is the finest stereo receiver the world has ever known. Visit your Pioneer dealer and audition its uniqueness. $699.95, including a walnut cabinet.

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75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.
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The lowest-priced Dual may well be all the turntable you’re ever likely to need.
The least you should require of a turntable is the assurance that its tonearm can track flawlessly with the most sensitive cartridges available, and that its drive system will introduce no audible rumble, wow, or flutter. To accept less means risking damage to your precious record collection and producing sounds from your system which were never recorded.

Happily, the lowest-priced Dual, the 1225, provides this assurance and much more at just $129.95. For it is the perfect example of Dual's basic design concept: to build every Dual turntable with more precision than you are ever likely to need.

In the case of the 1225, this means a vernier-adjust, counter-balanced tonearm capable of flawless tracking at as low as one gram. Stylus pressure is applied exactly as in costlier Duals: around the vertical pivot, maintaining perfect balance in all planes. Anti-skating force is also applied exactly as in the highest-priced Dual: with separate calibrations for conical, elliptical and CD-4 styli.

Other features the 1225 shares with the more costly Duals include pitch control, viscous-damped cueing and a precision drive system. The 1225's hi-torque motor maintains speed within 0.1%, even when line voltage varies as much as 20%, and its hefty 3-3/4 lb. platter provides effective flywheel action that minimizes the audible effect of any possible speed variations.

All of this explains why even Dual's lowest-priced models have been so well accepted by audio experts. (Many tell us their original Duals which were bought early in their careers are still in service.)

Considering all this, why do so many serious music lovers spend as much as $259.95 for the 1229Q? (Readers of the leading music/audio magazines own more Duals—at every price level—than any other quality turntable.)

Although the 1225 has all the precision your records need, the 1229Q has refinements that you may well want. For example, the 1229Q is a full-sized turntable with a 12" dynamically-balanced platter, driven by the powerful Continuous-Pole/Synchronous motor. Its gimbal-mounted 8-3/4" long tonearm can track at as low as 0.25 gram, and has provision for adjusting its vertical tracking angle. It also has an illuminated strobe, and cueing is damped in both directions to prevent bounce.

Dual's other two multi-play turntables, the 1226 at $159.95 and the 1228 at $189.95, offer one or more of these refinements. Which may bring you to this question: having decided that you and your records deserve a Dual, which one should you buy?

For the answer, we suggest you visit your franchised United Audio dealer where the new generation of Dual turntables is now on display.

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Laboratory Measurements. The playback-frequency response, tested with the Nortonics AT-200 tape (standard 120-µs equalization), was ±0.5 dB from 125 to 10,000 Hz, rising to +4.5 dB at 31.5 Hz. The response with the Teac MT-116SP test tape (employing the 70-µs equalization used with CrO₂) was within ±1.5 dB from 40 to 10,000 Hz.

We measured the overall record-playback frequency response with Maxell UD and TDK Krom-O₂ (CrO₂) tapes at a −20-dB recording level. The former had a slightly rising high end, and was within ±4 dB from 30 to 16,000 Hz. The CrO₂ response was somewhat flatter—within ±3 dB from 27 to 16,800 Hz. We also checked the RS-676US with the new Sony Ferri-Chrome tape, using the normal bias setting recommended for this tape. As expected, the high end was strongly accentuated, with a smooth rise to +10 dB at 13,500 Hz. When we played the tape back with the 70-µs equalization used for CrO₂, the overall response was ±4 dB from 30 to 16,300 Hz. Using the same tapes, we also checked record-playback response at 0 dB to determine the machine’s freedom from the effects of magnetic saturation. With the standard and CrO₂ tapes, response at 10,000 Hz was 2 to 3½ dB below the mid-range level. With Ferri-Chrome tape, the 10,000-Hz level was actually 1½ dB above the 1,000-Hz level.

With the Dolby system on, the overall record-playback response at a −25-dB level was accentuated slightly, by about 3 dB, above 1,000 Hz. This tended to dilute the effectiveness of the noise reduction, although the Dolby system still achieved a very good 7- to 8-dB improvement in signal-to-noise ratio (S/N). The reference 3 per cent distortion level was reached with a recording input of +4 dB (Maxell UD), +2 dB (TDK Krom-O₂), and +3 dB (Sony Ferri-Chrome). The differences in the S/N numbers among the three tapes were insignificant. The unweighted S/N was about 50 dB, improving with IEC weighting to about 54 dB. Adding the Dolby system resulted in a 61.5-dB S/N with all tapes. When we used the Ferri-Chrome tape with normal recording bias and the 70-µs playback equalization, the S/N was about 1 to 2 dB better than with the other tapes.

The input sensitivity for a 0-dB recording level was 62 millivolts (mV) for line, 85 mV for tuner, and 0.24 mV for MIC. The MIC input added about 11 dB of noise at maximum gain, but at any normal input-gain setting the noise increase was small enough to be inaudible. The playback output level from a 0-dB recording-level input was about 0.5 volt, varying somewhat with the tape used. A standard Dolby-level test tape gave a +6-dB meter reading, although the Dolby marks on the meter scale were at +3 dB. The headphone volume was good with 8-ohm phones, but rather low with higher-impedance (200-ohm) phones.

The performance of the tape transport was excellent, with a speed error of less than 0.1 per cent, and only 0.1 per cent unweighted rms flutter. In fast-forward or rewind, a C-60 cassette was wound in 64 to 65 seconds. The meters had an exceptionally fast and well-damped response, even in their normal mode of operation. Tone bursts of a 0.3-second duration gave exactly the same reading as a steady test signal, and the response of the meters was down only 3 dB with 0.1-second bursts. When we pushed the peak check button, a 0.05-second burst gave a reading 3 dB below a steady signal.

Comment. While there are probably some installations that require a top-loading cassette deck, we found the design of the Technics RS-676US exceptionally convenient to use, and we suspect that many others will have the same reaction. The positive, light-touch controls give it the feel of a fine open-reel deck, and add much to the enjoyment of the unit.

In respect to sound quality, the RS-676US is as good as any cassette recorder we have used (and that includes some very fine units). Its Dolby FM-decoding system worked perfectly, although we could not evaluate the 25-µs FM de-emphasis feature since that characteristic was not yet in use by broadcasters at the time of writing.

We encountered a potential problem with recorded Dolbyized FM broadcasts while listening to them in decoded form. It should be noted, however, that this problem exists with all recorders having this feature, and is not peculiar to the RS-676US. With the dolby FM cal controls set so that a 50 per cent modulation level in the broadcast produced a Dolby calibration-level meter reading (+3 dB), high-level program passages regularly drove the meters to their limit (+6 dB) or beyond. This is apparently not enough to cause distortion in the recorder’s electronic circuits, but is almost certain to cause tape saturation. One can switch to the normal tuner input mode, so that the proper recording level can be set, but this sacrifices the ability to listen to the decoded program while recording.

Having lived with the Technics RS-676US, we can say that anyone has a chance to become accustomed to the conveniences of a high-quality solenoid-operated cassette deck such as this one will find it difficult to go back to an old-fashioned "piano-key" design. The front-loading feature should make this machine a natural choice for rack or panel mounting or for shelf installations at or near eye level. Best of all, the Technics RS-676US sounds quite as good as it looks.
He listens to it with AR speakers

A lot of celebrated musicians pay AR speaker systems the finest compliment possible: they use them at home.

Herbert von Karajan, who conducts the most distinguished orchestras all over the world, has AR speakers at home. Conductors Rafael Kubelik and Karl Böhm, and baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau listen with AR speakers. So do jazz trumpeter Miles Davis and singer Judy Collins.

Many musicians would seem to agree with the AR philosophy of accurate — as opposed to "pleasant" — sound reproduction. After all, the aim of a speaker system is to give you the music and let you forget the speakers.

Try it soon. There's a five-year guarantee that your AR speakers will perform as well as Herbert von Karajan's.

_Herbert von Karajan chose the AR-3a: $295_

_The AR-7: almost as good: $75_

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When Howard Dietz was a student at the Columbia University School of Journalism, he won the $500 first prize in a contest for the college man who wrote the best advertisement for Fatima cigarettes. The winning Fatima ad brought Dietz several job offers, and the one he accepted—as a copywriter with the Philip Goodman Company—changed his life. One of Goodman’s clients happened to be a rising movie producer named Samuel Goldwyn. When Goldwyn needed a logo for his film company, Dietz was the man who conceived the now legendary Leo the Lion roaring in a friendly way out of a frame bearing the legend “Ars Gratia Artis” — Art for Art’s Sake (Roar, Lion, Roar is, of course, the Columbia school song, and the lion is its mascot).

After World War I, the ever-resourceful Dietz parlayed a phony letter campaign in a New York newspaper into a job with Goldwyn’s publicity department. When the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation became part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Dietz was put in charge of the new entity’s advertising and publicity.

Dietz’s long, eventful association with MGM is the source of some of the liveliest of the tales that adorn his sprightly, deftly paced book of recollections, Dancing in the Dark. Throughout his evocative reminiscences, names and anecdotes drop as gently and frequently as petals from a rose. Within the space of two pages, for example, we can read about Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr, Tallulah Bankhead (it was Dietz who said, “A day away from Tallulah is like a month in the country”), Leland Hayward, Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Sullivan, George Cukor, and others, and not simply as names in an “among those present” list but as distinctive figures in the carpet of Dietz’s memory. Dietz’s brightly etched portraits of stars and celebrities never linger too long on the screen and are always as carefully drawn and fastidiously framed as his best lyrics for the music of his longtime collaborator, master-composer Arthur Schwartz.

Dancing in the Dark presents no less than thirty Dietz lyrics, and these remind us that it is as a lyricist—not-as-a-publicist—that he will be best remembered. The road to his career as a lyric writer was paved by Philip Goodman (playing a pivotal role in Dietz’s life for the second time), who arranged for the unseasoned Dietz to collaborate on the score for a musical comedy with the celebrated composer Jerome Kern in 1924. Five years later, an established lyric writer, Dietz joined forces with Arthur Schwartz to create a score for the first edition of The Little Show. The impressive list of Dietz-Schwartz theater scores and songs includes 1929’s The Little Show (I Guess I’ll Have to Change My Plan), 1930’s Three’s a Crowd (Something to Remember You By), 1931’s The Band Wagon (Dancing in the Dark), 1932’s Flying Colors (Louisiana Hayride), 1934’s musical play Revenge with Music (You and the Night and the Music, If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You), 1935’s At Home Abroad (Farewell, My Lovely), 1937’s Between the Devil (I See Your Face Before Me), 1948’s Haunted Heart, 1961’s The Gay Life, 1963’s Jennie, and, of course, the title song for the film That’s Entertainment (1974), originally written for the 1953 film version of The Band Wagon. All in all, these are dandy scores with luscious melodies and urbane lyrics. And they were introduced by the likes of Fred and Adele Astaire, Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, Tamara Geva, Ethel Waters, and Mary Martin. It would be superfluous perhaps to add that songwriters not only do not write songs of that caliber any more but they haven’t, by and large, for the past decade. But culture reflects its own times, and I think it is fair to say that our graceless age is receiving the music and the lyrics it deserves.

Beyond the light, lively effervescence of Dietz’s book, beyond the names, the anecdotes, and the vignettes that often threaten to make the book episodic and fragmented, beyond even Garbo, Gable, and Goldwyn, one yearns for more information about Dietz’s work for the theater and, especially, about his collaboration with Arthur Schwartz. Here, in the most important area of Dietz’s creative life, his recollections are frustratingly laconic and reticent. A few other cavils: the book’s hundred-forty-odd photos could have been more clearly reproduced, and the book itself more attractively designed. And I would have been a lot happier if the list of shows at the back of the book had been more complete and accurate. There are also several mistakes in the text as well that should have been caught by careful editing or proofreading. No, Ethel Merman did not sing Embraceable You in Girl Crazy (1930); Ginger Rogers and Allen Kearn did. The obstreperous Shubert brother Dietz mentions on page 229 should be Jake (J. J.), since Sam had died thirty years before. And there are others. On page 229, Dietz notes that Dear Sir opened in September 1924 (this was the show he wrote with Kern). He then states that six months after the opening he received a letter of introduction from Arthur Schwartz. But he gives the date of Schwartz’s letter as February 24, 1924, and dates his reply March 8, 1924. These letters would have to have been written in 1925 or 1926.

The year 1926 is supported by the dates on these same letters which appear, along with Stanley Green’s informative notes, in the booklet that accompanies “Alone Together” (Monmouth/Evergreen 6604/5), a totally delectable two-record tribute to Dietz and Schwartz. Here thirty-two of their best songs—some familiar, some obscure—are sung sensitively and delightfully by a quartet of pros, Nancy Dussault, Karen Morrow, Clifford David, and Neal Kenyon. Paul Trueblood’s musical direction and arrangements are classy. This album is a perfect introduction to the wonderful world of Dietz and Schwartz.

In the opening lyric for The Band Wagon, Dietz admonished, “It better be good/It better be good and funny.” Following his own advice, he has given us a book that is both good and funny—an especially notable accomplishment since it was written while Dietz was engaged in a (continuing) gallant fight against Parkinson’s disease. The book is a fine souvenir of the unique talent of one of our finest lyricists.
INTERNATIONALE TESTBERICHTE ÜBER DAS 901 BOSE DIRECT/REFLECTING LAUTSPRECHER SYSTEM.

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The one review that really will convince you is your own. We invite you to compare the 901 SERIES II with any conventional speaker, and hear the difference for yourself.

For information on the BOSE 901® and BOSE 501 Direct/Reflecting® speakers, and other BOSE products, circle your reader service card or write us at Dept. S.

The Mountain, Framingham, MA. 01701

CIRCLE NO. 12 ON READER SERVICE CARD
To spend three weeks in Moscow as a guest of the Committee of the Tchaikovsky Competition is about as exotic an invitation as I'll ever get, so when the soprano Bidú Sayão asked me to travel with her to that city as her escort, I eagerly accepted. Last November, I had been in Rio de Janeiro with Bidú for the Villa-Lobos Festival. It was the first time she had returned to Brazil, the country of her birth, for more than twenty years, and if the press paid more attention to her than to the festival, it was, I suppose, to be expected, for she is the most famous opera star Brazil has ever produced. It came as a shock to South American pride when Bidú, as judge in the Villa-Lobos singing competition, insisted that the gold medal and cash prize be awarded to Nina Lebedeva, the Russian contestant. So when a letter arrived in March inviting Miss Sayão to be a judge in the vocal division of the Fifth International Tchaikovsky Competition this past June, she understood what had motivated the Russians.

We were told by the cultural attaché of the Embassy of the USSR in Washington that the necessary visas and tickets would arrive in plenty of time, and he advised us to leave New York for Moscow on the Aeroflot flight of June 12. We were somewhat surprised to learn that the government airline of a "classless" society could provide either first- or second-class accommodations.

We actually arrived in the Soviet capital on June 17 (the visas were not ready for the 12th) and were met at the airport by a couple of reporters from Pravda, a charming interpreter who took great pains to disguise her identity (we learned later that she was the granddaughter of the grand old man of Soviet politics, Anastas Mikoyan), and a man wearing the official pin of the Competition (the Russians are big on wearing pins) who looked like an agent of the secret police. He was. We passed through customs so easily that I regretted not bringing along anything in the way of bottles or books to relieve those days of music ahead. We were taken to the country's biggest hotel, the Rossia, a sort of Moscow Hilton. The view from the hotel, across from the south end of Red Square, with St. Basil's Cathedral on one side and the house where the first Romanoff was born on the other, was spectacular.

The vocal competition was held in the Hall of Columns, one of those huge ballrooms of pre-Revolutionary days. It's quite a concert hall, with more chandeliers than an MGM musical. The contest was divided into three parts, and in the first round fifty-three singers were heard. Most of them were either Russian or from Communist Bloc countries such as Bulgaria and Poland. Four came from the United States and shouldn't have. France, Egypt, Japan, and Cuba were also represented. Among her fellow judges Bidú met again composer Georges Auric of the group "Les Six," a friend from days at the Paris Opera.

There were eight points for judging the contestants, and Miss Sayão expanded these to include such things as musicality, intonation, phrasing, agility, and style. Most of the singers resorted to a rather refined kind of screaming that I hope will not penetrate the Iron Curtain. At the end of the first round the screams came not from the stage but from various jury members. The Rumanians and Poles were furious that their countries' singers did not receive enough votes to qualify them to continue, and certain "concessions" were therefore made in their favor. Our interpreter, obviously following instructions, asked Bidú to give higher marks than the singers deserved. Miss Sayão refused and asked why they even bothered to have a jury.

So twenty-eight singers went into the second round. I was bored with the idea of listening to them all (with a few exceptions) for another week and looked for other things to do. In Russia that's not easy. By this time we were aware that we were under constant surveillance. During our first days in Moscow some of Bidú's fans who spoke English had introduced themselves and offered gestures of that famous Russian hospitality which we were happy to accept. We knew enough never to telephone them from the hotel because the rooms and phones were monitored, and it could be dangerous for them. When they called the hotel, I would turn on the television and speak under the flow of the heavy program fare. It must have worked, because the TV set suddenly disappeared one day. I noticed that most Russians made heavy use of the street phones and understood why.

With the help of our new friends, I found some real treasures, such as the magnificent Art Nouveau home of Maxim Gorky, a masterpiece of the style. Scriabin's house is now a museum and of such interest that I wondered why the Tchaikovsky Committee had not encouraged me to see it. Everything is preserved as if the composer were living in it today. And I suppose it was some impulse of impudence that led me to the building where Alexander Solzhenitsyn had formerly lived. The secret police agent who followed me there was not amused.

I checked the record stores and saw no imported American pop or classical releases, but I was told that a few American discs leak through to Russian collectors via East Germany. However, the Soviet authorities are just as cavalier about pirating American recordings as American books. The latest—if somewhat belated—American recordings issued on Russian labels were Toscanini's Otello with Ramón Vinay and Herva Nelli and a recital by Lily Pons.

At the time of our arrival, La Scala was playing a guest season at the Bolshoi Theater, so the resident company was performing in Congress Hall, an enormous auditorium within the Kremlin walls, which was certainly not designed with music in mind. The performances I heard there of standard Russian operas were long and loud, the singing pretty dismal. After the Italians left—Montserrat Caballé had created a sensation with Bellini's Norma, apparently the first time in history that the opera had been performed there—the Russian company moved back to the magnificent Bolshoi with its red curtain of wheat fields filled with the hammer-and-sickle symbol.

I had tickets for the performance, but the performance was canceled because a gala had been arranged for then-President Nixon. Would he had had one the following night too; it would have spared me a performance of Carmen sung by the mezzo and tenor who had won the (Continued on page 52)
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The outstanding female voice among the contestants was clearly that of Tatiana Yearkestova, a contralto in the old tradition who sang “O mio Fernando” with the cabaletta magnificently, and Bidu felt she should have the gold medal. But the first prize in the men's division had already been given to Ivan Donomarenko, a Verdi baritone better than any we have at the Metropolitan, rather than turn the contest into an all-Soviet affair, the chairman of the jury simply decided not to give a first prize to any of the ladies. We didn't understand what was going on, but we did the next day when we saw records of the prize winners of the Fifth International Tchaikovsky Competition already in the stores!
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Goings On Record
By James Goodfriend

Music Editor

Arts and Crafts

Any art—music, painting, sculpture, fiction, what have you—exhibits, in any of its manifestations, two facets: the art of it and the craft of it. Craft is the technique of putting the thing—whatever it is—together. Given some intelligence, and a bent in that direction, one can learn a craft. It takes a little time and it involves a certain amount of patient plodding (what seems electrifyingly quick to us may still be patient plodding to a Mozart or a Michelangelo), but gradually one acquires the technique to make the stone, the notes, the words, or the paint follow one’s will rather than resisting it. The appreciation of craft is also something that can be learned. We catch on quickly to the technical expertise of a pianist or violinist, and we can be overwhelmed at the sheer physical accomplishment of Michelangelo’s decoration of the Sistine Chapel ceiling without having any real idea at all of its true artistic stature.

The art of art lies in the conception. Conception is first of all a general thing, an overview, a vision of the whole. But it is also what determines how the details are put together. Craft, for example, provides the musical technique needed to modulate from G Minor to F Major, but not the impetus to do so. The where, when, how, and why of it are matters of artistic conception.

It may be a debatable point, but the probability is that the art of art is not something that can be learned to any degree. One is born with a certain capacity for it and, training or no, one is limited by that capacity. Years of mastering craft will enable one to realize to the fullest whatever artistic abilities one has, but that is all. Understanding the art of art (as opposed to the craft of it) is also probably something the degree of which is an accident of birth. It was Mozart’s tragedy that the art of what he did was thoroughly understood by only a handful of his contemporaries, and that his craftsmanship, though unquestionably of the highest order, was not so superior to that of other composers of his time and place that the general musical public could accurately perceive his stature through it. Among their contemporaries, great artists are best understood by other great artists, though one still does not have to write a symphony in order to understand a symphony. We all comprehend a far larger vocabulary of words than we actually use in speech, and our ability to understand art is correspondingly greater than our ability to create it. Were that not the case, everything would be art and everyone an artist—or nothing and nobody.

Through history, the art of art and the craft of it have been fused in varying degrees. Though every age produces artists whose craft is greater than their artistic vision, or vice versa, there has been a definite change in attitude across the centuries. In the Middle Ages, artists thought of themselves as mere craftsmen. We have no idea who composed various Gregorian or Ambrosian chants, for artistic paternity was not something composers then claimed for themselves. The Renaissance brought with it a certain personal pride in workmanship (still craft), but also perhaps the first recognition of the importance of artistic conception rather than execution. Nevertheless, artists still filled a function: portraits were painted on commission, music written for specific occasions, buildings designed for particular uses, all specified by those who paid the bills. Craftsmanship was vital; if a man couldn’t draw, he had no business being a painter.

One does not have to go through a whole history of the arts (a mere glance will suffice) to see a movement of ascendancy in the importance of artistic conception and a corresponding downgrading of mere craftsmanship. The change was so apparent that, by the end of the nineteenth century, craftsmanship could no longer be taken for granted in artistic creation, and it came to be prized in itself—as a completely separate thing—whenever and wherever it came to light. Museums today collect examples of commercial art and industrial design not because there is any aesthetic message to be found in them, but for the evident craftsmanship.

In our time a few strange phenomena (in addition to the above) have resulted from this centuries-old swing in relative importance. In the visual arts particularly, it has gotten increasingly difficult to distinguish among the profound artist, the ordinary talent, the incompetent, and the charlatan. For the level of craft in a pop art or abstract expressionist painting is not high, and whether or not the conception is great is something exceedingly hard to be sure of at first, second, or even third look. And much of the work of op art seems to be only craft, decorated space with only a frame to distinguish it from the pure and explicitly stated craft of wallpaper design.

The repercussions in music have been many, but one in particular I find fascinating. It is that those works that may ultimately be considered masterpieces of the century are not produced exclusively by those who we consider to be the great composers of the century. In other words, a lesser composer may produce in a lifetime a single work that embodies an overwhelmingly great conception, and though his craftsmanship may not be equal to the task, the overall vision (in our view) is sufficient to carry everything else before it. I think of a friend’s description of Peter Warlock as “probably the best composer for voice and piano who didn’t know anything about composing for voice—or for piano.” After many years of reflecting on it, I still consider Warlock’s The Curlew to be one of the masterpieces of our time. Perhaps (and it’s just a notion) he had the soul of a great artist but only in this single work was he able to muster sufficient craft to approximate his conception. Then again, perhaps he simply had only a single great work in him. That is something one could probably never say of a composer of any earlier time. I feel similarly about Maurice Durufle’s Requiem, a “great” work from a composer one would hardly dare crown with the same adjective.

I find the converse to be equally true: Bartók and Stravinsky are (once mature) wonderfully consistent in craftsmanship, but not every work is a masterpiece—in the sense that one could say about Mozart and Beethoven that once a certain technical and aesthetic maturity had been reached, virtually everything that followed was a masterpiece, wonderfully varied though they might be. But that was in an age when things were more in balance. Will the pendulum swing the other way now, or have we reached the end of art as we have known it?
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CIRCLE NO. 41 ON READER SERVICE CARD
I had lunch the other day with Rick Wakeman (just prior to the announcement of his departure from Yes, as it turned out), and I found him to be somewhat different from what I had expected. Yes are so damned serious about what they do, and Wakeman wears his classical training so prominently on his sleeve, that I had pictured him as being a more or less typically boring musical pedant, a Horatio Parker in pop drag. In fact, I approached the interview disposed to confront him with a wise-ass critical trashing of his music, quoting (as I recall) Langdon Winner to the effect that any attempt at fusing the European classical tradition with heavy rock was bound to make you realize just how great the real Beethoven and the real Yardbirds were. But, to my chagrin, Rick turned out to be such an amiable, unpretentious English boozzer and all-around nice guy that I simply didn’t have the heart. (The closest I got was telling him at one point that I couldn’t see why anybody would want to hear him play the Brahms Fourth on a synthesizer when they could just as easily listen to the real thing.)

Instead, we just chatted about music in general; he mentioned that his current favorite singles were Sparks’ This Town Ain’t Big Enough for Both of Us and (gasp!) Ray Stevens’ The Streak, and he regaled me with some stories about his session days. Collectors take note: he couldn’t agree more. The point is that a synthesizer can indeed do that number (“and sound obviously synthesized”), it is also capable of a much wider variety of expression. He concluded by observing that ultimately “it is up to the performer,” and I couldn’t agree more. The point is that a Moog is not in itself the kind of titanic breakthrough that it has been proclaimed. Any new instrument, no matter what sounds it produces, simply presents you with the traditional compositional problems you have with older instruments; in other words, where do you put the notes? The reason I’m not knocked out by what Wakeman does is “Journey to the Centre of the Earth” is reviewed on page 110, or by what Emerson accomplishes with that pointlessly elaborate equipment of his, is that I don’t think that either of them has a particularly impressive head for composition. Fast fingers and a flair for technological fooling around, yes. A talent for melody, or a sense of how a piece is put together, I’m afraid not.

By way of simple comparison, if you (Continued on page 58)

THE SIMELS REPORT
By STEVE SIMELS

MY LIFE AS A MOOG

I bring all of this up, I should mention, because lately I’ve been getting an increasing number of letters from readers who can’t understand why we—meaning me and my colleagues at Stereo Review—aren’t turning hand springs over the recorded efforts of such synthesizer cut-ups as Wakeman and Keith Emerson. Most of them, I suspect, are from kids who have only recently graduated from listening to (and writing us letters about) Grand Funk, and are now overcompensating with their devotion to “good” music, but one letter in particular intrigued me. Reader Tom McGee, a synthesizer technician from Massachusetts, took special umbrage at some remarks I made in the August issue to the effect that there was little difference between the random noises Emerson makes and the electric organ sounds you can find on old surfing records. He pointed out that while the synthesizer can indeed do that number (“and sound obviously synthesized”), it is also capable of a much wider variety of expression.

They do, and Wakeman wears his classical training so prominently on his sleeve, that I had pictured him as being a more or less typically boring musical pedant, a Horatio Parker in pop drag. In fact, I approached the interview disposed to confront him with a wise-ass critical trashing of his music, quoting (as I recall) Langdon Winner to the effect that any attempt at fusing the European classical tradition with heavy rock was bound to make you realize just how great the real Beethoven and the real Yardbirds were. But, to my chagrin, Rick turned out to be such an amiable, unpretentious English boozzer and all-around nice guy that I simply didn’t have the heart. (The closest I got was telling him at one point that I couldn’t see why anybody would want to hear him play the Brahms Fourth on a synthesizer when they could just as easily listen to the real thing.)

Instead, we just chatted about music in general; he mentioned that his current favorite singles were Sparks’ This Town Ain’t Big Enough for Both of Us and (gasp!) Ray Stevens’ The Streak, and he regaled me with some stories about his session days. Collectors take note: he appears on all of the White Plains bubble gum hits, and even, if you can believe it, on the Pipkins’ album, although not on their immortal Gimme Dat Ding. He also cleared up what for me is one of the Major Mysteries of the Age—to wit, why the London Symphony Orchestra is so eager, of late, to guest-star with rockers. The answer, of course, is that the LSO members are their own bosses, many of them are quite young, and Rick went to college with them. So, progressive rock fans, what you’re listening to is not a daring musical synthesis but an old-school reunion. Hah!
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want to hear what can be done with a synthesizer in the hands of a composer who knows what he’s doing, I suggest you listen to “Who’s Next” or “Quadrophenia,” wherein Pete Townshend employs it as an integral part of his overall compositional scheme: you’re rarely conscious of the instrument per se, but you’d miss it if it wasn’t there. That, it seems to me, is the only sensible way to approach this sort of thing, not merely to use it as a vehicle for virtuoso showmanship.

It’s been a pretty good summer for rock-and-roll, in New York at least (I’m writing this in late July): the fact that there’s finally a Stones single (and a killer at that) on the radio has had a lot to do with it, but there’s been a healthy number of interesting acts to check out lately, both known and unknown. (In the latter category, I must make mention of a band called the Miamis, whom I caught at a club on the Bowery doing a rendition of Elvis’ “Viva Las Vegas” that suggested the Surfaris with all their fingers amputated: needless to say, I adored it.

More important, Bruce Springsteen did a weekend at the Bottom Line, and he was absolutely superb, reaffirming my belief that he’s the only important new-comer in about three years; Clapton did a night at the Garden, and was pleasantly laid back; and Steeleye Span did a marvelous few days (again at the Bottom Line) featuring their inimitable brand of Elizabethan hard rock. Bowie was in town too, and I missed him, but then again I’ve never much cared for musical comedy anyway. Interestingly, one trend seems quite clearly to have taken shape (and remember you read it here first): glitter is now nostalgia.

What brought this home most forcefully was the American debut of Elektra’s $300,000 bonus baby, Jobriath. You’ll recall that when his hype began last year, the implication was that he was going to out-Bowie Bowie; a self-billed “true fairy,” the word was that his stage show featured giant lucite cubes and a finale in which he was shot off a model Empire State Building by a bunch of World War I biplanes.

In New York, however, he came off as just another rock singer. His group was okay, but their space-age costuming could not conceal what was essentially a bunch of guys from Long Island bar bands dressed up for the occasion. The star himself just stood there and sang. Vocally he reminded me of old soul belters like Billy Stewart (which is fine), and he was given to dashing to the piano and displaying some very capable Little Richard-style pounding. There was little or no gay posturing, and the overall effect was almost like a short-haired Leon Russell. From a man whom a friend had dubbed “The Great Lavender Hope” it was, to say the least, a surprise. Sic transit Max Factor.
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COPLAND'S APPALACHIAN SPRING

In her engaging and entertaining book Dance to the Piper, Agnes de Mille tells the story of how she first conceived the idea for a cowboy ballet in the early 1940's, how she immediately thought of Aaron Copland (and no one else) as the composer of the music for it, and how she was encouraged in her thinking and planning by her friend Martha Graham. Copland quickly agreed to Miss De Mille's plans: the set was to be a nondescript country barn, the male dancers were to move around on stage like rugged men and not "wind-blown petals," and the hero was to court his girl without "jumps and turns." The result of the De Mille-Copland collaboration was Rodeo, a milestone in the history of American dance; a new and thoroughly American style of dance came to vivid, triumphant life on that October evening in 1942 when Rodeo was first performed. Very soon thereafter Miss De Mille began her choreographic assignment for Oklahoma!, and Copland conducted the premiere performance took place in Washington a year later than originally planned—in October, 1944. The works by Hindemith and Milhaud appeared the same year. Miss Graham called the Copland ballet Appalachian Spring, borrowing the title from a poem by Hart Crane.

Dance historian and critic Edwin Denby described the action of Appalachian Spring in the New York Herald Tribune in May 1945 as concerned with "a pioneer celebration in the spring around a newly-built farmhouse in the Pennsylvania hills in the early part of the last century. The bride-to-be and the young farmer-husband enact the emotions, joyful and apprehensive, their new domestic partnership invites. An older neighbor suggests now and then the re-visited and his followers remind the new householders of the strange and terrible aspects of human fate. At the end the couple are left quiet and strong in their new house."

Copland's original score was for a chamber ensemble of thirteen instruments: flute, clarinet, bassoon, piano, and strings. In 1945 he arranged a suite from the ballet music for full symphony orchestra, requiring woodwinds, horns, trumpets and trombones in pairs, piano, harp, percussion, and strings. Copland subtitled the score "Ballet for Martha," and in 1945 Appalachian Spring received the Pulitzer Prize for music, as well as the award of the Music Critics' Circle of New York for the outstanding theatrical work of the 1944-1945 season. During the first weekend in October 1945, the suite drawn by the composer from his complete ballet score was included in the opening programs of the season by the conductors of three great orchestras—Serge Koussevitzky in Boston, Artur Rodzinski in New York, and George Szell in Cleveland.

There are eleven entries in the current Schwann Catalog under the heading Appalachian Spring; four of them are conducted by Leonard Bernstein, three by Copland himself, and two by Eugene Ormandy. All four of the Bernstein listings are of the same performance but coupled differently, and the two Ormandy listings are also of the same performance with different couplings. But the three Copland-conducted recordings are of three different performances. The first of them, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA LSC 2401), was made in April 1958—rather early in Copland's now-flourishing international conducting career. The second (Columbia disc M 30649, cassette MT 30649) was made just a few years ago with the London Symphony Orchestra. Both are of the suite from the ballet in its full-orchestra version. The third Copland recording (Columbia disc M 32736, cassette MT 32736) is a very recent account of the complete ballet score in its original chamber-ensemble version, but slightly beefed up: fifteen (rather than thirteen) players are listed on the jacket cover. There is a quality of gentle warmth and intimacy to this performance that immediately places it in the front rank—particularly since the playing and reproduction are outstanding and the packaging includes a bonus seven-inch disc containing portions of the rehearsal that preceded the recording. The complete score contains about ten minutes more music than the suite. Of the composer's two recordings of the suite, I find I prefer the earlier one, on RCA, because of its greater spontaneity and pep—and because it is coupled with the only available recording of a suite from Copland's opera, The Tender Land.

Bernstein's seems to be the only available reel-to-reel performance (Columbia MQ 559, MGR 30071, and MQ 1265, with different couplings). He has long had a special affinity for Copland's music, and his performance of the Appalachian Spring Suite is authoritative and deeply felt, well played and richly recorded. Whether you select one of the Copland-conducted performances or the one by Bernstein is a matter of personal choice. In all of them the music is well served.

Those kids are all making a bundle, right?

By Allan Parachini

The houselights dim; the clamor of the crowd falls to a low buzz—low enough that the anticipatory coughing can be heard amid the hum of the PA system. In a moment the show will begin. It makes no difference what band is about to play, and it doesn’t matter where. What is about to be unleashed, like a genie out of a bottle, is an IMAGE—magical, mysterious, and glamorous—one of many raised up by that energetic cultural force known as Rock, swathed in clouds of sumptuous glory, lauded in hymns of hyperbolic praise, and flattered by the proliferation of those smaller-scale imitations known as Lifestyle. This pantheon of heros and heroines has no parallel in contemporary culture, and we must go back to the early days of the silver screen—of Valentino, Pickford, and Garbo—to find anything like it. What it is is myth, a highly selective metaphor about life, of which both performers and their audiences, romanticized and romanticizing, are at once creators and consumers.

But myths are like Chinese boxes, one nestling inside the other on into infinity. The myth immediately inside the myth of the Rock Star is that of Untold Riches, and there is just enough truth (though not much) to it to make it an effective magnet, drawing young people to New York, Los Angeles, Nashville, or wherever else music is made and recorded to declare themselves in on a piece of the action, a slice of the fabulous take.

They arrive in Los Angeles, for instance, by battered car or bus, check into the YMCA, and hit the street. They walk up to Yucca Street, or Vine near Hollywood Boulevard, look in the Yellow Pages under “Records,” and start feeding change into a payphone. Then they wait, lounging on the sidewalk outside a liquor store, having given the payphone as “a number where I can be reached,” for the return call that never comes. They have a common de-
sire—a career in the music business—and a host of very uncommon, often highly original, misconceptions about just what that business is. They are, in short, as much prisoners or victims of their myth as any Forty-niner ever was, feeding their hopes on the good news of occasional rich strikes and ignoring the multitudinous evidence of failure all around them.

The J. Geils Band, they will tell you, slaved away, first as two separate groups and then together under the Geils name, for five years in Boston barrooms before managing to land a record contract; they now average $10,000 to $15,000 a night. Black Oak Arkansas played insignificant dates throughout the South for four years waiting for what they finally got—a luscious contract with Atlantic Records. Dr. John was an obscure New Orleans studio musician for ten years before a chance hit single miraculously transformed his career in 1973. Rod Stewart, who once slept on a Spanish beach because he couldn’t afford a hotel room, who used to play professional soccer to support his music habit, now earns, by reliable estimate, between $750,000 and $1,000,000 annually. At the top, the money piles up like winter snow in Donner Pass, and the bulldog tenacity that keeps so many musicians struggling up the lower slopes is fueled by the expectation that they too will eventually, if only they hang on, get to frolic in it. What are their chances?

Record companies sold 1,436,000,000 (that’s one and one-half billion) seven- and twelve-inch discs in the United States in 1973. There were 196 releases certified “gold” (meaning they sold 500,000 copies for an album, 1,000,000 copies for a single). Such figures translate very readily into Big Money, of course, and the myth has it that the musician is first in line to collect. And myth it is, for
there are very few performers indeed in the most favored position.

The performer derives revenue primarily from two sources: live performances and record royalties. He may also earn something from song-publishing royalties (if he writes his own material), since there will then be royalty income from others who perform his songs and from radio stations that play them on the air as well. But before the musician realizes any income whatsoever, he must normally commit a percentage of all his earnings "up front" to a manager, unless he is clever enough to handle his own business affairs—including negotiating complicated contracts with record companies and booking agents; ensuring that the provisions of those contracts are fulfilled; securing the most favorable possible terms for such seemingly incidental arrangements as production, promotion, and marketing of records, travel provisions for performance tours, and even the reservation of recording-studio time.

A few musicians are just adept enough at business to have come to the unwise conclusion that self-management is a realizable goal. Few reach it, and many budding careers are ruined each year because some overconfident youngster insisted he knew enough about the music business to fend for himself in the jungle of accountants, lawyers, and systems analysts who run modern record companies. Creedence Clearwater Revival was probably the most successful group in recent history that was actually self-managed, but John Fogerty, Creedence's leading light, had the benefit of powerful good advice from Saul Zaentz, president of Fantasy Records, the small Oakland, California, label on which Creedence appeared for the duration of its professional life and for which some of its individual members, including Fogerty, still record.

Poco's manager, John Hartman, put management in this capsule: "Management is not a person, it's a force that exists in the artist's consciousness. If the guy's manager tells him one thing and his old lady tells him another—and he listens to his old lady—then the old lady is that force." For most musicians, a professional personal manager is an absolute necessity. Managers normally retain between 10 and 15 per cent of the musician's entire gross income and can in some cases get as much as 20 or even 50 per cent. Accountants (more and more indispensable the higher the sales figures get) are another accoutrement, and they get $200 to $500 a month. Such people are necessary not only to help the performer retain a reasonable part of his initial gross, but also to interpret the complex financial systems that appear to be peculiar to record companies; they are needed to make certain the musician does not, plainly and simply, get screwed.

Managers are usually blamed for the failures, but they are seldom credited for the successes of the musicians they handle; they generally find themselves in the position of gamblers at a high stakes game—lose once and you're out. Peter Casperson, who owns Castle Music Productions, a small management firm in Boston, employs ten people to minister to the needs of four active acts, in which Casperson estimates he has about $50,000 invested. One of the acts is Jonathan Edwards, whose top-selling single *Sunshine* failed to reach first position in the *Billboard* sales charts two years ago only because *American Pie* got there first. The Edwards windfall from that single alone was sufficient reward for Casperson, who has stayed with Edwards (who frequently falls victim to a strong desire to move to the country and who dislikes the grueling pace of live performing anyway) since *Sunshine* was a hit.

But Casperson's operation is small potatoes in every respect when measured against such management "giants" as Los Angeles' David Geffen, whose stable includes more than twenty performers, from the Eagles to Linda Ronstadt.

Managers are not a race of white knights, of course. Their ranks are heavily populated by the shady and by the inept, either of whom can leave a client musician, in the manner of one of those
bilked innocents in an old prize-fight movie, with no return whatever for his efforts, gold-record sales or no. Selection of a good (honest, capable) manager is therefore one of the music business' biggest risks.

But to return to the question of income. Record royalties, unlike the fees paid for live performances, are established contractually between record companies and musicians for periods of between one and five years. Gross royalties are computed on a base of 90 per cent of the wholesale (just over $2.00 for albums) or the retail ($5.98 average) prices of each record actually sold. Retail discount prices do not bear on royalties. The performer gets between 5 and 18 per cent of 90 per cent of retail, say (depending on the terms of his contract), and though there are several ways to compute the amount, they generally work out to about 42 cents per album. The record producer gets a 2 or 3 per cent royalty, which may in some cases be deducted from the musician's share, and the a&r (for "artists and repertoire") man who signed the artist to a record contract in the first place frequently gets 2 or 3 per cent, normally from the record company's gross.

Under the royalty system, the potential for income from a record that sells well is actually not bad (more than $200,000 for a gold album, for example), and if a musician has written his own songs, he receives an additional gross of 1½ cents per song, per record, in song-publishing royalties. Normally, the manager has unobtrusively procured for himself some of the publishing proceeds; if he is honest, he has also done as much for his client. Otherwise, the naïve musician may likely find that he has unknowingly signed away some or even all of the potential publishing income as part of a cash "advance" in an innocent-looking contract with a music-publishing firm or even his own record company.

Record companies have established what seems to be a unique sort of company-store relationship with their artists, one that tends to cut handsomely into the income potential of royalties. First, the record companies normally try to charge back to the artist as much of the actual cost of recording and marketing a record as possible. Such costs can amount to $15,000 or $20,000 (for the most modestly produced album) to as much as $100,000 (for an overproduced spectacular). They include studio time, union pay for extra musicians, and other expenses too numerous and too unimaginable to mention—even the cost of the recording tape is levied against royalties. The record companies also charge their artists for some of the expenses of promoting and publicizing the resulting recording, including, for example, press parties and the cost (from $750 to $1,500 per month) of retaining a private publicist. A modest tour may also be underwritten by the record company—and charged against the royalty gross; even a short introductory series of engagements in small clubs can run to as much as $50,000.

What results is in many cases an arrangement that would be bitterly familiar to any old-time Appalachian coal miner. Some recording acts owe so much of their soul to the company store that they never overcome their indebtedness; they can only watch helplessly as the royalties of their successful later records are eaten up in mid-career by early advances. Then too, determining the number of copies of a record actually sold is a task of no little difficulty. Records are distributed on consignment, meaning that unsold goods may be returned—for full credit—by individual record stores to small distributors, by small distributors to large, and large distributors to the original record company. The consignment arrangement is a necessary one, since without it distributors and their clients would probably never gamble on a first release by an artist they had never heard of, or even on a great second release by someone who had bombed with his first. The problem with this system is that it can take at

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least several months, and at times as much as several years, to determine accurately the exact number of copies of a recording sold. Record companies manage this situation to their advantage, often withholding a portion of royalties against the possibility of such returns.

Most record contracts stipulate that sales records may be audited, but the auditing process itself is one comprehensible only to an accountant with extensive experience in the business. “I always audit,” says Casperson. “It’s just part of the game with big record companies.” Poco’s Hartman agrees. “You find that if you audit, you turn up discrepancies. I don’t think it’s so much the result of blatant, intentional stealing as it is that the bookkeeping system is so complicated and the price structure so complex.”

Royalties are usually paid out only once every six months. For a group as battle-scarred and successfully established as Poco, whose albums regularly sell between 200,000 and 250,000 copies, the royalty hassle is little more than that, and one that will ultimately be amicably resolved. But for a struggling new act whose first album sold only 50,000 copies (or even 1,000 copies) the shock of meager royalty return (or none at all)—with the inevitable appropriate deductions—can be devastating, even mortal.

Special arrangements are frequently negotiated under which a manager or record company pays a weekly salary or underwrites the rent of musicians. But what the performers usually seem to forget is that there must ultimately come a day of reckoning. Scrupulous managers try to avoid the certain shock of the bottom line by establishing trust savings accounts for client musicians. One semi-prominent English blues band’s management, seeking to avoid the budgetary trauma that comes with the eventual end of the short earning life of his clients (it is, after all, somewhat shorter than that of professional athletes), has put $10,000 in a bank account for each of the four members of the group without their knowledge. Other managers, however, are content simply to break the news that there is no money, that advances have eaten up every cent.

To be successful, a group or solo performer must, of necessity, be caught up in a vicious circle formed and controlled by the whims of the fickle popular music market. Live performances are most profitable when they are booked simultaneously with the appearance (and the promotion) of a relatively new piece of recorded product. Conversely, it is difficult to develop an ongoing, steady market for the purchase of records without spending a great deal of time On The Road (thus capitalized because of its rigors). The road’s merciless, cold reality is of such awesome proportions that few performers who have been moving around the circuit for any length of time can resist writing a song or two about it, thus adding to its lore. (In this it is not unlike the musical theater, which is simply filled with works telling us there’s no lifestyle like show business.) Janis Joplin, of course, died on the road; so did Jimi Hendrix and Cass Elliot. The road killed Jim Croce—and Buddy Holly, Patsy Cline, and many others. Poco’s Tim Schmit has been saving his motel-room keys from the last two of his five years on the road, and they now half fill an enormous carton he keeps in a closet at home.

Live performances are usually arranged by a professional booking agent or by someone in the musician’s management who fills the function of a booking agent. Agency work is dominated by about a dozen big firms with offices around the country. Agents retain between 10 and 20 per cent of the gross proceeds of live performances they arrange. The fees paid for such performances is an area in which there are no norms. Rates are set either on a flat basis (so many dollars per performance, regardless of eventual audience size), or they are based on a combination of a cash guarantee and a percentage of the gross proceeds. Under the system, a group such as New Riders of the Purple Sage probably averages about $7,000 a night; the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, which plays a murderous schedule of more than 200 one-nighters a year—most of them before college audiences—between $5,000 and $10,000 a night. Only a tiny number of groups consistently earns more—and it is hard not to know just who they are.
Such sums may look rather impressive to the average struggling wage-earner, but gross figures are misleading—they do not take into account the expenses, the short earning lives of the musicians, or the years of near-starvation they put in before anyone paid attention to them. Poco, for instance, has been a working, self-supporting, comparatively well-to-do group for only five years, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band for seven. That makes both of them fairly senior in a business in which five to ten years is often required just to get established. The Dirt Band was playing high schools in the San Fernando Valley for $300 a night as late as 1966—and one must remember that that is not $300 every night. The reasonably good money lasts, in most cases, only two or three years. Groups as big as Creedence can, in those two or three years, amass a fortune. But members of a group of the stature of Blue Cheer, for example, which enjoyed a brief fling at the height of the San Francisco acid-rock movement, have long since faded into obscurity and (perhaps) poverty.

Even assuming a respectable pay scale, the tricks of survival on the road are learned only after bitter experience and (usually) the squandering of a great deal of money. For instance, a band must, of necessity, invest heavily in electronic equipment. The Dirt Band, which could not be said to carry an extraordinary amplification system, travels with 8,000 pounds of equipment valued at more than $50,000. Even the least elaborate array of equipment sufficient to produce a respectable stage sound these days requires an initial investment of more than $20,000. Sometimes this money comes from the record company or management—another advance against royalties.

But the biggest hazard of the road (except for the constant problem of awakening in a strange Holiday Inn with no idea of the name of the city in which it is located) is that inexperience, incompetence, or both will result in most of the proceeds being spent even before the tour has been concluded. Managers and booking agents have varied theories about how much it should cost to live and travel on the road. Poco’s Hartman, for instance, figures costs of transportation, lodging, equipment shipping, insurance, and the like at about 25 per cent of the gross from the tour. In the case of one Poco expedition a couple of years ago to a relatively “tight” cluster of 39 cities in 45 days, the 25 per cent amounted to between $50,000 and $60,000.

Steve Miller, an established, almost universally respected musician who waited about ten years for the public to become aware of his prowess, frugally manages and books himself, holding costs to a bare-bones minimum in the five months a year he’s on the road. He figures the percentage at less than 10—with costs amounting to only about $21,000 for a recent tour that grossed $300,000. Miller travels modestly with a small party of eight, two of whom are equipment managers who normally drive trucks (which must be bought, gassed, repaired, and insured, by the way) laden with equipment while the rest of the entourage flies from city to city. Many groups, frustrated by the loneliness of the road, take friends and/or wives along on tour with them—a comforting touch of home, but it eats very quickly into the gross.

Bruce Nichols, a booking agent with Agency for the Performing Arts (APA) in New York City, sees Hartman’s 25 per cent figure as realistic and desirable as a norm, but he believes that, for many

| Income | 
|--------|---|
| Net income | $9,775 |

| Outgo | 
|--------|---|
| Advance on royalties from record company at signing of contracts | 
| (spent to purchase amplifying equipment, pay union dues, settle old debts, etc.) | $5,000 |
| Cost of recording first album | $19,000 |
| Manager’s 15 per cent of record royalties | $4,725 |
| Manager’s 15 per cent of booking proceeds | $6,750 |
| Road expenses (15 per cent of gross) | $11,250 |
| Booking agent’s share of live-performance revenues at 20 per cent | $9,000 |
| Publicity agent for six months | $6,000 |
| Additional equipment expenses, normal wear and tear | $5,000 |

| Total | $66,725 |

**Croesus**

A group's first couple of years at the threshold of the Big Time are the most critical simply because they are most often fatal. The figures below represent an attempt to estimate, by the most liberal and optimistic of standards, what a "new" group might earn that first or second year out. It should be noted, however, that this optimistic reckoning, which is based on a realistic assessment of potential, does not necessarily bear any relation to the experiences of an actual group—averages seldom do. It should be noted too that the hypothetical group Croesus, for whom these figures were run up, would be—if it existed—a lot better off than some real groups. Croesus' income, meager though it is, is substantially higher, for instance, than what the Kinks earned in their first twelve months as an entity in the United States.

**Income**

- One album, selling 75,000 copies; royalties established at a rate to yield 42 cents per copy: $31,500
- One tour of forty-five engagements, at an average fee of $1,000 per performance: $45,000

**Total** $76,500

**Outgo**

- Advance on royalties from record company at signing of contracts, pay union dues, settle old debts, etc.: $5,000
- Cost of recording first album: $19,000
- Manager's 15 per cent of record royalties: $4,725
- Manager's 15 per cent of booking proceeds: $6,750
- Road expenses (15 per cent of gross): $11,250
- Booking agent's share of live-performance revenues at 20 per cent: $9,000
- Publicity agent for six months: $6,000
- Additional equipment expenses, normal wear and tear: $5,000

**Total** $66,725

**Net income** $9,775

Croesus is a four-man band, sharing equally in all income. The net result for each member, under this very optimistic accounting, is $2,443.75.
groups, expenses run as high as 50 per cent and even higher. The differences are owing to a variety of reasons. “New” groups all too frequently fall prey to the temptation to spend unreasonably large amounts of money on expensive hotel rooms or even suites. Some rent limousines to drive from airports to hotels and from hotels to auditoriums. These indulgences may add a touch of glamour to relieve the strenuous life of the road, but they also absorb much of the money that should remain as earnings at the end of the tour.

Such considerations aside, the most important single factor in successful live booking is routing, the plotting of the course of the tour from day to day—or week to week. Ideally, a tour should be booked with no city farther than 250 or 300 miles from the one preceding it, and there should be only one day off per week. That way one avoids paying $200 a night for motel rooms unnecessarily. Routing is a tricky thing to manage, even for a skilled professional booker. More than one group has met the fate of Taos, a small-time West Coast act which may have lost its chance at the big time after an agent arranged dates in two nearly contiguous California cities—separated by a one-nighter in Dallas!

The internal financial structure of groups also has an effect on income. Some, like the Dirt Band, are legally incorporated, with members sharing the profits. Others, like the old Jeff Beck group, have one or two prominent members enjoying a share of the gross (in that case, Beck himself and vocalist Rod Stewart) and remaining members drawing merely a salary. There are shadings in these arrangements ad infinitum between.

An essential ingredient of life on the road is the road manager, or “roadie,” as he is known. He is the one who keeps the group together, sees that they arrive on time, finds out why hotel reservations have been confused, flights canceled. Some groups absorb the functions of the roadie themselves. The Dirt Band’s John McEuen, for instance, carries a banjo case in one hand and an airline schedule book in the other on tour, shifting roles according to demand. But, most often, the roadie (and his assistants, who move the equipment) is another separate employee who draws a salary right off the top.

Though it is true that there is a comfortable living to be made in music (from $50,000 to $100,000 a year) for a small number of anonymous, unglamorous studio musicians (usually older, always highly skilled), the performing musician whose name appears on records and concert billings is usually not nearly so well off. Groups in the middle area of prominence, like the Dirt Band and Poco, can, if management is competent, enjoy an upper-middle-class income. Poco’s Schmit, for instance, like many other musicians, is buying his own modest home. The individual members of the Dirt Band have earned as much as $40,000 in one year—but as little as $3,000 in many others. They cannot, therefore, compute an “average” because their musical and financial fortunes have simply been too widely spread.

More frequently, the rule of the game is that of performers like Sherman Hayes. Hayes, who is thirty years old, has been playing professionally since 1964. He comes from a family of musicians, so he was prepared for the lean times, especially those preceding the release last fall of his first Capitol album. Sherman is married, with a three-and-a-half year old son. He owns a 1958 Chevrolet panel truck and rents a small house in Hollywood. It costs him between $600 and $800 a month to live—probably more now. He is $8,000 in debt from earlier group efforts, but Hayes, his booking agent, and his record company have faith.

He went on the road for three months last winter, playing club dates for between $150 and $500 a week. His first album, as first albums will, did not sell spectacularly. Anyway, Capitol is figuring the recording costs and their sponsorship of the tour against royalties. Hayes paid two sidemen $175 a week each on the road. He crammed his equipment (the act is acoustic and requires only one amplifier) into two trunks. There was no money for a roadie, so Hayes and his sidemen horded the trunks all along the route. “I’m losing my ass on this tour,” he commented over coffee in New York one afternoon. “I don’t see how anyone can be in music and not be thinking about the fact that it is a business,” Hayes said. “I’m just happy to be still on the label!” For people like Sherman Hayes, the lure of money is still rather farfetched, but the music is there, and for now it has to be a good part of the reward.

M usicians are, in general, people of fragile egos and are often afflicted with a profound naiveté. Those who can learn to adapt to the business of music survive—sometimes—and a few, very few, can move beyond that to the Big Money. But, for the most part, what the uninitiated see when they look up from the orchestra or down from the balcony is an illusion. Those are not dollar signs, but just the beam of a Super Trouper spotlight reflecting off a guitar purchased through an advance against royalties.

Allan Parachini, formerly a staff writer for the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, is now a resident fellow and visiting scholar at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.
VERY few singers can match the durability of Perry Como, whose performing career now spans more than four decades. He began as a band singer in 1933 and ten years later signed with RCA, the company he has recorded for ever since. Thirteen of his singles have earned gold records, as have two of his albums. And he is still going strong: early this year he was nominated for a Grammy Award (for his recording of *And I Love You So*), in May he made his first concert appearance in London, and in July RCA issued his latest album, *Perry* (reviewed in this issue).

Como is aware of his longevity, but he doesn't particularly like to dwell on it. "I don't mind being sixty-two, I just don't like to look and feel sixty-two," he says. He didn't really feel anywhere near his age until two years ago when he broke his left leg in a freak accident, falling off a rehearsal stage in Los Angeles. It laid him up for months, and it still gives him trouble. "It was such a dumb thing. I never dreamed I'd break the whole thing. I'm not the sick type, but I guess we're all destined for something like this at least once in our lives. What I hate about age is that the body starts crackin' up. It's the most..."

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boring thing in the world and there’s nobody I dislike enough to wish it on. I really didn’t need this—my legs look like they’re on backwards anyway.”

In person, except for the slight limp he may always have now as a result of the accident, he looks the same as he did on his fifteen-minute television shows in the early 1950’s. Up close, his hair is quite white, but most of it is still there, and when he gets on stage it magically looks dark with just a few flecks of gray. This sameness of appearance and style (although half his songs may well be very new) is perhaps the major reason he gets $100,000 a week for performing at the Las Vegas Hilton, the only night club he’ll agree to play, and why he fills the room every night of his annual two-week engagement.

Self-aware and self-deprecating, Como is always telling little jokes about himself. Since the accident has severely limited his capacity for walking and standing, he keeps threatening “to come out on stage in a golf cart.” And he says, “Between shows I drink a cup of soup and put all of Bing’s records on the record player to see if I’m doing it right. As for training or rehearsal, perish the thought. What is there to train? I’ve never studied singing; I don’t should, but I don’t. I just open up my mouth at eight o’clock and out it comes, hopefully. Some night you may have that much of a voice. I don’t practice; maybe I should, but I don’t. I just open up my mouth at eight o’clock and out it comes, hopefully. Some night you may hear the biggest nothin’. But as a kid I did play the trombone. You know, all Italians play guitars and checkers. And I know I can always get a job in a barber shop.”

Relaxed is the Como image, in a word, and relaxed is what he seems offstage, in his casual royal-blue velours shirt, gray slacks, white sweat socks, and moccasins, telling about his career. Even his leisure-time recreations are of the most tranquil kind—golf, boating, and fishing—and he keeps wandering back to them in conversation, as if all this show-business stuff were an intrusion, though a pleasant one.

Perry was born May 18, 1912, in the Pennsylvania mining town of Canonsburg, and he could have faced a lifetime of toil in the coal pits except that when he was eleven years old he got a job in Steve Fragapane’s three-chair barber shop. He stropped razors, swept the hair up from the floor, and apprenticed himself to the barbers until he was barbering and shaving customers himself. He opened his own shop before he finished high school, entertaining his customers with the popular songs of the early 1930’s. Since some of his customers were traveling band musicians, he was soon offered a job. He gave up the steady $125 weekly he made barbering and accepted $28 a week to sing with a dance band. Just turning twenty-one, he married a home-town girl, Roselle Belline.

“I was singing with Freddie Carlone’s band in Warren, Ohio, in a gambling casino in 1936 when Ted Weems came in. He won at roulette and then came downstairs to hear me. He offered me the job to replace Art Jarrett at $50 a week. Marilyn Maxwell was also singing with the band, but she was known as Marvel Maxwell then.”

The job with Weems lasted until 1942, when the shortage of manpower and the difficulty of traveling brought on by World War II forced Weems to disband. Perry went back to Canonsburg ready to resume cutting hair, but the era of crooners was quickly emerging out of, and taking over from, the era of the big bands. Crosby, Sinatra, Dick Haymes, and others began to dominate live entertainment on the male side, and Perry Como got a call to do his own New York radio show at $100 a week. “I did a fifteen-minute show five times a week at 8:00 p.m. and then we repeated it again for the West Coast at 11:00.”

RCA offered him a contract in 1943 and released Goodbye, Sue. In 1944 he made a movie, Something for the Boys, started his NBC radio series The Chesterfield Supper Club, and made his night-club debut at the Copa-cabana in New York. Three of the records he made in 1945 sold more than a million copies each: A Hubba Hubba Hubba, Till the End of Time, and Temptation. Other million-sellers followed regularly, including Prisoner of Love (1946), When You Were Sweet Sixteen (1947), and Forever and Ever (1949). His show The Chesterfield Supper Club made a successful transfer to television in 1950 and was done live three times a week. And the succession of hits continued: No Other Love, Wanted, Don’t Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes, Round and Round, Papa Loves Mambo, Home for the Holidays, Hot Diggity, Seattle, Catch a Falling Star, and Magic Moments. After a couple of years on television he had switched to a weekly hour-long show, and this went on until 1958, when he began signing multimillion-dollar contracts for TV specials. And they keep rolling along. “Usually, it’s all settled with a handshake every three years,” he says. The Kraft Music Hall alone made him more than $25 million between 1959 and 1968.

“I’ve been doing this for forty years. I can’t put up with it much longer,” he says laughing. “All the people who remember Temptation are dead. It sounds dated, and so I now do it with a different arrangement. I stole a couple of things from Shaft. I’m not trying to be a hippy, and I’m not going to do rock-and-roll. But my sounds are attuned to the times.” About half of his performance material is made up of familiar oldies and half of new songs not associated with him. Perry still uses the Ray Charles Singers as his backup; the composition of that group changes constantly and now consists of a dozen kids assembled for Perry’s decreasingly frequent appearances.

He admits to never having worked very hard as an entertainer. “Take away the cue cards on TV and I’m lost. I can’t get past ‘hello.’ Even with lyrics. Once I had to sing Night and Day on a show and as many times as I had sung it, I had to read the cards. Somebody goofed and I sang the second half first and then the first half second and didn’t even know it until the show was off the air.”

Wife Roselle, who stays so far in the background of her husband’s career that she won’t even go to his opening nights, has concentrated on their marriage and motherhood. The Comos have three children, all married, and eight grandchildren, the oldest of whom is twelve. All come to visit Perry and Roselle frequently in Jupiter, Florida, which has been their full-time home since the Comos sold their Sands Point, Long Island, house two years ago. Jupiter is eighteen miles north of West Palm Beach and eighty miles north of Miami.

“Sometimes I get tired of fishin’ and playin’ golf,” he says, “but most of the time I can stay out in the boat all day.” On the other hand, he admits, “When you step out on stage things do happen. The relaxed thing comes from the people; I sense it in two seconds, and they do too. The years I’ve been there make me feel at ease. They are old friends. After forty years, where can I go? My wants and needs are so small. I can be out in my boat all day, I can come to Las Vegas and sing all day. Life has become even more beautiful because I can pick any spot and do just what I want to do.” After forty years, that seems about right.
The phonograph record, when carefully manufactured, surpasses all other popular sound media in terms of dynamic range, frequency response, signal-to-noise ratio, and probably convenience. It is disheartening and ominous, therefore, to note how steadily a ground swell of consumer complaints about noisy, warped, or otherwise defective records has grown over the past several years. To someone familiar with the disc-manufacturing process, the sources of record defects are no mystery at all. In fact, at every stage in the production process there are mishaps just waiting to happen, so that the wonder is not that records are sometimes bad, but that they could ever have been good.

The techniques of record manufacture are virtually the same the world over, so the secret of making good records does not lie in some proprietary trick of production. Instead, it seems to be almost wholly a matter of the amount of care and attention...
that is devoted to the product in each step of the manufacturing operation—or at least this has been the experience of my company, Wakefield Manufacturing, which specializes in producing high-quality custom records. To illustrate, let us trace from its very beginnings the perilous course every record has to travel in finding its way to the ears of the music-listening public.

The first step in manufacturing a record is the tape-to-disc process, or mastering—the most critical step in the entire manufacturing procedure. Whatever is cut into the master lacquer will, ideally, be faithfully preserved through the various manufacturing steps all the way down to the last pressing in the production run. The primary responsibility of the mastering engineer is to cut a lacquer that will be free of serious playback difficulties (such as groove skipping and distortion) on existing playback systems, while at the same time preserving the integrity of the musical concept.

Virtually all modern recordings begin life as tapes created in the recording studio or concert hall, so the cutting of the master lacquer is really a re-recording process. In the mastering room, a specially designed tape machine plays the signal from the tape into the disc recorder—a massive mechanism called a cutting lathe—which carves the delicate spiral groove into the surface of the rotating lacquer. The groove is not the smooth inscription it appears to the naked eye to be, for, in engraving it, the cutting head embellishes its walls with microscopic undulations and wiggles—the audio signal in physical form.

In preparing to cut the lacquer, there are certain standards the engineer must follow that deal with the physical characteristics of the finished recording. These include such things as the distances from the center hole to the first and last modulated (signal-carrying) grooves. There are also rules concerning groove geometry and groove spacing to be observed, but perhaps the most critical of all these considerations is the overall signal level at which the disc is to be cut.

The choice of cutting levels ultimately determines two important characteristics of the finished recording: the success with which the playback cartridge will be able to track the modulated grooves, and the playing time per record side. In disc cutting, the maximum levels the engineer can permit are limited by the tracking abilities of the playback cartridges that will be used for reproduction. If their capabilities are exceeded by as little as 1 dB, the result could be distortion, severe “break-up” of the sound, or even groove skipping. As today’s cutters are able to inscribe levels on the disc that even the best playback cartridges cannot track cleanly, the mastering engineer carefully uses his ears and meters, together with his experience, to decide what the levels should be. At times there is something on the tape—overly bright vocal sibilants, perhaps—that the mastering engineer knows will not playback cleanly. These may cause the cutter to inscribe the groove wall with modulations whose curvatures are actually smaller than the dimensions of the playback stylus. The result will be “s” sounds that spit and splatter upon playback unless the mastering engineer reduces the amount of high-frequency energy in the signal. To do this he can employ a filter, an equalizer, or a high-frequency limiting device that instantaneously reduces the highs if they exceed a certain level.

Cutting levels also determine the playing time of the record, and the engineer must calculate in advance to be sure his chosen level is such that the entire length of the program will fit on the prescribed number of record sides. Modulating a record groove with an audio signal causes side-to-side deviations of the groove walls that, in effect, increase groove width. High levels and low notes require more groove space (a 30-Hz signal requires a “width” about eight times that of a 15,000-Hz groove.

The cutting lathe and the heavy carriage that carries the cutting head inward toward the center of the lacquer blank are shown at near right. At center right is a close-up of the head midway through the cutting of a record side. Before it can be electroplated, the engraved lacquer must be sprayed (far right) with solutions that deposit a thin silver coating to make the lacquer electrically conductive.
cut at the same level). The mastering engineer must therefore allow sufficient space (or “land”) between the grooves to prevent them from cutting into one another, which is called “kissing” and causes both groove skipping and sticking. And, of course, the more space between grooves, the fewer the grooves that can be fitted onto a record side and the shorter the playing time of the side.

“Groove echo,” another problem that is risked when grooves are too closely spaced, is heard most often right at the start of a record as a ghostly “false opening” that precedes the actual beginning of the music by a little under two seconds. What has happened is that very faint traces of a signal cut into a particular groove have been transferred right through the narrow ridge of “land” between grooves and imprinted on the quiet groove cut just previously.

In order to increase playing times and recording levels and still avoid kissing, echo, and groove-skipping that may result from inadequate groove spacing and depth, a modern lathe determines the groove depth and spacing necessary and automatically varies the “pitch” (the spacing of the grooves) and the depth of cut to suit the requirements of the signal at a given instant. It does this by “previewing” the signal on the tape about one second before the signal is cut. This is accomplished with a separate “advance” playback head mounted on the tape deck some distance ahead of the playback head proper. The previewed audio signal is processed by a computer that is an integral part of the lathe. It extracts the pitch and depth information from the signal and stores it in its memory banks in the form of control voltages until the information is required. As each previewed section of the signal comes up to be cut, the computer uses its data to adjust the lathe mechanisms for optimum pitch and depth. This permits very precise control of the cutting process, resulting in efficient use of the space on the disc and the avoidance of kissing and vertical “lifts” (that is, cutting at the same level).
inadequate depth of cut, which might at times mean even brief total loss of contact between the cutting stylus and the lacquer surface). Also, the high degree of automation provided by the computerized lathe permits the mastering engineer to devote more of his attention to the aesthetic considerations of the tape-to-disc transfer.

With the preliminaries out of the way, the actual cutting is a fairly straightforward procedure. The lacquer “blank”—a flat aluminum disc with a very even, unblemished lacquer coating—is placed on the lathe, which in a modern facility may be an instrument like the Neumann VMS-70, with an SX-74 cutter having a frequency response of 7 to 25,000 Hz ±3 dB and being driven by two 600-watt amps. Actual cutting is done by a wedge-shaped stylus of ruby or sapphire, which is heated by a tiny coil of wire around its shank (the heat helps reduce friction between the stylus and the lacquer, resulting in a cleaner cut). After the lacquers—one for each record side—are cut, they are not played, but are carefully inspected microscopically for possible defects. At this point in the production process any significant fault is usually detected and remedied by recutting the master, although masters with excessively high levels—probably destined to cause someone to experience serious cartridge mistracking—do occasionally get through. Most consumer complaints about records, however, are engendered by troubles arising in the later stages of manufacture—the steps leading up to and including the molding or “pressing” of the records themselves.

Although the lacquer closely resembles a finished disc record, it is merely the first in a series of parts that will be used to generate the molds for the final product. By a process known as electroforming, metallic nickel is plated onto the lacquer surface to create a “negative” of the disc (it has tiny ridges instead of grooves) called the metal master. Then, as a rule, the metal master is plated to obtain the “mother,” which in turn is plated to produce the nickel “stamper,” the part that actually does the record molding.

Each of these metal parts can usually be plated several times, so that a single lacquer could ultimately generate as many as forty-eight or more stampers. However, for highest quality the number of platings for each part should be kept to a practical minimum. Otherwise, various types of “processing noise” are likely to creep into the final records.

Processing noises generally arise from contamination or improper cleaning of the metal parts somewhere along the line, faulty preparation of the parts for plating, or a too-rapid build-up of nickel during the plating, the last causing stresses in the part being formed. Some of the common audible consequences of this are the swishing or gritty sounds that occur regularly for a number of record revolutions, or simply common pops and ticks. (In addition, most of these noises can also result from problems during the molding process as well.) However, unless an excessive number of plates have been produced from a single part (too many stampers from a single mother, for example), most processing noise can be avoided by skill in the preparation and plating stages, plus a careful attention to processing cleanliness. Close scrutiny of the operations is particularly important here, since any noise that does intrude will be present on every record produced by the afflicted stamper.

Before a stamper is inserted in the record press to begin its career as a vinyl waffle iron, its back must be sanded lightly to remove any burrs or rough spots, and the surface of the press that will receive
it must also be certified clean and smooth. Otherwise, any roughnesses existing between the stamper back and its seat in the press may, under the high pressure of the molding operation, print right through the relatively thin stamper and onto the record. The most common form this defect takes is the so-called "mold grain"—an imprint of rough stamper backs or press dies on the record surface that can actually be seen by the naked eye if the reflection of some object is inspected closely in the ungrooved portion of the record near the center. Severe mold grain plays back as a very nondescript sort of low-frequency noise; it is not usually as low in frequency as rumble.

Also prior to insertion in the press the stamper has its center hole punched (an operation that must be performed accurately or, again, all the records produced by that stamper will have off-center holes) and its edge crimped to form the raised vinyl "bead" running around the circumference of every record. It is this crimping operation, incidentally, that is responsible for the "ocean-roar" sound so often heard when the stylus is lowered to the lead-in groove.

Records are molded through a combination of pressure and steam heat, which is channeled through the dies on which the stampers are mounted. After a predetermined period of time, water is flushed through the die channels to cool the stampers and the record. The press is then opened and the record removed. If the timing of the pressing cycle of heating and cooling is not correct, the record will be noisy. Thus the amount of time devoted to each operation in the cycle is critical to the quality of the final pressing. A common record defect caused by improper cycling is "non-fill"—a failure of the vinyl material to enter and fill every part of the groove detail. This is one of the many possible causes of the pop and tick noises. Non-fill can often be seen under the proper light conditions as little white specks, or as a characteristic cloudy patch on the record surface.

The amount of time it takes to produce a quiet pressing depends on numerous factors—even, in some cases, the geographic location of the plant. But, in general, it is the rule that a longer pressing cycle yields quieter records. However, record manufacturers are quite naturally tempted to hold cycling duration to a minimum, since this saves time and increases the output of the plant proportionately. But it can also seriously compromise the quality of the finished product if carried to extremes.

Certainly a major obstacle to the production of good records has been the well-publicized vinyl shortage, which has often forced manufacturers to make do with raw materials below their usual standard or face being put out of business entirely. Most record producers depend on outside suppliers for their vinyl, which is delivered in the form of small chips of plastic compound preconstituted for the record-making application. For the finest-quality pressings only virgin vinyl should be used. However, it has been common practice in many large pressing plants to recycle vinyl. Defective records from which the centers have been punched out, as well as the excess molding "flash" trimmed from the outer edge of records after pressing, are re-ground and mixed in with virgin vinyl.

In the past, this type of material was often used in the manufacture of 45-rpm singles and pop LP’s, where quiet surfaces are less critical because of the very restricted dynamic range of the program. Now, owing to the vinyl shortage, manufacturers have
been forced to use regrind mixtures more extensively in order to stretch their thin supplies. Another economy is the use of vinyl "extenders." The extenders are non-vinyl materials that have flow qualities similar to those of vinyl, and these are also mixed in with pure vinyl. This permits a smaller amount of vinyl to be used in pressing each record. Adulterating the vinyl does make it more difficult, but not necessarily impossible, to produce a quiet pressing.

Recently there have been some reports of microscopic bits of paper, metal, dirt, and other debris turning up in pressings. Apparently some manufacturers are not being too fussy about the recycled vinyl they are using. All of these contaminants are of course potential sources of noise. Bits of paper might come from the use of vinyl from the label area if the label has been incompletely removed. Dirt, metal, and other debris are most likely the result of using materials that have been swept from the floor or have been carelessly handled. Wakefield used no adulterating material whatsoever prior to the vinyl shortages, but like most other plants we are currently doing so on a limited basis. All materials to be recycled are placed in large drums and kept as clean as possible. No floor sweepings or label areas are used, and the ratio of regrind or extender material to pure vinyl is determined on the basis of quality rather than quantity. Following these procedures, we have found that while the use of such materials makes the quality of the pressing a bit less predictable, it does not necessarily result in a poor-quality pressing.

After a few preliminary pressings have been made, checked for quality, and (often) approved by the producer of the record, the press is ready to go into full production, which usually continues until that particular set of stampers has deteriorated beyond use. The working life of a set of stampers depends on many imponderables, and it is not really predictable. Given the quality of the pressings desired, several thousand records might be produced by one set, or only several hundred. In the end, however, the pressure and temperature extremes of the pressing operation take their toll. Dents may mar the stampers, metal fatigue and wear may occur, or pressure may deform the individual metal ridges that mold the vinyl grooves (this is called "crushed groove" or "crushed bottom"), causing a raspy, scratching sound when the record is played. Regular inspection procedures in pressing plants are designed to detect the onset of stamper fatigue so that the parts can be replaced as soon as is necessary.

When the record comes off the press, the manufacturing process itself is essentially over—and the risks of damage due to contamination or faulty handling begin. The record is still warm and pliant when removed from the press, and care must be taken by the operator not to twist the edge, for this causes so-called "pinch warp" at the record's circumference. A rotary trimmer is used to remove the excess vinyl material from the record's edge, and this too can create ripples in the soft plastic disc—they are easily avoided if the record is permitted to cool a bit prior to the trimming operation. "Dish" warping, in which the record assumes a slightly "hub-capped" appearance, can be caused by dimensional errors and uncontrolled stresses during the pressing cycle, but it is more often the result of im-

The press jaws, with record labels already in place, are about to close on a biscuit of extruded vinyl to mold a 12-inch disc.

The final product, still warm from the press, awaits the operation that will trim the excess vinyl "flash" from its perimeter.
proper stacking of the records on the spindle that supports them while they cool.

Other warps, like the occasional "saddle" warp that permits the record to rock back and forth on its label area when placed on a flat surface, tend to be introduced later on. Even the transparent shrink wrap used to seal the jacket can deform the record if it is too tight. And, unfortunately, warpage (usually brought about by improper handling in transportation and storage) can occur at any time after the record has left the plant right up to the retail store's shelves—and your own, for that matter.

As with any manufactured item, the quality of the end product depends largely on the amount of time and effort put into its manufacture as well as on the economic realities of the business. It is true that the vinyl shortage has resulted in records of somewhat lower quality, and to some extent this is unavoidable until vinyl supplies become adequate once again. However, this does not mean that good-quality records cannot still be manufactured. In our look at the record manufacturing process we have seen that the final quality of the pressing is a cumulative result of the attention paid to it during each and every step of the manufacturing process. It should be clear that quality pressings don't just happen by themselves, but must be the final goal of the manufacturing process. Unfortunately, the factors involved in producing a quality pressing, such as longer pressing cycles, careful plating procedures, and redoing something if it is not right, cost money.

In setting the selling price of a record, the record company is also, in effect, setting the quality of that record. While European pressings are often better than their American counterparts, they are also more costly; the European record buyer simply pays more for his quality record. There is no technical reason why records manufactured in this country cannot be as good as imports, so one can only assume that record companies in this country do not feel that quality is as important a selling point as price is. And perhaps they are right: consider, for example, the rising sales of cassette and eight-track tapes; the vast majority of them are inferior to the most mediocre of record pressings in terms of signal-to-noise ratio, dynamic levels, and overall fidelity. On the other hand, our experience indicates that there is a definite market for a quality product despite the added cost.

What it all boils down to is this: does the consumer care strongly enough about record quality to insist on certain minimum standards, and will he exert himself to make his voice heard? In the light of the discussion of record-manufacturing processes above, the editors of this magazine and I would be especially interested to learn how readers feel about record quality in general, and particularly whether they would willingly accept a record price increase in exchange for a better record. Accordingly, I invite you to take part in an informal poll by communicating your views to me in care of this magazine. If there is a significant response, the results will be printed in a future issue—and also communicated to as many as possible of those who ultimately affect the quality of the records you buy.

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After visual inspection for warp, label damage, non-fill, and the like, the records are put in protective sleeves and jackets.
One of the picture postcards tourists buy in Vienna is labeled “Statues of Composers Active in Vienna, Famous the World Over,” and it shows the monuments in various Viennese parks to Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Johann Strauss, Brahms, and Bruckner. Of that group, only Schubert and Strauss were native sons. The most important native Viennese composer since the Waltz King was Arnold Schoenberg, whose centenary is being observed everywhere this year (September 13 was the actual anniversary date). There is no statue of him in any of Vienna’s parks, and no discussion of erecting one, but the idea is by no means as unlikely as it might have seemed as recently as ten or fifteen years ago.

There is probably no other great city on earth in which music is so central to the daily life and thought of virtually all its people as it is in Vienna, where, I was assured, “any cab driver can tell you who the next three directors of the State Opera will be, even though he may not be able to tell you who the candidates are in this year’s presidential election.” Cab drivers are always and everywhere touted as being arbiters of public opinion: those in Vienna, I was told, either had nothing good to say about Schoenberg or had not heard of him at all.

It is true that Schoenberg has never loomed very large in the consciousness of the Viennese public, but then he has never been a “popular” composer anywhere else either. He once remarked that he would like to be able to write music like Tchaikovsky’s, filled with tunes everyone could whistle, but what he did write was, especially to the Romantically attuned Viennese ear, anything but ingratiating. Some of his concerts in Vienna just before and after World War I had turned into near-riots. He did attract pupils and disciples, of course, but he left Vienna for good in 1925, spending the next eight years in Berlin and the rest of his life in California. The so-called “Second Viennese School,” which he founded, has probably had less far-reaching influence in Vienna itself than in several other music centers. (If he enjoyed any “popularity,” it was not for the works that made him Schoenberg; as late as 1945, he was introduced to a lecture audience at the University of Chicago as “the beloved composer of Transfigured Night.”)

A year after the composer’s death, a Schönbergplatz (the Viennese insist on the original spelling, with the umlaut instead of oe) was dedicated near a middle-class housing project out past Schönbrunn, and that about took care of any official recognition until this year, when Schoenberg’s ashes were flown from California for reburial in Vienna’s Central Cemetery. One of my associates, on hearing of this gesture and noting how little of Schoenberg’s music was being played in Vienna, remarked that it seemed to be a case of “We come...
to bury Schoenberg, not to praise him." A Viennese acquaintance in New York, though, assured me: "No, we will even praise him—as a world-famous musician from Vienna—but we really don’t want to hear his music."

One has heard this sort of thing for years. Last spring I developed a good deal of curiosity about the Viennese attitude toward Schoenberg at a time when so much respectful attention was being focused on him elsewhere. The first congress of the International Schoenberg Society was scheduled for Vienna on dates I was free, and I seized upon it as an excuse to enjoy a sumptuous Air France flight out of Washington and spend the time in Vienna seeing for myself just what the feeling was. If I found an attitude more reverent than enthusiastic, it was, at least, an advance over the open hostility of the past.

Cab drivers, it turned out, were not issuing statements on the composer last June, but hotel-keepers, city officials, travel agents, and journalists were happy to comment. None of them (or the cabbies) had ever heard of a street named for Schoenberg in their city—I had to check on that at a city office, where the discovery of the Schönbergplatz astonished the researchers. There was, however, a good deal more Schoenberg activity going on than was indicated in the preliminary brochure on the Wiener Festwochen, the city’s big annual festival, traditionally very conservative in its makeup.

The dates of the Schoenberg Congress (June 4-9) fell smack in the middle of the Festwochen (May 25-June 23), which in turn took place within the period of the elaborate and impressive Schoenberg exhibition at the Secession Museum (May 10-June 30). These three events had no direct connection with each other, but they did converge at times.

One might think that if the Viennese were going to do anything about Schoenberg in his centenary year they would launch their celebration during the Festwochen, but this year's festival—rather pointedly, I thought—was dedicated to Bruckner, whose sesquicentenary preceded Schoenberg's hundredth birthday by nine days. Eight orchestras, under ten conductors, performed all the Bruckner symphonies and many of his other works. Richard Strauss, Hans Pfitzner, and Franz Schmidt were also heavily represented, since they too have anniversaries this year—the centenary of Schmidt’s birth, the 110th anniversary of Strauss', the twenty-fifth anniversary of the deaths of both Strauss and Pfitzner. The Schoenberg representation in the events at the Musikvereinsäle was minimal—a single program of choral works and performances of the Woodwind Quintet and a string quartet in mixed chamber-music concerts.

There were, however, Schoenberg programs elsewhere in the city during the festival period, including several at the Secession itself as part of the exhibition there. The opening session of the Schoenberg Congress was held at the Secession, where a performance of the Suite for Seven Instruments, Op. 29, by Friedrich Cerha's ensemble Die Reihe augmented the speeches by Hans Sittner, the Schoenberg Society's president. Rudolf Stephan, director of the congress, Walter Szmolyan, the Society's secretary-general, and Hertha Firnberg, the Austrian Minister of Science and Research, under whose patronage the congress was held. The next evening Cerha conducted both of the chamber symphonies, and two days later he and his associates, as part of the lecture sequence, illustrated problems of interpretation in Pierrot Lunaire (a work they have recorded for Candide). Another interesting program, performed by the Cappella Classica under Alois Hochstrasser, was made up of chamber-orchestra arrangements of Strauss waltzes by Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern.

Another site of Schoenberg concerts was the Beethoven-Musikhochschule in Mödling, the suburb in which a more significant event also took place. The Schoenberg Society was able to buy Schoenberg's old house in Mödling two years ago, and on June 6 (the day after the cemetery ceremony), with appropriate speeches by municipal and federal officials, the renovated building was dedicated as a museum and research center, with a plaque in the front of the building reading:

IN DIESEM HAUSE WOHNTE DER KOMONIST
ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG
IN DEN JAHREN 1918-1924
HIER FORMTE ER SEINE METHODE
DER KOMPOSITION MIT ZWÖLFTONEN.

It was in that same house that Schoenberg held his composition seminars, and now it is to be used again for similar purposes. The dedication ceremonies, at which attendance was so heavy that I was rather frighteningly reminded of the old college boys' mania for seeing how many people could crowd into a single telephone booth, concluded with Maurizio Pollini's incredibly affecting performances of several of Schoenberg's works on the master's own piano (his other instruments are there, too, including the harmonium, much in need of repair). From August 24 to September 13 (the birthdate itself) the Society used the house to present a course in the Schoenberg string quartets, under the direction of Rudolf Kolisch (interpretation) and
Rudolf Stephan (analysis), both of whom had taken part in the congress in June.

The congress packed a lot of activity into its six days, with some three dozen very active participants from various countries—there would have been more if East Germany and Czechoslovakia had not refused exit visas to the scholars in those countries who planned to attend. Richard Hoffmann, Alexander Ringer, Boris Schwarz, and Leonard Stein represented the United States, and among the other thirty-odd names were such familiar ones as H. H. Stuckenschmidt, Hans Swarowsky, Peter Gradenwitz, and the aforementioned Cerha, Stefan, and Kolisch. There were many nonparticipants in attendance too, and, most significantly, there were sizable audiences for the musical events. Though more of a gesture should have been made in the big Festwochen concerts, perhaps this was better left for the “Styrian Autumn” festival at Graz (which included music by Zemlinsky, Schoenberg’s only teacher, as well as that of Schoenberg himself).

In any event, now that a new season is under way, works of Schoenberg are being performed in major Viennese concert series.

One old friend who had just realized a lifelong dream of becoming a subscriber to the Philharmonic concerts (subscriptions to that august series are usually obtained only by inheritance) told me excitedly of the deep impression made by last season’s Vienna performances of A Survivor from Warsaw and Moses und Aron. “There was a real hostility toward Schoenberg’s music here,” she said, “but many of us just took it for granted that it was ‘unlikeable’ without ever actually listening to it. Abbado in particular has taught us so much about this music, and now that we open our ears there is so much to admire, so much even to love.” The speaker was a retired travel official who may not be quoted as readily as “any cab driver in Vienna,” but who is surely not alone in her response. If the Viennese can talk about loving Schoenberg, perhaps that statue in the park isn’t so far off after all.

Schoenberg Without Tears

By Eric Salzman

Our topic today is How to Listen to Schoenberg, Not as Musical Analysis, Not as Music History, but as Music. To back up just a bit, Arnold Schoenberg started his musical life as a post-Wagnerian and then became a German Expressionist (which is odd, because he was Jewish and Viennese). Finally, to the joy of the few and the despair of the millions (critic B. H. Haggin has called his work “a major disaster in the history of music”), he invented twelve-tone music. Now he is one hundred years old (the music itself is not quite that old, but it is certainly getting on), and it is time for articles like this one.

Schoenberg and his music are part of history (as even Haggin admits), and the polemics of yesteryear are now chapters in books. The music itself, although not played very often, is, so to speak, indisputable. Nearly all of it is available in our vast recorded museum-without-walls, some of it, surprisingly, in several respectable versions.

Schoenberg once said, “My music is not avant-garde, only badly played.” Well, it is not always brilliantly performed nowadays, but it is rarely butchered any more, and sometimes it is very well played indeed. Schoenberg has become so much a part of our musical heritage that even musicians who don’t like his music very much can’t help but understand it better than their predecessors did. Schoenberg was right; his music is not avant-garde. It is, in fact, right to the end, squarely in the Great Tradition of Western classical music.

Any course in Schoenberg Without Tears should rightly begin with the post-Wagnerian music—Verklärte Nacht, Gurrelieder, the First String Quartet—but all this is so relatively familiar and easy to accept that we will skip right over it. The “difficult” Schoenberg begins with the atonal Expressionist music of the period just before World War I. This was the music that, along with Stravinsky’s Rite of Spring, set the world of music on its ear: the Three Piano Pieces (Op. 11), Pierrot Luniare, the Five Orchestral Pieces, Erwartung. And yet, far from being “difficult,” this is some of the most directly expressive and sensual music ever written, and it is, in spite of many attempts to prove the contrary, extraordinarily intuitive and non-intellectual. The closest parallel can be found in the music of Debussy, which is also intensely sensual. But Schoenberg, unlike his French contemporary,
On June 5, 1974, the ashes of Arnold Schoenberg were interred in Vienna’s Central Cemetery. The composer’s sons, Ronald and Lawrence, and his daughter Nuria, the wife of the composer Luigi Nono, are shown facing the monument. Also in attendance (but not visible here) was his brother-in-law, the violinist Rudolf Kolisch.

is always expressing inner states. Schoenberg’s Expressionist music reminds us of the Vienna of Freud; indeed, at times it comes as close to “free association” as is musically possible. In spite (or perhaps because) of the psychological twists and turns, the surface expression is always incredibly rich and variegated. Indeed, Schoenberg’s earliest critics were right: this music is a bundle of intense sensations, and it can be listened to and enjoyed (or hated) on just that basis.

After World War I, things are a little different. Schoenberg got religion: Classicism. Indeed, he set himself the task of reordering the purely sensual effects of his earlier music in terms of the great tradition. He made fun of Stravinsky’s “neo-Classicism” because he considered himself, not some Russian upstart, the real Classicist.

It seems impossible to escape music history entirely when talking about Schoenberg, for he lived and breathed history and theories of history all his life. So a momentary historical digression is here inevitable. If Schoenberg’s earlier music was out of the Wagnerian tradition, his later works harked back to a different Romantic model: Brahms. Schoenberg was a great admirer of Brahms all his life, and, just as Brahms kept the Classical tradition alive in the Romantic period, so Schoenberg wanted to extend the Classic/Romantic tradition down into our own day.

Now we have the essential point. Schoenberg’s later music, his last quartets, his violin and piano concertos, the Orchestral Variations, the String Trio and the Violin Fantasy, were written to be part of the latter-day part of the Great Symphonic Tradition, and that is exactly how they must be listened to — whether, in the end, they are accepted or rejected. Listen to twelve-tone Schoenberg as if it were Brahms, and you will be doing nothing more nor less than what Schoenberg himself intended. Listen for the themes, the large-scale, Romantic-size phrases with the big (atonal) sweep, for their developments and their resolutions. If it doesn’t work for you, then so much the worse for the two of you — you, that is, and Schoenberg. There are no other terms on which to meet him, even halfway.

There are a few of the later works which, in one way or another, harken back to the intensity of the early music. The most striking of these is the Begleitungsmusik (Accompaniment to a Film Scene) — a scene, by the way, that never actually existed. The very dramatic Survivor from Warsaw and much of the opera Moses and Aron are other examples. The dramatic impulse helps create a resolution between Schoenbergian Classicism and the intense, inner expression characteristic of his earlier style. For most listeners, I suspect, it is this music, early or late, and not the Brahmsian twelve-tone works, which will make the strongest and most lasting impact. It is as an Expressionist rather than as a Classicist that Schoenberg will leave his mark on most listeners, and, in the long run, probably on music history as well.
"...the musician must be like an athlete, always in peak form and ready to play..."

By Robert S. Clark
How did a nice girl like you get mixed up with a nut like Scriabin?" The question belongs to the world of television comedy rather than to that of serious artistic endeavor, and, though it was on my mind, I did not ask it when I visited Ruth Laredo one afternoon recently. But the impulse to do so was pardonable, given the apparent cultural distance between the young American pianist and the Russian composer with whom she is identified through her performances and recordings. On the one hand there is Ruth Laredo, born in Detroit and trained at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia; in manner low-key, almost shy, and firmly non-nonsense, in appearance slender, winsome, and petite without being fragile—seeming, the day I saw her, in every way a part of the spare and tasteful contemporaneity of her studio living room on New York’s Upper West Side. On the other hand there is Alexander Scriabin, visionary and exotic, whose music, for all its mystical and sensual connotations and its defiance of nineteenth-century tradition, is unmistakably rooted in the genteel decadence of turn-of-the-century Czarist Russia’s privileged classes. Had Mrs. Laredo discovered Scriabin on her own, I wondered, or had someone urged him on her? "I first heard Scriabin’s music as a child," she replied, "when my parents took me to a concert by Vladimir Horowitz in Detroit. He played the Ninth Sonata. He was then, and still is, the greatest interpreter of Scriabin’s works. I had spent my professional life, however, playing music very different from Scriabin’s, when Alan Silver of Connoisseur Society suggested a few years ago that I learn and record all of the piano sonatas for the Scriabin centenary in 1971—or 1972, depending upon whether you use the old or new Russian calendar. I hesitated, because my daughter Jennifer had just been born, but finally I decided to go ahead. We began with the Fifth, Seventh, and Ninth Sonatas and the Op. 42 Etudes in January of 1970, and we finished the last of the three discs around Christmas of that year. Alan was right—there was a resurgence of interest in Scriabin, and I was the first to have recorded the sonatas complete. Now several other pianists have done it, Michael Ponti, Robert Szidon, and John Ogdon among them. Making those recordings was fascinating: I became totally immersed in each of the sonatas as I worked on it. Some of the music is certainly neurotic, but it is all thoroughly absorbing." As she spoke, Mrs. Laredo went to the Baldwin grand piano that stood in one corner of the room and picked up a score of the Scriabin sonatas. When she handed it to me, it was open to the first bars of the Seventh Sonata. I commented on their evident difficulty. "Yes, this is very difficult music to play," she said, her long fingers twining one another as if in sympathy. "But I don’t think these works are merely vehicles for display. The virtuosic element is only a part of a greater whole. Scriabin’s piano pieces are works of quality. He was really wrongfully neglected—he is not just a fad, he is here to stay. The connections made in the press with the current surge of interest in mysticism and the occult, and the psychedelic business—if that were all there was to Scriabin, the vogue for him would have waned long ago. These trappings may draw the curious listener to Scriabin, but only genuine musical substance will hold him. And I believe it is sufficient. Do you know that the sonatas are all perfectly worked out formally? When you first hear one of them, the novelty and freshness of the material obscure the form, but this reveals itself on further listening or study. And there is great variety in the sonatas. The First is clearly related to Chopin’s B-flat Minor Sonata, which Scriabin adored. It is also extremely uncomfortable for the hands—Scriabin injured himself practicing it. The Third is the most Romantic. After that it is difficult to characterize them; each has so much individuality. Take the Seventh. It is built on a single chord: reading upward, the intervals are a minor third, a perfect fourth, and another minor third. Scriabin called this Sonata his ‘White Mass,’ and thought of it as holy. Look at these," she said, turning the score’s pages and pointing to staves in which such directions as crescendo, accelerando, and meno mosso might be expected to be found. Instead, Scriabin asks for undulating, stormy, menacing, or terrifying playing—"avec trouble," "éteintklent" (sparkling), "avec une joie débordante" (with overflowing joy), "avec une céleste volupté" (with a heavenly voluptuousness), and finally "en un vertige" (in a spin) and "en délire" (in delirium). How, I asked this sensible-seeming woman, does she manage to create delirium on the recital stage? "Well, of course, you cannot let yourself go completely. You must be thoroughly prepared technically, so that in performance you can surrender yourself to the music without losing control. For me, Scriabin’s music generates feelings that seize me as I play, and will not be denied. I don’t think it can be played well if you do not feel it. At the same time, you must be completely aware of what you are doing. It is the problem of all performance."

Ruth Laredo finds nothing extraordinary in her affinity for Scriabin, but denies that a family connection with the composer’s native country has anything to do with it. Forebears of her parents on both sides came to the United States from Russia, but "they were Jews—and a Russian Jew’s passport read ‘Jewish,’ not ‘Russian.’" Her mother was a piano teacher, and from early childhood Ruth heard piano and violin recitals. She cannot remember when she did not want to play the piano, and after some initial help from her mother she was sent to her first teacher in Detroit at the age of eleven or twelve. She took to the piano so keenly that she never had to be urged to practice. At seventeen she was admitted to the Curtis Institute of Music, and began study with Rudolf Serkin.

As a pianist Rudolf Serkin is familiar to audiences all over the world, but few know the extent of his influence upon young performers through his stewardships at Marlboro and Curtis. I asked Ruth Laredo for her impressions of this formidable figure as a teacher. "Oh, dear!" she said, with a hint of impatience at being put on the spot. "I don’t know how to describe him, other than to say that what you are doing. It is the problem of all performance."

Though from the start Serkin gave me grounding in the German classics, it is to his credit that he didn’t try to force me to do things I had little interest in. I wanted to learn French music—Gaspard de la Nuit, for instance—and though I suspect he thought it was not a good idea, he let me do it." But if the German classics took a back seat at Curtis, her years at Marlboro redressed the balance. "I have played the standard German chamber repertoire..."
almost every summer at Marlboro, about fourteen seasons in all. But we have done other things too—Chausson, Faúre, the Ravel Trio.”

For several years after she began her solo concert career, her programs followed a standard format. “I would open—always—with a Bach partita, then do some Mozart or a Beethoven sonata, then some Chopin or Liszt’s Mephisto Waltz, and finally a modern work. Practically every recital went like that, and it’s a relief not to have to do it any more.” Now she generally includes some Ravel (Gaspard, La Valse) or some Debussy (Préludes, Images) on every program, and two contrasting pieces by Scriabin. “Some people who invite me to play ask that I omit Scriabin, because we don’t want any modern music in the way of engagements, so I was not to come to the scheduled rehearsal until the other ones in all. But we have done other things too—Chausson, Faúre, the Ravel Trio.”

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Cosi Fan Tutte, Mozart's last opera based on a libretto by the able Lorenzo da Ponte, does not, to be sure, possess the boundless measures of warmth and humanity to be found in Le Nozze di Figaro, the abundance of passion and vitality that fill Don Giovanni, but it yields to no other of his works in terms of inventiveness and brilliant craftsmanship. Greatest among the opera's countless virtues is its remarkable ensemble writing, the dramatic and musical interactions of the six characters in combinations of all forms—from duet to sextet—and styles. These marvelous ensembles are perhaps the reason so many first-rank conductors are drawn to Così, and why they are usually inspired to their best efforts as well. Fritz Busch, Herbert von Karajan, Karl Böhm, Eugen Jochum, and Erich Leinsdorf have all presided over past recordings of this opera. All of them were enjoyable, and, in their various ways, highly recommendable. Now joining this distinguished company, with strong attractions of its own, is a new London recording of the work, with singers of the international front rank (plus the London Philharmonic) under the baton of Sir Georg Solti.

As is well known and well documented, Solti is an extremely intense conductor, and he is at his best when he can support a vivid stage action like the extended and fast-moving finale of Così's first act. As is equally well known, relaxation and geniality are not his strongest suits, and though the overture, for example, moves with lightness and precision, there is something of a "driven" aura about it. Too, the exquisite farewell ensembles (particularly the trio "Soave sia il vento") sound merely agreeable when they ought to sound ravishing, and the delicate touches of orchestration in Dorabella's aria "Smanie implacabili" are not exposed with the requisite nuance and affection. On the other hand, Solti's tempo choices seem always to be unerringly correct (even better judged here than they were in his dramatic Magic Flute recording—reviewed in May 1971), his command of the ensembles is exceptionally precise, and the orchestral tone he secures is both rich and refined.

Gratifyingly, there are no real weaknesses in the casting, though the performances of the six principals do inspire some slight reservations to go with the well-earned praise. Of the two ladies of shakable fidelity, the Dorabella of Teresa Berganza delivers the more secure vocal performance. Her singing is firm and warm-toned, her aria "E amor un ladroncello" flows with lightness and lift, and if the earlier "Smanie implacabili" fails to plumb quite all the expressive depths, it is as accurate musically and as endearing tonally as the rest of her singing. Miss Berganza's steady tone and Pilar Lorenzgar's characteristically tremulous one do not form an ideal blend in their ensemble appear-
ances, but there is nonetheless much to admire in
the latter’s handling of the role of Fiordiligi. For
one thing, it is more distinctly characterized than
her colleague’s Dorabella: she is a very feminine,
 unusually vulnerable woman, and her confident
avowal of unswerving loyalty in “Come scoglio”
is therefore all the more charmingly absurd. The
lower end of that aria—and of Fiordiligi’s music
in general—gives her some moments of discomfort,
but the top is secure, and the musical accuracy
always commendable. Miss Lorengar’s most ex-
quisite singing is heard in the Larghetto duet with
Ferrando, “E nel tuo, nel mio bicchiero” (Act II),
wherein her tone is sumptuously floated.

Ryland Davies brings a good technique and a cul-
tivated style to Ferrando’s taxing music, which, on
this occasion, includes the oft-omitted (and quite
difficult) aria “Ah, lo veggio.” His voice is agreeable
in quality, but it is somewhat wanting in tonal solidity. Tom Krause, on the other hand, contributes one
of his strongest, most assured, and vocally most sat-
isfying recorded interpretations as Guglielmo. Ga-
briel Bacquier, a very fine singing actor, endows the
figure of the scheming Don Alfonso with the proper
cynical air. Though he is vocally quite dry most of
the time, the characterization does make its points.
The Despina of Jane Berbie is along traditional
lines, but entirely satisfying.

As is frequently the case with Mozart operas in
which Italian singers are not present, the recitatives
are often delivered with haste and indifference
(Miss Berbie and Mr. Bacquier are the prime of-
fenders), and there is also a notable inconsistency
about appoggiaturas. But the opera is presented
absolutely complete (as is RCA LSC-6416; the
Angel and Deutsche Grammophon stereo sets have
some “standard” cuts), and technically the recording
offers opulent sound and impressive depth with-
out gimmickry. My own first preference is still
Karl Böhm’s performance for Angel (S-3631), but
as I indicated above, I like them all, including this
new one.

George Jellinek

MOZART: Cosi Fan Tutte (K. 588). Pilar Lorengar
(soprano), Fiordiligi; Teresa Berganza (mezzo-soprano),
Dorabella; Ryland Davies (tenor), Ferrando; Tom
Krause (baritone), Guglielmo; Jane Berbie (soprano),
Despina; Gabriel Bacquier (baritone), Don Alfonso;
Chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden;
London Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Georg Solti cond.
LONDON OSA 1442 four discs $27.92.

THE TOKYO QUARTET:
GLORIOUS AND UNERRING

Deutsche Grammophon presents their warmly
communicative performances of two Haydn works

I have just had the pleasure of listening to the best
string quartet record I’ve ever heard: the Tokyo
Quartet’s new recording for Deutsche Grammoph-
on the first two of Haydn’s splendid Op. 50
Prussian quartets (of which there are six in all).
These may not be the composer’s very greatest
works in this form, but it is unlikely that any of his
others have been recorded in performances so sur-
passingly persuasive as these.

Four decades of Suzuki activity may perhaps
have something—both directly and indirectly—to
do with it, but it cannot be denied that there is now
in Japan a remarkable climate of appreciation and a
high standard of performance for string players.
The sheer expertise of the four young members of
the Tokyo Quartet is therefore not surprising (they
were, in fact, trained at the Toho School in Tokyo
and then at Juilliard), but their feeling for the
Viennese classics is something that would be ex-
ceptional in musicians of any background. From
first note to last, their playing communicates the
deepest understanding of every element in this mu-
sic—its lyricism, wit, spontaneity, occasional pa-
thesis, and pervasive warmth of heart, as well as the
peculiarly Haydnish rhythmic vitality that emphasizes both the hearty and the elegant so unselfconsciously, and tempos and phrasing so natural as to obviate any discussion of choice in these matters. I might add parenthetically that Japan has also a long-standing tradition in Haydn performance: the very first recording anywhere of the choral version of *The Seven Last Words* (Haydn later arranged the work as the seven quartets of Op. 51) was made in Tokyo about 1930.

The *vivace* finale of the B-flat Quartet may seem a bit too fast at first, but with playing of such assurance and precision, it turns out to be a comfortable tempo after all, and one feels that Haydn himself must be smiling. It all adds up to glorious musicianship and unerringly convincing style, and the contribution of Deutsche Grammophon’s engineer, Karl-August Naegler, is a sound quality as rich, clean, and well-balanced as the playing itself.

More Haydn played by the Tokyo Quartet will surely be forthcoming from DG, but it will be with slightly different personnel. When this recording was made, the group’s violinists were Koichiro Harada and Yoshiko Nakura, the violist Kazuhide Isomura, and the cellist Sadao Harada: since then the quartet has become all-male, Kikuei Ikeda replacing Nakura. They are in residence at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., for the 1974-1975 season.


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**THE LUSH, JAZZ-FLAVORED SOUND OF BOB JAMES**

Another star is added to the firmament of the versatile CTI Repertory Company

This is getting to be embarrassing. I’ll just have to point out right up front that I do not own any stock in the CTI label, nor do I owe favors to anyone connected with the company. It’s just that their standard of excellence is so high that I have never found grounds for any major criticism of their product. So, here we go again: Bob James, who hasn’t had an album of his own since 1965, when ESP released an interesting but largely unrecognized set entitled “Explosions,” has now come up with a new one that is bound to win him an enthusiastic—and deserved—following. If you are fortunate enough to find the older ESP album, you will see that James was way ahead of the game even then, combining his technically perfect piano with electronic sound to create a whole that our ears have only recently grown accustomed to.

The new CTI album is not quite that startling, being more commercial by today’s standards, but, in its own way, it is just as fine. Since making the 1965 album, Bob James has worked with Maynard Ferguson, spent four and a half years as Sarah Vaughan’s musical director, scored musical shows (including Broadway’s *The Selling of the President*), arranged for singers Dionne Warwicke, Aretha Franklin, Morgana King, and Roberta Flack, and joined the growing stable of what can perhaps best be termed the CTI Repertory Company.

It can be no mere coincidence that CTI maintains a clearly identifiable sound, so one must draw the conclusion that producer Creed Taylor’s input goes beyond mere supervision of these sessions. In this case he has shown superb judgment in casting, and James gets the most out of his supporting players, from the excitement and hard-hitting brass of Moussorgsky’s *Night on Bald Mountain*, a warhorse that readily translates into modern sound, to the easy beat of Gene McDaniels’ *Feel Like Making Love*. James was involved in the recording of
Robert Flack’s hit version of that tune, and uses the exact same rhythm section here. Harmonically, the most interesting track is Valley of the Shadows, but the whole album is a fine example of lush, jazz-flavored pop, and I hope “One” is soon followed by “Two.”

Chris Albertson

BOB JAMES: One. Bob James (keyboards); orchestra, including Thad Jones, John Faddis, and Marvin Stamm (trumpets); Grover Washington, Jr. (soprano saxophone); Dave Friedman (vibraphone); and strings. Soulero; Night on Bald Mountain; Feel Like Making Love; Valley of the Shadows; In the Garden; Nautilus, CTI 6043 $6.98, CT8 6043 $7.98, CTC 6043 $7.98.

THE BEE GEES: HARMONY, MELODY, LUXURY

Their latest album, “Mr. Natural,” proves once again that the good things last

Well, yes, the album “Mr. Natural” is just a little gimmicky, but it also finds the Bee Gees luxuriously harmonic and melodic, as they’ve usually been, and it should be a vehicle big enough, strong enough, and fast enough to outride their critics, as they’ve usually done. I don’t see how anyone, regardless of his feelings about rock, could listen to Down the Road, say, and not like it, but there are a few small things about the album, some of them extra-musical, to put one off.

For example, Arif Mardin, who produces Bette Midler, produced this album and arranged a few too many horns and strings for it. And worse, he allowed the insert blurb to go through quoting him as saying that this one “brings the Bee Gees’ sound and identification into today’s vein” and that “while there are fresher and newer techniques used, the group still retains their [sic] individuality.” Awfully big of him to bring the Bee Gees up to date, don’t you think? Especially in view of the fact that they’ve been using horns and strings at least this well for five or six years and their studio prowess, creaky old techniques and all, has consistently made their albums sound better than their stage performances. But, as I was saying and as he was saying, they do retain their individuality, however they may stand relative to “today’s vein.”

The main musical problems are with Charade, which sounds like supper-club glass-clinking music (and could never overcome Barry and Robin Gibb’s pronouncing the word as “cherodd” anyway); the warmed-over nature of Give a Hand, Take a Hand and Heavy Breathing; and a few dumb decisions about using clichés. Most blatant of these is a hokey riff ending grafted onto Lost in Your Love, which—up to that point—wasn’t bad. The best music comes in Throw a Penny, Down the Road, and Voices, which appear consecutively, with Barry and Robin batting the lead vocals around like a hot handball and Maurice Gibb showing up as a rather spectacular bass player, authoritative and smart, like Paul McCartney.

And the finale—which really is one—is both grandiose and wry, if you can picture that, a song called Had a Lot of Love Last Night that is one of those simple and beautiful Bee Gees—how you say—anthems, the big Bee-Gees-as-choir, love-song-as-hymn treatment. The title song is interesting mainly for its melody, a Gibb melody that doesn’t resolve in the familiar folkie turn of most Gibb melodies. I’ve heard the boys’ vocal harmonies recorded better, but, as Arif and I said, their style endures.

Noel Coppage

BEE GEES: Mr. Natural. Barry Gibb (vocals, guitar); Robin Gibb (vocals); Maurice Gibb (vocals, bass, keyboards); Geoff Westley (piano); Alan Kendall (lead guitar); other musicians. Charade; Throw a Penny; Down the Road; Voices; Give a Hand, Take a Hand; Dogs; Mr. Natural; Lost in Your Love; I Can’t Let You Go; Heavy Breathing; Had a Lot of Love Last Night. RSO SO 4800 $6.98, TP 4800 $6.97, ICS 4800 $6.97.
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CIRCLE NO. 57 ON READER SERVICE CARD
HERB ALPERT AND THE TIJUANA BRASS: You Smile—the Song Begins. Herb Alpert (trumpet); Tijuana Brass; Fox Hunt; Up Cherry Street; Promises; Promises; Dida; Song for Herb; and seven others. A & M SP 3620 $6.98. © ST 3620 $6.98, © CS 3620 $6.98.

Performance: Very smooth
Recording: Excellent

So what could be new about a new Herb Alpert album? Nothing. And I, for one, have no objections. In fact, I think I might be a little disappointed if he changed anything around too much. He and his marvelously disciplined Tijuana Brass are still providing some of the smoothest and glossiest background music on records. I like Alpert best on such standards as the title song or Promises, Promises, where his intricate doodling allows me the pleasure of chasing the melody around, although Dida is perhaps the most ingratiating track here. The production is, as usual, immaculate and beautifully stylized. Alpert’s on my list of things, like Ivory soap and the mystery of chasing his intricate doodling allows me the pleasure of the early morning hours, bravely put on a complete and lively show for a bunch of people who couldn’t care less. They write all their objections. In fact, I think I might be a little disappointed if he changed anything around too much. He and his marvelously disciplined Tijuana Brass are still providing some of the smoothest and glossiest background music on records. I like Alpert best on such standards as the title song or Promises, Promises, where his intricate doodling allows me the pleasure of chasing the melody around, although Dida is perhaps the most ingratiating track here. The production is, as usual, immaculate and beautifully stylized. Alpert’s on my list of things, like Ivory soap and the mystery stories of Ross MacDonald, in which I see no need for any change.

P.R.

ASHFORD & SIMPSON: I Wanna Be Selfish. Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson (vocals and instrumentals); orchestra. Spoiled; I Had a Love; Main Line; Don’t Fight It; and six others. WARNER BROS. BS 2778 $5.98, © M 27789 $6.97, © M 52778 $6.97.

Performance: Good
Recording: Excellent

Ashford & Simpson have a slick, commercial touch, and at times they are engaging in the manner of lounge performers in Vegas who, in the early morning hours, bravely put on a complete and lively show for a bunch of people who couldn’t care less. They write all their own material, and it varies radically: Over to Where You Are is perfectly fine, warm and instinctive, but Spoiled is loud and meaningless. Mostly, their stuff is routine Motown, slightly scaled down. It is the scaling down, however, that provides the real charm. The pair really seem to like each other, and, as I’ve said, there is a certain gallantry about their work—the rest of the world may not be listening, but they are, and to each other. There’s a nice, intimate feel to the recorded sound, and overall this is a good album for the longer you listen to it the farther it takes you away from the original. It would almost be better not to listen to it—if the original, these days, were not so compromised.

P.R.

TONY ASHTON & JON LORD: First of the Big Bands. Tony Ashton and Jon Lord (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. We’re Gonna Make It; Downside Upside Down; Surrender Me; I Been Lonely; Shut Up; Ballad of Mr. Giver; and three others. WARNER BROS. BS 2778 $5.98, © M 82778 $6.98, © M 52778 $6.98.

Performance: First-rate second hand
Recording: Good

Tony Ashton has bounced around with various groups, including Family. Jon Lord is the keyboard man for Deep Purple. Together they recall the excited loyalty to black American music which made the British r & b clubs so vital in the early Sixties.

The tunes, arrangements, and performances are charming, inventive imitations of what would now be called “soul,” done with verve and sentiment. Ashton and Lord had a good time, and you probably will too. But their testament is disturbing. It lacks the flame of black music, but—praise Allah—it is so easy to listen to. In fact, this loving facsimile is easier to take than the original as it is parlayed these days. Just think: no pomposity, no prony social concerns, no emotional handcaps, no jive, no hypocritical Angst, no music-is-politics, no stifling proletarian art, no slogans, no right hand on the Bible with the left hand in the till. Just the music.

The troubling thing about this album is that the longer you listen to it the farther it takes you away from the original. It would almost be better not to listen to it—if the original, these days, were not so compromised.

J.V.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BAD COMPANY: Bad Company, Paul Rodgers (vocals); Mick Ralphs (guitar); Boz Burrell (bass); Simon Kirke (drums). Can’t Get Enough; Rock Steady; Ready for Love; Don’t Let Me Down: Bad Company; The Way I Choose; Movin’ On; Seagull. SWAN Song SS 8410 $5.98.

Performance: Hotcha!
Recording: Clean

I like almost everything about this band, and I think I would even if I hadn’t had such great expectations, based on what Paul Rodgers did as lead singer for Free (who made at least two of my all-time favorite albums) and what Mick Ralphs did with Mott the Hoople before they...
of the difficulties of being a legend in your own time is keeping yourself interested, not only to protect your reputation, but to still feel the thrill of discovery. It is all very well to be indestructible on the outside, but it is better still, while keeping your armor gleaming, to be vulnerable on the inside, which is why you make music in the first place.

J.V.

BEE GEES: Mr. Natural (see Best of the Month, page 88)

CARMEN: Fandangos in Space. Carmen (vocals and instruments), Bulerias; Bullfight; Stepping Stone; Sailor Song; Lonely House; Por Tarantos; Looking Outside (My Window); Tales of Spain; Retirando; Fandangos in Space. PARAMOUNT PAS 1044 $6.98.

Performance: Awful

Recording: Floor cracking

The scramble for a new gimmick has been on for some time now in the music biz because soul drummers he claims influenced him). I wouldn’t be at all surprised if Bad Company makes a lot of critics realize that the hard-rock outfits they’ve been touting of late (like, shall we say, the Dolls or Blue Öyster Cult) are indeed as lame as their detractors have insisted all along. Personally, I’m already convinced. And, oh yes, buy their single—fame, for Rodgers’ bluesier exhortations.

DIAHANN CARROLL. Diahann Carroll (vocals); orchestra. Easy to Love; Anybody Else; A Perfect Love; Sweet. Sweet Candy; and six others. MOTOWN M 8805 $6.98. ® M 8805 $6.95. ® M 5805 $6.95.

Performance: Lacquered

Recording: Good

Bad Company: left to right, Boz Burrell, Paul Rodgers, Mick Ralphs, and Simon Kirke

Ray Barretto: Indestructible. Tito Allen, a brother-and-sister team whose parents run a flamenco club in Los Angeles. They recruited Roberto Amaral, formerly a drummer, to do most of the stomping around on a specially miked platform. Angela joins in the melee as often as she can, and when she and Roberto are both up on stage, it sounds like a cattle stampede right through your living room.

BAD COMPANY: Left to right, Boz Burrell, Paul Rodgers, Mick Ralphs, and Simon Kirke

Diahann Carroll is a beautiful woman (just take a look, a good actress (see her recent film Claudine), and the possessor of a great natural elegance. But unfortunately her performances on records have always been as heavily lacquered as David Bowie’s hair. This album is no exception. There has been a lot of publicity (coinciding with the release of Claudine, in which she plays a harried welfare mother), about how long and how hard she worked on this album in an attempt to show the “real” her, her insistence on “current” repertoire (I Can’t Give You Back the Love I Feel for You, or Paul Williams’ A Perfect Love), the elaborate Motown production, and the search for an earthier vocal sound. The result, I’m sorry to say, is a stiff, slick, overly correct attempt to get with it that makes her sound years older than she actually is.

This next point is a sticky one, but here goes: as much as I love her, Josephine Baker is really getting too old to be Josephine Baker any more, and Diahann Carroll seems to be her natural successor. (Baker’s recent disastrous appearance on the Tonight Show, in which she swirled about vivaciously in a cloud of maribou and a pair of dark shades the size and opacity of manhole covers as she sang a medley of French “hits” that no one had ever heard of, finally convinced me that the Tonight Show is for sissies, and we were advised to at last hang up her bananas before people think she has gone them.) While Car roll lacks Baker’s warmth and humor, she does have a gamine toughness that can be very appealing, and she is always good to look at.

This is a re-release by Columbia of an album previously called “If My Friends Could See Me Now,” and its pertinence today escapes me. Cy Coleman’s best work has been with Dorothy Fields, with whom he collaborated (Continued on page 94).
A completely new standard of performance, the standard of an ESS Heil air-motion transformer, has been brought to the most wanted loudspeaker format with introduction of the exciting new ESS amt 5 reference bookshelf. And now the ESS amt 5 is available in both oiled walnut veneer and a new, lower cost, woodgrain vinyl clad enclosure that makes it an even more significant value than before.

A compact bookshelf loudspeaker with performance of the amt 5 was impossible until development of the ESS Heil air-motion transformer “power ring” tweeter. Created expressly for use in the amt 5, this unprecedented tweeter allows the absolute purity and unmatched transient resolution of an ESS Heil air-motion transformer system to become available in the universally popular and adaptable “bookshelf” size. The first bookshelf with ESS sound as clear as light.

The “power ring” tweeter of the amt 5 operates with the identical and unique air “squeezing” principle of the larger ESS Heil air-motion transformers to achieve equivalent state-of-the-art clarity, dynamic response, and freedom from irritating, fatigue-producing distortion.

It uses a miniaturized, sixteen-fold diaphragm, suspended in a powerful magnetic field, that radiates forward through precision machined slots in a ferrous metal ring. A multi-stage crossover seamlessly matches the transparency of the “power ring” tweeter to a high gauss 12 inch woofer developed by ESS for deep, rich bass and clean concise transients.

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ESS products are available in CANADA through CAZ-TECH LTD.
on Sweet Charity and Seesaw. His music is generally of the middle rank, but occasionally, when the lyric is strong enough—as it is in the three songs here from Charity (Where Am I Going?, You Wanna Bet, and If My Friends Could See Me Now)—he can catch fire. Hey, Look Me Over, written with Carolyn Leigh for Lucille Ball in Wildcat, is another better-than-average song.

Como zooms through everything, obviously enjoying himself and singing in a voice that, considering what other composers sound like when they attempt their own material, isn’t bad at all. Still, I can’t figure out why this one was re-released unless Coleman is involved in an upcoming show that Columbia wants. In that case, a little flattery can’t hurt. P.R.

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**PERRY COMO: Perry, Perry Como (vocals); orchestra, Nick Perito arr. and cond. Temptation; The Hands of Time; You Are the Sun- shine of My Life; Behind Closed Doors; I Don’t Know What He Told You; That’s You; The Way We Were; The Most Beautiful Girl; Beyond Tomorrow; Weave Me the Sun- shine. RCA CPL-1-0585 $5.98. © CPS1-0585 $6.98. © CPK1-0585 $6.98.**

**Performance: Very good Recording: Excellent**

Given my Midwestern druthers, I don’t suppose there is any other performer I’d be more pleased to be able to sing like than Perry Como. God knows, I’ve been trying hard enough for years. A discreet little hum in an elevator, a favorite phrase or two when I’m alone listening to him on the radio or on records, and several miserable, but oddly ego-building, full-fledged attempts in my shower concerts. It is there I most often to give free rein to my imitation of the mellow, easy style, the seductive phrasing, and, most of all, the long, rich vocal line that has always re- minded me of slowly pulling a Milky Way apart. Ever notice how the caramel stays in one golden thread since the days when he, Sinatra, and others, and several miserable, but oddly ego-building, full-fledged attempts in my shower concerts. It is there I most often to give free rein to my imitation of the mellow, easy style, the seductive phrasing, and, most of all, the long, rich vocal line that has always re- minded me of slowly pulling a Milky Way apart. Ever notice how the caramel stays in one golden thread since the days when he, Sinatra, and others.

His virtues can be best summed up by his diction and demeanor in performance. (Will Jim Dawson?)
There's a reason Zenith Allegro gives you deeper, richer sound.

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Zenith Allegro is a sound system with a difference. The tuned port.

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But there's more behind the deep, rich sound of Allegro than just the tuned port.

There are ten powerful solid-state tuner/amplifier/control centers to choose from, with AM/FM/stereo FM, built-in or separate precision record changers, and cassette or 8-track tape players and recorders.

And of course Allegro also gives you a choice of complete 4-channel systems, each with a full range of matching options and accessories.

So, now that you know what Allegro is, and why, there's just one question left to ask yourself:

Which.

The surprising sound of Zenith.
The Rectilinear 5: end of the myth of rock speakers vs. classical speakers.

The new Rectilinear 5 is capable of playing very, very loud. Rock-festival loud. Even with a medium-powered amplifier.

At the same time, it’s uncannily accurate. It sounds sweet, unstrained and just plain lifelike at all volume levels.

The temptation is great, therefore, to one-up that prestigious manufacturer who some time ago announced “The first accurate speaker for rock music.”

But we refuse to perpetuate that mythology. It’s perfectly obvious that the Rectilinear 5 reproduces classical music just as accurately as rock. We could never see how a voice coil or a magnet would know the difference between Jimi Hendrix and Gustav Mahler.

So we’d rather use this opportunity to set things straight once and for all.

Thus:

There’s no such thing as a rock speaker or a classical speaker. Any more than there’s a late-show TV set or a football-game TV set.

There are, however, speakers that impose a hard, sizzling treble and a huge bass on any music. And others that round off the edges and soften up the transient details of any music. That’s the probable origin of the myth; but these aren’t rock and classical speakers, respectively.

They’re inaccurate speakers. It’s true that an aggressive treble and a heavy bass are characteristic of most rock music, even when heard live. It’s also true that some record producers exaggerate these qualities, sometimes to a freakish degree, in their final mix of the recorded sound.

But that doesn’t mean the speaker can be allowed to add its own exaggerations on top of the others.

A loudspeaker is a conduit. Its job is to convey musical or other audio information unaltered. If the producer wants to monkey around with the natural sound that originally entered the microphones, that’s his creative privilege. He’ll be judged by the musical end results. But if the speaker becomes creative, that’s bad design.

By the same token, if some classical record producers prefer a warm, pillowy, edgeless string sound, that doesn’t mean your speakers should impart those same qualities to cymbals, triangles or high trumpets.

(Strausinsky’s transients can be as hard as rock.)

And if you like to listen at very high volume levels (after all, that’s what rock is about—but so is Die Götterdammerung), you still don’t need a speaker that achieves high efficiency through spurious resonances. What you need is something like the Rectilinear 5.

Everything in this remarkably original design was conceived to end the trade-off between efficiency and accuracy. The four drivers are made to an entirely new set of specifications. The filter network that feeds the drivers is totally unlike the traditional crossover network. Even the cabinet material is new and different.

Of course, those who feel threatened by all this fuss about accuracy and naturalness will point out that the monitor speakers preferred by engineers and producers in recording studios are usually of the zippy, super-aggressive variety.

That’s perfectly true, but the reason happens to be strictly nonmusical.

“I use the XYZ speaker only as a tool,” a top producer explained to us. “I wouldn’t have it in my house. It really blasts at you when you crank up the volume, so that any little glitch on the tape hits you over the head. After eight hours in the studio, that’s what it takes to get your attention. I know how to deal with those unpleasant highs; they’re in the speaker, not on my tape.”

It’s easy enough to find out for yourself. Any reputable dealer will let you hear the Rectilinear 5 side by side with a “rock” or “monitor-type” speaker. Adjust each speaker by ear to the same high volume level, making sure the amplifiers are of good quality. Then listen.

To rock or classical.

Then and there, the myth will crumble.

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LA ONDA LATINA

William Livingstone has been out gathering evidence that the Next Big Thing in pop will be another wave of Latin music.

Georgina Granados: exceptional range in more ways than one.

The last big wave of Latin influence on American popular music took place in the 1950's with the arrival of the merengue, the mambo, and the cha-cha-cha, and there's evidence that another is building up and may crash on our shores any day. Consider the following. For some time such groups as Santana and Malo have used Latin material. This year's Newport Jazz Festival included a concert billed as "A Salute to Latin Roots" acknowledging the Latin influence on jazz. Perry Como has recorded Moces' hit Eres Tú (in English), and Joan Baez's new album is entirely in Spanish. A couple of months ago Bob Eberly, former soloist with the Jimmy Dorsey band, was at the St. Regis Roof in New York nostalgically singing his big Latin-derived hits from the 1940's—Tangerine, Maria Elena, Yours, and Green Eyes. RCA has hopes that Joe Batain's Latin Strut will make it big in the discotheques and become a hit in the American pop market. And coming, whether you are ready or not, is the phenomenon of flamenco rock. The world's first flamenco rock band, a group called Carmen (I am not ready for that name), is now making its first American tour and has issued an album called "Fandangos in Space." See what I mean? A new wave, la onda latina.

While waiting to see what form this new Latin influence will take, there's plenty of the pure stuff around for the adventurous to sample. Hundreds of Latin albums are produced by such rapidly expanding companies as Alhambra, Caytronics, Fania, and Tico, which cater to the Spanish-speaking population in New York, Puerto Rico, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles, and the Southwest. Salsa, an amalgam of Cuban and Puerto Rican dance music with American jazz, soul, and rock, has become so important that it will be treated in a feature article in a forthcoming issue of Stereo Review. For the present, I would like to call your attention to a double handful of Latin records issued in this country and fairly easy to find in stores.

The weekly trade publications Record World and Billboard now print charts of current local and international Latin hit records. For the past couple of years the names of three prize-winning singer-songwriters have appeared regularly on those charts—Julio Iglesias and Camilo Sesto from Spain and Roberto Carlos from Brazil. All three are good performers and all have written some excellent songs, but, like American troubadours who perform their own songs almost exclusively, they have trouble composing enough songs of top quality to fill their albums.

In my view, Roberto Carlos has the highest batting average. The first non-Italian to win first prize in the San Remo Song Festival, he is now a big international star. His voice may lack the power and beauty of tone that Sesto and Iglesias command, but it is expressive and he uses it well. He employs more sophisticated arrangements than the others, and his songs cover a wider range of subject matter and emotion. He can hold his own in the passionate love songs, but he also swings—even rocks a bit—and it is just more fun. Sense of humor is not the long suit of the newly husky voice, he is popular on television and in movies. When I first heard La Lupe, I found her indulgent. She has grown a lot.

And then there are all those Cuban ladies. When I first heard La Lupe, I found her unmusical, undisciplined, and terribly self-indulgent. She has grown a lot. "Lo Mejor de La Lupe" ("The Best of La Lupe") shows a much better rhythm sense than her early records at no sacrifice of the wild quality that has won her a large and fanatic following. The album is worth its price for Puro Teatro (Just Acting), Se Acabó (It's Over), which she sings mostly in English, or Como Acostumbraba (As I Usually Do), a Spanish version of My Way.

If La Lupe is too raunchy for you—and she's pretty raunchy—try Blanca Rosa Gil. She has a better voice, and although she is not as unbuttoned as La Lupe, hers is still quite impertinent. With considerable success in her new album "Punto Final, y Hacia Adelante" ("Full Stop . . . and Straight Ahead"), she is about ready to carry the banner of the current Spanish version of the Latin popular tradition. Unfortunately, her treatment of Mexican songs is a little too polished, too "modern." She doesn't think much of them—and Pájaro Herrido (Wounded Bird),
which is what she seems to feel like a lot of the time.

A classier Cuban singer is Georgina Granados, a beautiful ornament on the New York Latin scene. Her voice has an exceptional range—a bright secure top and warm, womanly low notes—and she's versatile. She belts out current ballads, jazzes up old favorites, and this summer even played the lead in a Spanish version of The Merry Widow at New York's City Center. Her album "Georgina Granados" does not show her at her best because of the over-fussy arrangements of composer-conductor Héctor Garrido [I notice he dispensed with the irritating backup group when she recorded his song Te Vay a Regalar on Caménters' Al'mos Give You a Continent]. But she's an interesting singer and worth your attention.

"Rapsodia de Cuba" is not a new record, but one I've just discovered. It was recorded in Spain in the mid-1950's by Cuban mezzo Esther Borja, the first live Latin performer to record here. She toured the U.S. with Sigmund Romberg's orchestral. The songs here are Cuban pop classics, loyally sung in fairly traditional arrangements. The album is designed as a primer of Cuban song forms—the bolero, son, habanera, guajira, etc.—and it belongs beside "Lecuona Plays Lecuona" (RCA LPM 1055) at the foundation of any Latin collection. The mono sound is quite acceptable.

A notable reissue is "A Mis Geniales Amigos" ("To My Kind Friends"), a two-disc tribute to Pedro Vargas, the great Mexican tenor, on the occasion of his fortieth anniversary as a recording artist (1928-1973). He hasn't retired, like Perry Como, he's still going strong. Side one is devoted to his first recordings (scratchy but listenable), side two to Agustín Lara songs that Vargas introduced, side three to songs from other countries in this hemisphere, and side four to duets with his most famous contemporaries such as Jorge Negrete and Libertad Lamarque. It's a well-planned, well-produced album.

In tribute to the late Tito Rodriguez, a beloved Puerto Rican singer-bandleader who died last year, Tito has issued "Asi Cantaba Tito Rodriguez" ("This Is How Tito Rodriguez Sang"), and on United Artists' UA Latino label there is a two-disc survey of his work, "Tito Rodriguez," at a bargain price. Rodriguez resisted the influences of rock and other American music which resulted in salsa, but he never lost his安庆. His band produced the caribbean dance music of a very pleasant kind, and his conversational singing style is devoid of the hyper-emotionalism that makes some Latin singers hard for many North Americans to accept.

Latin pop reissues are not limited to nostalgic items; this music is now receiving the kind of scholarly attention that is also being given to American popular music. Caytronics, on its Caliente label, has begun a historically

ROBERTO CARLOS: En Castellano. Roberto Carlos (vocals); orchestra, Chiquincho de Moraes, Jimmy Wisner, and Jimmy Haskel arrs. El Día Que Me Quieras; La Gitana; Propuesta; Ratina; and five others. CYTRONICS CY 1404 $4.98, © CBS 1404 $5.98.

CAMILO SESTO. Camilo Sesto (vocals); orchestra, various arrangers and conductors. A classier Cuban singer. With Sigmund Romberg's orchestra. The album contains cheery performances of some standards such as La Cucaracha and Canción Mixteca, but I treasure it for Pero Ay Que Triste (But Oh How Sad), sung by its composer, the beguiling Lidya Martinez, in a voice reminiscent of that of our own Sara Carter. An accompanying booklet by producer Chris Strachwitz contains an essay on border music, the texts of the songs, and biographies of the performers.

And if listening to flamenco rock convinces you that you prefer your flamenco straight, there is an excellent five-disc survey, "The History of Cante Flamenco," on the Murray Hill label. It was recorded on location in Southern Spain, and it's very authentic (texts are provided in Spanish only). Don't expect a lot of castanets and theatrical flash for the tourists. This is austere, serious stuff. Life in Andalucía can be very hard, and no one will ever accuse the numerous expert performers in this anthology of not having suffered enough.

RODOLFO BLANCO: Amigo, Amigo. Rodolfo Blanco (vocals and guitar); orchestra, Lupe Martínez arr. and cond. La Cucaracha; La Chiquita; Lament de Alma; and seven others. CALIENTE CL 1047 $6.98, © CBT 7047 $4.98.

PEDRO FLORES: Su Orquesta y Su Quartetto. Pedro Flores (vocals); various instrumentalists. Arranque; Bailando una Noche; ¿Por Què?; Contestación; Lamentos del Alma; and seven others. CALIENTE CL 7048 $3.98, © CBT 7048 $4.98.

TEX-MEX BORDER MUSIC, VOL. 1. Narciso Martínez (accordion); Pedro Rocha and Lupe Martínez (vocals and guitar). El Ciego Melquiades (violin); Lidya Martinez (vocals and guitar); Orquesta Pájaro Azul (vocals and instrumentalists). Border Music, Bandera Tipica Mazatlan (instrumentalists); other vocalists and instrumentalists. El Remplagado; Contrabandistas Tequileros; Lav; Pero Ay Que Triste; La Cucaracha; La Adora Bonita; and eight others. FOLKLYRIC 9003 $6.00 (from Folklyric Records, Box 9195 Berkeley, Calif. 94709).

THE HISTORY OF CANTE FLAMENCO. Examples of all major flamenco forms. Tia Anica la Piñacha, Fernanda de Utrera, Rafael Romero, Pericón de Cádiz, and twenty-nine others (vocals): Diego el del Gastor, Luis Pasto, Pedro el del Caudillo, Antonio Maravilla, and fourteen others (guitar). MURRAY HILL S 4360 five discs $7.95 (plus $1 handling charge from Publishers Central Bureau, Dept. 380, 1 Champion Ave., Ave- nel, N.J. 07131).
an excellent technician at any keyboard. Deodato is unquestionably
patches of bombast but also often has an odd
of the Schubert
demonstrated most clearly in his arrangement
probably lies somewhere in the middle, as
ultimately spoils a piece of commercial schmaltz
commercial schmaltz

The sound is typically heavy and cumber-


P.R.

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MATTHEW FISHER: I'll Be There. Matthew Fisher (vocals, guitar, slide guitar, piano);
Mike Japp (guitar); Alan Coulter (drums);
other musicians. It's Not Too Late; Not Her Fault; Song Without Words; Taking the Easy
Way Out; She Knows Me; It's So Easy; and
four others. RCA APL1-0325 $5.98, ©
APK1-0325 $6.98. Performance: Boring
Recording: Good

No question about what part of this I like
best: at the very end there's a sound effect I
interpret as representing someone finally
grabbing this album off the turntable and
breaking it over his or her knee. I don't know
whether Matthew Fisher turned (severe but
fair) critic at the end, or became suddenly
guilt-ridden, or conceived the whole thing as a
put-on, but in any case that nice crunch is the
only thing about the album that really works
for me. Fisher sounds like a Neil Young who
isn't suffering, and who needs that? His songs
sound as if he wrote them by following the
dots. His bucking sounds like a nightmare
Mark Farner might be having. Vive la crunch.
N.C.

JERRY GARCIA: Compliments of Garcia. Jerry Garcia (vocals, guitar); instrumental
accompaniment. Let It Rock; When the Hunter Gets Captured by the Game; Russian Lullaby;
He Ain't Gave You None; What Goes Around;
and five others. ROUND RX 102
$6.98. Performance: Good
Recording: Good

Jerry Garcia is, of course, the much wor-
sipped leader guitarist of the Grateful Dead,
and his every lick is regarded in some quar-
ters as divine. This is his second solo album.
Up until now, I haven't heard anything to con-
vince me that Garcia is as good as he's rated.
True, his style is sparse and sparse: he doesn't
try to play too much. I admire economy in
musicians and especially rock guitarists. But
I am convinced, on the basis of one cut here,
that whatever Garcia's talents, he has been
seriously miscast as a rock god.

In Russian Lullaby, the venerable Irving
Berlin melody, Garcia plays fine acoustic gui-
tar with a backing of bass, clarinet, trombone,
and violin. The performance, a tribute to the
great guitarist Django Reinhardt (with Rich-
ard Greene impersonating Stéphane Grapp-
pelli), is probably the only time that Garcia
ded with quality material. The rest of
his album is a competent recital of known and
unknown rock tunes, some written by
Famous People (Chuck Berry, Smokey Robin-
son, Van Morrison, Dr. John, the Stones)
and others by friends and obscurities. Garcia
plods through them at never more than
medium tempo and sometimes at tempo di
comodo. I'm not saying that Garcia should chuck
everything and join the jazz monks, but he is
certainly at a point in his career where he
could afford to be more adventurous in his
choice of material. If Russian Lullaby is any
indication, he has been confining his talent to
one corner for too long.

ISIS. Isis (vocals and instruments). Waiting
for the Sunrise; Rubber Boy; Bitter Sweet;
Do the Football; Cocaine Elaine; April Fool;
and three others. BUDDAH BDS-5605 $6.98.
Performance: Obsolete
Recording: Good

Isis is an eight-woman group that plays very
well, and they have made a sturdy, well-
crafted album. Unfortunately, it is about six
years out of date. The mixture of jazz, pop,
soul, and rock served up here might have been
exciting in 1968, but it's old hat today. Isis,
for their own peculiar reasons, want to demon-
strate that they can play as well as or better
than male bands, but they've wound up prov-
ving only that they are able to meet and match
anything that the males have ceased doing.

Isis has been aided in their tardy victory by
producer George Morton, called "Shadow"
because of his legendary habit of disappear-
ing. During the late Sixties Morton produced
the Vanilla Fudge, a vastly overblown quartet
that could play a tune longer than anyone else.
(Continued on page 104)
three new "no nonsense" receivers from Scott

These new Scott AM-FM stereo receivers are designed for music lovers who demand the most accurate sound reproduction the state of the art will permit, without unnecessary features, controls, or complexities.

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The Fudge pursued the idea that the sound of a square peg being forced into a round hole is interesting and uplifting. Not surprisingly, Morton's studio techniques with Isis include embarrassingly out-of-date Fugidian neo-psychedelic effects with microphone filters and echo-chamber bric-a-brac. Even the cover photographs, which depict the Isis personnel smeared in silver paint, are about as current as Andy Warhol's rip-off of Brillo soap-pad logos. Perhaps Isis will go on to better things once they look at the calendar.

ELTON JOHN: Caribou. Elton John (vocals and keyboards); instrumental accompaniment. The Bitch Is Back. Pinky: You're So Static; I've Seen the Saucers. Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me; and five others. MCA-2116 $5.98, © MCAT-2116 $6.98, © MCAC-2116 $6.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Excellent

When I was a boy I used to leap the stairs four at a time on Thursday nights — what was it, eight o'clock? — to hear the radio drama Mr. Keene, Trace of Lost Persons. I can still hear the announcer melting over the introduction of the kindly old investigator as the fuzzy saxophones in the background played the sentimental Noel Coward tune Someday I'll Find You. Mr. Keene always spoke as though one nostril was permanently closed. He had an assistant named Mike who took care of the rough-and-tumble and was allowed to inject a "Saints preserve us!" when Mr. Keene found a new clue. Looking back on it now, I find Mr. Keene to have been fluffy but steady. No excitement, but at least you knew how things were going to turn out.

Thus it is with Elton John. He dabbles in music as the sleuth dabbled in murder — strictly as an intellectual exercise. Keene had his Mike, and John has his Bernie Taupin, a lad who considers himself a poet. They collaborate, Taupin writing the words and John getting up the melodies and performances. But how bloodless it all is! Every album Elton John puts out sounds, in the end, like a reunion of English jazz critics who discovered themselves in 1937 and who now, forty years later, are recalling their youth over the vinyl legacy of one of the finest piano players.

John/Taupin (Taupin/John?) are facile, clever, entertaining, and emotionally middlebrow. Their work here is good, lightweight English pop, but nothing more, despite all their obvious attempts to be "profound." They can, and probably will, go on forever — their obvious attempts to be "profound." English pop, but nothing more, despite all

THE KINKS: Preservation Act 2. The Kinks (vocals and instruments). Introduction to Solution: When a Solution Comes; Money Talks; Announcement; Shepherds of the Nation; Scum of the Earth; Second-hand Car. Spin: He's Evil, Mirror of Love; Nobody Gives; and nine others. RCA CPL2-5040 two discs $6.98, © CPS2-5040 $9.95. © CPK2-5040 $9.95.

Performance: Perplexing
Recording: Very good

So Power Corrupts. Thank you, Ray Davies. Next! Well, one doesn't really dismiss a Kinks album with one sentence, but this is the first time I've been tempted to in a long time. The album is, just as the title says, the second of the Kinks' latest "preservation acts," which formally started one album ago but is rooted in some stuff that went on in the "Village Green Preservation Society" album of a few years back. In "Act I" — which I thought was an excellent album — it was understood that nobody was going to worry too much about advancing the story line, although the stage was set and the characters, or archetypes, established included the Tramp (the one Ray Davies identifies with), representing dropping out; Mr. Black, the do-gooder politician out of power who, in this set, becomes a pertinacious tyrant, and Flash, the exploiter in power. In "Act II" the story — the rise of Black and the fall of Flash — is given explicitly in the lyrics and even commands time for scattered spoken "news announcements." Quite linear. And yet the album seems padded; Davies seems to be mostly repeating himself, becoming strident on the money-and-corruption theme. The story line doesn't have all that much plot to it, you see, and we seem to dwell a long time on the few things that do happen.

Certain things are done well, of course: Flash becomes three-dimensional, although it takes up a lot of the record to do it, and his characterization includes a hedged but still eloquent plea: for compassion for the Bad Guys among us. Mr. Black's scheming and dogma take up a lot of the album, too, but Davies hasn't really caught him either as an archetype or a human being — it remains too easy to regard the way he's portrayed as just another two-dimensional sketch of someone off his nut, and one hesitates to generalize on something like that. Then the album. Flash's dream and his saying goodbye to his floozie is just so much melodrama — though fairly well written melodrama. The music

seems less melodic than Davies' usual fare, and I am not yet persuaded it includes the one really terrific song usually found in a Kinks album, but most of it is good, sound rock-and-roll. Strange thing, though: part of the charm of the Kinks has always been that what they did instrumentally seemed to be a series of lucky guesses, but this time they sound as if they knew what they're doing. Takes a little of the fun out of it... and seems, I'm sorry to say, in keeping with the methodical, over-planned nature of the album. I guess I prefer my Kinks loose and charming. N.C.

LINDA LEWIS: Heart Strings. Linda Lewis (vocals); orchestra. Sideways Shuffle; Old Smokey; On the Stage; Fathoms Deep; I Don't; and five others. REPRISE MS 2192 $6.98.

Performance: Good  
Recording: Good

There's something of a mystery here: two tracks (Old Smokey and Reach for Truth) are from Linda Lewis' first album, and three tracks (I'm in Love Again, On the Stage, and Fathoms Deep) are from her second. That leaves five new performances, the best of which is Rock a Doodle Do, which reconfirms my earlier conviction that Linda Lewis is on the brink of a breakthrough into the mass market. She displays here the same charming voice and performances, the same glistening musicianship, as on her earlier records. But I can't understand the inclusion of all these repeat bands in an album by a girl who still apparently needs a bit of time to get it all solidly together. P.R.

LORI LIEBERMAN: A Piece of Time. Lori Lieberman (vocals); orchestra. Legacy; Stand on It; Make No Mistake; I Got a Name; Stone Canyon; and five others. CAPITOL ST-11297 $5.98, § 8XT-11297 $6.98.

Performance: Mild  
Recording: Okay

Lori Lieberman continues on her placid way, apparently content to be the in-house singer for Charles Fox and Norman Gimbel, who wrote, arranged, and produced everything here. If you are familiar with Fox/Gimbel & Lieberman's earlier work, then you know that this is no Bacharach/David & Warwicke collaboration. Instead, these are solidly workmanlike efforts and performances with all the inventive sparkle of an IBM machine. No Rights on Saturday Nights is a meager rip-off of the plot line of American Graffiti, and Stone Canyon (the creative imagination that went into that title!) is a middle-class complaint about the dangers of New York Christmas shopping: "I'm here in stone canyon/In God's great city of fun/With my checkbook and my credit cards/My spear, my shield and my gun." Listen, Gimbel, you'll never scare Macy's out that easy. Meanwhile, Ms. Lieberman drones on through all of this with an air of repressed boredom that perfectly suits the data-card material. P.R.

LOGGINS AND MESSINA: On Stage. Kenny Loggins (vocals, guitar); Jim Messina (vocals, guitar); Al Garth (fiddle, sax); Jon Clarke (woodwinds, horns); Merel Bregante (drums); Larry Sims (bass, vocals). House at Pooh Corner; Denny's Song; Listen to a Country Song; Holiday Hotel; Angry Eyes; Golden Ribbons; Another Road; Back to Georgia; Lovin' Me; and nine others. COLUMBIA PG

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This isn't exactly the Loggins and Messina of today—it was recorded in five concerts scattered between April 28, 1972, and March 4, 1973—but it does illustrate what's still their problem: how to go on being better than your material, to keep using a sophisticated, precision performing apparatus on a script full of bracek, lukewarm trivia. Let's be generous, and maybe even right, and say they have a sort of jazz mentality, embracing a rationale to the effect that, well, pop songs are seldom very enduring anyway, so this or that little thing will do as a vehicle for laying good sounds on the people when the band starts improvising. With superb musicians like violinist/fiddler and sax player Al Garth and reed-and-hornman Jon Clarke at hand, there's no shortage of good-sound potential, and Loggins and Messina have excellent duet voices—even if Loggins does tend to go overboard when he's on stage alone, as he was during the early going here. So what happens is they play Angry Eyes, a song with nothing beyond "Hoo boy, I bet you're mad!" for ten minutes, and they play Vahevala, perhaps the most recent musical incarnation of the tourist-trap gift-shop trinket, for a whole squirum-inducing twenty-odd-minute side. Loggins has written a couple of things—Danny's Song and Long-Tailed Cat—that still sound fresh, mainly because he ignored a few "rules" in putting their melodies together. More typical of his songs heard here, though, is Lady of My Heart, which has a snatch of melody lasting one and a half or two lines in a refrain and absolutely none anywhere else; I challenge anyone to hum the verse after a hiatus of two minutes. Messina's best effort here is Golden Ribbons. The trouble with early Messina songs is the trouble with early Poco songs (many of them are, since he was one of Poco's founders): they're dry. Most pop songs don't endure, but that doesn't make this approach any less backward. The weakness of a script will ultimately show, as it does here. There are some fine moments, edging into jazz when Garth or Clarke gets into it, some two-part vocal harmonies that would have seemed an empty dream back in the days of the Everly Brothers, but precious few songs that help us make it through the night or whatever. Don't be surprised if you wind up admiring it without really caring very much about it. N.C.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD: Second Helping. Lynyrd Skynyrd (vocals and instrumentalists). Sweet Home Alabama; I Need You; Don't Ask Me No Questions; Workin' for MCA; and four others. MCA/Sounds of the SOUTH MCA-413 $5.98, @ T-413 $6.98, © C-413 $6.98. Performance: Strong Recording: Excellent

Lynyrd Skynyrd is a seven-man band discovered during a bar gig in Atlanta by Al Kooper (Blood, Sweat & Tears: Blues Project). Like too many rock bands, this one relies to a certain extent on overlong guitar solos derivative of Clapton or Hendrix, but the rhythm section, which is dead sure, makes the band walk. When the front-line guitarists learn how to make the band talk, Lynyrd Skynyrd will be hard to beat. But there's time for that; meanwhile, it's a pleasure to hear them growing. The writers in the group contribute better than average material, including an autobiographical number, Workin' for MCA, about how they were discovered and the lurking suspicions of any band toward any label. The sentimental Ballad of Curtis Loew, about a black man who plays dobro guitar, is appealing enough to become a minor standard. The Needle and the Spoon is one of the small but increasing number of songs describing the horrors of being a junkie.

The production is excellent, as you would expect from a fellow like Kooper. He believes in Southern bands, especially in Lynyrd Skynyrd, and he has got me believing too. By the way, the best piece is Sweet Home Alabama, which, unlike the other performances for Grand Opera!! (To emphasize the tragic irony of it all, Cobina decided to open her act with Why Was I Born?) But Miss Newton-John is so much better in such things of her own composition as Changes or Home Ain't Home Anymore (they probably filled in the most) that one eventually tends to forgive her lapse in the barricade.

The cover photo is by Patrick Litchfield. That's Patrick, the Earl of Litchfield, to you. Bubble. P.R.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND: Stars and Stripes Forever. Jeff Hanna (vocals, guitar, slide guitar, washboard); Jimmie Fadden (vocals, harmonica, guitar, drums); Jim Ibbotson (vocals, bass, drums, guitar); John McEuen (vocals, guitar, mandolin, steel guitar, fiddle); other musicians. Jambalaya; Cosmic Cowboy; Fish Song; Mr. Bojangles; Listen to the Mockingbird; Sheik of Araby; Resign Yourself to Me; Dixie Hoedown; Cripple Creek; and ten others. UNITED ARTISTS UAL184-J2 two discs $9.98, © EA184-J $9.98. Performance: Good show Recording: Very good

No member of this group, as presently constituted, is what you would call a great picker. Each one plays at least one instrument pretty well—John McEuen is solid on two or three. Jimmie Fadden is fast improving on the harp. Jim Ibbotson's timing seems to keep the group on the track, particularly when he's on bass, and Jeff Hanna, well, Jeff Hanna is as masterly on the washboard as he is sleazy on the dobro guitar. But they may never have to record anything as presently constituted; last time, you'll recall, they got historic guest-shot picking from several of the greatest country musicians alive, and this time they have help from Les Thompson, an ex-Nitty Gritty who's classy on mandolin and good on bass, and help from that great and spacey fiddler Vassar Clements, who has toured with the band at times. And, anyway, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's four "real" members are good musicians, play well together, and are even better shown off. Hanna and Fadden are much funnier than Cheech and Chong, and they don't even seem to work at it.

Following the "Will the Circle Be Unbroken" album, with its Earl Scruggs and Doc Watson and Roy Acuff performances and so forth, must have been a scary proposition. Bill McEuen, the business end of the Dirt Band, may have chosen the live format in order to capitalize on just that showmanship ability. It works pretty well: there is a little too much talking left in, for my taste—side four is pretty much a waste after you've heard it once, as it is dominated by a Hanna monologue that's funny once, but not twice. But up in the midst of the album there's energy-transferal and other fun with audiences, plus some spirited, spontaneous performances. The Mr. Bojangles cut is just right, Fadden's Fish Song comes off neat and nutty, Vassar does his thing in Listen to the Mockingbird, and McEuen brightens several songs, including Cosmic Cowboy, where he takes a charmingly dumb lap-steel break that's perfect. Everyone has a good time, and if you sit down with this album, you will too—especially if you have a record player. N.C.

(Continued on page 108)
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Charley Pride hasn't been around a long time, but he has been around a lot—this is his twenty-first album. His singing is, as always, smooth, rich, and uncompromisingly country, but I wouldn't be surprised if you come away from this one feeling Charley has already done the same album two or three times. There are so many easygoing country ballads here that differ from those in his earlier recordings only microscopically that you might not even notice that Charley's voice is the only thing country about Love Put a Song in My Heart. He needs fresh material, but not that kind—unless, of course, all he wants to do is sell records. What you will, unfortunately, be unable to avoid noticing is the awful doggerel in this album's more or less typical yearning written: "When the gentle touch of you is touching me/And the blinding fires of love begin to roar/It seems that time stands still for you and me/But I don't see how that I can love you any more." I'm right, am I not, in thinking that "any" and "more" should be two words in that construction? Anyway, you songwriters out there, especially those of you propelled by the roaring flames of fresh creativity—Charley needs you.

RAB NOAKES: Red Pump Special. Rab Noakes (vocals, guitar): Kenny Buttrey (drums); Reggie Young (guitar); Weldon Myrick (steel guitar); other musicians. Pass the Time; As Big as His Size; Tomorrow Is Another Day; The Sketcher and the Last Train; Diamond Ring; Branch; and four others. Warner Bros. BS 2777 $5.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Very good

RAB NOAKES: promo copy

Rab Noakes may amount to something. He writes a good song, but he has a way of usually putting something annoying in it, such as his list of "did-you-evers" reminiscent of old-time radio commercials in Tomorrow Is Another Day, or arranging something annoying for it, like the abrupt, cute ending given Sitting in a Corner Blues, which still may be this album's strongest cut. He has problems as a singer, too, showing quite a narrow emotional range in this album and a thin, watery tone that can, and does, devastate a really good song that needs a tougher, more lived-in vocal. Such a song is Mickey Newbury's Frisco Depot, which Noakes sings as if he's reading straight phrasing not used to associate with those unapproachably dignified girls who stepped out to do the brief solos in choir recitals. There is good contrast between that kind of voice and John Tout's heavily decorated, classical-suggesting keyboards. Michael Dunford, who plays acoustic guitar and does some backup singing, wrote the material with Betty Thatcher, who does not perform with the group.

RENAISSANCE: promo copy

Renaissance (vocals and instrumentals). Running Hard; I Think of You; Things I Don't Understand; Black Flame; Cold Is Being; Mother Russia. Sire SAS-7502 $6.98. ® 8147-7502 M $6.98, © 5147-7502 M $6.98.

Performance: Very good
Recording: Very good

America's idea that the British have a special way with pop music is probably nothing more than the old crown-envy syndrome acting up again. If an American group tried the sort of thing Renaissance does—or used such a name, or traded on pictures of castles on the album covers—we'd probably be hooting "pompous" and "pretentious" and such. But the syndrome, the fascination, is there, and sometimes it's a good thing, keeping us at bay until we've listened. Renaissance is a little pretentious (and, being British, will get away with it), but the group makes pretty good sounds. Annie Haslam, the lead singer, has the kind of anti-frill delivery and clothesline-straight phrasing I used to associate with those unapproachably dignified girls who stepped out to do the brief solos in choir recitals. There is good contrast between that kind of voice and John Tout's heavily decorated, classical-suggesting keyboards. Michael Dunford, who plays acoustic guitar and does some backup singing, wrote the material with Betty Thatcher, who does not perform with the group. I don't know whether they actually write all those instrumental melodies and counter-melodies or Tout leads the group into improvising them, but sometimes it all becomes jolly impressive. Sometimes the part of
the melody that's attached to the words is pretty mundane, and sometimes the words are obfuscatory and prissy, but Tout, or someone, usually engineers something heady in the way of riffs and breaks, Mother Russia is my favorite selection, the first nine-minute favorite selection I've enjoyed in a long time. The thing I liked least about the album was the way its cage came uncaged at the edges, but some British products are like that. N.C.

LEON RUSSELL: Stop All That Jazz. Leon Russell riffs on piano, bass, Moog, banjo; instrumental accompaniment. If I Were a Carpenter, Smashed; Spanish Harlem; Mona Lisa Please; Stop All That Jazz; Working Girl; and four others. SHELTER SR 2108 $6.98, ® SRT 2108 $6.98, ® SRC 2108 $6.98.

Performance: Wayward Recording: Excellent

No doubt it's my lack of Christian charity, but I get the feeling that Leon Russell spends his days off practicing his act. After a little while it gets annoying to hear him promote his music. "well" like "way-all." As with the Five Satins' weeping at rock-and-roll revival concerts, I begin to think it's part of the act.

Quibble, quibble. Anyway, Russell flirts with jazz this time, but never quite commits himself, in Smashed, Mona Lisa Please, Stop All That Jazz, and Spanish Harlem. The last is the most successful. It is done as an instrumental, with soft, tight horns stating the melody and Russell taking a piano solo that is somewhere between Ahmad Jamal and Roger Williams. Smashed was written by jazz balladeer Maria Montana and Russell makes the tune dumber than it already is, and trusts for the rest to his notoriety. Back on steamy theatrics (including his accent) and he can be very exciting. At his worst, he falls a slither away from being too much.

Surely there's no way he can be more intimate, with soft, tight horns stating the melody and Russell taking a piano solo that is somewhere between Ahmad Jamal and Roger Williams. Smashed was written by jazz balladeer Maria Montana and Russell makes the tune dumber than it already is, and trusts for the rest to his notoriety. Back on steamy theatrics (including his accent) and he can be very exciting. At his worst, he falls a slither away from being too much. His gimmick is the most successful. It is done as an instrumental, with soft, tight horns stating the melody and Russell taking a piano solo that is somewhere between Ahmad Jamal and Roger Williams. Smashed was written by jazz balladeer Maria Montana and Russell makes the tune dumber than it already is, and trusts for the rest to his notoriety. Back on steamy theatrics (including his accent) and he can be very exciting. At his worst, he falls a slither away from being too much.

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CIRCLE NO. 35 ON READER SERVICE CARD
est ing album, though, and this lad seems worth watching.

N.C.

MARY TRAVERS: Circles. Mary Travers (vocals); orchestra. Circles; So Close; Goin' Back; Catch the Rain; Simple Song; and five others. Warner Bros. BS 2755 $5.98, ℗ M 87379 $6.97, © M 52799 $6.97.

Performance: Disappointing
Recording: Fair

This is a very disappointing release by Mary Travers, whose solo career had seemed to hold promise. She pinches her voice into a twanging monotone so often here that at times she almost sacrifices lyric sense and shadings. In Harry Chapin’s Circles, in fact, she always seems a hair's breath away from a syncopated recitation. Even more upsetting, her top range seems to have disappeared. In House at Pooh Corner (one of those “children’s songs” that most kids would probably detest on first hearing), she seems to reach for her high notes and, not finding them, merely expands the volume of song.

The production work is fussy and flashy, with so much garnish surrounding Travers that she often gets lost in it all. I’m still a Travers fan, however, and I hope that next time she has better luck.

P.R.

IKE & TINA TURNER: The Gospel According to Ike & Tina. Ike & Tina Turner (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. Father Alone [sic]; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; When the Saints Go Marching In; Take My Hand Precious Lord; Amazing Grace; and five others. United Artists UA-LA-203-G $6.98, ℗ UA-EA-203-G $6.98.

Performance: Mixed blessing
Recording: Good

Depending on how much you know (or like) about gospel and the Turners, this album will be either a major disappointment, a disaster salvaged at the last minute by the last two selections, or a pleasant but not memorable experience. On the face of it the idea is thrilling. Here are the Bonnie & Clyde of pop-soul singing, going back, as the professors like to say, to their roots. Ike singing in a baritone, with one lung apiece and a musical backup dance chorus.

Still, after a bunch of ho-hum, homogenized performances featuring the Turners singing with one lung apiece and a musical backup dominated by Ike’s lollipop fascination with the Moog synthesizer, there comes, at the end, a most miraculous pair of performances. As arranger and adapter, Ike has sacrificed most of the gospel in the songs to cool black pop, and in Our Lord Will Make a Way it suddenly works to the songs’ sound as though the songs had been placed in front of her for the first time. The arrangements stop reading as if they’d been bought at the dime store. And then, by Heaven, they even make something of that chestnut When the Saints Go Marching In.

What happens in these last two songs on the second side is not gospel—there is none of the defiant, passionate confidence of gospel old or new—but it is more than carefully programmed and demograped pop. Perhaps the album is aimed at a few “Jesus-people” are left since the East Indian con men in the orange sheets moved in. Maybe the Turners suddenly got possessed by what they remember from their childhood and let a little glory out.

It is unfortunate that the rest of the album is the way it is. But there are several albums worth having just for the sake of a few cuts, and this is one of them.

J.V.

RICK WAKEMAN: Journey to the Centre of the Earth. Rick Wakeman (vocals, keyboards); Garry Pickford-Hopkins and Ashley Holt (vocals); Mike Egan (guitar); Roger Newell (bass); Barney James (drums); David Hennings (speaker); London Symphony Orchestra and English Chamber Choir. David Measham cond., Will Malone and Danny Beecroft. The Journey; Recollection: The Battle: The Forest. A & M SP-3621 $6.98.

Performance: Presumptuous
Recording: Good

I vaguely remember Rick Wakeman as being famous, but where, why, and when escapes me. Oh yeah, he used to play keyboards with what’s their name—Yes. Anyway, after reading Jules Verne’s Journey to the Centre of the Earth, Wakeman apparently decided it had cosmic significance. He wrote a bunch of ditties based on the book which, when strung together and performed with symphonic backing, were supposed to constitute a musical Event.

The performance, I must say, is one great big nothing. It may be thrilling to hear all those symphony fellows scrubbing away on their cellos, and it may be uplifting to hear the choir trilling, but I am sure that if Cat Stevens had written a bag of tunes based on Black Beauty and gussied them up with symphonic accompaniment the result would have been the same. Wakeman’s effort is an Ersatz Event. Leaving aside his tunes—which are not much—the whole affair comes off as an overblown amateur night. Symphony orchestras and choirs can play and sing Mors Had a Little Lamb for twenty-four hours straight if somebody wants them to and pays them enough. But the idea among some rock artists that popping up weak tunes with large orchestras makes for musical progress or gives rock dignity is demonstrably false. Wakeman demonstrates it.

J.V.

BILL WYMAN: Monkey Grip. Bill Wyman (vocals, guitar, bass, guitar, piano); instrumental accompaniment. I Wanna Get Me a Gun; Crazy Woman; Party; Mighty Fine Time; Monkey Grip Glue; and four others. Rolling Stones COC 79100 $6.98, ® TP 79100 $6.97, © CS 79100 $6.97.

Performance: Good
Recording: Good

The promotional literature accompanying this album makes a big deal about how Bill Wyman, bassist for the Rolling Stones, was nervous about departing, even temporarily, from the security of the band. According to the quotes attributed to him, Wyman feared that if his solo effort wasn’t impeccable he would be roundly damned, as if several million Stones fans would show up for the band’s next concert, point several million admonishing fingers at him, and chant: “Bad boy, bad boy! Never do that again!” I think more energy has been spent on preparing the fans to forgive him if the album doesn’t work than on the album itself. But why should anyone have worried? “Monkey Grip” is a perfectly pleasant, entertaining, well-performed album.

As a vocalist Wyman sometimes sounds like Gary Lewis, and at other times, when he’s feeling cheesy, he sounds like Ringo Starr. He writes above-average material based on the black American rhythm-and-blues records that inspired the Stones in their early days, but there is also some pop craftsmanship in them. The resolution of I Wanna Get Me a Gun, for example, reminds me very much of the type of peppy pop tune that was standard in England in the mid-Sixties (Freddie and the Dreamers, Gerry and the Pacemakers). The construction of his melodies is interesting and refreshing, and, though the lyrics aren’t much (whose are these days?), they get the job done. Wyman’s album is cause for neither rejoicing nor nailbiting—on his part or yours. It’s good and harmless. J.V.

LENA ZAVARONI: Ma! He’s Making Eyes at Me. Lena Zavaroni (vocals); orchestra. The End of the World; Swinging on a Star; My Mummy; My Happiness; and eight others. STAX STS-5511 $5.98, ® STS-5511 $6.98.

Performance: Ma! She’s giving hives to me
Recording: Fair

Now we can all have our own little bundle from Britain in the abbreviated person of Lena Zavaroni—the most appalling child star since Gloria Jean. Lena isn’t into her teens yet, but she sounds as if she grew up in a small English village and reads like a little Miss Honey. She sings in a manner quite similar to that of Lena Hovet, one of Sweden’s most successful little girls, with the same lilting, trilling, and sweet voice. Her “managers,” by the way, plan to bring her to America permanently because the child-labor laws are too stringent in England. Nice people. I don’t understand how she managed to get through the British schools at all.

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BEN BAGLEY'S THE LITTLEST REVUE. Original cast recording. Charlotte Rae, Tammy Grimes, Joel Grey, George Marcy, Beverly Bozeman, Tommy Morton, and company (vocals); orchestra. Backer's Audition; The Shape of Things; Madly in Love; I Lost the Rhythm; Game of Dance; Third Avenue L; and seven others. PAINTED SMILES PS 1361 $5.98.

Performance: The way we weren't
Recording: Very good

More brittle merriment and banter from the Ben Bagley storehouse is made available in the re-release of this original cast recording of The Littlest Revue, which has been awakened from a long sleep in the warehouse at Columbia Records (it came out first on the Epic label) through the generosity of a Mr. Bruce David Yeko who invested the necessary funds to bring it back. The Littlest Revue, with lyrics mostly by Ogden Nash and music furnished in a large measure by Vernon Duke, opened in 1956, a year after the first Shoestring Revue and a year before the second. Actually, The Littlest Revue wasn't so little. It was presented in New York at the 1,800-seat Phoenix Theatre, it had fairly lavish scenery and costumes, and its chief librettist and composer were at the height of their reputations. The show boasted additional lyrics by John Latouche and Sammy Cahn, songs by Sheldon Harnick, Charles Strouse, and Bud McCreery, and a cast that included such headliners as Tammy Grimes, Charlotte Rae, Joel Grey, and Larry Storch - although Mr. Grey, to be sure, did not become a headliner until some years later.

And how does The Littlest Revue strike the 1973 sensibility? It is unlike the recording of The Shoestring Revue, discussed in these pages a few months ago, in that we are not treated this time around to any scintillating skits. Only the songs are included, and there are many of those—perhaps too many. Duke's melodies for the show are always ingratiating but seldom really memorable, even in John Strauss' winning arrangements. Nash is represented by generous quantities of lyrics with the quirky rhyme scheme that was his hallmark, sometimes descending to such constructions as "His name was Davey, his hair was wavy," which understandably drove Mr. Bagley up a wall. Born Too Late, omitted somehow from the first record release but restored here, is a charmer, especially as sung by Tommy Morton in the honest, youthful manner that was characteristic of musicals at the time. But some of the cleverest items sprang from other pens: I Lost the Rhythm, by Charles Strouse, a vigorous spoof socked out by Joel Grey in the Calypso style that was then ubiquitous; Sheldon Harnick's The Shape of Things, offering Charlotte Rae an unbridled opportunity to reduce the British (Continued on page 113)

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THREE
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BANDS
Reviewed by Paul Kresh

The late Gene Krupa: toughness, tingle, and punch.

Here in America, where adolescence has been known to persist well into middle age, there seems to be no limit to the amount of nostalgia we are willing to indulge in. Take us back to the Forties, the Thirties, the Twenties—any time but now. To meet the apparently unquenchable demand for "vintage" material, record companies seem to be plundering their vaults like drunken archaeologists digging ever deeper for finds, reprocessing them in hyped-up sound represented as "simulated stereo," and selling them as fast as the trucks can leave the warehouses. Even so, there are some real gems being sold right along with the paste.

Benny Goodman was packing them in during the Forties wherever he played, when people still considered popular music something you danced to rather than sat around and merely listened to. In his big, glittering band were trumpeters like Ziggy Elman and Cootie Williams, guitar players like Charlie Christian, and pianists like Teddy Wilson, Bernie Leighton, Johnny Guarnieri, and Mel Powell—all stars in their own right. Goodman's own clarinet decorated every number like a Baroque frieze. And then there was the singer. If you were around in those days, you might remember how she sat up straight in her chair, waited for the opening chorus to be over, rose to the microphone, did her thing, and then sat down again. She wore her hair in the style of Lily Tömlin's telephone operator, went heavy, as was the fashion, on the lip rouge and mascara, and sang competently in a heavy, as was the fashion, on the lip rouge and mascara, and sang competently in a middle-range voice strictly in tempo without too much fuss. Her name was Helen Forrest. And Irving Townsend in his liner notes for the two-disc Columbia release "Benny and Helen" refers to her, most aptly, as the "madonna of the middle-chord." Mr. Townsend also seems to feel that songs like Tin Pan Alley twaddle can be made to convey real emotion when a real singer chooses to come to grips with it. RCA, however, makes no effort to supply the kind of conscientiously compiled data that Columbia offers with its Goodman and Krupa specials. Here are just the names of the songs—no liner, no information except the name of the record company who remastered the originals. He's Joe Dengler, and he did a pretty good job.

BENNY GOODMAN/HELEN FORREST: Benny and Helen. Helen Forrest (vocals); the Goodman Band. Benny Goodman cond. Busy as a Bee; What's the Matter with Me?; The Fable of the Rose; Shake Down the Stars; Yours Is My Heart Alone; I'm Nobody's Baby; The Moon Won't Talk; Mister Meadowlark; Nobody: Taking a Chance on Love; Cabin in the Sky; Hard to Get; It's Always You; Bewitched; Luscious; Yours; Oh! Look at Me Now; Amapola; When the Sun Comes Out; Down, Down, Down. COLUMBIA KG 32822 two discs $6.98.

GENE KRUPA/ANITA O' DAY/ROY ELD-RIDGE. Anita O'Day (vocals); Roy Eldridge (vocals and trumpet); Gene Krupa and His Orchestra. Opus #1; Georgia on My Mind; Stop, the Red Light's On; Green Eyes; Slow Down; Tea for Two; Harriet; Chickery Chick; In the Middle of May; Thanks for the Boogie Ride; Just a Little Bit South of North Carolina; That Feeling in the Moonlight; The Walls Keep Talking; Let Me Off Uptown; That's What You Think; Massachusetts; Murder, He Says; Skylark; Boogie Blues; Bolero at the Savoy. COLUMBIA KG 32663 two discs $6.98.

TOMMY DORSEY/FRANK SINATRA: What'll I Do? Frank Sinatra (vocals); Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra. The One I Love; In the Blue of the Evening; Say It; Blue Skies; What'll I Do?; Imagination; This Is the Beginning of the End; We Three; Devil May Care. RCA APL 1-0497(e) $5.98.

Those ballads of broken romance so dear to the popular sensibility of the Forties you really believe he's going through something. His singing of We Three ("My echo, my shadow and me") is a model of how even Tin-Pan Alley twaddle can be made to convey real emotion when a real singer chooses to come to grips with it. RCA, however, makes no effort to supply the kind of conscientiously compiled data that Columbia offers with its Goodman and Krupa specials.

COLUMBIA KG 32822 two discs $6.98.

COLUMBIA KG 32663 two discs $6.98.

COLUMBIA APL 1-0497(e) $5.98.

COLUMBIA APL 1-0497 $6.95.
folk ballad to the nonsense I have long suspected it is: The Power of Negative Thinking, a tribute in reverse to the simplistic religiosity peddled by Norman Vincent Peale. Much of the content of The Littlest Revue, however, is puppy-dog pert beyond the threshold of pain. For every once-so-topical tidbit you get such desperately cute items as Game of Dance—which itself would seem ripe for period parody. Yet I wouldn't have missed this revival of The Littlest Revue for anything—it is valuable, if only to refresh a failing theatrical memory.

MAME (Jerry Herman). Original-soundtrack recording. Lucille Ball, Jane Connell, Kirby Furlong, Beatrice Arthur, Robert Preston, Bruce Davison (vocals); orchestra and chorus, Fred Werner cond. WARNER BROS. W 2773 $6.98, © 1.2773 $7.97, © 1.52773 $7.97.

Performance: Pallid
Recording: Hollow-sounding

Mame is fifth-generation now, having gone from book to play to musical to movie musical, and it has lost something with each translation. Considering how little there was of substance in the first place, how can there be much left?

Halfway through the sluggish proceedings in this soundtrack recording, I also found myself wondering how a Beurregard Burnside with the performing talent of Robert Preston, accompanied by a mammoth chorus of top-hatted Southland fox-hunters as depicted in full color on the album cover, could make so little of so huge a production number. I never have thought of the Mame score as any masterpiece from Jerry Herman's at times too facile pen, but it did seem to me that the title piece had certainly stirred up a lot more excitement when I saw it on Broadway. I haunted down the original-cast recording, and sure enough! The glitter, the strumming excitement, the build-up, the putchae—all were there in the Columbia original-Broadway-cast recording, all were missing in this soundtrack souvenir from Warner Brothers. And that's how it goes throughout.

There isn't a great deal anybody can do to hamper Beatrice Arthur's version of The Man in the Moon, sung when Mame sits in a cardboard crescent while her friend Vera plays a lady astronomer who discovers that the man in question is a lady. And little harm has been done to those marvelous moments when June Connell as adenoidal Agnes Gooch, Auntie Mame's faithful nanny through the years, comes out as a swinger in a red dress to sing her song of liberation. Hollywood was lucky to have Miss Arthur and Miss Connell still on hand. But what Angela Lansbury did to turn Auntie Mame, the flapper foster mother of a precocious nephew, into a believable and even touching portrait of the lady, Lucille Ball undoes here. I say this more in sorrow than in anger, since Miss Ball, before she began relying almost entirely on the pratfall, seemed to me one of the country's most precious comedic assets. But the cheesecloth that attempts to hide her age on the screen is not available in the audio medium, and her singing is not only terrible from a musical point of view, it is dead on its feet from a dramatic one. The arrangements are slick and insipid under Fred Werner's direction, and the recorded sound is as hollow as most of the performances.

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(Continued overleaf)
JAZZ

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS: Anthenagin. Art Blakey (drums); Woody Shaw (trumpet); Cedar Walton (piano); others. Fantasy in D; Without a Song; Along Came Betty; and three others. ECM 1024 ST $6.98, ECM 1024 FT $7.98.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Excellent

This was recorded around the same time as Art Blakey's last Prestige album, "Buhaina," perhaps even on the same day, but it does not, as did the previous one, contain any track is Jon Hendricks. It does, however, contain more compositions by Cedar Walton, and that is an asset not to be dismissed lightly. My particular favorite is "Anthenagin," on which Woody Shaw and Walton himself play brilliantly, but no track here is less than fine. Even that Messengers war horse, Golson's "Along Came Betty" (which Hendricks sang in "Buhaina") survives the repeat. C.A.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MILES DAVIS: Big Fun. Miles Davis (trumpet); various instrumental groups. Great Expectations; IFE; Lonely Fire; Go Ahead John. Columbia PG-32866 two discs $7.98, C-32866 $9.98, C52866 $9.98.

Performance: Leftover Bitches Brew
Recording: Excellent
Strange things are happening at Columbia's Miles Davis factory: producer Teo Macero gives us not only actual titles for the four selections in this two-record set, but detailed personnel lists as well. These unexpected data give the impression that the album is a collection of factory rejects, for these are obviously hitherto unreleased recordings from the "Bitches Brew" and "Live/Evil" period. But they hardly sound like rejects. In fact, some of this material is even better than what was released at the time.

On hand is an impressive bunch of musicians who since have gone on to greater things: Chick Corea (piano); Al Foster (drums); Bill Evans (piano); others. Yesterdays; Nightwind; I Only Have Eyes for You; Mucho Gusto; and five others. LONDON APS-640 $6.98, ® 08640 $6.98, ® 05640 $6.98.

Performance: Inimitable
Recording: Excellent

For some odd reason, this is Elroff Garner's first album in a year and a half, but better late than never. Garner is still a master at his art. Except for a not-so-successful flirtation with the harpsichord on Columbia several years back, he has stuck to the acoustic piano, and his objectivity for friendship. naughty. P.R.

ERROLL GARNER: Magician. Erroll Garner (piano); Bob Cranshaw (bass); Grady Tate (percussion); Joe Mangual (congo drum); others. Yesterdays, Nightwind, I Only Have Eyes for You; Mucho Gusto; and four others. LONDON APS-640 $6.98, ® 08640 $6.98, ® 05640 $6.98.

Performance: Light and lively
Recording: Very good

Highlighting this brisk set of traditional jazz fare is top New York's RCA building is the dexterous, driving cornet work of Wild Bill Davison himself and some swinging, sometimes striding work by pianist Claude Hopkins. There is nothing unusual about this album: the repertoire is as traditional as the style, the pace as breezy as one might expect, the sound as Commodore-jam-sessionish as can be. If that is your cup of tea, here's yet another serving. C.A.

WILD BILL DAVISON: Live at the Rainbow Room. Wild Bill Davison (cornet); orchestra, including Claude Hopkins (piano) and George Duvivier (bass). I Never Knew; Wolverine Blues; Black and Blue; Memories of Man; and four others. CHIAROSCURO CR 124 $6.98.

Performance: Light and lively
Recording: Very good

This is another one of those mainstream get-togethers arranged by Stanley Dance for the European market. Recorded in 1970, the sessions feature excellent musicians supporting Ellingtonians Nance and Gonsalves, but they (Continued on page 118)
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C.A.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET: Blues on Bach.

John Lewis (piano, harpsichord); Milt Jack-

son (vibraphone); Percy Heath (bass); Connie

Kay (drums, percussion). Blues in B flat, Pre-

ious Joy; Blues in C Minor; Tears from the

Children; and five others. ATLANTIC SD 1652

$5.98, TP 1652 $6.97, CS 1652 $6.97.

Performance: Superb

Recording: Excellent

The news that the superb Modern Jazz Quar-
tet is calling it quits after twenty years is sad

but understandable. Financial reasons have

been cited, and I suspect another reason is a

desire to get on with something else. Milt

Jackson has already taken several excursions

on his own, and his esteemed colleagues will

hardly have to join the unemployment lines.

In the meantime, it is no small consolation

that the current Schwann catalog lists twenty-

nine MJQ albums, including this set of blues

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The group accords the two idioms equal re-

spect, combining elements of their traditions

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Cohesive and thoroughly swinging, the over-

all sound of this low-keyed album will gently

caress your ears, and the Bach interpretations

will make Jacques Loussier sound like Peter

Nero reaching beyond his realm.

C.A.

McCoy Tyner: Asante. McCoy Tyner

(piano); Andrew White (alto saxophone); Ted

Dunbar (guitar); Buster Williams (bass); Billy

Hart (drums); Mtume (conga); Sandra Smith

(vocals). Malikia; Asante; Goin' Home; Ful-

fillment. BLUE NOTE LA223-G $5.98, EA223-G $6.98.

Performance: Gratifying

Recording: Very good

Like "Extensions," his previous Blue Note release, this "new" McCoy Tyner album was recorded four years ago. But unlike "Extensions," which was marred by Alice Coltrane's rambling harp, "Asante" is excellent through-

out. The music, introspective, highly emotion-

al, and thoroughly Tyneresque, reflects the

composer/pianist's deep affinity for Africa

and his appreciation of sounds absorbed as a

child in the South. There are noteworthy alto

solos by Andrew White, who has been heard

on bass and English horn with Weather Re-

port, and drummer Billy Hart also stands out.

It is Tyner himself, however, who makes this

an album of great beauty, and I particularly

recommend his solo on Fulfillment.

C.A.

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SIEGFRIED IN SHERWOOD FOREST

WHAT is there about the latest complete Siegfried (on EMI SLS 875, available in shops specializing in imports) that suggests the locale is Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest rather than the Schwarzwald near the Rhine? It is not that it was recorded live in London last August, or that it is conducted by Reginald Goodall, or even that it is heard in a new English text by Andrew Porter. It is, rather, because it is sung by a cast of Commonwealth artists (English and Australian) whose voices bear no trace of the Bayreuth bark or a Germanic general.

As those who follow the trend of operatic events abroad will surmise, this project (a similar cast will present the remainder of the Englished Ring on records to be released shortly) is an offset of the long-standing British conviction that there is a merit—nay, a public good—in performing Wagner in English. Sir Thomas Beecham invested countless man-hours, not to mention a dollop of the family fortune, in performing Tannhäuser, Tristan, and Die Meistersinger (perhaps even the complete Ring—the information sources available to me are not conclusive in the matter) in English all over England. Moreover, there was, in the Twenties, a sizable vernacular representation of the Ring dramas recorded in England under the leadership of Albert Coates, and, of course, when Covent Garden was reopened after World War II, it was with the avowed intent of performing the international operatic repertoire in English. Force majeure (the resistance of indispensable international artists to relearning their famous roles in English) led in short order to a reconsideration of this intention at Covent Garden, but the former Sadler's Wells Opera has pushed on with the program (especially since relocating in the large, centrally situated Coliseum) to the point, lately, of renaming itself the English National Opera Company.

The new Siegfried recording reproduces the best of what happened on the stage of the Coliseum on three nights in August (2, 8, and 21) 1973, woven into a cohesive whole by producer Ronald Kinloch Anderson. It provides all the means for an objective judgment of the performers' right in this context to "speak for England." My judgment as to its success is an all but unqualified "yes," with the one abiding reservation being the playing of the orchestra. Able and willing as the players are, the group is simply lacking in the numbers, the blowing and the bowing power, to match such criteria in recorded Wagner as Böhm's Bayreuth personnel or Solti's Vienna Philharmonic.

Initially, there are certain listening obstacles to be overcome. The first is the temptation to follow Andrew Porter's unfamiliar English text word by word, syllable by syllable, to see how it fares vis à vis the more familiar German. The attraction is especially strong because Act I deals so much with the verbal values in Mime's complaints, his exchanges with Siegfried and the Wanderer, and, finally, in Siegfried's Forging Song. Additionally, conductor Goodall, who is extolled at home as a proponent of Furtwängler's Wagnerian breadths if not of Knappertsbusch's Parsifal lengths, hardly sets a breathless pace for what is sometimes described as the "scherzo" of the cycle. Porter is striving to accomplish in his translation may be demonstrated by reference to the very first words of the text: "Zwangvolle Plage! Miih' ohne Zweck!"

In the traditional rendering of Frederick Jameson (included in the Schott piano-vocal score) this reads: "Heart-breaking bondage! Toil without end!" Porter's preference is: "Wearysome labour! Work till I drop!"

This succeeds not only in preserving Wagner's typical use of alliteration, but in defloridizing such librettistic as "bondage" and "toil" into something easier on the ear as well as on Mime's tongue. Porter's average throughout is on the same high level of literacy and common sense.

With the shift to the forest (Sherwood or Schwarzwald) in Act II, the performance begins to take on qualities of musical absorption and interest that transcend the slighter considerations of word values or text. The basic reason for this is the steady stream of excellent vocalism—male, of course, for almost the full length of the first two acts—which would give vitality to a Ring drama sung in Finnish or Hungarian. As there can be no absorbing Siegfried without a qualified Siegfried, primary credit goes to Alberto Remedios, a Liverpudlian who was invited to share Joan Sutherland's tour of Australia in 1965 with two other tenors who haven't done badly since then either: Luciano Pavarotti and John Alexander. Remedios has a lighter, brighter sound than such a contemporary Wagnerian tenor as, say, Helge Brilioth. His voice lacks the Brilioth order of power, but, as microphoned, it serves well the dimensions decreed by Goodall for the performance as a whole. Most important of all, Remedios uses his voice artfully to characterize a Siegfried bumptious, heedless, and, withall, innocent.

Wagnerian requirements are remarkably well served also by Norman Bailey, a Wanderer who is already a Bayreuth Hans Sachs, Gunther, and Amfortas: by Clifford Grant, a splendid Faifer, known to San Franciscans in other roles; and by Derek Hammond Stroud, whose Alberich borders on international quality. Each is keenly responsive to the opportunities provided for the singer in one of Wagner's most lyric scores. The only one who perhaps overreaches his opportunity is Gregory Dempsey—his Mime has in it a little too much of David (in Meistersinger) to be wholly acceptable. Wagner's writing may call upon much the same tenor range in both, but Mime is a cruder and a craftier being than Dempsey permits him to be.

But, as the disc sides go by, the more evident it becomes that this is a Siegfried destined to be remembered for the effort of Remedios. He muses beautifully on the mystery of his mother during the Waldweben episode in Act II, and the sound he produces at the beginning of the last scene is appropriately ecstatic. The role of Brinnhilde is taken by Rita Hunter (well known to American opera audiences), which means that her part of the love duet is delivered with power, assurance, and a
fine thrust of sound at the top. A phrase or two at the lower dynamic levels lacks adequate support, there being, apparently, no satisfactory version of these measures available in the three performances used, but her Brünnhilde certainly projects a more convincing dramatic illusion unseen than it does when a costume drapes her roly and poly figure on stage.

As Act III progresses, the paeans of praise that Goodall has earned in recent years from the English press for his conducting of Wagner became more and more understandable. He is, clearly, a man who is warmed, ignited, finally all but incinerated by the flames that Wagner at his most impassioned can kindle, and he communicates that heat to all around him, orchestra members and vocalists as well. I find his concern for Wagnerian "proportions" a little humorless in the jollier moments of Acts I and II, but he does make the last thirty minutes of the score worth waiting for.

Taken all together (this includes the less than birdlike ease with which Maurine London delivers the music of the Waldvogel and the slightly unready Erda of the promising mezzo-soprano Anne Collins), this Siegfried is much more than a brief on behalf of a merely legalistic operatic argument. It is, in the first instance, an affirmation of the majesty and imagination in Wagner's great creation, which is the way it should be. No amount of argument can serve the purpose of a premise, however good it may be, which is not proven musically. Further, though no one—beginning with Porter himself—would contend that an

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Performance: Flashy and unmemorable
Recording: Very good

Eugen d'Albert (1864-1932) was born in Scotland, but he considered himself a German, and it was in Germany after his studies with Liszt that he made his reputation both as pianist and composer. Liszt evidently thought very highly of him, and many considered him the proper heir to Liszt's throne. A little man in stature, d'Albert more than made up for it by his personality (testy) and his approach to the keyboard (titanic); among his six wives, incidentally, was another pianistic giant, Teresa Carreño. He wrote twenty operas, of which only a couple (Tiefland and to a lesser extent Die Toten Augen) are even dimly remembered in our era, but there can be no denying that he was vastly admired in his own day, though perhaps more as a performer than as composer. The one-movement Second Piano Concerto is Lisztian in form and influence—in the use of thematic transformation, for example—but, despite some likable lyrical sections, it is overall a very unmemorable piece. Perhaps this is because of its sprawling themes and empty pomposity in the noisier parts.

A less flamboyant personality, Carl Reinecke (1824-1910) was one of the most distinguished musicians of his time; he worked as pianist, conductor, teacher, and composer in Denmark, Cologne, Barmen, Breslau, and finally Leipzig, where he directed the famous Gewandhaus concerts between 1860 and 1895. His output, which includes four piano concertos as well as operas, symphonies, and a vast quantity of keyboard, chamber, and pedagogical pieces, is usually described as being very well made and at least partly influenced by his admiration for Mendelssohn. On records, he has been represented by concertos for flute, harp, and piano (the First Piano Concerto was also issued recently on Genesis GS 1034 with Gerald Robbins as soloist), a Kindersinfonie for toy instruments, and some cadenzas. As Richard Freed notes in his excellent program annotations for this Candid recording, it is the slow movement of the First Piano Concerto that is the most impressive part of Reinecke's piece; as for the rest, though it does not blister à la d'Albert. I am afraid that it is not much more memorable thematically. Perhaps my lack of enthusiasm owes something to the quality of these performances, for the orchestral accompaniment is adequate but routine, and the soloist, though lacking absolutely nothing in brilliance and virtuosity, simply does not provide sufficient pianistic color, elegance, and Romantic rhetoric to enable these two concertos to come back to life.


Performance: Excellent
Recording: Very good

William Alwyn (born 1905) has enjoyed a solid reputation in England for some time, but his music seems to be only rarely exported. On another recent MHS disc (like this one, derived from the Lyrita catalog), he conducts the London Philharmonic himself in four of his Elizabethan Dances (MHS 1672), a collection of English contemporary music reviewed here last June. This new record is devoted entirely to his works, however, and it is a very attractive assortment.

The song cycle Mirages, composed in 1970, is at least as striking for Alwyn's marvelous texts as for his imaginative music. In two of the six songs, Undine and Honey-suckle, he conveys the most touching sentiment without the slightest self-consciousness or literary affectation—and without that pretentious false humility that is worse than all other offenses. The words are real, human, convincing, and, in conjunction with the music, genuinely poetic. The concluding Portrait in a Mirror is both grim and poignant, but the mirror is not only big enough to enable these two concertos to come back to life.

A performance to delight the composer's heart

Reviewed by RICHARD FREED • DAVID HALL • GEORGE JELLINEK • IGOR KIPNIS
PAUL KRESH • ERIC SALZMAN

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Benjamin Luxon

A performance to delight the composer's heart

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William Mann observes, a certain connection between

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this work, and Mirages, in that the first song in the cycle is Undine. The Divertimento for Solo Flute antedates the other two works on the disc by more than thirty years, and, again according to Mann, it was in this composition of 1939 that Alwyn first found his own voice; its four movements are so rich in melodic invention and rhythmic activity that the listener may have to keep reminding himself that it is a solo flute he is listening to. Christopher Hyde-Smith, whose name up to now has been less well-known here than that of his wife (Marisa Robles), is an absolutely first-rate flutist, and one from whom we shall surely be hearing a good deal more.

This is attractive, well-crafted, readily accessible music, all of it, and all performed in a manner to delight any composer's heart—and any listener's, for that matter. Clean, full-bodied sound, too. R.F.

ARENSKY: Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky (see DVORÁK)


Performance: Decent, unexciting

Recording: Clear, dry

Gunter Wand is known here largely for his recorded performances of early music, but these are decent, idiomatic, unexciting performances of chamber-orchestra Bartók. I doubt that they are recent performances. They were originally recorded for and by the Club Français du Disque—more than a decade ago, I would guess (Leonardo Nierman, whose art is reproduced on the jacket cover, is described as having work "on display in the collection of the President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy in the White House"). The recording—or its transfer—is low in level, rather close, and rather dry. The orchestra—apparently the Gurzenich Orchestra of Cologne—plays cleanly, although the energy level does not seem very high. E.S.


Performance: Good

Recording: Generally good

As he demonstrated in his excellent recorded performance of the Erotica for Philips. Colin Davis need take second place to no one when it comes to honest, powerful, and intensely musical readings of the Beethoven symphonies. His Angel recording of the Seventh shows close kinship with the incomparable 1936 version by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic, but with a shade less drive and a somewhat more refined lyrical quality. Unlike Toscanini, Davis and the Royal Philharmonic do relax the tempo in the scherzo for the chorale-like trio.

The recording as such is generally good in terms of balance and tonal warmth, but it suffers at times from the oddly diffuse quality that has afflicted many of the British-originated Angel orchestral discs I have heard of late. The Beethoven finale especially is the poorer for this, inasmuch as the timpani sound comes through as an amorphous blur rather than clearly defined tone. D.H.

BEREZOWSKY: Fantasy for Two Pianos, Op. 9 (see Collections—Modern Music for Two Pianos)

BOLCOM: Frescoes. Bruce Mather (piano and harpsichord); Nonesuch H-71297 $3.98.

Performance: Authoritative

Recording: Outstanding

In his program note for Frescoes, William Bolcom describes it as music composed (in 1971) out of a need to "hew the air," an "apocalyptic" work, derived in part from an experimental piece he had written a decade earlier and inspired by such stimuli as "jumbled half-reminiscences of frescoes at the Campo Santo in Pisa, friezes at Pompeii, bits of Virgil and Milton, a cantata by one of the earlier Bachs, and a frightening brush with the Abyss. . . . " The work is in two parts: War in Heaven is the battle between Michael and Lucifer, as depicted in Christoph Bach's Es ehre xich ein Stain, in Milton's Paradise Lost, and in the New Testament Book of Revelations: The Caves of Orcus is a mythological netherworld, described in lines from the Aeneid. Whether the music actually summons up these images or not, it is a pair of fascinating sonic journeys, into a region not unlike the domain of Bolcom's earlier Black Heart, and the "apocalyptic" character is pretty unmistakable. Mather and Le Page, for whom Bolcom wrote Frescoes, give a demoniaca-ly authoritative performance. One side of thirteen minutes and another of fifteen might seem to add up to a short thought for a music spread may have been necessary to achieve the really outstanding sonic realism of the recording. R.F.

Performance: Impassioned
Recording: First-rate sound; minor disc problems

Morton Estrin's musicianship and keyboard prowess, demonstrated in his recordings of Scriabin and Rachmaninoff, continue to impress me with his sensitivity and communicative power in the Romantic repertoire. His Brahms program is a richly varied one, covering the gamut of that master's rhetoric from the thunder and lightning of the *Rhapsodies* and the *G Minor Ballade*, through the passion of the Op. 118, No. 1 Intermezzo and the delicious play of the *C Major* Intermezzo, to the bare wisps of sound embodied in the one in B Minor, Op. 119, No. 1.

In fact, I find everything about Mr. Estrin's playing and the recording of it richly satisfying. There is vigor aplenty in the big pieces, carefully gauged variety of color and dynamic in the small ones, tasteful rubato wholly free of mere fussiness, and a disciplined sense of the musical architecture of each piece that precludes any merely ruminative readings.

Straight stereo playback of the Estrin disc reveals the full-bodied and clean-sounding Connoisseur Society has accustomed us over the years in the best of its many fine piano records, and bringing the quadraphonic circuitry into play effectively enlarges the sonic ambiance with no trace of exaggeration or gimmickry. Except for a slightly off-center pressing on side two and somewhat noisy surfaces, this disc is an absolutely first-rate job, musically and sonically.

BRAHMS: *Intermezzos* (see FRANCK)


Performance: A model of clarity
Recording: Crystal clear


Performance: Warm-hued
Recording: Ecclesiastical ambiance

For those who find Anton Bruckner's Cyclopean symphonies too much to take, his neo-Renaissance E Minor Mass—composed about the same time as the First Symphony—is just the thing to reveal the Austrian master's way with line and polyphony minus the trappings of Romantic rhetoric. For this work, as distinguished from the full-orchestra-accompanied D Minor and F Minor Masses, calls for the eight-part choir to be backed only by a wind band of oboes, clarinets, and bassoons in pairs, plus four horns, a pair of trumpets, and three trombones. Yet, for all the neo-Palestrina aspects of the music, Bruckner is by no means averse to expressive harmonic evocation where the text demands, as in the majestic *Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris* of the *Kyrie*, or in the awe-struck *Et incarnatus* and the quietly poignant *Crucifixus*.

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Corelli's influence was very much felt in England in the early decades of the eighteenth century, as evidenced by the great number of concerti grossi published there during this period. Among them were pieces by such newly arrived foreigners as Francesco Geminiani (a Corelli pupil who came to London in 1714) and Veracini, imported music (often reprinted, for example, by Vivaldi and Locatelli), and, of course, the works of native-born composers such as Avison and Festing. A vast number of music societies, mostly amateurs, subscribed to these new publications, and until Handel arrived on the scene the tendency on the part of many composers was to imitate Corelli. Geminiani's two years, not only did this in his earlier original concertos but also transcribed as concertos a variety of Corelli's works, the Op. 5 violin sonatas as well as the six trio sonatas from Opp. 1 and 3 recorded here. These latter pieces appear to be very skillfully arranged, with the solo violin plus cello continuo acting as the solo concertino against a more fully scored tutti of strings, thereby providing all the proper elements of the concerto grosso principle. The pieces themselves are splendid examples of Corelli, even in this concerted guise, and the playing by the thirteen-member ensemble (whether this is James Bollé's Musica Viva, the name of the group he has directed on previous discs, is not indicated) is on the whole very stylish if not always very polished. The music is given an excellent sense of direction, but there are, it must be admitted, some intonation problems as well as an occasional lack of precision. It would have made a delightful live concert, but for the permanence of a record, I think, the instrumental flaws wear less well.

I.K.

Arensky Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky, Op. 35a.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Very good

The Dvorák Serenade on this disc has never been issued before, but the Arensky has been available on Vanguard's Cardinal label in regular stereo format for some time. Corelli's music makes rather heavy going of the first two movements of the lovely Dvóřák piece, but his touch lightens sufficiently to make the final three movements thoroughly enjoyable. As for the charming Arensky Variations, both the modest size of the string group and Symphony's fluent treatment of the music serve to make this performance, either in the quadraphonic or the original stereo issue, the best available. Vanguard's sonics are superbly clear and full-bodied, and a handsome semi-transparent effect is achieved when the four-channel playback is brought into optimum perspective.

D.H.

Falla: Concierto para Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Violin, and Cello; Psalm: El Retablo de Moea; Petrona; Ana Higueras-Aragon (soprano); Tomás Carera (tenor); Manuel Pérez Bermúdez (bass); Robert Veyron-Lacroix (harpsichord): instrumental ensemble. Charles Dutoit cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023.

Performance: Commendable
Recording: Very good
Performances: All right
Recording: Not the best

None of these three performances is less than satisfactory in its own right, but all of them are really overwhelmed by the competition, and the sound itself, far below the usual standard from this source (Erato), is no help. The most that can be said for the new disc, I'm afraid, is that it serves to remind us of the uniquely appealing works themselves and calls attention to the matchless recordings of them available elsewhere: Ataulfo Argenta's Maese Pedro (London STS-15014); Rafael Puyana's Harpsichord Concerto, with Charles Mackerras conducting (Philips 6505 001); and Victoria de los Angeles' Psyche, with flutist Jean-Claude Gérard, harpist Annie Challan, and the Trio à Cordes Français (Angel S-36716).
Charles Ives' violin sonatas were among the earliest of his works to be recorded, and separate recordings of them are frequently released—Sonata No. 2, for example, has been recorded in whole or in part seven times. Oddly enough, though, until now there have only been two integral recordings of all four sonatas, neither of them in stereo. The first one was recorded in 1955 by Rafael Druiian and John Simms for Mercury (I was the producer) and was available for a time on a Philips World Series reissue. The second mono set, still available, was recorded in 1964 by Paul Zukofsky and Gilbert Kalish for Folkways. Now, in Ives' centennial year, Nonesuch has released another integral set of the sonatas, in stereo, and Zukofsky and Kalish are the performers of Sonatas Nos. 1 and 4 were also used by Ives in song treatments.

All together, the violin sonatas make an ideal introduction to Ives in his populist aspect—that is, as the "re-composer" and fantasist of hymn tunes, community songs, and fiddle pieces popular in and around Danbury, Connecticut, at the turn of the century. All but two of the thirteen movements in the Nonesuch set stem from these sources, which are accorded extraordinarily original and poetic transmutations, some of them relatively straightforward (as in the Fourth Sonata's phantasmagoric density reminiscent of the Night-town episodes of James Joyce's Ulysses (the "In the Barn" second movement of Sonata No. 2). Needless to say, the demands this music makes on the performers in terms of rhythmic acuity, sensitivity to dynamics, and subtleties of harmonic coloration go far beyond those of the standard violin-and-piano repertoire. But the results—especially what is achieved in this recording by Messrs. Zukofsky and Kalish—are certainly worth the effort.

Those who happen to own the earlier Druiian-Simms recording of the sonatas will find the Zukofsky-Kalish one markedly different in performance style and at times in musical substance. Zukofsky and Kalish had access to the manuscript sources of the Ives Collection, and prior to both of their recordings, but, since the Collection had not yet been established in 1955, Druiian and Simms did not; therefore, the earliest of the three integral recordings was done from the music as published, while Zukofsky and Kalish were able to incorporate into both their readings cues and ad libitations in the manuscript which presumably will appear one day when a critical published edition of Ives' music becomes a reality. Most striking of these additions is the tone-cluster "drum music" that enhances further the fantastical effect of the closing pages of "In the Barn.

As for performance style, Druiian and Simms stressed the music's volatilty and rhythmic pulse, while Zukofsky and Kalish adopt a decidedly more ruminative and poetic approach—most noticeable in the First Sonata, which comes out as quite a different piece in their reading than in the earlier version. Another striking difference arises from Zukofsky's predominantly vibrato-less playing, which may not be to everyone's taste but certainly adds yet another coloristic dimension to his interpretations. I find the pianism of Gilbert Kalish beyond criticism, impressive not only for his digital and rhythmic virtuosity, but most especially for his handling of subtle echo and harmonic effects, as in the finale of the Third Sonata.

Apart from what to my ears is a decided over-balance of piano at the expense of the violin line in the first part of the slow movement of the First Sonata, the sonorization of the music on these Nonesuch discs is altogether superb.

David Hatt

IVES: Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 1 (1903-1908); No. 2 (1902-1910); No. 3 (1905-1914); No. 4 ("Children's Day at the Camp Meeting," 1905-1915). Largo (ca. 1901, ed. Zukofsky). Paul Zukofsky (violin); Gilbert Kalish (piano). NONESUCH HBR-73025 two discs $7.96.

From 1858-1863. The Prelude, Fugue, and Canon (both for solo piano) from one of Franck's two sets of harmonium pieces—either L'Organiste from his last years or the posthumously published series of forty-four pieces from 1835-1863. The Prelude, Fugue, and Variation pre-dates by more than a decade the masterpieces of the late Franck, being the third of Six Piéc es pour Grande Orgue. This is altogether lovely and beautifully made mu-

César Franck's indisputable masterpiece for piano, the Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue, has in the past been a handsome performance vehicle for such major keyboard lions as Cortot, Petri, Rubinstein, and Richter. Of late, though, it seems to have been used more in the concert hall, despite the fact that it is not only highly pianistic in idiom, but one of the most successful of all creative efforts to combine Baroque polyphony with Romantic rhetoric.

The Connoisseur Society performance with Ivan Moravec is a remastering from the 1962 recording originally issued as a 12-inch disc to be played at the 45-rpm speed. The quality of the piano sound was exceptional then in its fullness of tone and dynamic range, and there is no perceptible loss of quality in this 1974 transfer to the slower speed. My review pressing was wretchedly off center, however, with dire consequences for stability of pitch. Moravec's performance itself is luxuriant in dynamics and coloration and expansive in its prevailing broad tempo. The same broad, almost rubato, treatment mark's his readings of the two Brahms intermezzos, here issued for the first time. In the Chopin Barcarolle, Moravec's rich-toned playing, with recording to match, is wholly appropriate to that gorgeous masterpiece of Chopin's last years. This same performance on one of the early Nonesuch discs issued by Connoisseur Society in 1969.

Turning to Jörg Demus' Musical Heritage Society all-Franck program, I must confess that I find his tauter treatment of the Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue more to my taste than Moravec's. The music is quite rich enough in its essential harmonic texture, and a somewhat leaner interpretation does it no harm whatever.

Moravec has no stranger to the Franck piano repertoire, having recorded both the Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue and its somewhat later—and much less familiar—compadre piece, the Prelude, Aria, and Finale, for a monophonic Westminster release back in the 1950's. I find the latter piece a good deal less successful pianistically and musically. The Aria section is altogether lovely—prime Franck by any standards—but the opening section, to my ears, verges on the banal, and the close simply does not build up to a convincing sense of inevitable resolution comparable to that in the Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue. The Danse Lente and the little doll piece are endowed with a certain charm, but they seem irrelevant alongside the two major piano works. Something of a fascinating surprise is the little Canon and Fugue, for which the sleeve notes give no background information; presumably the music comes from one of Franck's two sets of harmonium pieces—either L'Organiste from his last years or the posthumously published series of forty-four pieces from 1835-1863. The Prelude, Fugue, and Variation pre-dates by more than a decade the masterpieces of the late Franck, being the third of Six Piéc es pour Grande Orgue. This is altogether lovely and beautifully made mu-

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sic; it is most effective as an organ work, but it does work reasonably well, if not very idiomatically, on the piano.

The Demus performances are of uniform excellence, musically and technically, but the recording is somewhat variable. It has good body and presence throughout except in much of the Prelude, Aria, and Finale, where about halfway into the opening section I get the feeling that the microphone has been moved further away from the piano.

D.H.

G. GABRIELI: Sacred Symphonies. Magnificat; O Domine Jesu Christe; Hodie Christus natus est; Hoc tegitur; Sancta et immaculata virginitas; Angelus Domini Descendit; Nunc dimittis; Jam non decem vos servos; Misseriordias Domini; Jubilate Deae; Regina coeli; O Jesu mi dulcissime; Ego sum qui sum. Walther, Staempfli and Yvonne Perrin (sopranos); Claudine Perret, Magali Schwarz, and Denise Schwaar (altos); Olivier Dufour and Claude Traube (tenors); Philippe Hutenlocher and Daniel Reichel (basses); vocal ensemble, University Choir, the Lausanne Chamber Orchestra, Michel Corboz cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1749 $3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: Very good
Recording: Very good but not ideal

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TING, real firecrackers started to go off outside. It was, in fact, the Fourth of July. Han
del’s fireworks had, of course, a slightly differ
ten origin, being the celebration music for the signing of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The piece, essentially scored for a big Bar
doque wind band, was first performed on April 27, 1749, in London’s Green Park before a huge throng. The pyrotechnics were
more spectacular than intended; the specially con
structed pavilion, with its bas-relief of George II conferring peace on England, caught fire and started a panic in which several people
were killed.

Under the circumstances we do not know how people reacted to the music, with its twelve bassoons, twenty-four oboes, nine horns, nine trumpets, timpani, and other drums. Modern attempts to reproduce the sound of this extraordinary piece are generally terrible, and this one is no exception.

La Grande Ecurie et La Chambre du Roy—literally “The Grand Stables and Chambre of the King”—was founded in 1766 by Jean-Claude Malgoire to perform early out
doors and indoor music on period instruments. The sound is not only hair-raising but, owing largely to use of natural horns (without valves and entirely dependent, like bugles, on the player’s lips), terribly out of tune. But just because natural horns and other old instru
ments are “naturally” out of tune does not mean they usually sounded that way in the eighteenth century. On the contrary, they were undoubtedly tuned “by ear”; each player, with a lifetime of experience with his instru
ment, knew exactly how to make the neces
sary adjustments. The instruments would have sounded more “in tune” than modern equal-tempered ones! That this is outdoor music is no excuse at all. Truly in
tune playing carries a great deal of harmonic reinforcement and resonance; it will carry a great deal further than the kind of out-of-tune sound found here. In fact, the ensemble mix in this recording seems quite artificial, the result of a basically ineffective microphone balance, and the “natural” horns sound as though they had been recorded at a different time than all
the rest.

Some of the above remarks apply to the Water Music. In spite of various legends, we
know much less about the circumstances of this music than the other. In theory, it might perhaps be possible to justify Malgoire’s extensive “arranging” of the music. This is not the Sir Hamilton Harty approach; the music has been reshuffled into several more-or-less inde
pendent suites with added harpsichord solos, various changes of instrumentation, ornamented repeats, and interpolated cadenzas. Never
theless, I feel the arrangement is undiomatic and displays little sensitivity to the music or style. There is a fundamental inequity be
 tween La Chambre du Roy, apparently a solo string ensemble, and the huge wind band, which is solved only through electronic mix
ing. The solo string playing is exquisite, but the wind playing is coarse and all the larger movements are heavyhanded. Almost none of the rearranging—re-sorting of the movements, multiple repeats with instrumental variants, etc.—are especially convincing and, in spite of the claims, none seem to correspond with Handel’s own suggestions.

The Concerto in B-flat for two wind bands and strings is one of two or three such concer
tos by Handel. The first Allegro turns out to be Handel’s own instrumental version of a chorus from Messiah, and one wonders where

the rest was lifted from (Handel was a genius at plagiarizing himself and everyone else as well). It’s good music though. Despite a cer
tain affinity with the grand style of the outdoor pieces, this is still music for the chamber and, as such, is by far the best performed and re
corded on the album.

I don’t think anyone buys record albums for their liners, but mention should be made of Edward Sorel’s amusing cover design as well as the excellent notes by Stereo Review’s Robert S. Clark.

E.S.

HAYDN: String Quartets, Op. 50, Nos. 1 and 2 (see Best of the Month, page 86)

tella in E Minor, Op. 53; Thirty-three Variations on a Theme of Beethoven, Op. 130. Ger
hard Puchelt (piano), GENESIS GS 1043 $5.98.

Performance: Steady
Recording: Serviceable

Not very long ago I described Stephen Heller as one of those composers remembered for one or two works (The Avalanche and a tarantel
ta, if I recall correctly). I was challenged on this by someone who argued that there was still plenty of Heller piano music around. Shortly thereafter I was prowling around in my mother’s music collection—my secret source of information about Romantic kitsch and related goodies—and discovered whole volumes of Heller. My mother says that, in her day, it was mostly used as teaching mate
rial: nobody really played it in public any more. Well, here is the German pianist Ger
hard Puchelt with a bouquet of Heller, not in concert, perhaps, but on a disc calculated to revive a bit of interest in the composer.

Heller was born in Budapest in 1813 and spent much of his life in Paris. Nevertheless, he was a confirmed German Romantic whose idol was Schumann. He rang up a high count of opus numbers exclusively devoted to piano music. Most of these are short poetic pieces gathered into sets with picturesque titles. Schumann and Mendelssohn are always the models, but Heller carefully avoids the pro
fundities and, yes, the difficulties of the great
er men. His aim is always to please in the graceful, melancoly way that was much ap
preciated by bourgeois young ladies, their proud parents, and their ardent suitors. For that, as well as Heller’s public, and his music suited them perfectly. Alas, another generation demanded sterner stuff, and, except for a few old-fashioned piano teachers, nearly all of Heller’s work passed into oblivion.

I think it is probably more fun to rescue the actual music, and, if you are able, to try some
of it out yourself on the piano: on the whole, it is not very difficult to play and most of it is meant to while away the idle hours—it’s not an unpleasant way of doing same. In lieu of that, however, Puchelt’s sympathetic perfor
mances will reintroduce this minor master. At
his best, he is genuinely engaging. And, in
deed, sometimes—notably in his thirty-three variations on the theme of Beethoven’s Thirty-t	wo Variations—he rises to unaccustomed heights. Just for a moment or two, mind you, but fine moments these are. All in all, this is a record of unexpected pleasures.

E.S.


STEREO REVIEW
Instruments.

ble and the seeming spontaneity that comes piano obbligato, one wants a first-rate ensem-

dy, which is by no means a mere piano piece

of an altar in 1530 and based melodically on a

secular songs, and Senfl's Missa Super Per

Heinrich Isaac (c. 1450-1517) spent most of

lived primarily in Florence and Vienna, where he wrote a consider-

able number of sacred works (some twenty-

opera, as well as certain contributions are

n состо. This version of the Third Mass is

untary and Vienna, where he wrote a consider-

able number of sacred works (some twenty-

three Motets, seven Masses, and a considerable number of songs

which is perhaps most apparent in the Isaac Mass, is

often feel that the singers take their words to

heart (just another church job?), although the

Et incarnatus est in the Senfl Mass is a nota-

ble exception. This is a bit surprising, for the

Capella Antiqua of Munich has done some notable

recording of this kind of repertoire in the past. There is more give at cadences in the

Nonesuch recording of the Isaac Missa Car

imum (H-71084) by the Niedersächsicher

Singkreis of Hannover, whose diction is also

better. The latter, incidentally, is an a cappel-

la performance by a men's and boys' choir

and is quite really lovely. The Capella Antiqua

uses instruments (balanced much too loudly,

although I cannot deny their colorfulness) and a

mixed group. Texts are included, and the

recorded sound is forward but atmospheric.

KABALEVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 3, Op. 50

(see RUBINSTEIN)

KODALY: Mattoszé Dance; Nine Pieces for

Piano, Op. 3; Valsette, Méditation sur un

Motif de Claude Debussy; Seven Pieces for

Piano, Op. 11. György Sándor (piano). CAN-

DIE 31077. $3.98.

Performance: Highly idiomatic

Recording: Good

Unlike Bartók, Kodály wrote very little piano

music, and this anthology contains all his

major works in the medium (but it is not, as

advertised, complete, omitting two sets of

children's pieces). The earliest influence is

that of Debussy, overtly reflected in the

Méditation on a theme from Pelléas. Debussy

was a revelation for many European compos-

ers because he opened their ears to the possi-

bilities of using ethnic and other nontonal

material in a way that escaped the confines of the

Italian-German harmonic system that had

so thoroughly dominated European music in

the nineteenth century. The immediate result

was a period of experimentation parallel to

but quite distinct from the new music coming

out of Paris and Vienna.

Kodály's Op. 3, written in 1909, is, along

with certain contemporary works of Bartók, very

nearly as "advanced" as anything being

done at the time. The inventive and fascinat-

ing little pieces use fragments of folk-like

material, combining them with various har-

monic and rhythmic innovations in the man-

ner of studies, inventions, and fantasies. The

next set, Op. 11, dates (all but one piece) from

1917-1918 and concentrates on an expanded

interpretation of folk material while still using

rich and dissonant harmonic resources as well

as the new freedom of articulation and color

staked out in the earlier work. Finally, the

Marosszek Dances of 1927 - better known as

an orchestral work but apparently originally

composed for piano - take us into the simplier,

popularizing atmosphere of the late 1920's;

the harmonic treatment here is much more

traditionally modal-tonal, with catchy dance

rhythms predominating everywhere. This

music is very appealing, but it is the Op. 3 and

the Op. 11 sets that make the deeper impres-

sion: they ought certainly to be rated with the

Bartók Bagatelles and other early twentieth-

century keyboard music.

György Sándor, like many outstanding

Hungarian musicians of his generation a disci-

ples of Kodály, is an ideal interpreter of this

music. The piano sound is strong, not overly

beautiful, but clear. One feature that disturbs

me, however, is the apparent use of studio

controls to create or reinforce dynamic levels.
loudspeakers are MAGNEPLANAR®
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also, there is a fair amount of surface noise
that offsets some of the value of the Dolby
recording.

LESUR: Symphonie de Danzas; Serenade for
String Orchestra; Pastorale. Chamber Or-
chestra of the ORTF; Edouard Lindenberg
cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS
1662 $3.50 (plus 75¢ shipping, from the Musi-
cal Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway,
New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: Very good
Recording: Good

In the United States one comes across
Daniel Lesur's name in connection with those of
Messiaen and Jolivet, together with whom
Lesur (his given and family names are often
hyphenated — I never have understood why)
and Yves Baudrier founded the group called
Jeune France in 1936. But Lesur's music is
an unknown quantity here and has not, to my
recollection, been available on records before.
This is an intriguing discovery: ingratiating
music (Lesur’s credo places enjoyment foremost
among his musical objectives) in an idiom
that presents no problems and yet has a
highly individual character.
The Symphonie de Danzas, the longest and
most recent (1958) of these three works, is
scored for strings, piano, timpani, and tam-
bourine and is in ten brief movements, many of
whose boldly drawn themes have the flavor
of folk music. The three-movement Serenade
actually quotes folk material — an infectious
dance tune from the Pyrenees in the finale and
a Spanish theme that appears in both outer
movements. The work is said to be related to
the character of Don Juan — possibly, one
surmises, because Don Giovanni was being
given at the Aix-en-Provence Festival of
1954, at which the Serenade was premiered.
(There is no allusion to Mozart in the music,
which, however, has much in common with
similar works of the great figure from Aix, the
late Darius Milhaud.) The Pastorale, com-
piled in 1937 when Lesur was twenty-nine, is
in the nature of a four-movement concerto
grosso in which a woodwind quintet, trumpet,
and piano constitute the concertino, with a
grosso in which a woodwind quintet, trumpet,
and piano constitute the concertino, with a
piano and a ripieno of strings and timpani: in it are flashes
of the chinoiseir and other exoticisms heard also
in the Symphonie.

I enjoyed these imaginative and unpreten-
sious pieces enormously, and I even suspect
the finale of the Serenade could “do a Pachel-
bel” and make the charts one of these days.

RISZT: Piano Sonata in B Minor (see
CHOPIN)

MONTEVERDI (arr. Rodriguez): L’Inco-
ronazione di Poppea (Concert Suite). ROD-
RIGUEZ: Canto; Lyric Variations. Sue
Harmon (soprano): Michael Sells (tenor);
Michael Sanders (piano); Orion Chamber
Orchestra, Edward Nord cond. Orion ORS
74138 $6.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Good

Since the surviving manuscript of Monteverdi’s L’Incoronazione di Poppea gives no clue
(except for his written harmony) to the compos-
er’s original scoring, this great master
piece must be arranged for a modern per-
formance. The problems are many, and I do not
recall a single effort which met with unani-
mosous critical approval. Two recent stagings
based on editions by Alan Curtis and Ray-
mond Leppard came in for their share of criti-
cism, though Leppard’s version (staged in
Glyndebourne, London, and at the New York City Opera) did score high marks for dramatic
viability.

It is a safe assumption, therefore, that Rob-
cert Xavier Rodriguez’s “Concert Suite” will
be devastated by academically oriented crit-
ics. Its twenty-eight-minute condensation is a
totalement inadequate representation of the opera,
and the scoring follows Leppard’s example in
“Romanticizing” the music away from the sev-
enteenth century’s ostensible usage. Nonetheless,
the editor’s declared aim “to introduce this early Baroque masterpiece into the modern theatrical repertoire” seems emi-
nently reasonable. Viewed in this way, the eli-
mation of most of the action of the work (the work is reduced to a sequence of two arias and a
broadly drawn theme, and the creation of
additional brief sinfonias out of vocal pas-
sages make some kind of musical-Machiavellian
sense — at least to me. In any case, al-
though the orchestra plays very well, the sing-
ers are only adequate. Nero sounds aggressive and
high-pitched most of the time, and his laps-
ing from the martial manner into tender falsetto
crooning is unconvincing. Above all, the sen-
suousness of the music is not communicated.

Rodriguez’s own Canto is ingeniously con-
ceived. The scene is the episode of Paolo and
Francesca as related by Dante — the reading of
the Lancelot-Guinevere legend by the lov-
ers, with the tenor actually quoting from a
thirteenth-century French source. The music is
well constructed along serial lines, but it pro-
ves inadequate to the task of conveying the
torrid atmosphere; it builds toward vari-
ous climaxes without ever suggesting the right
one. The brief Lyric Variations for oboe, two
horns, and string orchestra, on the other hand,
offer a very effective blend of serial techniques
and lyrical expressiveness.

Rodriguez and conductor Nord are both
young Californians, members of the Univer-
sity of Southern California faculty. Both are
gifted musicians, and we will surely hear more of
them. The Orion Chamber Orchestra is a first-
class group, and the horn playing in the
Lyric Variations is outstanding.

G.J.

MOURAVIEV: Nativity for String Trio and
Orchestra (see STOSKOVICH)

MOZART: Arias for Soprano and Orchestra.
Populated to a sequence of two chiefo, eterno
del (K. 316). Schon lacht der hohe Frühling
(K. 580): No, no, che non sei capace (K. 419):
Mia speranza adorata ... Ah non sai, qual pena (K. 416): Bella mia fiamma,
adulta ... Lo resta, o cara (K. 528). Jana
Jondová (soprano): Prague Chamber Solo-
ists, Zdeněk Liška cond. SUPRAPHON
112 1114 $6.98.

Performance: Virtuosic
Recording: Very good

There may not be much profundity in Mo-
zart’s bravura arias for soprano and orches-
tra — he wrote many of them for his gifted sis-
ters-in-law Aloysia and Josefa Weber — but
there is abundant melodic invention, frequent-
ly enhanced by writing of remarkable imagi-
nation. Collections devoted to these arias do not
seem to stay in the catalog very long, and one
aria by Nero and Poppea) and the creation of
additional brief sinfonias out of vocal pas-
sages make some kind of musical-Machiavellian
sense — at least to me. In any case, al-
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Rodriguez and conductor Nord are both
young Californians, members of the Univer-
sity of Southern California faculty. Both are
gifted musicians, and we will surely hear more of
them. The Orion Chamber Orchestra is a first-
class group, and the horn playing in the
Lyric Variations is outstanding.

G.J.
These are the artists against whom Jana Jonášová, a member of the Prague National Theatre, has to be measured—and she comes off very well indeed. The Czech soprano’s voice appears to be smallish in size, the timbre a bit piercing and lacking in warmth. Its agility is spectacular, however, and its command of the uppermost range recalls the remarkable Mado Robin (she ascends to a G above high C in the K. 316 aria). Moreover, Miss Jonášová handles the forte/legato fluently and accurately, with the ease essential to these virtuoso pieces. Her enunciation is a bit careless, a quality that could be more damaging in a dramatically more meaningful repertoire.

The origin of this collection lends special significance to the K. 528 scenes, which was written in Prague in 1787 while Mozart was working on his Don Giovanni. The scene is an astonishingly chromatic work, virtually “experimental” writing for its time.

We may be hearing more of Jana Jonášová in time to come. On the present disc she gets competent but very literal accompaniments—an approach which is generally ignored—but the recorded sound is full and lively.

G.J.

MOZART: Cosi Fan Tutte (see Best of the Month, page 85)

PERSICHETTI: Sonata for Two Pianos, Op. 13 (see Collections—Modern Music for Two Pianos)

POULENC: Aubade for Piano and Eighteen Instruments (see D’INDY)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Superb! Recording: Excellent

As one who grew up on the classic recorded performances of these works—No. 1 by Szegedi-Beecham and No. 2 by Heifetz-Koussevitzky—let me say that twenty-nine-year-old Stoika Milanova can stand right up to both the old masters, as well as to most violinists that have come since, including her own mentor, David Oistrakh.

The D Major Concerto is the real dazzler, displaying solo virtuosity and musicianship, fine orchestral collaboration under conductor Vassil Stefanov, and well-nigh perfect recorded sound in terms of balance, frequency range, dynamics, and acoustic ambiance. Miss Milanova has far more to offer here than unerring intonation, mastery and harmonic dexterity: she clearly feels the music’s flow and architecture, the way each part, in phrasing, articulation, dynamics, and rhythm, relates to every other part. To quote Leonard Bernstein (in a wholly different context), here is a performance in which “everything checks out.”

The G Minor Concerto fares every bit as well in execution and interpretation. To the wonderful slow movement Miss Milanova brings just the right amount of expressive intensity without ever falling into the trap of sentimentality—a very easy thing to do in this particular music. Again, Mr. Stefanov and his players provide first-rate backing, but the recording is just a shade less than perfect; the more reverberant acoustic here makes the horns too prominent, especially in the first movement. Nevertheless, I can certainly understand why the French Charles Cross Academy Jury voted this disc one of its 1972 awards. At $3.49 the record is a fantastic buy, and a most auspicious beginning for Monitor’s projected series of issues from the Bulgarian Balkanton label.

D.H.


Performance: Very good

Recording: Excellent

David Rubinstein is known to me only through his earlier MHS disc, an agreeable collection of Sibelius piano music. He shows a good feeling for these more familiar works of Prokofiev, projecting the varied moods of the twelve Visions Fugitives with insight as well as skill and balancing the alternately ironic and lyrical moments in the two sonatinas most convincingly. György Sándor offers more subtlety in his accounts of these works, and both Richter and the other Rubinstein have探ed a little deeper in their respective bundles of excerpts from Op. 22, but this new MHS release is a convenient, eminently recommendable package, with richly realistic piano sound in the bargain.

R.F.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Coruscating

Recording: Crisp and clean

Ruth Laredo’s remarkable Scriabin piano sonata series on the Connoisseur Society label—not to mention her superb concert work in and around New York City—has led to her recognition as one of the most brilliant keyboard artists of the younger generation. So it was almost inevitable that she would be pursued and signed by one of the major record companies.

Columbia has elected to have Miss Laredo make her debut for the label with a Rachmaninoff package. Fortunately, the choice of repertoire takes the form of an intelligently selected pair of sequences rather than a miscellany. The Op. 3 Pieces include the celebrated C-sharp Minor Prelude as well as the brilliant and popular Polichinelle, and the greater part of the disc is taken up with an integral recording of the ten Op. 23 Preludes, the only stereo version currently available on American labels other than that included in the Michael Ponti Vox Box of Rachmaninoff piano music.

Like Rachmaninoff’s own performances of his solo piano works, Miss Laredo’s is essentially aristocratic in tone, ample in sentiment, but with no concession whatever to the temptation these pieces offer to indulge in mere sentimentality. Also like Rachmaninoff’s in his prime, her finger work is immaculate and her rhythmic sense both precise and propulsive. Her playing of the Polichinelle and of the rich-textured B-flat Prelude, Op. 23, No. 2, are stand-out examples of this latter quality.

(Continued overleaf)
Her remarkable command of textural clarity is most notable in the C Minor and A-flat Major Preludes, as well as in the etude-like E-flat Minor, with its extreme demands for crystalline performance of the passage work.

The purely lyrical pieces, such as the Elégie that begins Op. 3, and the opening and closing of Op. 23, together with Nos. 4 and 6 of that set, come off beautifully indeed, but I'm not sure that Columbia's recording does Miss Laredo's playing full justice here. Upon listening again to her Desto disc of Scriabin Preludes, I found that the somewhat more distant microphone placement, along with the warmer acoustic ambiance, yields more tonal richness and subtle dynamic differentiation than is the case with the Columbia. On the other hand, the crispness and clarity of the Columbia sound does wonders for the more complexly textured pieces. On the whole, this is an excellent recording—the best we have of Op. 23. But I hope that Columbia's future issues of Miss Laredo will communicate somewhat more effectively the essential warmth of her playing as it has been demonstrated by Connoisseur Society and Desto.

D.H.

REINECKE: Piano Concerto No. 1, Op. 72 (see Dalbert)

REUSNER: Suite in F Major (see Weiss)

RIEGGER: Variations for Two Pianos, Op. 54a (see Collections—Modern Music for Two Pianos)

RODRIGUEZ: Canto; Lyric Variations (see Montevedi)


Performance: Lively
Recording: Okay

Here are two monster Russian keyboard extravaganzas, one by the legendary Anton Rubinstein, the other by the ever-popular Kabalevsky, the one grand and pompous, the other light and skittish. Neither is a very important work, but Robert Preston does his best to lend them substance and fire. I am not a Kabalevsky admirer, but I must say that Preston and the modestly skilled German orchestra under the capable direction of Paul Freeman really make this lively concerto bounce right along. The recording is fairly good, although now and then the orchestral balances are off by a good bit. E.S.


Performance: Watery
Recording: Okay

This is a curious performance that permits Schubert to go soggy at the seams. The long, exotic B-flat Sonata must be held together by the tension of long lines, impeccable timing, a sense of direction, articulation, larger form. I find little of that here. Above all, Curzon lacks timing—his playing is full of inexplicable and ineffective little tempo changes—and without a firm shape the poetry goes limp. Schubert's divine length seems endless and directionless. No stars. E.S.


Performance: Conscientious
Recording: Good, though a bit hard

As much as I have always respected Wilhelm Kempff, he never has been my man for Schumann. This new recording does little to change my opinion. When I compared it with his 1968 Davidsbundlertänze and Papillons, I found almost no difference in performance approach between the two: everything is very correct—and just a trifle stodgy. This is fatal in a work like the Humoreske, whose wayward poetry is far better captured by young Jerome Rose in his Turnabout recording.

Kempff fares somewhat better in the less demanding Waldszenen. But again, I prefer a younger man's reading: Christoph Eschenbach's performance (also on Deutsche Grammophon) is more poetic, with not one whit less musicality or fine pianism.

I don't think Kempff's somewhat pedagogical treatment of Schumann is wholly the source of my discontent. His rather hard-toned instrument, the qualities of which are evident in both this and the 1968 recording, is also partly responsible. The recording, as such, therefore, is all too clear for me. D.H.

SCHUMANN: Missa Sacra in C Minor, Op. 147. Gertraut Stoklissa (soprano); Manfred...
Raucamp (tenor); Bernard Schmieg (bass); Philharmonia Vocal Ensemble and Orchestra, Stuttgart, Roland Bader cond. **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY** MHS 1796 $3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

**Performance: So-so**

**Recording: Fair**

Schumann wrote a great deal of large-scale sacred music in his last years, much of it little-known and almost never performed. This Mass, a really substantial composition for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, was one of his last compositions before madness and silence overtook him, and, like most of his late works, it has been relegated to the dust bin. In fact, it is likely that this Mass was never performed at all until recently, even though, along with all the other unperformed, obscure, late works, its score sits in the music libraries in the big complete editions.

This is not the sort of piece that recommends itself immediately. It is an unashamedly grandiose work, long, long-fooled by a long, long getting-through-the-text Credo. The opening Kyrie is a rather touching and original conception, but it is only in the second half of the work that Schumann hits his stride. He interpolates an Offertorium for soprano solo with cello obbligato. This is followed by a large, rather inspired movement that combines the Sanctus and Benedictus with another interpolated sacred text: the final Agnus is effective too.

The soloists are notably pure-voiced (I'll bet they specialize in an earlier century or two), but the chorus is large and clumsy, and the orchestra does not always seem to be in tune. Tempos drag, and, well, it will take something more than this performance to put Schumann's Mass into the repertoire of choral societies and the hearts of music lovers. 

E.S.

**SENFL:** Missa Per Signum Crucis (see ISAAC)


**Performance: Splendid**

**Recording: Likewise**

Since Shostakovich wrote his Symphony No. 14 for chamber orchestra (with vocal soloists), one might wonder why the “Chamber Symphony” in this album was not assigned a symphony number. The explanation, given only in the German version of the bilingual annotation, is that Op. 110 is actually the String Quartet No. 8, arranged for string orchestra by Rudolf Barshai (who has made a similar setting of Prokofiev's Five Poems Fugitives, and for whose Moscow Chamber Orchestra Shostakovich wrote his Fourteenth Symphony). In constructing the quartet itself, Shostakovich used materials from his Symphonies Nos. 1, 7, 8, and 11, theello Concerto No. 1, the Piano Trio No. 2, the opera Katerina Ismailova, and a song called Languishing in Prison; it is a somber and intense work titled "In Memory of the Victims of Fascism and War." Although I would not wish to do without the original version (in the Borodin Quartet's magnificent Seraphim sets of Shostakovich's first eleven quartets, cited by Irving Kolodin in "The Private Shostakovich" last May), the expanded setting is also a very effective one, and the Württemberg ensemble, usually heard in much earlier music, has never sounded better.

Tcherepin's Op. 5 as presented here is that composer's own expansion of music he wrote for solo piano before he was twenty. Some forty years later (1959) he did a version of the Bagatelles for piano and full orchestra (the version recorded by Margit Wege and Ferenc Fricsay on Deutsche Grammophon 138 710), and the following year produced the setting for piano and strings recorded here. The stylish, urbane, thoroughly engaging nature of this music readily explains its long fascination with it.

Leon Mouravieff, evidently a Frenchman now, was born in Kiev in 1905. His Nativité is identified as the first part of a triptych called La Mère, in which the two succeeding pieces are Pieta and Notre Dame. One can hardly keep from observing that a work entitled La Mère could be explained by the earlier presence of a masterpiece called La Mer, but the confusion will probably not arise for this piece (not a descriptive Christmas scene, but more in the nature of a "meditation") is only moderately interesting. Like the two more substantial works on the disc, however, it is splendidly played and recorded, with rich, full-bodied string tone that is a pleasure in itself.

E.R.F.


**Performance: Romantic**

**Recording: Full-bodied**

The first time I heard Leonard Bernstein's reading of the always knotty and interpretively elusive Sibelius Fourth Symphony was in its initial release as part of Columbia's 1969 set of all Sibelius' symphonies. It is useful to hear it again here without having to deal with the other six symphonies at the same time. (Incidentally, I assigned initially that this version of The Swan of Tuonela was also a reissue, but it turns out to be a new release.)

The Fourth Symphony's slow movement, Sibelius' greatest, is the crown of this unique work, and it is the most successful part of Bernstein's interpretation. The other three movements remain problematic in one way or another. Bernstein's very slow tempo allows him to extract many beauties of coloristic detail from the first movement, but it does not help the music in terms of cohesiveness. The enigmatic scherzo always presents the problem of how much to slow down, if at all, for the prominent triadic-intervals episode for flutes that marks the dramatic watershed of the movement; Bernstein slows down quite markedly. In the finale there remains the question as to whether the "Glocken" specified in the score are really Glocken (bells) or Glockenspiel. All Finnish conductors and most others opt for glockenspiel; the Stokowski and Rodzinski 78-rpm recordings use bells, as does the Ansermet stereo I.P. Bernstein uses bells and glockenspiel together. Curious. My real beef with Bernstein, however, is his unfortunate sentimentalization of the grim closing pages.

As for the magical Swan of Tuonela (the English horn soloist here is Thomas Stacy),...
Bernstein makes her voyage down the River of Death much longer than most other interpreters of the work on records. Again, however, his realization of coloristic details (the soft bass drum rolls, the col legno strings) is altogether superb, and Columbia’s recording does both this and the Fourth Symphony full justice.

Of currently available recordings of the Fourth Symphony, Lorin Maazel’s is the most excitingly dramatic and forthright, and Karajan’s is the most refined and poetic. The most rugged reading of all (and the hardest to come by) is a mono USSR MK disc by the late Tauno Hannikainen – a very powerful reading, this. My current preference is Maazel’s London disc, which offers a fine Tapiola performance as filler. D.H.

Recording: Superb

Performance: Excellent

Both of these performances are special by any standards. The Berlin Philharmonic’s first-chair men play with great fluency and style. Karajan of course brings out every subtle shading in these autumnal scores, and the sound is at or near Deutsche Grammophon’s formidable best. The opening tempo for the Oboe Concerto, just the slightest bit more relaxed than in most other performances, is especially convincing – but both sides reflect the abundant affection that must have gone into this beautiful production.

Despite the very deep satisfaction obtainable here, I still prefer Heinz Holliger’s version of the Oboe Concerto on Philips 6500 174 because of its more attractive tone, and I still find incomparable Dennis Brain’s Strauss horn concertos on Angel mono 35496. Those who feel less strongly about this, however, or who simply insist on stereo for Strauss, will find nothing but pleasure in this excellent DG release.

TCHEREPOVICH: Ten Bagatelles for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 5 (see SHOSTAKOVICH)

TIPPETT: The Vision of St. Augustine; Fantasia on a Theme of Handel. John Shirley-Quirk (baritone); Margaret Mitchen (piano. in Fantasia: London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Sir Michael Tippett cond. RCA (Great Britain) SFR 5620 $6.98

Performance: Authentic Recording: Mostly very good

Many who have responded eagerly to the dramatic utterance of Michael Tippett’s Third Symphony (1973), the oratorio A Child of Our Time (1944), or for that matter to the more complex and subtle operas, The Knot Garden (1970) and Midsummer Marriage (1952), or the elegantly textured Concerto for Double String Orchestra (1939) may find themselves in for somewhat rougher going with The Vision of St. Augustine, commissioned by the BBC and premiered on January 19, 1966, with Fischer-Dieskau singing the enormously taxing solo role taken over so ably by John Shirley-Quirk in this recording. Tippett is by background and predilection a “learned” composer in the best meaning of that word – which is to say that, in company with the Netherlands masters of the Renaissance, he is in touch with every aspect of his cultural milieu, past and present, and is fearless when it comes to integrating aspects of it into his music. The whole armory of his musical and cultural know-how is brought into play in The Vision of St. Augustine – a thirty-five-minute, Latin-text work built around Chapter X:23-35 of The Confessions of St. Augustine. Here Augustine describes an remarkable conversation with his mother five days before her death, in the course of which they experienced a fleeting vision of Eternity. It is this narrative which is carried by the baritone soloist throughout the score. Meanwhile, the chorus and orchestra, operating on other levels of discourse, provide an immensely complex commentary – some of the text being from the Bible, some from Augustine’s own meditations on the nature of time.

In order to convey the complexity and anguish of Augustine’s own ponderings, perplexities, and compulsion to comprehend and come to terms with his experience, Tippett has developed a comparably complex vocal and instrumental tapestry, which is distinctly related to certain works of Ives and Pender-creek, although there is none of the sheer shock effect of the latter and little of the pictorialism of the former.

Tippett’s handling of his forces is immensely know/ledgeable and brilliant, most obviously in the orchestral interlude bridging the first two of the music’s three sections. Frankly, I

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find verbal description and analysis of The Vision of St. Augustine virtually impossible, and perhaps not necessarily desirable. But I do recommend careful study of the text in English prior to listening to the work. The inclusion of the relatively early Tippett Fantasia on a Theme of Handel for piano and orchestra as a filler seems both anticlimactic and incongruous here. The theme derives from the same source as Brahms' famous set for solo piano, except that Tippett uses the chord progression rather than the theme itself as Brahms did. I'm not sure that Tippett's piece really works: it sounds rather labored and a bit scrawny texturally in parts, despite brilliant moments at the opening and close. Perhaps the recording is to blame, for the piano sounds very close-up and the strings rather lacking in genuine body and presence. On the other hand, the recording of The Vision of St. Augustine cannot be faulted in any way. Balances between soloist, choir, and orchestra are remarkably well maintained, with great fullness and brilliance of sound. The performance itself can only be described as a minor miracle, particularly on the part of John Shirley-Quirk, who can look upon this performance as one of his very finest. (A note on availability: although this recording is on the British RCA label, it is being imported by RCA and distributed through regular RCA channels in this country.)

D.H.


Performance: Virtuosic but idiosyncratic
Recording: Good but over-resonant

Depending on your individual view, you will find this integral recording of the twelve concertos of Vivaldi's fancifully entitled Op. 8 ("The Trial, or Test, of Harmony and Invention") either an exhilarating experience or an at times maddeningly wayward performance. Certainly one cannot fault the brilliance of the playing, either solo or ensemble. The precision is exceptional, and the playing overall has just the right Italianate fire and, where required (as in the programmatic concertos, The Four Seasons, The Storm at Sea, The Pleasure, and The Hunt), all the proper graphic effects.

Every now and then, however, Claudio Scimone indulges in such curious rhythmic and tempo deviations that the performance sounds as if it were being led by Stokowski at his most mannered (that conductor's Four Seasons Op. 8 of which the performance is inconsistent, then, with many moments of excitement, sensitivity, and color alternating with an idiosyncratic approach.

The clean recorded sound is excellent except for a far too resonant pick-up that adds so much heaviness to the bass instruments that the music seems to have been recorded in a subway. At present, however, there is no other recording of the complete Vivaldi Op. 8 available, though Columbia has issued all but the last four concertos with Pinchas Zuckerman conducting.

I.K.


Performance: Vigorous but straitlaced
Recording: Good

This album, part of a series originating in Japan, is Odyssey's second stereo recording of The Four Seasons. The performance, with Yoshio Unno and players from the Japan radio-television (NHK) orchestra, is very crisp and clean, but it is also very straitlaced, especially in the harpsichord continuo department. There are nearly two dozen performances of The Four Seasons currently listed in Schwann, five of which fall into the budget price range, and of these one—the other Od-

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OCTOBER 1974
A VERY RUSSIAN

KHOVANSHCHINA

Reviewed by Eric Salzman

GREAT Russian operas are mostly set-tings of Pushkin, are based on Russian history (or folklore), and are invariably left unfinished by their composers to be completed and orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakov. Moussorgsky's Khovanshchina qualifies on two of these three counts. It is based on the struggle between Peter the Great, who "modernized" and Europeanized Russia, and the conservative Old Believers. It was left not quite complete, in vocal score, at Moussorgsky's death and realized (with his usual emendations) by Rimsky. But Khovanshchina is one Russian story that does not owe anything to Pushkin: the libretto is entirely Moussorgsky's own, and this presents some problems.

Historical frescos can show only selected incidents, and unless one is already familiar with Russian history, much that takes place—on and off the stage—will remain dark and murky. The most difficult problem is to characterize the leading figures. The Khovanshchina were a pair of princes, father and son, leaders of the Streltsy guards and supporters of the Old Believers. Prince Ivan Khovansky was eventually assassinated, and his son, together with a large number of the most fanatic Old Believers, immolated themselves rather than face arrest by Peter's mercenaries. To express this very Russian theme, Moussorgsky chose a series of rather static incidents—including a somewhat obscure love-and-jealousy subplot—and set them in an exquisitely simple melodic style.

As usual, the chorus—mainly the Streltsy guards and the Old Believers—plays a major role. Psychological studies are almost out of the question. The characters are stereotypes, and none of them are especially sympathetic. The conflicts are all really the movements of huge historical forces and take place well off stage. The result is that Moussorgsky concentrates almost all his musical intensity on melody, producing vocal flow that is intensely Russian, often folk-like, occasionally Italian-operatic, and always extremely supple, expressive, and appealing. Purely in terms of flowing melodic expression, Khovanshchina is Moussorgsky's finest achievement.

This opera, although regularly attempted, has never been able to hold the stage for long in the West. The real drama lies outside the work itself, and the music, melodically overwhelming as it generally is, is so tied up with the Russian language that translation is an even greater problem than usual. (It should be added that the extremely mellifluous and somewhat slick form of the work is also undoubtedly due to the fact that Rimsky's hand looms so large in it.)

The version that holds the stage in Russia, represented by a Bolshoi recording just released by Melodiya/Angel, is, of course, Rimsky's, and it corresponds pretty closely to the printed edition. (There are, however, a few changes, including—unless I am very mistaken—some verbal alterations that may be of significance.) The performance is quite typically, a bit rough and ready but full of character, and there are several features that are common to Russian operatic recordings: voices in the foreground with the orchestra rather neglected, less than subtle interpretations, striking bass singers, and the high voices somewhat shrill and tremulous. The two principal roles, the older Prince Khovansky and Dosifei, the leader of the Old Believers, are both bass roles, and they are powerfully sung by Aleksei Krivchenya and Aleksander Ognivtsev. The principal female role, Mafya, a mezzo part, effectively sung by Irina Arkhipova. The peculiar pitched quality of the Russian tenors (and, although they do not figure so largely in this work, the sopranos) takes some getting used to, and one never becomes entirely reconciled to their unsound beauty.

In spite of all these shortcomings, there is a great deal to be said in favor of a Moussorgsky in which vigor, force, and a certain peasant strength take precedence over spirit and polish. And, barer though it may be to most of us, there is always Moussorgsky's incredible match of melody and the Russian language, which is perhaps properly realized only in his own Mother Russia.

The recording was reviewed from very respectable-sounding test pressings which were, however, somewhat harsh in the highs. Angel Records reports that this will be corrected in the final pressings. I assume also that the usual libretto, translation, and background information will be supplied; it is certainly needed here!

MOUSSORGSKY: Khovanshchina. Aleksei Krivchenya (bass), Prince Ivan Khovansky; Vladislav Pyavko (tenor), Prince Andrei Khovansky; Alekssei Maslennikov (tenor), Prince Vasily Golitsyn; Viktor Nezampev (baritone), Boyar Shaklovity: Aleksander Ognivtsev (bass), Dosifei; Irina Arkhipova (mezzo-soprano), Marfa; Gennady Yefimov (tenor), Scriver; Tamara Sorokina (soprano), Emma; Yuri Grigoriev (tenor), Kuzka; Yuri Golitsyn (bass), Varsonofiev; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater, Boris Khatchik cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL SRDL-4125 four discs $23.98.

yssey recording, with Max Goberman—is in my opinion among the top three or four at any price.

D.H.


Performance: Very good to excellent

Recording: Excellent

Anton Webern's recently discovered String Quartet of 1905 adds a dimension to our understanding of the "Second Viennese School." This one-move work, possibly Webern's most extended composition, is in the style and idiom of Verklärte Nacht, by his revered teacher Arnold Schoenberg. The post-Wagnerianism of that work is here carried forward to the point where large sections are tonally ambiguous. Heinz-Klaus Metzger argues in his liner notes for this album that the history of music has to be rewritten as a result of this discovery. If the date on the work is correct, Schoenberg's masterpiece (perhaps a bit jealous of Webern's latter-day success, sometimes claimed that he annotated his manuscripts). Webern's String Quartet was three years ahead of Schoenberg's Second String Quartet, usually said to contain the first atonal music ever written. But there is really no need to rewrite history. There are many passages in Schoenberg dating from the first few years of the century which dance equally precariously on the edge of the abyss.

In any case, Webern, like Schoenberg, was simply too great to be neglected. His Five Move- ments for String Quartet, Op. 5, written only four years later, are ten intensely atonal minutes long. Three of the six Bagatelles are under twenty-five seconds each, the longest is only a minute, and the whole set totals only three and a half minutes—the ultimate in aphoristic atonal Expressionism. Metzger goes so far as to suggest that by this point in Webern's development as a composer, any sounding note at all is more than enough, something extra on the edge of silence. Perhaps. The density and intense expression of these two works for string quartet is most too much too bear; certainly they are among Webern's masterpieces.

By 1938 Webern was a strict twelve-tone serialist. He had returned to such classical forms as the string quartet, and every element was now worked out with precision. In the Op. 28 String Quartet we see—but do we hear?—Webern working his way toward the kind of total control later picked up by Milton Babbitt in this country and, for a while, by Boulez and Stockhausen in Europe. This is abstract music, sensuously beautiful, and, for all the connecting links, quite the antithesis of the early Expressionist music. Here, for a brief moment, music was only notes, the sum of its parts and nothing more.

The LaSalle Quartet, an American ensemble specializing in twentieth-century music (and therefore far better appreciated in Europe than here), handles all three phases of Webern's work with skill. They are least convincing in the late-Romantic convolutions of the early quartet. They come as close as humanly possible to making the late quartet into a masterpiece, but to be this is not. They are at their best in the Expressionist works, with all their exquisite nuances, their tiny, packed phrases, their enormous range of colors, articulations, and changes of dynamics.
and tempos, and their heartbreaking bits of endless melody that appear from nowhere and, almost before you can take them in, vanish like smoke.

I think I should point out that this record has an exceptionally short side two: a grand total of eleven and one-half minutes. The argument that Webern packs a lot of music into a small space carries some weight here, but the logical plan would have been to include the String Trio, bringing side two up to the twenty-two minutes of side one and nicely rounding things out.

E.S.

WEISS: Suite in F Major; Suite in B-flat Major; Suite in D Minor. REUSNER: Suite in F Major. Karl Herreshoff (lute). HARLEQUIN HAR 3808 $6.98 (from Harlequin Records, P.O. Box 20201, San Diego, Calif. 92120).

Performance: Skilful but not affecting Recording: Very good

Silvius Leopold Weiss (1686-1750) is best known as the Dresden lutenist for whom Bach may have written some of his lute works. Until fairly recently he was poorly represented on records as a composer in his own right—and he was a very good one indeed—but that situation is gradually changing as more performers are beginning to explore the repertoire for the Baroque lute. Esaias Reusner (1636-1679) worked as a lutenist at among other places, the courts of Breslau and the Elector of Brandenburg in Berlin. Each composer’s music is typical of the time he lived and reflects the prevailing styles: Reusner’s Suite in F sounds a good deal like the typical late-seventeenth-century suite (Froberger, for example), German-based but French-oriented, while Weiss’ technique is somewhat more contrapuntally oriented, rather similar harmonically to that of J. S. Bach.

New York guitarist Karl Herreshoff performs these suites on two thirteen-course lutes, executing them with amazing technical dexterity: rapid series of notes, multiple stopping, and the general unwieldiness of the Baroque lute seemingly hold no terrors for him. On the other hand, much of his playing lacks tenderness, tonal subtlety, and dynamic variety in various degrees. All too often the playing seems merely mechanical. Stylistically, Herreshoff might have attempted to vary his repeats slightly (in the sarabandes in particular), and he has a penchant for playing too many appoggiaturas short as well as leaving out cadential trills on occasion. Nonetheless, on a technical level this is some pretty amazing playing, especially on the second side (rather better than side one), as in the Weiss D Minor Suite, where the characteristics of the dances are well brought out; listen, too, to the sarabande from that same Weiss suite for a redeeming indication of the sensibilities that Herreshoff is capable of invoking. The sound reproduction is good, but the overall level is entirely too high. Finally, it must be noted that no listing of movements is supplied for any of the suites. (And on the label of side one, next to the first item on the program. Weiss’ Suite in F Major, there is a curious addition: “Famous Pirate.” What is that supposed to mean?)

WOLF: Songs from the Spanisches Liederbuch. Tief im Herzen trag’ich Pein; Die ihr schwelbet um diese Palmen; Führe mid?, Kind, nach Bethlehem; Köpfchen, Köpfchen, nicht gewimmert; Wunden trügst du, mein Geliebter; Sie blasen zum Abmarsch; In dem Schat-
Jan DeGaetani is a formidable interpreter of contemporary music, a realm in which there are many number of pieces that literally owe their very existence to her. But in taking on the songs of Hugo Wolf, this gifted artist must contend not only with their special interpretive challenges, but also with the standards established by the likes of Elisabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.

Where vocal beauty and musicianship are concerned, Miss DeGaetani need yield to no one. The stately, hymn-like Mühlvoll komm' ich und beladen is a good example of her sustained beauty of line. There are other songs to particularize among the sacred ones in this calculatedly ambivalent songbook, that benefit from her warm and sumptuous vocal delivery. It should also be added that Miss DeGaetani and her excellent partner Gilbert Kalish bring attentive musicality and artistic refinement to this demanding sequence.

What is missing, however, is the full realization of textual nuance. The generalized mood is always appropriate, but the singer’s indistinct enunciation (especially of word endings) fails to illuminate the poetic thought. And of this, of course, is the essence of Hugo Wolf’s uncompromising art. The recorded sound is a shade too reverberant for the task at hand.

J. S. BACH: MASS IN B MINOR
Jochen Schuller (conductor); caretta; Claudia Hellmann (alto); Georg Friedl Messner Graf (violin); Trossinger Accordion Ensemble, Rudolf Wiirthner dir.


Performance: Impressive
Recording: Very good

Few of these works were written by composers who lived from the late nineteenth century to the middle of the present one. Exceptions are Bernhard Molique (1802-1869) and three who are still active: Jozef Schelb (b. 1894), Torbjorn Lundquist (b. 1920) and Heinz Christian Schaper (b. 1927). The annotation tells us nothing at all about any of the nine composers or their music (except that Hugo Hermann composed his Sieben Neue Spielmasiken on commission from Ernst Höhner in 1927), but it does offer a comprehensive and surprisingly interesting history of the instrument. The music is surprising, too: all of it is well crafted, and the Zilcher (1881-1948) Mozart Variations are especially attractive, with a fine interplay between the two instruments and a rich variety of colors drawn from the accordion. In the matter of color, the accordion might be taken for an organ in most of these pieces, or for a harmonium in others; the “squeeze-box” image is totally absent. (Interestingly enough, the oldest music on the disc, the Molique work for concertina and piano, contains color combinations not unlike some in William Bolcom’s Piano Pieces, reviewed in this issue.) Nothing to get excited about, but perhaps an interesting new area for the jaded listener to explore. The performances are as thoroughly professional as the writing, and the quality of the recorded sound is quite good.

J. S. BACH—CANTATAS BWV 11/80
Felicity Palmer, sopranos; Helen Watts, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; Michael Rippon, baritone; English Chamber Orchestra; Johannes Somary, conductor.


Performance: Well sung, but . . .
Recording: Good, but . . .

J. S. BACH—SONATAS AND PARTITAS
Rippon, baritone; contralto; Felicity Palmer; Helen Watts; Robert Tear; Johannes Somary, conductor.

Michael Rippon; English Chamber Orchestra.

J. S. BACH: MASS IN B MINOR
Felicity Palmer, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; Michael Rippon, baritone; English Chamber Orchestra; Johannes Somary, conductor.

J. S. BACH—SONATAS AND PARTITAS
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Performance: Fine showcase
Recording: Impressive


Performance: Clever/dull
Recording: Good

It has been a number of years now since the emphasis in organ building switched from the rather amorphous, and often bloated, orchestrally imitative sound typical of a few generations ago to the classic-style organ better suited to performance of Baroque works. Among others, Baroque organs, mechanical action, and, on the repertoire side, less interest in the late-nineteenth/early-twentieth-century French style of composition had unquestionably had enough effect that the “anti” reaction was inevitable. Whether they are in any way connected with the current “Romantic revival” or not, here at any rate are two discs each exposing the return to the LARGE organ.

Michael Murray, the thirty-one-year-old music director of the Cleveland Heights Christian Church, comes right to grips with the problem by providing a resounding recital of French blockbusters by Nicolas Jacques Lemmens (1823-1881), Louis Vierne (1870-1937). Charles-Marie Widor (1844-1937), and Murray’s teacher, Marcel Dupré (d. 1971). The acoustics of Grace Cathedral in San Francisco are rather famous for a nearly seven-second reverberation time, and, I am informed by those familiar with the locale, the organ sound is anything but clarity incarnate. Under the circumstances, Murray does nobly with both the massive instrument (its maker is not identified on the album jacket) and his chosen repertoire. It all makes a grand noise, and I am certain that under the proper playback conditions it could be used as a lease-breaker, should you need one. Murray seems to have an excellent technique and a great flair for this material: I’d like to hear him in some other way connected with the current “Romanization”, and, on the repertoire side, less interest in the late-nineteenth/early-twentieth-century French style of composition had unquestionably had enough effect that the “anti” reaction was inevitable. Whether they are in any way connected with the current “Romantic revival” or not, here at any rate are two discs each exposing the return to the LARGE organ.

Also in San Francisco may be found the eighty-nine-rank (almost 4,900 pipes), four-manual organ built in late 1970 by Ruffatti in St. Mary’s Cathedral. On the Klavier disc, the organist of Paris’ Notre Dame, Pierre Cochereau, puts it through its paces with one of those improvisations for which he is noted, a five-movement organ symphony based on the theme from a Frescobaldi ricercare. Included are most of the usual paraphernalia of the French organ improvisers: a blaring fanfare, a wispy scherzo, a rapid-fire gigue, an impressionistic lament, and a Widor-like toccata. It’s all very clever, quite brilliant, and mostly very conservative, but at least here M. Cochereau.

(Continued on page 146)
ALICIA DE LARROCHA
The Iberian Sibyl
Reviewed by Robert Offergeld

IN ALL CANDOR, this reviewer must report that any record company proposing to subvert its critical morals need only copy the example of a new London release called "Mostly Mozart," where the job is done to a turn by pianist Alicia de Larrocha. Few recordings can ever have been more flat-tering to the prejudices of an admitted crank. Imagine grandly scaled Mozart rescued from the purists and restored to the public! Imagine the high intellectual drama of Busoni's Bach made fashionable again! If I really thought that anyone less prejudiced than myself could, on that ground, do this recording greater justice... The hell with that. I don't think so. I refuse to disqualify myself, and anyone wishing to amend these remarks will have to get in line.

"Mostly Mozart" began eight summers ago as the name of an annual festival of concerts at Lincoln Center. The general idea, the repertoire, the artistic roster, and the performances have all been a hit from the start. And in the last three seasons, with Miss De Larrocha as the bright, particular, and steadily waxing Star of the proceedings, New Yorkers young and old have responded with the kind of vehement approbation that made concert-going so eventful back in the era of the larger-than-life pianistic heavyweights. London's new release now gives us four major piano works (three Mozart, one Bach-Busoni) as programmed by Miss De Larrocha in the summer just past. Those who missed the live event will quickly discover from this recording what all the critical and popular uproar was (and is) about, and the rest of these observations are simply notes on the singularity of the artist who produced it.

At other concerts and on other recordings (particularly in her performances of Granados' Goyescas and Albéniz's Iberia), Miss De Larrocha has already revealed a virtuosity of the heroic order—plus an individuality so marked that one feels no embarrassment in reaching for some of the greatest names in the history of Spanish culture to convey images of its intensity and flavor: Victoria, perhaps, or Goya, or John of the Cross. Even in her Mozart, Miss De Larrocha's slower tempos, for example, are arrestingly Spanish in their gravity and ceremoniousness, just as her brusque eruptions into speed have the special fiery vividness of flamenco dance. Spanish too is the somber richness of her tonal coloration, the austerity with which she rejects all mere prettiness. I suspect that many of her sounds do not come from inside the piano at all, but from the ground under it. Quite far under it, as a matter of fact, and it seems obvious to me that she has interesting connections down there that few pianists ever get around to making.

Now this strong impression of earthy—or, more precisely, telluric—forces is of course not peculiar to Miss De Larrocha alone. They were unleashed on an earlier generation of New York concert-goers in the gitano art of dancers like La Argentina and Escudero. Similar influences were made manifest in opera and art song by the incredible mezzo-soprano Conchita Supervia—a unique and aristocratic artist who I believe went in youth to a legendary gypsy singer for instruction. Many more names belong in this strongly radioactive constellation—consult the early recordings of Casals, the early paintings of Picasso—but these few must suffice to orchestrate my upcoming contention, to wit: what Miss De Larrocha "has," as they put it, is duende, and make no mistake about it.

At which point, given the program of her new recording, a perfectly legitimate question arises: what kind of duende, in heaven's name, are you going to get from (or give to) non-gypsies like Mozart and Bach? Well, Miss De Larrocha demonstrates "what kind" far better than I can define it, but the answer has to do with the fact that duende is not exclusively Spanish, any more than Socrates' demon was exclusively Greek. Berlioz has it in great plenty. You'll hear it in old recordings by Chaliapin—and even some by Mary Garden. García Lorca remarks that Goethe was in fact talking about duende when he spoke of the strange fascination of Paganini. Yet it observably helps if you are Spanish, and Lorca gave the most pointed clue of all as to what it is in speaking of the music of
Falla: “Whenever it is composed of black darkness that is at the same time radiant... darkness alone of duende. She gives us a cha’s music-making. For what she gives us forces that takes place in Miss De Larrocha’s mysterious polarization of sounds it has duende.”

As with any major artist, there are other fascinating aspects to Miss De Larrocha’s pianism. One of the most remarkable is the train of effects produced by her extraordinary sense of scale. Her Bach-Busoni Chaconne is at once as vastly architectural and as full of raging turbulence as the Roman engravings of Piranesi. Perhaps even more interesting to this reviewer are the monumental proportions of her Mozart. As Sir Thomas Beecham long ago demonstrated, grand-manner Mozart is absolutely incomparable if you have the inner resources—the repose, the unshakable security—required to make it work. But it is also dangerous, for it closes out all the other Mozart options. The cool, elegant, graceful style galant option, for example, has to go, as does the one-hand-tied-behind-my-back option exercised by a distinguished contemporary pianist who plays Mozart with dazzling, hummingbird fleetness at breakneck tempos. It is often marvelously pretty as it dashes past, but its larger forms (if it has any) are perceived indistinctly at best, and its passion not at all.

Miss De Larrocha’s Mozart, on the other hand, is simply not to be hurried. As she begins the portentous chromatics of the big C Minor Fantasia, the wonder and its passion not at all.

As I say, the lady has duende, and I wish she could be persuaded to occupy a chair in the subject at the Juilliard School.

ALICIA DE LARROCHA: Mostly Mozart. Mozart: Rondo in D Major (K. 485); Sonata in A Major (K. 331); Fantasia in C Minor (K. 475); Bach-Busoni: Chaconne in D Minor. Alicia de Larrocha (piano). London CS 6866 $6.98, @ 86866 $6.98, © 56866 $6.98.
is in his element. On side one, he plays the Frescobaldi original on which his symphony is based, plus one of that Baroque composer’s toccatas, a canzona by Andrea Gabrieli, and an aria by Domenico Zipoli, none of which is properly identified. But that doesn’t matter, really, for the performances are mostly of the meandering, dull sort, with tedious phrasing and a scarcity of ornament, that used to pass for Baroque. The organ’s registrational possibilities are well displayed (rather garishly so in the Frescobaldi Ricercare), but there is just no semblance of good style here. The sound reproduction is good on the whole but not as clean in its fullest-blown moments as on the Advent disc. An illustrated pamphlet on the organ is included.

I.K.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

NICOLAI GEDDA: Evening Bells and Other Russian Folk Songs. The Young Peddler; O Could I Express in Song; Grey Foggy Morning; Farewell of the Soldier; Snow-Covered Russia; Caucasian Melody; The Tempest; Dreaming Weeping Willow; Troika; Monotonously Rings the Little Bell; Evening Bells.

Nicolai Gedda (tenor): Cappella Russian Male Choruses; Balalaika Orchestra. Lonya Kolbouss cond. SERAPHIM S-60225 $3.49.

Performance: Tops
Recording: Very good

Most of these melancholy songs are familiar, but we are accustomed to hearing them sung by cavernous Russian basses: it is a rare treat to hear them instead in the bright tenor voice of Nicolai Gedda. The effect is different but no less idiometic: Gedda, the linguistic wizard, had a Russian father and a Swedish mother, and has probably known these songs from infancy. This is prime Gedda, originally released on Capitol 8597 about ten years ago. Romantic and/or love’s sorrow, or tearful nostalgia—whatever he mood calls for—he supplies, with a wealth of generous tone or mezza-voce and some exceptional voix mixte (mixed “head” and “chest” tones) effects. The collection may not be every listener’s cup of tea, but for what it is, it could hardly be bettered.

G.J.


COMPOSERS RECORDINGS, INC. CRI SD 279 $5.95.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Very good

The older generation of American composers—the ones who pioneered modern music on this side of the Atlantic after World War I—can be divided into four groups: those who studied in Germany, those who studied in France, those who never got to Europe at all until artistic maturity, and those who came from Europe to the new world. The second group, long identified with “American style,” tended to be Francophile, Stravinskyan, neo- Classical with a strong American folk and/or jazz flavor. The last two groups, the most original and prophetic, included among their members Ives and Varèse. The composers of the first group, thoroughly indoctrinated with the Central European tradition, had the most difficult time, operating as they did in a kind of cultural no man’s land. Wallingford Riegger, born in Albany, Georgia, in 1885 but trained in Germany, is a good illustration. He was a highly skilled and original musician. His music, full of ideas, hovers between a forceful Ivesian originality and Central European tonality and dodecaphony, with popular and tonal elements from a variety of sources and with a touch of academicism. All of these can be heard in his Variations, Op. 54, which started life as a work for piano and orchestra with later versions for two pianos, with and without orchestra. It is, for all its eclecticism and lack of consistency, a clever and witty work. Its weakness has to do with the cat-and-mouse game that Riegger constantly seems to have played with tradition. Nevertheless, it is effective here in this excellent performance and recording.

CLAUDIA MUZIO
A born tragedienne and exceptional musician

The Persichetti Sonata, a work in a similar vein, is more consistent if less intriguing in its dissonant clarity. The Berezowsky is a chunk of overblown Romanticism that will probably not appeal to listeners who like the Riegger and Persichetti—and vice versa. Everything is well performed, and the piano sound is one of CRI’s best recording achievements to date—equal to anybody’s efforts in this difficult field.

E.S.
tween the two versions of “Pace, pace” is revelatory, for the earlier one shows excellent vocal control, with secure high B-naturals, whether floated or flung. In general, throughout the Odyssey recital, the voice is in splendid form—the upper extension gloriously free, the intonation firm—a malleable instrument that well serves the artist's exceptional musical instincts.

For Muzio's art was truly exceptional. Her style was intensely personal, and she had the expressive command of a born tragedienne—hers was “a unique voice made of tears and sighs and of restrained inner fire,” in Giacomo Lauri-Volpi's inspired description. Muzio was a natural for Verdi, Mascagni, Cilea, and Leoncavallo: what is surprising is her remarkable affinity for the gentle, elegiac music of Bellini (in the aria from the obscure Bianca e Fernando) and for the classic simplicity of the Gluck excerpt. We have always known about Muzio the singing actress; this recording demonstrates her vocal excellence as well—tones beautifully floated, exquisite portamento, effortless transitions across the register break. The performance is, in sum, a connoisseur's delight.

It is not without shortcomings, however. While producer James Gladstone has succeeded in giving us a lifelike reproduction of the voice, the intrusive groove noise of the original Edison's remains with us to a disturbing degree. With cautious use of a good filtering mechanism, however, listening can be made acceptable.

LJUBA WELITSCH: Song Recital. R. Strauss: Four Last Songs; Cäcilie; Die Nacht. Marx: Hat die dich die Liebe berührt; Valse de Chopin. Mahler: Ich atmet einen leisen Duft; Blick mir nicht in die Lieder. Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen. Ljuba Welitsch (soprano); Paul Ulanowsky (piano). ODYSSEY Y 32675 $3.49.

This unexpected release is likely to please the colorful Bulgarian diva's many fans. Ljuba Welitsch was a distinctly theatrical personality, and this recording, with its clear and well-balanced reproduction, captures her highly individual vocal projection—pure, metallic, a shade shrill, but quite magnetic—to virtual perfection. The songs by Josef Marx (b. 1882) and Strauss' Cäcilie and Die Nacht leave little room for criticism (these four songs are the only ones of the recital that have ever before been available—on a short-lived Columbia release of about twenty years ago). And, while the Mahler group may lack the vocal refinement of such latter-day specialists as Janet Baker or Christa Ludwig, Welitsch's committed version has much to commend it.

The Four Last Songs of Richard Strauss are something else again. These are orchestral songs with orchestrations of exceptional beauty and descriptive power. Deprived here of their extraordinary frames (which include some ravishing solos for violin and French horn), the songs sound less interesting—a result even such a fine accompanist as Paul Ulanowsky is powerless to prevent. Miss Welitsch sings them well enough, though surely not with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's special way with the long-breathed cantilena. Rhythmically, too, the music tends to spread in the absence of a conductor's hand.

Texts are supplied along with notes which are, alas, partly incomprehensible. G.J.
TUBES

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MORE STANDARDS

Last month I pointed out how rapid technological developments in tape oxides, heads, and electronics threaten to make some of our present-day cassette standards obsolete. Perhaps the most obvious outgrowth of this situation is the incorporation of two- or three-position "bias/equalization" switches on today's better cassette machines to adapt them to some of the proliferating varieties of tape types. But since many manufacturers have felt free to go their own ways in determining the equalization characteristics these switches introduce, a cassette made on one brand of machine may not have precisely the same frequency response when played back on another. That's just the sort of thing standards are meant to prevent.

Open-reel standards, of course, have a longer history: the NAB (National Association of Broadcasters) adopted its first recommendations in 1942. In April 1965 it issued the current standards, updating those of 1953. Now nearly a decade old, these too cry out for some revision. There was agreement among the experts at the last Midwest Acoustics Conference, for example, that, for the speed of 15 ips (inches per second), industry practice has pretty much made the old standards obsolete. At the professional level this poses little difficulty, for studio recorders are adaptable to a variety of equalizations.

Home recorders, however, operating at the customary speeds of 7 1/2 and 3 3/4 ips, present a greater problem. Bluntly put, none of them can be guaranteed to produce the "official" NAB tapes.

There's more than "petty cash" involved, however. In Europe there are voluminous DIN (Deutsche Industrie Normen) standards, together with available reference tapes in each format containing a blank section — so that you can check not only the playback frequency response, but overall record-playback performance as well. They illustrate the other horn of the dilemma, however: suppose a tape manufacturer comes up with a product with a much "hotter" high-end response (for example, greater sensitivity at 15,000 Hz)? Adjusting your machine to the "standard" tape would put it out of specification for the improved tape, and vice versa.

In short, while tape standards are not intended to put a strait jacket on technological innovation, in reality they do. No one will change the production adjustments of his machines for a minor, probably unnoticeable improvement; and a radical improvement must prove itself over some period of time before achieving acceptance.

Somehow, however, American open-reel manufacturers manage to muddle through, for they have at least a stop-gap standard: the Ampex "Reproducer Alignment Tapes." Produced individually (and hence at considerable cost per tape), they don't cover the full range of the NAB-specified frequency-response tests, and there's a question whether their recorded levels conform to the NAB's standard "operating level." Furthermore, they check playback only, leaving each recorder manufacturer (and equipment reviewer!) free to pick any tape he wishes for record-playback tests.

With all the problems, however, the consensus seems to be that for the 7 1/2- and 3 3/4-ips speeds, industry practice comes very close to optimum open-reel equalization. But with the present pace of technological advancement, a lack of comprehensive standards is likely to be a real problem later.
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