speed while a record is playing. Both of these sophisticated units are even equipped with a strobe light directed at the strobe marks for easy viewing. Pioneer's engineers really think of everything.

Electronic speed adjustment for each speed

Automatic features without automatic drawbacks

If you prefer to let your tonearm and turntable do all the work, consider Pioneer's all new PL-A45D. With it you can play your records without even touching the tonearm. Unlike other single play automatics which depend upon complicated mechanical linkages to provide the necessary tonearm cycling motion, the PL-A45D uses a separate precision gear motor just to move the tonearm in accordance with your instructions. Its other 4-pole synchronous motor is free to drive only the 12-inch aluminum alloy die-cast platter without interruption or change of torque and speed.

Superb S-Shaped tonearms for better tracking

The tonearm of every Pioneer turntable system is the "S-shaped" design, for optimum groove tracking. All are statically balanced and all use adjustable counterweights with direct readout of tracking force. All have adjustable anti-skate control and oil-damped cueing for the gentlest application of stylus tip to record groove. Lightweight plug-in cartridge shells insure positive electrical contact and optimum stylus position and angle for lower distortion and reduced record wear.

The tradition of unexcelled performance

Still, all of these features and refinements alone do not guarantee the performance specifications of Pioneer's new turntables. Each tonearm and turntable platter combination is shock mounted in its specially designed natural grain cabinet (with hinged dust cover). Precision machining of all rotational parts of each unit, plus a program of continuous quality control insure that each Pioneer turntable will meet or exceed its published specifications—a time honored tradition with all Pioneer components.

Manual turntables—choice of the professionals

Engineers, experts and enthusiasts agree: to get the best performance, you need a manual turntable. And to get the best manual turntable, you need a Pioneer. Every Pioneer manual turntable offers a level of precision and performance unparalleled in its price range. And every one is a total system—complete with dust cover and base—and designed for years of professional trouble-free sound reproduction.
For the best performance, get a manual turntable.
For the best manual turntable get a Pioneer.

The manual turntable is rapidly becoming the first choice of hi-fi enthusiasts everywhere. The reason why is quite simple. Today’s enthusiasts are more knowledgeable, more sophisticated and more involved with their music. And only the manual turntable can provide the involvement and performance they demand.

At Pioneer, this trend comes as no surprise. We have long recognized the superiority of the manual turntable. And long recognized a simple fact: a record changer in no way improves performance. It can detract from it.

As a result, we now offer the finest and most complete line of manual turntables available. Manual turntables that are designed with the needs of today’s hi-fi enthusiast in mind. Turntables that are engineered for precision response.

When you get right down to it, good record playing equipment really has only two requirements: uniform rotation of a turntable, and accurate tracing of a record groove by a tonearm and its cartridge.

Pioneer’s engineers have long recognized that these requirements are best met by single-play turntables and precision engineered tonearms. Our five new belt-drive and direct-drive turntable systems mean you needn’t settle for the higher wow and flutter and the poorer signal-to-noise ratios (rumble) of record changers. Whether you’ve budgeted $100 or $300 for this vital element of your high fidelity system, there’s a Pioneer turntable that outperforms any record changer in its price class.

Consider the performance advantages

Belt-drive, featured in Pioneer’s PL-10, PL-12D and PL-A45D, means smoother, more uniform platter rotation than can be achieved with typical idler-wheel/pulley arrangements normally found in record changers. Even changers equipped with synchronous motors transmit vibration to the turntable platter. This is picked up as low-frequency rumble by the tonearm and cartridge. By driving the platter with a precision-finished belt, vibration is effectively absorbed before it can be translated to audible rumble.

Choose the Pioneer

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>PL-10</th>
<th>PL-71</th>
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<td>Drive system</td>
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<td>Drive motor</td>
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<td>Price</td>
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Pioneer’s direct-drive models, PL-70 and PL-71 go even a step further in achieving noise-free, precision platter rotation. The DC electronically controlled servo motors used in these models rotate at exactly the required 33\(\frac{1}{3}\) or 45 rpm platter speed. Their shafts are directly connected to the center of the turntable, with no intermediate pulleys or other speed reducing devices. This means no extra friction-producing bearing surfaces.

Because of the unique technology embodied in these new, direct-drive models it’s possible to control their speed electrically. This is more precise than any mechanical drive system. Both our PL-70 and PL-71 offer individual pitch control on both 33\(\frac{1}{3}\) and 45 rpm speeds. Their turntable platters are edge-fitted with stroboscopic marks, so you can adjust precisely.
BELT DRIVE ISN'T NEW. MULTIPLE PLAY ISN'T NEW. A TURNTABLE THAT COMBINES BOTH IS NEW. READ ALL ABOUT IT.

Back in monophonic times, turntable motors drove platters through a series of wheels called "idlers". Many automatics and changers still use this system. In those days, records and playback systems were still relatively unsophisticated, so the distortions an idler drive system created didn't matter much.

Today, however, distortion is a critical problem. With recordings of increased dynamic range, wow, flutter and rumble must be reduced to inconsequential levels.

A belt-drive system is light years ahead of idler drive in that department.

And here the belt is driven by a unique motor found only in BIC turntables. It is a 300 RPM, 24-pole motor and it is inherently freer from noise and vibration than the 1800 RPM units with from 2 to 16 poles, which are standard in even the best of the conventional automatics.

The advantage of Programmed Multiple Play

The 980 and 960 are not record changers. They are belt-drive Programmed Turntables which are engineered to play as many as 6 records at a time.

They have a 2-point record support system which is far less complicated and far more reliable than any umbrella spindle we've ever seen.

But an even more important advantage is this. An automatic record handling system like the one on a BIC turntable can handle a single record, or 6 at a time, perfectly. No false drops. No bouncing and skating a diamond stylus across the grooves. It eliminates human error, and human error is what damages the sidewalls of your record grooves forever.

The simplicity factor

The 980 and 960 have the visibly lower profile of single-play manual instruments. They've been engineered to be simple machines, so they have fewer parts and fewer potential problems.

They abound in innovations. In the tone arm, the cartridge shell, the program panel, the entire system.

We can send you more detailed information if you write to Dept. 11C, British Industries Co., Westbury, L.I. 11590; or better yet, see them at your local audio specialist.
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COVER: Illustration by David Chestnutt
The first speaker under $110 of a live rock concert without


You know how it feels. When you're sitting up front at a live rock concert and Led Zep, the Who, or the Stones are pumping out a couple of kilo-watts through a monster sound system a few feet away.

Sound so loud you can feel it in your gut. Inhale it. Almost taste it. Sound so strong that you absorb it and it absorbs you.

That's power.

That's the kind of sound you'd like to have at home. But until now any speaker that could do it was either six feet tall or weighed 400 lbs. or cost $300 or more.

No more.

There's a new speaker. The Fisher ST-445. It can sit on any bookshelf.

Without ripping the shelf off the wall. It can handle sound peaks of 90 watts and put out sound pressure levels of over 100 dB. And it has incredibly low distortion to boot.

That's pure power.

How'd we do it and how come no one else did? Maybe we're just smarter. Maybe because we're the largest manufacturer of high fidelity speakers in the world, we know more than anybody else.

We go low and loud.

We know how to take a good 10-inch acoustic suspension woofer that puts out a lot of bass from a small space and make it even better. We suspend the speaker cone with soft butyl rubber. So it can move really far to pump out the notes. For lots of volume and distinct transient response.

And we use a special magnet and voice coil assembly that hangs in there no matter how far the cone moves. It never gets lost or loses control. It never sounds dull or muddy.
that can reproduce the volume distorting or falling apart.

In the middle.
Instead of a conventional midrange driver, the ST-445 uses an unusual unit mounted in a heavily damped sealed chamber to isolate it from any interference from the rear of the woofer. The diaphragm is light in weight and the magnet unusually heavy for extremely precise transient response. This driver gives you very broad dispersion, sending out sound waves to every corner of your room, and has smooth frequency response and can handle lots of power with low distortion.

Up high.
The ST-445 uses a Mylar dome tweeter. It has an effective piston diameter of only 1" to give you frequency response up as far as 20,000 Hz, both directly in front of the speaker and, most important, at wide angles to each side up and above.

Sorting the sounds.
Many multiple-driver speaker systems use electronic crossover networks to direct the various musical frequencies to the drivers designed to reproduce them. Our crossover network does all that, and does it very smoothly; and uses oversize capacitors and coils to easily handle the high power levels you will want to feed into it. A three-position level control lets you tailor the high frequency balance to match your room and your ears.

We have others.
We think the ST-445 is a lot of speaker for under $110. But if you want even more speaker for even more sound, be sure to listen to the ST-465, at less than $200. It's similar to the 445 but has a larger woofer and a Fisher-invented flare-dome midrange. If you're watching your dollars, you'll probably find that our ST-425 2-way system has unusually good sound for less than $90.

For more information, write: Fisher Radio, Dept. SR-11, 11-40 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Fisher
Studio-Standard
MUSICAL NUTRITION

Whatever else your opinion of her may be, I think you'll have to agree that Auntie Mame was right when she said that life's a banquet, and that there are some poor . . . er . . . slobs out there starving to death. In the field of music alone it is little short of appalling how many people conduct their lives as if there were nothing on the menu but operatic pasta, symphonic dumplings, c-k-w grits, or rock candy, and more than a little distressing how much time they spend belittling the vile tastes of their tablemates. For myself, I cannot shake the notion that a diet that is all fish, all soup, or all nuts, whatever the nature and intensity of its unique satisfactions, will in time lead to systemic disorders in the sensibility, a crippling of the spirit, warts, and a lonely old age. I do not, of course, place the blame entirely on the diners; many a delectable musical dish, thanks to autocratic critics and timorous performers, has never made it out of the creative kitchen, and others have been so wretchedly served up that the appetite sickens. That is really too bad, for some of them contain vitamins available nowhere else, minerals essential to good musical nutrition. The music of Louis Moreau Gottschalk is, I believe, just such an essential trace element, a peculiarly American compound whose late absence from the sounding air has caused our national music to lose its sense of direction. It is not the fault of Gottschalk or his music that he is no longer on the menu, but of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century critics who found him lacking in essential "seriousness," and of performers who refused to risk joining him under the same brush. Gottschalk's timing was bad, of course. He came along at a time when our young country, having survived the rigors of the revolution of independence and a civil war as well, was desperately trying to join the community of nations, to gain its attention and earn its respect, and hayseed provinciality simply wouldn't do. What would do was a very conscious Teutonization of American musical culture, a serious project planned and directed from Athenian Boston by John Sullivan Dwight and his decorous Journal of Music. The project was less bold than it might appear, for the musical community was then comparatively small and easily manipulated. And it didn't work, either, as a glance at the infinitely various, far from monolithic structure of American music today amply demonstrates. But it did manage to shove Gottschalk (and a number of other domestic worthies) down below the salt. He might possibly have been forgiven for being American (he had, after all, traveled and played widely in Europe), but he was popular, and everyone knows that you cannot be both popular and "serious." Now, I think, we very much need Gottschalk back. We need his brash sassiness, his rhythmic verve, his melodic winsomeness, and, yes, his popularity, to remind us that banquets are celebrations, that serious music is not all others apparently agree with me: Angel Records has embarked on a new Gottschalk recording project with pianist Leonard Pennario, and the first fruits are reviewed in this issue. There are problems, surely. The line of performance tradition for this music is broken utterly—and not just by J. S. Dwight and his inheritors—for Gottschalk himself, a stunning virtuoso and his own best interpreter, made it difficult for his contemporaries to compete even after his death. It is a difficulty Pennario has faced up to courageously, and in the process, that he loves them. Let us not underestimate the rarity of that courage: think how many of our American pianists, cringing under the still-echoing whip of Dwight, dare not play this American music, turning instead to the more "serious"—and much less interesting—works of such as Henselt, Medtner, and Scriabin. Critics—many of them—will continue to scorn Gottschalk for not being Chopin (and Chopin for not being Bach?), and they will revile Pennario for his seeming frivolity, but let them eat crow. Gottschalk at last has a potential champion, as Scott Joplin now has his.
TDK ED tape was shown to have the best frequency response of four leading cassette tapes tested recently by an independent laboratory. The other three were large-selling popular competitors, retailing for about a dollar less than TDK ED. As you can see, their output tended to fall off noticeably in the high frequencies.

Even a slight loss of high-frequency reproduction can make a difference in clarity and detail to a discriminating ear. That quality of life that music should have just won't be there—the sheen on the violin note, the glitter on the cymbal finale.

Conclusion? If you’re serious about the sound of music, try a TDK ED tape next time. It offers you that quality of lifelike brilliance you might otherwise have to buy a ticket to hear. And we think that’s worth an extra buck.
Haydn—a Counter-Point

One last look at "Classical Rookies." At age three I was introduced to the classics through Wonderland Records' "A Young Person's Introduction to Mendelssohn." Soon afterwards I got the Brahms, Haydn, and Liszt editions. Each record contained excerpts from the music of the composer plus some pretty juicy stories about his life. However, the stories seem pretty corny now that I'm fifteen and ready to take issue with Irving Kolodin himself.

I read with great interest Mr. Kolodin's piece on Haydn's 104 symphonies (September), but his statement that Haydn was "the equal of Bach and Handel as a contrapuntist" is hard to swallow. Bach was a contrapuntist through Wonderland Records' "A Young age three I was introduced to the classics through Wonderland Records' "A Young Person's Introduction to Mendelssohn." Soon afterwards I got the Brahms, Haydn, and Liszt editions. Each record contained excerpts from the music of the composer plus some pretty juicy stories about his life. However, the stories seem pretty corny now that I'm fifteen and ready to take issue with Irving Kolodin himself.

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STEVEN J. Cahn
Port Washington, N.Y.

Ragtime Cowboy

I read James Goodfriend's "Ragtime: The Last Roundup" (September) with much interest. The Biography Joplin series, BI-P-1013/Q, was, as he suggested, "synthesized": it was made directly from the music and punched into paper on a Lebaron Music Roll Perforator by Harold Boulware of St. Louis. The machine was made prior to 1920 for the home hobbyist who wanted to make his own piano rolls. It would make four rolls at one time. Mr. Boulware set his up to make eight, and it took about five hours to produce them. His main purpose was to fill out the piano-roll repertoire of ragtime music so found in the scores. Henry Pleasants' fine review of Schafer and Riedel's The Art of Ragtime in the same issue brings up the same shortcomings I noticed in the book. Louisiana State University Press also published a book about the Original Dixieland Jazz Band by H. O. Brunn in 1960, and that book also took a very narrow view of its subject. The ragtime book is at its best when presenting the musical contents of each in the lower right-hand corner of the liner.

BRAD ENGEI
Manager, National Classical Merchandising
Angel Records
Los Angeles, Calif.

As a "Hoffnung Music Festival" fan for many years, I was delighted to read James Goodfriend's review of the revival recording "Best of Hoffnung" (August), and I was even more delighted to discover a copy of the disc at my local record shop, on sale at that. However, Mr. Goodfriend said that Mr. Hoffnung was "in his forties" in 1959 at the time of his death. But, since the liner notes give 1925 as Hoffnung's year of birth, my calculations bring the Thirty Years War to an end. The illustration appears in a book titled The Age of Firearms and was chosen both because of the posthorn and the theme of peace. Something any heated letters column could use a little of from time to time.

JAMES SHORTELL
Washington, D.C.

"Aus Münster vom 25 des Westmonats im Jahr 1648 abgesegneten Freud-und-Friedenbringender Postreuter," reads our copy of this old German woodcut—which is to say that Hoffnung's year of birth, my calculations bring the Thirty Years War to an end. The illustration appears in a book titled The Age of Firearms and was chosen both because of the posthorn and the theme of peace. Something any heated letters column could use a little of from time to time.

Cornet Cornucopia

I was pleasantly surprised to read Robert Offergeld's review of two new cornet albums ("Cornet Cornucopia") in your August issue. My surprise was due to the realization that you were willing to allocate that much space to such a subject as the cornet, in view of the usual disdainful and snobbish references to such a subject as the cornet, in view of the usual disdainful and snobbish references to	

WENDELL COUTS
Springfield, Tenn.

Carpenters Chips

Les Summers' contention in the August Letters column that the Carpenters were the "commercial vehicle" that brought Leon Russell to the "forefront of the music profession" is debatable. The Carpenters recorded only one hit song by Leon, who was by then achieving fame and stardom on his own merits. Furthermore, to state that the Stereo Review staff of a "corporate opinion that to be of any cultural value, music and musicians must be obscure and unacceptable to large numbers of people" is ridiculous, since in this

(Continued on page 10)
The Advent/2 Makes It Possible to Buy a Really Fine Stereo System, With Sound Very Close to the Best You Can Do at Any Price, for $350 or Less.

The new Advent/2 speaker system is designed for an absolute maximum of useful performance at lowest cost. Its own low price ($58 to $59.50, depending on the part of the country it's been shipped to) is made lower still by the fact that it works superbly with low-cost, low-power amplifiers and receivers.

With any of several good low-cost receivers (from Harman-Kardon, Kenwood, Sherwood, Sony, and others) and a good automatic turntable (like the low-cost models from BSR, Garrard, and others), you can put together a stereo system for $350 or less that isn't a "starter" or a compromise for a tight budget, but a real and continuing joy to live with for year after year.

The only essential difference between the Advent/2 and the two more expensive Advents is that it doesn't have the final half-octave of bass response that they do. It has the same clean, clear, and beautifully defined overall sound, with a musical balance that is satisfying not just with the best recordings or one kind of musical material, but with the whole range of music and the various ways of recording it. Its frequency range is as wide as that of most speakers at any price.

If you would like full information on the Advent/2, including a list of Advent dealers who will be happy to demonstrate what it can do in a low-cost stereo system, please send in the coupon.

Thank you.

Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

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Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Gentlemen:

Please send me information on the Advent/2.

Name:

Address:

City:

State: Zip:

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NOVEMBER 1974
same issue alone ten recordings by established commercial artists were distinguished with Stereo Review's Recording of Special Merit award.

And for Mr. Summers to suggest what the standards of the future may be is a bit of before-hand wished thinking. However nice it is to think of our favorite songs and artists as being forever remembered in musical history, too often it isn't history that gives them a home, but merely the "oldies but goodies" radio stations.

Gary Grande
Trafton, Pa.

Das Korngold

- The September Letters to the Editor featured a discussion of the works of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, and there was a reference to the statement that his work was "more corn than gold." One letter writer observed that this was "only moderately amusing when it was originated years ago by another wit." For the "wit," I thank him; for the "moderately amusing," I am grateful. It is something to be at least moderately amusing after twenty-seven years.

The circumstances that produced the quip related to the first performance in New York of the Korngold violin concerto under the gilded bow of Jascha Heifetz on March 27, 1947. Efrem Kurtz was the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. It occurred to me, as the work unfurled, that it was a prime specimen of Korn-goldmark. At the end of the performance, the late Olin Downes, seated, as usual, behind me, said in his familiar quizzical, pre-Times-regular. "Well, what did you think of that?" I responded offhandedly, "More corn than gold." He laughed and said, "I dare you to print that." The dare was hardly needed—if it was good enough for Olin, it was good enough for anybody. On March 28, 1947, a column in the New York Sun, headed "Heifetz Presents Korngold Score" and carrying my byline, bears witness with the last line of paragraph three: "... this score contains more corn than gold."

Irving Kolodin
New York, N.Y.

Editorial Policy

- Thank you for the information and guidance of Stereo Review. It is a joy. I have several questions which I'm sure you can help me with.

(1) Where can I get back issues of Stereo Review?
(2) Is there an index to record reviews that are not Best of the Month?
(3) Please explain the procedure involved in labeling a recording Record of the Year/Honorable Mention, Best of the Month, or Recording of Special Merit. Who and how many decide which recording is deserving?
(4) Does the Editor specifically approve the text (not the opinion) of all reviews printed, either run-of-the-mill recordings or exceptional ones?
(5) If Joni Mitchell's "Court and Spark" is not a Record of the Year come February, will One Park Avenue be paved over and replaced with a parking lot?

Frank Gorshe
Davenport, Iowa

by Popular Periodical Index, Rutgers University, Ann Arbor, Mich. (3) Reviewers are themselves responsible for affixing the Recording of Special Merit and Best of the Month accolades. If more Best of the Month nominations are received in a given month than are needed for the section, the Editor and Music Editor decide which are likely to be (a) most significant for the greatest reader interest and (b) most significant musically. As for the Best of the Year awards, each regular reviewer (including Martin Bookspan and Irving Kolodin) is asked to nominate ten records that in his estimation deserve the honor—the ten need not be in the area of his musical specialty. The editors also contribute their nominations, and the results are tallied. The system is fair, the results are classified, and the garb of the writing is very prophetic.

The Editor reads everything in the issue, once in manuscript and once in galley or page proof, besides editing many articles and features (Best of the Month, for example, every month). There is no tinkering with opinions. The aim is to insure the highest possible level of grammatical and factual accuracy while preserving the writer's own prose style. The Editor therefore neither approves nor disapproves, but he does agree and disagree.

(5) There is no way, other than tilting the scales, that will guarantee Joni Mitchell an award next year, but the Editor is on her side, and he's heavy.

Joan Baez

- Congratulations to Stereo Review for finally printing a sensible review of a Joan Baez recording. "Gracias a la Vida" (Best of the Month, August). The typical review of her albums consists of the personal opinion of a critic regarding Baez's personality and lifestyle with minimum mention of her music. It's time Joan Baez started getting the musical recognition she deserves and has been deprived of over the last few years.

Tim Duffelmeier
Keystone, S. D.

More on Soundtracks

- I must take specific issue with allegations appearing in your September editorial. Your statement that you do not review movie soundtracks because you do not have room and that it is not pragmatic to do so just can't be taken seriously. Any music-revue magazine which devotes an entire page to a picture of someone named Jimmy Buffett yet fails to find room to review a single one of the scores mentioned shows not only an unfair and unjustified bias, but, in view of your editorial statement, an absurd intellectual vacuum in your choice of how to use the space you have. Certainly the Jimmy Buffett fans are thrilled on receipt of a new pin-up from you to hang next to their Donny Osmond posters, but if we wish to be practical and pragmatic we could have devoted only half a page to that stunning and important photograph instead in a more practical manner by publishing more material of interest to your large number of readers who appreciate your film score reviews. You also show a gross and snobbish attitude toward a field of music based on what must be either inexperience with the field or what is usually exhibited as an intellectually superior attitude masking an actual lack of understanding and will to learn.

Reaction to music is reaction to emotional

(Continued on page 12)
Is it live or is it Memorex? Who knows?

In our most recent test, we asked Ella Fitzgerald's old friend and longtime jazz arranger, Nelson Riddle, if he was listening to Ella live, or Ella as recorded on a Memorex cassette.

He couldn't tell.

We believe that's a strong endorsement of our exclusive MRX<sub>2</sub> Oxide formulation.

In fact, since we introduced MRX<sub>2</sub> Oxide, a lot of other ferric tapes have been scrambling to find something to beat it. Nobody has.
forms. That the original form or subject is present by the movie is irrelevant to the emotional reaction caused by the music. If a composer is skilled he can base his music on almost anything and be successful, as well as have his music stand on its own totally divorced from the film. One of the best examples of this principle is the adaptation by Miklos Rozsa of his own violin concerto for the movie The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes. That there are lousy scores as well as superb scores shows just how much room for creative talent exists in this field.

KARL E. SCOTT
Santa Clara, Calif.

The Editor replies: "Unfair and unjustified bias; "absurd intellectual vacuum; "gross and snobbish attitude; "lack of understanding and will to learn"—I confess that I am outclassed: I could scarcely do greater justice to Mr. Scott than he has already done himself. The "someone named Jimmy Buffett" is, in fact, Jimmy Buffett, a young singer-songwriter who bears about as much resemblance to Donny Osmond as W. A. Mozart does to Miklos Rozsa. Mr. Scott does not know who Jimmy Buffett is, and his "will to learn" is so weak that he won't even read a two-page interview to find out. Never mind: Mr. Scott (and a lot of other people) will know about him soon, perhaps even before he gets around to seeing the two movies (1) for which Mr. Buffett has lately written scores.

That Mr. Scott genuinely likes the movie scores he rises so snapily to defend I do not doubt, but he seems not to grasp the reason why we grant them a low reviewing priority. The world of music is full of strait jackets, starting with the scale itself and working on up through sonata form, fugue, and all the rest. But there is nothing anywhere else in music quite like the stopwatch that controls the writing of movie scores so absolutely. Staying strictly within the realm of words-with-music, a word, a line, a whole speech can be repeated for the convenience of the composer in opera, in song or lied writing, even in the Mass. Not so in movies: the composer cannot ring in "un altro bacio" because he wants it or the interior logic of the music demands it, for there is only one bacio in the script. The movie is, indeed, already made up, and the music must be fitted to it, split second by split second; it is run off by rear-screen projection while the composer-conductor and the orchestra tailor the score to it almost frame by frame (I have seen it done by Lalo Schifrin, Jerry Goldsmith, and Quincy Jones). They must speed up or slow down, and finish on time and melody or not. When it is all finally over with, chances are that a minute or so, a sequence, even a whole scene will be cut—and the music must be reworked around the gap. In such a situation, a composer simply cannot have a musical idea that in itself demands development, or one that he desires development for. The difference is therefore a very significant one: the writing of movie music is a craft, a completely functional activity, totally subservient to outside control. Art music, of course, has no function other than simply to be—and is a subversive to nothing beyond the whim and the skill of its composer. Whether a given piece of movie music or art music is good or bad is therefore maternal, but the question of quality does, I think, tend to mislead Mr. Scott and others. Certainly some vastly skilled, ingeniously constructed, and fiendishly successful movie music has been composed by a number of accomplished hands. But if that music, as composed, is so sufficient unto itself that it can be appreciated as is and apart from the movie that inspired it, why do such acknowledged experts as Bernard Herrmann and Henry Mancini eschew the release of soundtracks and insist on redoing their scores in the form of suites and popular songs for recordings? That Miklos Rozsa used his Violin Concerto as part of the movie score proves no more than that its sounds were as effective a raw material for the purpose as anything else (Brahms, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky?) would have been. His attitude toward this exercise of his craft was a perfectly correct one, and one with which Mozart himself would surely have agreed.

The best measure of these matters, however, is the industry's own. The scores are invariably referred to as "soundtracks"—not "musictracks"—and no movies are ever sold on the basis of their having a score by Rozsa, Mancini, or anybody else. (These days, in fact, even directors get better billing.) The truth of the matter is that movie makers are sensibly determined to get as much out of the pig as they can—including the squeal. Soundtrack releases cost little, they publicize the picture they are drawn from, and they may even make a little money. Good for them. But, however effectively they are crafted, however
The Beogram™ 4002. If you are serious about your audio system, there is no alternative.

The Beogram 4002 began when Bang & Olufsen engineers were told to set aside the traditional solutions to turntable design and begin anew. Their goal was simply stated: Develop an electronically controlled turntable with optimum specifications. The result of their work was the Beogram 4002, an audio component unequalled in both concept and performance.

The cartridge. The quality of any turntable is easily negated by using an inferior or mismatched cartridge. Bang & Olufsen engineers felt it was essential to develop a cartridge which was an integral part of the turntable and not simply an appendage added later by the user. Therefore, an entirely new cartridge was developed which could meet the specification levels set for the turntable. This cartridge was the MMC 6000; a brilliant piece of miniaturization capable of reproducing a frequency spectrum from 20 to 45,000Hz. The MMC 6000 features the new multi-radial Pramanik stylus for exceptional high frequency tracing and has effective tip mass of only 0.22mg. It has a tip resonance point of over 45,000Hz, a compliance higher than 30 x 10^-7, and a recommended vertical tracking force of 1 gram.

The tone arm assembly. The Beogram 4002 features one of the most sophisticated tone arm assemblies ever developed. Its tangential tracking effectively eliminates tracking error and skating force. When a record is being played, each revolution brings the stylus one groove’s width closer to the center. This inward movement causes the tone arm to pivot the equivalent fraction of a degree and reduce the amount of light received by a photocell within the tone arm’s housing. This causes a servo motor to very slowly move the entire assembly the exact distance required to compensate for the angular deviation. Precision, low-friction ball bearings keep the vertical and horizontal friction of the tone arm to between 5 and 15mg. As the tone arm is always kept tangent with the record groove, skating force is eliminated.

Operation. The Beogram 4002 utilizes computer logic circuits for automatic control of the operation cycle. Once you have depressed the “on” switch further assistance is unnecessary. The detector arm preceding the tone arm senses the presence and size of the record and transmits the appropriate information to the control unit. If there is no record on the platter, the arm will be instructed to return to the rest position and shut off the unit. When a record is detected, the correct speed is automatically set and the stylus cued in the first groove. A patented electro-pneumatic damping system lowers the tone arm at a precise, controlled speed to prevent damage to the stylus. The entire cueing cycle takes only two seconds. The control panel of the Beogram 4002 also permits power assisted manual operation. You may move the tone arm in either direction and scan the entire record at slow or rapid speed. A slight touch on the control panel will lower the arm exactly in the groove you have chosen; another touch will immediately lift it for re-arming elsewhere. During any operation, either manual or automatic, you need never touch the tone arm.
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You’re comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, so you’re ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from “fisheye” wide angle to super-telephoto.

Let a Minolta SR-T become part of your day. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

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well they perform their dramatic function, two sides of “John’s Theme,” “Mary’s Theme,” and “Rover’s Theme,” baldly stated and numbingly repeated without variation or other development, have a long way to go before they either need or deserve to be reviewed in a music magazine. There are exceptions, however, there are exceptions.

**Bells in Four Channels**

- In his review of Stanyan’s welcome release of “For Whom the Bell Tolls” (September), Peter Reilly says that the record is a new performance. Isn’t this really the same one available in stereo from Warner Brothers in the late 1950’s? I think Stanyan must have cleverly faked the rear channels somehow.

**Teachers and Pupils**

- Éric Salzman’s review of the Saint-Saëns symphonies conducted by Jean Martinon (September) and his passing remarks on the composer’s longevity prompt me to write concerning other teacher-pupil relationships (authentic, in this case, not “mythical” — although Mr. Salzman’s suggestion of Saint-Saëns as Beethoven’s pupil is an intriguing thought) that may not be so well known.

The same performance, yes; fake, no. In calling it “new” the reviewer was trying to differentiate between this studio recording and the original soundtrack. Stanyan tells us, however, that they prevailed upon Warner to let them make a trial remastering of the Fifties multitrack recording in SQ-matrix quadraphonic. The results convinced Warner, and Stanyan’s next similar project will be Spellbound — also in four channels. There are in the vaults, of course, many old multitrack masters stretching all the way back to the mono era that are perfectly feasible material for possible quadraphonic reworking, though success is in the hands of the gods.

P. W. DARDEN
Atlanta, Ga.

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Atlanta, Ga.
How to know from apples, oranges and ohms. The more power, the better the amplifier, right? The truth is, there are a lot of variables to consider before you can really decide. And Hitachi wants you to know what they are.

Never compare apples (RMS power) to oranges (IHF music power). RMS power means Root Mean Square: continuous rated or average usable power output. It's the most conservative measure and generally considered to be the industry standard. IHF is a standard measurement of power established by the Institute of High Fidelity, also conveniently referred to as music power. Rated this way, power tends to appear less conservative than RMS ratings. However, either way is acceptable as long as you're comparing like power ratings at the same speaker OHM ratings. Most mid-priced quality makers give their power ratings at 8Ω (OHM).

The cleaner the power, the cleaner the sound. Another key consideration in pinning down power is Total Harmonic Distortion (THD). This specification tells you how clean the resultant output signal is.

Any more than 1½% THD will result in noticeable distortion. Which means, all the power in the world won’t give you pure sound unless the THD is within tolerable limits.

And on and on and on. The kind of music you like to hear can also have a bearing on your power requirements. Classical buffs usually require less power and lower volume than rock freaks. Then too, room size, approximate acoustic conditions, and the number of additional speakers the unit will be required to drive—are all factors that will help you make the right power choice.
Available as a 4-track or 2-track stereo tape deck, the DOKORDER 1120 has all the professional features you could ever want!

10½ inch reels • 15/7½ IPS • 3-motor transport
• 3 heads • bias control • tape/source monitoring
• Either 4-track or 2-track configuration convertible to alternate version as optional modification.

Suggested retail price: $649.95
New Zenith Allegro® brings deeper, richer sound to 4-channel.

Here's how:

You're looking at the Zenith Allegro tuned port.* It's part of a sound system with a difference. You see, a lot of speakers (even air-suspension types) trap deep, rich bass inside the speaker cabinet, so you never hear it. But this tuned port channels out more of that sound, so you do hear it. (In fact, if you put your hand over the port, you can even feel it.)

With a specially-designed woofer for solid bass and mid-range tones, plus a horn-type tweeter for crystal-clear high notes, Allegro delivers virtually the full range of sound of the original performance. And does it so efficiently that other systems with comparable-size air-suspension speakers need amplifiers with twice the power to match Allegro's overall sound performance.

But that's not all. Because behind this remarkable speaker system is some equally remarkable componentry.

A solid-state tuner/amplifier designed specifically for use with Allegro speakers, and featuring AM, FM, and even 4-channel matrix FM reception, where available. A 4-channel discrete 8-track tape player. A precision record changer for 4-channel matrix records.

And you can even play (and greatly improve the sound from) stereo broadcasts, tapes, and records. Zenith Allegro 4-channel. Once you hear it, you'll know how 4-channel sound should sound.

The surprising sound of Zenith.

ZENITH Allegro

The quality goes in before the name goes on®
Altec Stonehenge III Speaker System

- The Stonehenge III, the second in the Altec series of floor-standing column-shaped speaker systems, is a twoway design of relatively high efficiency employing a tall ported enclosure. The two-way driver—actually comprising the latest version of the Altec 604 “Duplex” monitor speaker—is coaxially arranged in that the sectoral horn of the high-frequency compression driver extends through the center of the 15-inch low-frequency driver’s voice coil. Crossover between the drivers occurs at 1,500 Hz, with a continuously variable level control mounted inside the grille panel to permit adjustment of the high-frequency output. Specified impedance of the system is 8 ohms.

The Stonehenge III is rated for a power-handling capability of 65 watts of signal continuous. An input of 1 watt produces a 99-dB sound-pressure level at a distance of 4 feet with a pink-noise signal covering the range of 500 to 3,000 Hz. The system’s enclosure—measuring approximately 46 1/4 x 16 1/4 x 14 1/4 inches overall—is finished in oak veneers. An acoustically transparent foam grille (removable) covers the upper portion of the system’s front panel. Weight is 130 pounds. Price: $595.

Circle 115 on reader service card

Wollensak Model 8080 Eight-Track Tape Deck

- The Model 8080 from the Wollensak division of 3M is an eight-track stereo record-play deck with built-in Dolby noise reduction and electronics designed to take fullest advantage of 3M’s new “Classic” high-performance eight-track tapes. The deck will also play back prerecorded four-channel cartridges. A tape-select switch chooses the proper circuit characteristics for either standard tape (with which frequency response is 30 to 12,000 Hz) or the 3M cartridges, which provide a response of 30 to 15,000 Hz. Wow and flutter are 0.1 per cent, and the weighted signal-to-noise ratio is 60 dB with Dolby, 50 dB without.

The Model 8080 accepts either line or microphone inputs, with slider-type controls to adjust recording levels. The transport controls, which are all tab switches, include fast-forward (3 1/2 times the normal 3 1/2-ips playing speed), track select, pause, and cartridge eject. The machine can be set up to eject a cartridge automatically at the end of the last set of tracks or to repeat one or all tracks. Outside program sources such as Dolbyized FM broadcasts can be routed through the 8080’s Dolby circuits for decoding. A special resettable tape counter registers elapsed real time in minutes and seconds. Dimensions of the deck: 19 1/4 x 5 x 10 1/4 inches. Price: $344.99.

Circle 116 on reader service card

BIC Venturi Formula 1 Speaker System

- The smallest model in the Venturi series of speaker systems has been announced by British Industries Company. The new speaker, with dimensions of approximately 15 x 11 x 10 inches, employs a 6-inch woofer in an enclosure incorporating the manufacturer’s Venturi principle—a duct of gradually decreasing cross section that increases the velocity of air at the port opening. Above 1,500 Hz a special horn-loaded mid-range/tweeter assembly is used, affording 120-degree dispersion both horizontally and vertically. Overall frequency response is 35 to 17,500 Hz. The Formula 1 is said to be highly efficient and hence usable with amplifiers and receivers of very low power-output capability. Maximum recommended amplifier power is 50 watts continuous per channel. The system has an impedance of 6 to 8 ohms. A control for adjusting the high-frequency output level is continuously variable. Price of the Formula 1: $74.95. Acoustically transparent foam grilles are available in shades of brown, black, beige, burnt orange, blue, and red.

Circle 117 on reader service card

B&O 4002 Record Player

- Bang & Olufsen’s “Beogram” 4002 is a complete record-playing component consisting of a fully automatic single-play turntable and a magnetic phono cartridge suitable for CD-4 “discrete-disc” playback. The turntable, a two-speed (33 1/3 and 45 rpm) design belt-driven by a servo-controlled synchronous motor, features a straight-line-tracking “tangential” tone arm. The pivot assembly of the short, straight arm is driven along a guide rail by a worm-gear mechanism. Any deviation of the arm from tangency in either direction is sensed by a photoelectric system that activates a servo motor to restore tangency and advance the arm across the record surface.

In the automatic mode of operation, the touch of a single button causes the 4002’s arm to index inward toward the turntable center, preceded by a scanning arm that uses reflected light to detect the presence and the diameter of a record. The platter speed appropriate for the

(Continued on page 20)
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.

That'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. That's the probable origin of the myth, but these aren't rock and classical speakers, respectively. They're inaccurate speakers.

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. (Stravinsky'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 Gotterdammerung), 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.

RECTILINEAR
Rectilinear Research Corp., 107 Bruckner Blvd., Bronx, N.Y. 10454
Canada: H. Roy Gray Limited, Ontario

CIRCLE NO. 57 ON READER SERVICE CARD
The arm's tracking-force setting is visible through a small window in the pivot assembly.

The 4002's chassis (including platter and arm as a single unit) is suspended by a system of leaf springs and pendulums. This is said to convert any physical shock reaching the turntable into vertical motion, which is then rapidly damped by the mass of the assembly. The fundamental resonance of the chassis-spring assembly is 4.5 Hz. Wow and flutter of the turntable are 0.025 per cent, and rumble is ~65 dB. The Beogram 4002 is supplied with the B&O MMC 6000 phono cartridge, for which a plug-in receptacle is provided in the arm. Resistance of the arm-cartridge combination is about 12 Hz. The turntable's overall dimensions are 19⅛ x 4 x 15 inches, including the wood base and hinged dust cover supplied. The 12-inch aluminum platter has raised ridges to support records of different diameters. Price: $650. B&O will also have a model available with a CD-4 demodulator built into its base as an option.

Circle 118 on reader service card

### Marantz Model 3800 Stereo Preamplifier

- A stereo preamplifier with built-in Dolby B noise-reduction circuitry is now offered by Marantz as the Model 3800. While it is intended principally for the encoding and decoding of tapes (and decoding of Dolbyized FM broadcasts), Marantz suggests that the circuitry can also be used to good effect in the playback mode as a dynamic noise filter for non-Dolbyized material. Complete calibration controls for the Dolby circuits are provided on the front panel, as well as a pushbutton to generate a Dolby calibration tone within the preamplifier and a small meter for determining Dolby levels. Two stereo tape decks are accommodated by the 3800, with dubbing from either one to the other possible. Other inputs include two sets of magnetic-phono jacks (one set becomes microphone inputs when microphones are plugged into the front-panel phone jacks), tuner, and auxiliary. A mode selector provides positions for stereo, reverse stereo, and mono reproduction of either or both channels.

The tone controls of the 3800 take the form of separate sliders for each channel, providing independent adjustment of bass, treble, and mid-range. For the bass and treble controls there is a pushbutton-selected choice of two "turnover" frequencies at which the controls begin to act. Switches make it possible to bypass the tone controls completely or to permit them to affect signals going to the tape recorders. The preamplifier also has a low-cut filter, two high-cut filters (acting at 5,000 or 9,000 Hz), and switchable loudness compensation. Front-panel selection of main and remote speakers is possible if the power-amplifier outputs are brought back to special connectors in the rear of the 3800; the speakers are then connected to terminals provided on the preamplifier. Also on the rear panel are six a.c. convenience outlets (four switched), two sets of preamplifier main outputs plus oscilloscope outputs, and screwdriver adjustments for FM Dolby calibration.

The Marantz 3800 is rated at an output of 3 volts with an output impedance of 150 ohms. Harmonic and intermodulation distortion are 0.02 and 0.01 per cent, respectively, at rated output, and the signal-to-noise ratio for the phono inputs is 100 dB, referred to the maximum output of the phono section. Frequency response is 20 to 20,000 Hz ±0.25 dB. The Model 3800 measures 15¾ x 5¾ x 8¾ inches. Price: $649.95. The Model 3600 preamplifier, identical except for its lack of Dolby circuits, costs $499.95. A wood cabinet is optional at an extra $32.95.

Circle 119 on reader service card

### Sony TC-177SD Three-Head Stereo Cassette Deck

- **Superscope** has introduced the Model TC-177SD stereo cassette deck, a three-head design (separate ferrite erase, record, and playback heads) that permits off-the-tape monitoring during recording. The transport employs dual capstans for controlled tape tension across the heads and minimum wow and flutter. The machine has built-in Dolby-B noise reduction and separate three-position bias and equalization switches that adjust the recording and playback circuits for standard, chromium-dioxide, or Ferri-Chrome tape. The recording-level meters, which have VU characteristics, are augmented by a peak-indicator light that responds to brief excessive levels. In addition, a peak limiter can be switched in to keep recording levels at 0 VU or below. The transport controls are latching solenoid-assisted pushbuttons, and they include a pause function. A memory-rewind feature will return the tape to any point preselected on the three-digit tape-index counter when the rewind button is pressed. Recording-level controls are sliders, separate for microphone and line inputs to permit mixing. A single knob controls playback levels. The deck's microphone inputs are intended for low-impedance microphones, and the stereo headphone jack, which has a two-position switch to adjust volume, will drive 8-ohm phones.

The Sony TC-177SD has a frequency response of 20 to 20,000 Hz with chromium-dioxide or Ferri-Chrome tape, and 20 to 17,000 Hz with standard tape. Wow and flutter are 0.07 per cent, and signal-to-noise ratios (Dolby system off) are 49 dB with standard tape, 55 dB with chromium-dioxide and Ferri-Chrome tape. The Dolby circuits improve these figures by 5 dB or more at 1,000 Hz and by 10 dB above 5,000 Hz. The high-speed wind time for a C-60 cassette is 90 seconds. Dimensions of the TC-177SD are approximately 17⅞ x 6⅜ x 12⅛ inches. Price: $699.95.

Circle 120 on reader service card

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STEREO REVIEW
ONE OF THE FINEST RECEIVERS YOU CAN FIND.
IF YOU CAN FIND IT.

The Concord CR-260 is damn hard to find, because we're just as particular about the stores who sell it as we are about the quality of workmanship that goes into it.

And for under $250, it's damn hard to beat. You simply can't find features like ours in such a beautifully designed receiver for such a reasonable price.

While other receivers may have some of our features, none have all of them! There's simply no competition for the CR-260 at this price.

Here's what makes the CR-260 worth finding:
We've taken the care to make tuning more precise, even under the most difficult conditions.

While other receivers have one FM tuning knob, that's not good enough for the CR-260. We went to the trouble of engineering an additional second control for ultra-fine FM tuning.

And when it's receiving a stereo station the dial pointer changes from amber to red.

It even has two FM meters, one for signal strength, and another for center of channel tuning.

Other deluxe touches are the detents on the bass and treble controls that help you reset any combination exactly.

And here are some of the vital statistics: 50 watts rms total power output at 1% total harmonic distortion. FM capture ratio an incredibly low 1.5 db. And for just pure aesthetics, a beautiful black-out dial.

You'll want the full story on all the CR-260's features before you begin your search; just drop a line to: Concord Products, Benjamin Electronic Sound Co., 40 Smith Street, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

We hope it's easier for you to find than it was for us to make.
3 GOOD REASONS FOR BUYING AN EMPIRE CARTRIDGE

1. YOUR RECORDS WILL LAST LONGER. Unlike ordinary magnetic cartridges, Empire's variable reluctance cartridges have a diamond stylus that floats free of its magnets. This imposes much less weight on the record surface and insures much longer record life.

2. YOUR RECORDS WILL SOUND BETTER. Empire sound is spectacular. Distortion at standard groove velocity does not exceed .05%. Instruments don't waver; channel separation is razor sharp.

3. MORE CARTRIDGE FOR YOUR MONEY. We use 4 poles, 4 coils and three magnets in our cartridge (more than any other brand). Each cartridge must pass rigid tests before shipment.

For more good reasons to buy an Empire cartridge write for your free "Guide to Sound Design:"
EMPIRE SCIENTIFIC CORP., Dept. LL Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Mfd. U.S.A.

CIRCLE NO. 21 ON READER SERVICE CARD

AUDIO QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By LARRY KLEIN Technical Editor

Car Dolby

Q. A friend of mine spent a good sum of money for a car stereo tape player that included, among other things, Dolby noise reduction. It seems to me that the normal noise of driving would eliminate the possibility of detecting any substantial amount of tape hiss, and therefore anyone who pays extra for a Dolbyized car player is wasting money. I and several others would appreciate your opinion on this subject.

MICHAEL W. MARKS APO, New York

A. On the basis of my experience with non-Dolby eight-track and cassette players for automobiles, I concur with your reasoning. Unless the car interior is very quiet and the car speakers capable of reasonable high-frequency response, then tape hiss is either masked by other noises or simply not loud enough to be obtrusive. For home cassette and eight-track machines Dolby circuits are, of course, as important as ever—particularly since Columbia, for one, is now Dolbyizing all their eight-track cartridges.

15- to 20-Degree Tracking

Q. I have heard a rumor that phono cartridges and record manufacturers are switching to a 20-degree tracking angle. Where does that leave all us audiophiles with our investments in expensive 15-degree tracking-angle phono cartridges?

C. E. MARTIN Boise, Idaho

A. Exactly where you were before. Some background will help clarify the situation. The 15-degree standard refers to the angle (or tilt from vertical A-B) that the recording stylus assumes when cutting the groove modulation into the master disc (C-D in the diagram). Theoretically, the pivoted playback stylus should follow approximately the same vertical movement (E-D) as the cutting stylus if maximum playback fidelity is to be achieved. But for several practical reasons, records are not all cut with an effective 15 degree tilt of the cutting stylus. For one thing, there's a certain amount of spring in the lacquer surface of the master disc that makes the cutting angle slightly ambiguous. Furthermore, recording engineers will frequently tilt the cutting head a degree or so in either direction in order to achieve a quieter cut on a given lacquer surface. And to top off the confusion, there are several different ways of measuring the vertical cutting angle—all giving different numbers.

Now let's look at the playback end. The phono cartridges that we've checked since the advent of the 15-degree "standard" reveal that a few cartridges fall slightly below 15 degrees, some go as high as 22 degrees, and most fall somewhere between the two figures. It seems that a phono cartridge that operates at exactly 15 degrees is very difficult to manufacture, simply because the geometry of the cartridge's stylus assembly and internal generating elements demand that the pivot point (and hence the cartridge body) be extremely close to the record surface—so close, in fact, that the bottom of the cartridge is likely to scrape the disc surface whenever a warp comes along. Given all this, your guess is as good as mine as to the actual angle that most cartridge stylus are operating at.

Anyway, a re-evaluation of the situation has now resulted in the new standard, which calls for a 20-degree tracking angle rather than 15. Are we going to (Continued on page 26)
A Touch of Elegance

The loudspeaker that has achieved international distinction as the most highly reviewed speaker, regardless of size or price, is now available in a new, exciting continental styling option.

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Stereo Review Magazine

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Hi Fi Stereo Buyers Guide

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High Fidelity Magazine

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SOME OF THE BOYS who make Jack Daniel's Whiskey during the week make a good brand of music on weekends.

Ray Rogers and his group play pig roasts, benefits and country jamborees throughout Moore County. Here in our Hollow, they handle an assortment of jobs to help smooth out our whiskey. And they take equal pride in this line of work. You see, Ray says the country is filled with men who can make music. But there’s only a handful who can make Jack Daniel’s.
The right PICKERING cartridge for your equipment is the best cartridge money can buy.

They feature low frequency tracking and high frequency tracing ability.*

Pickering offers you "The Best of Both Worlds" in discrete 4-channel and in stereo cartridges. These cartridges have been specifically designed and engineered not only to peak specifications and performance characteristics, but also to achieve total compatibility with your music system to help you get the most out of it.

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So, whether stereo or discrete is your preference, choose from "The Best of Both Worlds" the Pickering cartridge exactly right for your equipment.

For further information write to Pickering & Co., Inc. Dept. SR, 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, New York 11803

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CIRCLE NO. 41 ON READER SERVICE CARD
SOME five years ago I heard a number of four-channel tapes made by Acoustic Research that convinced me that quadrophonic sound reproduction really did have merit, that when everything was done correctly, it could provide a simulation of sonic reality far beyond the capabilities of even the best stereo reproduction. Unfortunately, nothing I’ve heard since in four-channel has equaled those tapes—until recently, when I was invited by Mitchell Cotter, a consulting engineer well-known to audio cognoscenti, to hear some of the work he has been doing in four-channel recording.

Cotter is a dedicated man who attacks problems right at their roots. For this one, he not only designed and built his own microphones, but a four-channel tape recorder as well—how else could the desired better-than-90-dB signal-to-noise ratio be achieved without either Dolby or dbx? Technical details on Mitchell’s magic machine are not available pending granting of patents, but I did hear the tapes made with it, and it works.

Picture a large, slightly bright listening room with a pair of LST-1’s stacked near each of the four corners, each of the eight speakers being driven by one channel of four Phase Linear 400 power amplifiers. With the master tape running in and my ear pressed practically against a grille cloth, there is nothing to be heard. Then the pianist hits the opening chords of Prokofiev’s Toccata, Opus 11, and it’s real! You would swear that the artist, Natalie Ryshtna, is seated at her Bechstein concert grand located right there! The dynamics, the acoustics—everything—were as close to perfect reality as any recording I have ever heard.

By the time you read this, Cotter’s company will have augmented its present catalog of three piano tapes with several others. Each four-channel tape is duplicated on the best available 1/4-inch mastering tape and includes a precision four-track alignment segment. Price per reel is $19.95. For further information, send a stamped, self-addressed long envelope to Ambiphon Records, P. O. Box 341, Kingsbridge Station, Bronx, N. Y. 10463.

DURING the recent Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago (covered in detail by Ralph Hodges in the September issue), I had an opportunity to hear a prototype of what can only be described as a revolutionary SQ-decoder “logic system” created by Tate Audio, an English firm. It has always seemed evident (to my ears, at least) that CD-4 discs—when they worked, that is—delivered a separation between channels superior to anything that any matrixed disc, however assisted by “logic” or other circuits, seemed able to provide. And without adequate separation, the location of the listener within the speaker quadrangle becomes so critical that channel balance can shift radically if one so much as moves from one end of a couch to another. I haven’t tried to correlate just what “adequate” is, with respect to precise decibel measurements, but I know it when I hear it. For me, four-channel matrix equipment that doesn’t have full logic, wave matching, Vario-Matrix, or some other very sophisticated technique for untangling the channels is barely worth installing.

When listening to the Tate matrix decoder, however, if I hadn’t known there was an SQ record on the turntable I would have sworn I was hearing either a CD-4 disc or a discrete four-channel tape—the separation was that good. I don’t know how well the Tate unit will stand up under the toughest test of all—a direct A-B comparison between a well-recorded four-channel master tape and an SQ-encoded/Tate-decoded disc of the same material. But I’ve never been terribly concerned about whether or not I’m hearing a perfect sonic facsimile of what I would have heard during the recording session (it would be impossible with studio-made rock recordings anyway).

What I want to hear in my home is music reproduced in a way that is either sonically plausible (if “reality” is the goal) and/or clean and interesting. The Tate decoder, depending on the quality of the SQ program fed to it, was both. With SQ discs playing, I could approach any one speaker and still hear apparently “discrete” sound coming from the other three. In addition, normal stereo discs, tapes, and FM broadcasts were reproduced with the best synthesized quadraphonic effects I have ever heard.

Tate won’t reveal the operating principles, since their protective patents are still pending. In the form in which I saw it, incidentally, the four inputs of the black box were connected to the four outputs of a conventional no-logic SQ decoder—which indicates its potential as an add-on super-logic enhancer for existing SQ equipment. The Tate integrated-circuit modules will probably not be appearing in any original hardware for at least six months, but when they do, SQ will finally have an effective answer to CD-4’s separation challenge.
In every sense the Infinity Column is an extraordinary speaker system.

It has our exotic, patented Wave Transmission Line tweeter, the first transient-perfect, totally coherent 360° tweeter in the world. It has two additional midrange tweeters, one rear-mounted for ambience; as well as our two patented woofers, one down-mounted, in their Active Transmission Line enclosures.

It has an extraordinarily flat frequency response, giving you natural, accurate orchestral timbres. Both acoustic and electronic instruments are reproduced with extraordinary accuracy — free from the "bumped-up" mid-bass and mid-highs that characterize the artificial sound of many much more expensive systems. And you don't need Boulder Dam to drive it.

This means that whether your head is into rock, classics, jazz or country — or all of them — this is the full, clear, accurate sound of the orchestra: not an electronically-goosed approximation of the orchestra.

And the Column has an extraordinarily low price.

At $239* each, run, don't walk.

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We get you back to what it's all about. Music.
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Introducing Infinity's
Wave Transmission Line Column
For those who only want everything

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+ Slightly more East of the Mississippi. Which is an other incentive for living in California.
FOUR-CHANNEL LOGIC SYSTEMS

Most four-channel receivers incorporate one or more “matrix decoders” (SQ, QS, etc.) to process appropriately encoded four-channel discs (or FM broadcasts), and even to provide a synthetic four-channel effect from ordinary stereo material. If you’ve inspected any of the current models, you’ve probably noticed switch positions for these modes of operation indicated on the front panels. What you’ll be noticing on many more units in the near future, either on front panels or in owner’s manuals, are references to various types of logic assistance for these decoders.

The purpose of logic, when added to the basic matrix decoders, is to reduce the audible effects of signal leakage between channels—a characteristic of all matrix systems. When interchannel leakage occurs, there is a loss of channel separation that can adversely affect the distinctness and stability of stereo localization. Logic assistance consists of one or more circuits that respond to certain specified conditions in the four-channel playback signal and take action, of one sort or another, only when these conditions crop up. Otherwise it remains inactive.

Decoders for the CBS SQ system are available with a number of logic “options,” variously termed front-back, wave-matching, and variable-blend. Sansui’s QS system offers Vario-Matrix logic, which also comes in several degrees of sophistication and complexity.

- **Front-back logic.** Since the basic SQ matrix is inherently limited in its amount of front-to-back separation, there is sometimes a tendency for center-front soloists to “drift” (that is, change their audible location) in the direction of the rear speakers, and vice versa. Front-back logic was developed to attenuate (literally, turn down) either the front or rear speakers when conditions in the signal indicate that a near-center voice or instrument really belongs between the opposite speaker pair.

- **Wave-matching logic.** Wave-matching or “gain-riding” logic is similar in its action to front-back, but it is able to attenuate any of the four speaker channels individually. The term “wave-matching” refers to the way in which the logic senses both phase and amplitude similarities between all four channels to detect leakage.

- **Variable-blend logic.** Variable-blend, in its present form, is an extension of the front-back scheme. Signals that leak, for example, from the front channels to the rear will be mutually out of phase in the two rear channels. Therefore, if the left-rear and right-rear channels are electrically mixed (“blended”) in certain logic-controlled amounts, some of the leakage material will be electrically canceled. Material properly belonging in the rear channels will not be canceled.

Among the multitude of SQ decoders available, some have no logic, others just one type, and a few, often referred to as “full-logic,” have combinations of several types. The wave-matching/variable-blend combination is the newest and, audibly, the most effective.

- **Vario-Matrix.** The amount of separation in any given sector of a four-channel sound field is largely determined by the characteristics of the basic matrix itself. Sansui’s Vario-Matrix is a technique that, under logic control, actually alters the characteristics of the QS matrix continuously. According to Sansui, the direction-sensing mechanism of human hearing is dominated by strong signals. In other words, the ear tends to be tolerant of directional ambiguities in softer signals if there is a sufficiently loud signal (a dominant voice, instrument, etc.) present that it can home in on accurately. Therefore, Vario-Matrix is designed to shift around the available separation of the basic matrix, favoring the sector from which the loudest signal is supposed to be emanating.

When considering a four-channel purchase, you should look closely into the type of logic provided (if any), for the differences are quite audible.
Live versus recorded at Covent Garden

Rehearsal scene from Mozart's Don Giovanni at Covent Garden, London.

Twenty-four AR-6 speakers are installed at the Danish Royal Opera.

Four AR-LSTs are in use at La Scala, Milan.

The most severe test for a loudspeaker system is to be compared with live music. The ultimate success is for the music from the speakers to remain indistinguishable from the real thing.

This is exactly what is happening at The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London. Covent Garden has purchased five AR-LST speaker systems as well as a number of AR-7s. The AR speakers are in constant use in such 'roles' as the Commendatore or the voices of the underworld in Don Giovanni. They are also used for the offstage brass band in Aida and the taped sequences in the new production of Benjamin Britten's Owen Wingrave, as well as for many other purposes.

A recent article by Adrian Hope in England's Hi-Fi Sound magazine reported the comments of the Covent Garden technicians who installed the system: 'If you think about it, Covent Garden cannot make do with any audio equipment other than the very best. In a recording studio what you are putting out as a final end product is a recording. What we are putting out here is a live performance and anything electronic is automatically the subject of the classic AB test — the audience can hear live sound and sound from a loudspeaker. So they have a perpetual yardstick to judge by.'

The idea of course is to create the illusion for the critical Covent Garden audience that they are always hearing live music.

AR itself has produced public live-versus-recorded concerts. Audiences were asked to distinguish between the performance of live musicians on stage and a recording of the same music reproduced over AR loudspeakers — the same AR loudspeakers that were designed for home listening. As at Covent Garden, the illusion of live music has been virtually 100-percent effective.

The use of AR speakers in live musical performances doesn't stop with Covent Garden's AR-LSTs and AR-7s. The Danish Royal Opera makes constant use of twenty-four AR-6s and six AR-LSTs. And La Scala has recently installed four AR-LSTs.

Try the grand illusion for yourself. There's a five-year guarantee that your AR speakers will perform as well as Covent Garden's. Or the Danish Royal Opera's. Or La Scala's.

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November 1974

31
West Germany’s craftsmen have earned a reputation for building turntables with superb engineering, costly materials, careful manufacturing and clean, functional design.

Until the introduction of the PE 3000 series of turntables, this kind of precision was available only at rather high prices. The first generation of the 3000 series proved otherwise: their prices began at little more than those of ordinary record changers.

The PE concept has now been carried on with three new models. Even the lowest priced, the 3044, offers such precision features as variable pitch control and cue control viscous damped in both directions.

The 3046 and 3048 offer die-cast, dynamically-balanced platters; rotating single-play spindles; and separate anti-skating scales for different stylus types.

The 3060 continues at the top of the line. As Hirsch-Houck Labs reported in Stereo Review: “The performance of the PE 3060 belongs in the top rank of automatic turntables.”

To appreciate the PE concept in terms of performance, visit your authorized PE dealer and compare PE turntables with others priced well above them. You’ll see what makes each PE the best automatic turntable at its price.

Impro Industries, Inc., 120 Hartford Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553
CIRCLE NO. 55 ON READER SERVICE CARD
FM TUNER MEASUREMENTS VS. SOUND QUALITY: One of the basic difficulties in judging high-fidelity components is that their measured performance specifications do not necessarily correlate with what we hear. I have commented in past months on this problem, especially as it pertains to loudspeakers, but a similar (if less obvious) situation exists with regard to electronic components as well.

We are accustomed to judging the sensitivity of an FM tuner from the so-called "IHF Usable Sensitivity" rating. After all, this is the sensitivity, isn't it? Not exactly! The IHF defines one way of using test instruments to provide a measure of tuner sensitivity, but it is not the only way, by any means. And unfortunately the IHF technique doesn't really tell us very much about how well the tuner can turn weak signals into acceptable audio, which is what we assume "sensitivity" is all about.

The IHF Usable Sensitivity rating is defined as the level (in microvolts) of a fully modulated signal that results in a total of 3.2 per cent (−30 dB) of combined noise and distortion in the tuner's audio output. Depending on the specific tuner, this residual noise may be largely hiss or harmonic distortion, or (more usually) a mixture of the two. Unfortunately, such a signal would be judged by most as somewhat short of achieving high-fidelity sound. In other words, the IHF sensitivity specification really describes the lowest signal level in microvolts (µV) that a tuner can accept if it is to deliver what amounts to an unusable output! It is really not much of a basis for comparing tuners, yet the designers and manufacturers fight for every last tenth of a microvolt of IHF sensitivity in order to convey a positive impression to the buying public.

The plain truth is that there is no way to judge solely from the IHF Usable Sensitivity number whether one tuner is actually more sensitive in use than another, let alone the degree of such a difference. It is perfectly possible for a tuner with a 5-µV IHF rating to give quieter reception of a weak signal (say, in the 10- to 20-µV range) than would another tuner whose measured sensitivity is 1.5 µV. Which one would you say is more sensitive?

This limitation has long been recognized, and in the new IHF/IEEE FM tuner standard a second definition of sensitivity has been added. This is the "50-dB Quieting Sensitivity," which refers to the input that reduces background noise (hiss) to 50 dB below the full modulation level. Such a signal is at least listenable, though in most home listening environments one would still be very much aware of background hiss.

By considering both sensitivity figures—IHF and 50-dB quieting—one can judge the steepness of the tuner's limiting curve. Generally speaking, the steeper it is, the better the tuner is. Most good tuners, whose IHF sensitivities lie between 1.5 and 3 µV, reach the 50-dB quieting point with inputs from 2.5 to 10 µV. Fortunately, most of us do not try to listen to stereo signals (or even mono signals) that are in the range of 10 µV or less. A typical "weak" signal is more likely to be in the 30- to 100-µV range. Obviously, if one is to judge a tuner's performance in this critical range, one must examine the full quieting curve, such as is published with our test reports on tuners and receivers.

If you examine a typical tuner quieting curve (see accompanying example), you will note that, at least in stereo, it rarely reaches its maximum quieting (lowest noise level) until the test-signal input exceeds 1,000 µV or so. However, some of the best tuners are fully quieted at a few hundred microvolts, while a number of inexpensive units need an input of many thousands of microvolts to reach this condition. If you compare these tuners by listening to them, your ears will have no difficulty deciding which is quietest. This is actually a good criterion of excellence if the tuners are even roughly comparable in other respects. The same information can be inferred from our quieting curves. However, a simple listing of numbers, even if the 50-dB quieting sensitivity is included, cannot convey the same information in such a meaningful way.

I do not wish to imply that quieting sensitivity is the only basis for ranking FM tuners, but it is certainly one of the most obvious audible distinctions between them. Listening to the background hiss during pauses in the program eliminates such uncontrolled variables as the specific program material, the quality of the broadcasting station, and even the associated amplifiers and speakers.

Some of the differences in sound quality between FM tuners relate to their frequency response, since it is common to use a sharp cut-off, high-frequency filter in the audio output to remove 19-kHz (19,000 Hz) and 38-kHz stereo pilot signals which may be imperfectly suppressed in the multiplex demodulator. These filters often begin to reduce the output above 12 kHz, and a drop of 2 to 4 dB at 15 kHz is not uncommon. This effect, where it exists, is noted in our test reports. Some of the best tuners do not depend on separate filters, but use advanced-design multiplex demodulators that inherently provide adequate...
suppression of these unwanted signals. Incidentally, we have observed an interesting psychoacoustic effect that can cause the apparent brightness or "openness" of the program to be enhanced by the presence of small amounts of background hiss. (This same phenomenon also affects the apparent frequency response of high-frequency noise-reduction devices.) This effect, in all probability, has helped to make some tuners with unexceptional quieting and a loss of high-end response sound better than they really are.

When we come to distortion, it becomes very difficult to make any solid connection between measurements and audible effects. Particularly in stereo reception, distortion is a function of frequency and signal level, plus the addition of low-level spurious components arising from intermodulation between program distortions and the ultrasonic signals present in the multiplex demodulator. In a poor tuner, these can be heard as a "gargling" or fuzzy quality, and in the most advanced designs they are completely inaudible. Obviously, most tuners fall between these limits, and the degree of offensiveness of such distortions depends on the type of programming you prefer and your own sensitivity to this particular deficiency. For most of us, low-level tuner distortions are submerged in the distortions inherent in the original records and tapes, and in the broadcasting process as well. Although this may be taken as a sad commentary on the quality of recorded and broadcast music, it also makes it possible for most of us to live with tuners we can afford. Those few tuners that are relatively free of these distortion effects are necessarily very expensive.

Summing up, when you are trying to pick the tuner that is best for you, do not be unduly influenced by the various "sensitivity" figures you will see quoted. Look for the signal level needed to achieve maximum quieting, and the actual signal-to-noise ratio at that level. This information can be obtained from our test reports, but it is more easily determined by careful listening to the tuner and comparing it to others known to be of high quality. Either way, it is in this area that most of the real, audible differences between tuners will be found.

The levels of both random noise and total noise plus distortion are compared with the audio-output level as input-signal strength increases. Both mono and stereo are shown.
AKAI takes a giant step backward and forward.

3 hours continuous record and playback with the "hands-off" wizardry of AKAI GXC-75D.

Just flip the magic switch and you never need to flip the tape. This is the stereo cassette wizard that thinks for itself. Record back and forth with automatic stop.

Playback can be one-way, both ways or continuous. Now you can tape an entire record collection, your favorite station or a live performance without missing a beat. The GXC-75D does it all for you, with incredibly faithful reproduction.

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Precise switching controls one-way, round-trip, continuous playback and automatic stop.
Memory switch lets you return automatically to a pre-selected spot on the tape.

Get the wizard, just one of many ways to go cassette with AKAI, the innovators. From $209.95 with Dolby.

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FREE! AKAI includes with the purchase of any tape recorder, BASF low-noise, hi-output reel-to-reel tape or 8-track cartridge, or Chrom dioxide cassette. Up to $16.00 retail value. (Offer good only in continental U.S.)
Scott R77S AM/Stereo FM Receiver

A new addition to the top of the H. H. Scott line is the Model R77S, a powerful and de luxe stereo receiver whose fresh styling sets it apart from many of its competitors. The front panel of the R77S, in satin-finished aluminum, presents a pleasingly simple, uncluttered appearance. The backout dial area, extending across most of the panel width, includes the two tuning meters and the tuning knob, as well as the AM and FM dial scales. The illuminated words indicate the selected program source—PHONO 1, PHONO 2, FM, AM, and TAPE 2. This last input accepts a high-level signal and is equivalent to the AUX input of most amplifiers and receivers. (The TAPE 1 input is selected by the tape-monitor switch.)

The bass and treble tone controls, as well as the balance control, have lightly detented center positions. Pushbuttons are used for loudness compensation, mono/stereo mode selection, tape monitoring, high-cut filter, FM muting, and power switching. A row of five pushbuttons connects the amplifier outputs to any of three pairs of speakers, or to two combinations of two pairs simultaneously. A stereo headphone jack completes the front-panel facilities.

On the rear apron are insulated spring clips for the speaker outputs, 300- and 75-ohm FM antenna terminals (the latter a coaxial connector), a pivoted AM ferrite-rod antenna, and terminals for an external AM wire antenna. The usual signal inputs and outputs are augmented by separate preamplifier outputs and main amplifier inputs joined by jumpers. There is a DIN connector in parallel with the tape-recorder terminals. The sensitivity of one of the two phono inputs can be switched for use with high- or low-output cartridges, and another switch changes the FM audio de-emphasis from the 75 microseconds used in the United States to the 50-microsecond European standard. The two speaker outputs and the power line are fused, and there is a single switched a.c. outlet.

The top and sides of the R77S are made of black anodized aluminum, highly resistant to scratches and contrasting with the silver-colored panel. The receiver is 18 inches wide, 6 inches high, and 14 1/2 inches deep; it weighs 30 pounds. Price: $599.90.

Laboratory Measurements. When both channels were driven with a 1,000-

(Continued on page 38)
Introducing our new speakers. They stubbornly maintain their neutrality.

We call them the Neutrals. And that's how we designed them—to be neutral, as free of coloration as possible. Because Technics is convinced neutrality is the key to great speaker performance.

Unfortunately, many speaker designers feel that they have to add coloration to give their systems "personality" or "presence." But Technics believes that adding coloring is wrong because it permanently compromises fidelity. And that the best way to introduce special tone emphasis is with the tone controls on your amp or receiver. So you can control it.

Technics speakers achieve their unusually high degree of neutrality without using gimmicks. Instead, they use drivers of proven design. Like phenolic-ring tweeters, dome-center cone super-tweeters, cone-type midranges, and air-suspension woofers. Expertly matched with specially tailored crossover networks. And then precisely positioned in fully sealed enclosures.

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<td>3,000 cu. ft.</td>
<td>10w = 90dB SPL</td>
<td>10w = 90dB SPL</td>
<td>10w = 92dB SPL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dispersion</td>
<td>120°</td>
<td>120°</td>
<td>120°</td>
<td>120°</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power</td>
<td>minimum 10 watts</td>
<td>10 watts</td>
<td>10 watts</td>
<td>10 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>max. music</td>
<td>100 watts</td>
<td>100 watts</td>
<td>100 watts</td>
<td>100 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>max. 12kHz</td>
<td>50w-5 min.</td>
<td>50w-5 min.</td>
<td>50w-5 min.</td>
<td>100w-5 min.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
```

Each of the four Technics Neutrals has an impressive roster of specifications. The most important ones are stated in the chart. And in terms that make the numbers meaningful.

Stop in at your dealer and experience Technics neutrality. The more you listen to it, the more you'll appreciate why we're so stubborn about maintaining it.

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

FOR YOUR TECHNICS DEALER, CALL FREE 800 470-4700 IN ILLINOIS, 800 322-4400.
Hz signal into 8-ohm loads, the output waveform of the R77S clipped at 83 watts per channel—well above the amplifier's 70-watt rating. Into 4 ohms, the power at clipping was 123 watts per channel, and into 16 ohms it was 50 watts. At low power levels, the total harmonic distortion (THD) reading at 1,000 Hz was obscured by inaudible noise. But at higher signal levels it was very low: between 0.024 and 0.052 per cent from about 1 to 80 watts output. Intermodulation (IM) distortion increased smoothly from 0.045 per cent at 50 watts. At low power levels, the total harmonic distortion (THD) reading at 1,000 Hz was 0.05 per cent modulation. Automatic switching to stereo took place at a 15-µV input, with a 40-dB S/N ratio. The input required for a 50-dB quieting level for stereo was 50 µV, and ultimate quieting was 68 dB with a distortion of 0.5 per cent. The stereo FM frequency response was an excellent -0.5 dB from 30 to 15,000 Hz, and channel separation was typically 35 to 40 dB through the low and middle frequency range, falling to 20 dB at 15,000 Hz. The 19-kHz pilot carrier in the output was suppressed by 68 dB. Other measured FM-section performance characteristics include: capture ratio (at 1,000 µV), 1.8 dB; AM suppression, 70 dB (an exceptionally good figure); image rejection, 46 dB; alternate-channel selectivity, 60 dB. The interstation-noise muting threshold was 7 µV, and the muting action was positive and noise-free, with only a slight click. The AM frequency response was down 6 dB at 3,600 Hz.

**Comment.** When our sample of the receiver was turned on, there was a strong "thump"; however, we are told that special circuits are incorporated in later production models to eliminate the problem.

Not only was the sound of the Scott R77S all that could be desired, but it had a very satisfying air of precision in its appearance, control operation, and ease of tuning. In particular, the optimum FM tuning point for minimum distortion and maximum stereo separation was non-critical and well-defined by the center segment of the tuning meter. And if you prefer low-efficiency speakers, the Scott R77S should be ideal. We found it to be a real "powerhouse" receiver, easily able to drive cleanly some of the least efficient speakers at our disposal.

Circle 106 on reader service card
Choosing a blank tape is like selecting a wine

Ever notice how the audiophile (and oenophile) has built a wall of words—a sound barrier—around selecting a quality blank tape (and a fine wine). Neither should be so complicated to enjoy.

Now you needn't be a sound engineer to buy tape. Now there's the music tape BY CAPITOL.

Just choose tape (like wine) to suit the occasion. For everyday dictation or class lectures, use an ordinary tape (like vin ordinaire). But when you record music spend a little more for premium, the music tape BY CAPITOL.

If you insist, we can put it in audiophile terms: the music tape BY CAPITOL is ‘brighter’ tape. Extra high output/low noise. It will extend the frequency response of any tape recorder.

Our backcoated cassettes are guaranteed jamproof. Our 8-track cartridge is the industry standard—professionals buy more of it than any other. And our backcoated open reel tape is the same high quality as studio mastering tape.

Got it? Now forget it. Why work so hard? When all you have to know is:

When you record ordinary things, use an ordinary tape.
But when you record music, record on

the music tape

BY CAPITOL

cassette • cartridge • open reel

EMI

TM OF EMI LIMITED
A MEMBER OF THE EMI GROUP

CIRCLE NO. 6 ON READER SERVICE CARD
The Tandberg 9200XD is a slightly improved version of their popular Model 9000X, and in addition has built-in Dolby circuits. The 9200XD is a three-motor, three-head machine that can operate at 1⅞, 3⅞, and 7⅞ ips. Its transport mechanism features the advanced logic-controlled, solenoid-operated system offered in the 9000X.

Like the other Tandberg tape recorders, the 9200XD uses cross-field biasing, with the recording bias signal applied to the base side of the tape by a special head located opposite the record head. The cross-field head extends the high-frequency response without the use of high levels of recording equalization. The tape follows a straight-line path across the heads, passing over tape-tensioning arms as it nears the 7-inch reels. The speeds are selected by a lever that also changes the recording and playback equalization. A new feature is the EDIT/CUE button, which permits listening to the tape during fast forward or rewind (to locate recorded sections), as well as when the reels are rotated by hand to zero-in on editing points. There is also a pushbutton-reset, four-digit index counter.

The tape-transport functions are controlled by a group of flat green buttons that operate with a very light finger touch. The logic system, which alone uses fifteen integrated circuits, makes it possible to operate the buttons in any sequence, or at any time, without risk of damaging or spilling the tape. A section of each button is illuminated when its function is selected. The PLAY button is spaced slightly from the fast-speed and STOP buttons, and the red RECORD button is still further away. The Tandberg 9200XD does not require simultaneous operation of two controls to engage the recording mode. However, one or both of the REC SELECT buttons under the meters must be depressed, and the tape stopped, before the RECORD mode can be engaged.

The lower portion of the panel, whose silver color contrasts with the black transport section, contains the recorder's electronic controls. At the left are four vertical sliders that control the recording levels from two microphones and two line inputs (which can be mixed). At the far right are two more vertical sliders for playback-level control. The two large illuminated meters read the peak levels after the recording equalization has been applied, helping to insure against tape saturation at high frequencies (which can easily happen when the meters read the levels before equalization). The internal switching of recording and playback equalization when changing mode or speed, and of the metering circuitry, is done by noiseless, solid-state diode switches. When the machine is at a stop, and the REC SELECT buttons are pressed, the meters light up and indicate recording levels. This continues during recording, regardless of the position of the SOURCE/TAPE buttons, which can be operated to connect either the incoming signal or the playback-head outputs to the line outputs. However, when the machine is in the play mode, the meters are automatically switched to monitor the line-output levels, as they are affected by the playback-level controls.

Below the meters are two ⅛-inch jacks for balanced microphone inputs (unbalanced sources can also be used). The preamplifier gain is controlled automatically by the microphone impedance to obtain optimum noise characteristics with dynamic microphones having impedances between 200 and 700 ohms. The headphone jack is designed to drive 8-ohm phones, but provides an adequate level for most higher-impedance units.

Two small knob switches have signal lights above them to indicate that they are in use. The ON switch cross-connects the recording and playback amplifiers for making sound-on-sound recordings (in mono) by copying one track onto the other, with new material added. The DOLBY NR switch has several operating modes, and it is the most distinctive new feature of this recorder. Its three positions are NORM, FILTER, and DOLBY FM. The first is for Dolby recording from any source other than stereo FM, and for playing back any Dolbyized tape. The FILTER position introduces a 19-KHz notch filter to prevent the stereo-pilot carrier from interfering with the Dolby decoder. This avoids the need for "double Dolby" recording, while permitting the program to be heard with full quieting and correct frequency balance during recording. The second position of the DOLBY FM mode is to listen to Dolby FM without making a recording.

The Tandberg 9200XD is 15⅞ inches wide, 16⅜ inches high, and 5⅛ inches deep; it weighs 34 pounds. It can be operated either vertically or horizontally. Price: $949. Optional accessories include a carrying case ($40), plastic dust cover ($12), and a remote-control box ($99.50).

Laboratory Measurements. The playback frequency response, with Ampex test tapes, was within ±1 dB over the 50- to 15,000-Hz range of the tape at 7½ ips, and within ±1.5 dB from 50 to 7,500 Hz at 3⅞ ips. The overall record-playback frequency response, with Maxell UD35-7 tape (for which the recorder was biased) was ±2 dB from 40 to 11,300 Hz at 7⅞ ips, ±2 dB from 32 to 20,000 Hz at 3⅞ ips, and ±2 dB from 30 to 26,500 Hz at 7⅞ ips. The meters of the 9200XD are calibrated differently.

(Continued on page 42)
No other component in your high fidelity system will influence your enjoyment of music as much as your choice of speakers. Every speaker design has its own individual characteristics, and actually imposes its own personality on any music you play.

What kind of a sound do you prefer? The tight sound of an acoustic suspension speaker? The open sound and flexibility of an omni-radial speaker? Or the presence and realism of a multi-directional speaker?

No matter which you choose, Sansui makes a speaker to match your taste. And they are all superior in performance, delivering sharp definition, and a smooth, but crystal-clear dynamic attack over a wide range.

Yes, speakers are a matter of taste. Only you can decide which one of the seven Sansui speakers is really the best you’ve ever heard. So stop in at your nearest Sansui dealer... and listen.
from most we have seen, so that a standard Dolby-level tape gives a meter reading of −10 dB and a 0.5-volt audio output. Since tape saturation begins rapidly at 0 dB or slightly above, peaks should be kept below that level as much as possible for best results.

We measured a reference 3 per cent distortion in the playback outputs with a recording level of 0 dB at 1½ ips, +3 dB at 3%4 ips, and +1.5 dB at 7½ ips. The unweighted noise levels referred to these levels were respectively −50.5 dB, −58 dB, and −61.5 dB. With IEC “A” weighting to attenuate the less audible low frequencies, these improved to −56.5 dB, −64.3 dB, and −68 dB. Finally, when we added the Dolby system, the noise levels became −64.7 dB, −71.5 dB, and −74 dB—all of them exception ally good. The noise contributed by the microphone amplifiers (which are outside the Dolby system) was very small until the microphone gain controls were set to more than about 85 per cent of maximum. Considering the high gain of these circuits, that level will never be required with most microphones. At maximum gain, the noise increased by 5 to 14 dB depending on the impedance of the microphone used.

The line input for a 0-dB recording level was 0.1 volt (the microphone inputs required only 100 microvolts with a 600-ohm source), and the playback output was 1.23 volts at 7½ ips, decreasing to 0.78 volt at 1½ ips.

The tape speeds were exceptionally accurate, with errors of +0.13 per cent at 7½ ips and +0.5 per cent at 1½ ips (the 3%4-ips speed was exact). Wow was at the 0.01 per cent residual of our test tapes, and flutter was 0.06 per cent at 7½ ips, 0.07 per cent at 3%4 ips, and 0.16 per cent at 1½ ips. In fast forward and rewind, a 1,800-foot reel of tape was run through in 70 to 72 seconds. The meters read 100 per cent of their steady-state values on 300-milli second tone bursts, with negligible overshoot and a visibly slower decay. The Dolby circuits tracked very accurately, affecting the overall frequency response by less than 1 dB at all frequencies up to 16,000 Hz. The multiplex filter had no effect up to 15,000 Hz, but reduced the 19-kHz response by more than 24 dB.

**Comment.** If you do not become careless and let the recording levels climb too far into the red area of the meters, the 9200XD makes virtually perfect recordings at all three speeds from FM radio and discs. We did not use it for live recording, but would expect it to be equally outstanding for that purpose, especially at the two higher speeds. The Dolby system, as expected, had its greatest subjective effect at the lower tape speeds, but nevertheless made a worthwhile contribution at 7½ ips. Obviously, when recording from microphones, it is desirable to keep the recording level controls at a reasonable setting to prevent microphone circuit noise from negating the effects of the Dolby system. We also found the Dolby FM mode very convenient for listening to Dolbyized FM broadcasts.

The 1½-ips performance of the 9200XD is, in all respects, comparable to that of a good Dolby-equipped cassette recorder—but with the numerous advantages of open-reel tape, such as longer playing time, easy editing, etc. This is not an insignificant achievement, since most open-reel decks fall well short of top-level cassette-deck performance at that speed.

Having previously tested and used the Tandberg 9000X, we had no difficulty becoming accustomed to the 9200XD. Compared with the usual tape recorder, it is somewhat different in its operating characteristics, but all in all it is one of the easiest and most enjoyable recorders we have used.

**Circle 107 on reader service card**

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**Phase Linear 4000 Stereo Preamplifier**

The Phase Linear 4000 stereo preamplifier, in the complexity of its circuits and its design philosophy, differs radically from any other preamplifier we have ever tested or seen. Most of its differences and special functions reflect Phase Linear's belief that it is not enough that a preamplifier process and amplify the program material without introducing distortion and noise. In addition, it should also be able to compensate to a very large degree for the losses in dynamic range and signal-to-noise ratio inherent in the recording and reproduction process. This Phase Linear achieves by a combination of noise-reduction and dynamic-range-expansion circuits whose sophistication far surpasses anything previously available on the audio consumer level.

The Phase Linear noise-reduction system is "open-ended," meaning that it does not require pre-encoded FM, records, or tapes. It will work with any program material, old or new, and provides about 10 dB of hiss reduction. Previous to the appearance of this Phase Linear preamplifier, the so-called "autocorrelator" noise-reduction technique was used mostly in space and satellite communications gear. The autocorrelator circuits in the 4000 are sufficiently complex that a full explanation of the operating principles would occupy almost as much space as this entire report. Suffice it to say that the latest version of the correlator circuit uses something like twenty-three discrete transistors, perhaps a hundred diodes, and five IC's that contain the equivalent of five hundred or more transistors. All of this circuitry is involved in analyzing the audio program in respect to its "correlatable" signal elements vs. its noncorrelatable (or random-noise) elements. The signal elements are passed through unaltered, while the noise is excluded by a series of bandpass gates controlled by the presence or absence of a correlatable (non-noise) signal.

In addition to the high-frequency (Continued on page 46)
Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

At the big neighborhood Garage Sale almost everyone has a gimmick. Pick the one who doesn't.

1. No. He's Vaughn Gudeel. Gimmick: Insists on "feeling the merchandise." Merchandise is about to teach him theory of acupuncture (it's alive).

2. Nope. He's Ben Takin. Bought water bed—that later developed an oil slick. Gimmick: Menthol cigarettes so cold, it's like trying to set fire to an igloo.

3. She's Vera Vane. Gimmick: With 20-400 vision, she "doesn't need" glasses. Thinks she's talking to old college beau. Smokes Cabbage Leaf cigarettes—preferred by two out of three inchworms.

4. No. He's Frank Apraisel. Just bought "Man Packing Suitcase" painting. Later cleaned it and found it's really "Alligator Having Snack." Smokes cigarette with so many air vents it's like smoking a harmonica.

5. Right. He knows a genuine article when he sees it. Wants no gimmicks in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco.


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


From front to rear: Dual 1229Q, $259.95; Dual 1228, $189.95; Dual 1226, $159.95; Dual 1225, $129.95.
Why many choose the highest-priced Dual even though our lowest-priced model has all the precision your records need.

Even the lowest-priced Dual, model 1225, is a perfect example of Dual's basic design concept: to build every Dual turntable with more precision than you are ever likely to need.

The 1225's vernier-adjust, counter-balanced tonearm can track flawlessly with the most sensitive cartridges available—at as low as one gram. Tracking pressure is applied exactly as with the highest-priced Dual—around the vertical pivot, maintaining perfect balance in all planes. And the anti-skating system has separate calibrations for conical, elliptical and CD-4 styli.

Operating features include a single master switch for all start/stop operations, pitch-control, viscous-damped cueing and a hi-torque motor that maintains speed within 0.1% even when line voltage varies as much as 20%.

Less obvious, but important nevertheless, the 1225 also provides the same high quality materials, carefully finished parts and meticulous quality control that have long earned Dual its reputation for reliability.

(Typically, many audio experts who bought the lowest-priced Duals early in their careers tell us they are still in service years later in a second system.)

Considering all this, why do so many serious music lovers spend $259.95 for the 1229Q? Although the 1225 has all the precision your records need, the 1229Q has refinements you may well want. For example, the 1229Q is a full-sized turntable with a 12" dynamically-balanced platter that weighs a full seven pounds. It is driven by the powerful Continuous-Pole/synchronous motor. The gimbal-mounted 8-3/4" tonearm can track at as low as 0.25 gram, and has provision for adjusting the vertical tracking angle of the stylus for single or multiple play.

The 1229Q also has an illuminated strobe, and cueing is damped in both directions to prevent bounce.

Dual's other multi-play turntables, the 1226 at $159.95 and 1228 at $189.95, offer one or more of these refinements.

Considering all this, it's no wonder that readers of the leading audio magazines own more Duals in every price range than any other quality turntable. Evidently, they choose Dual first to preserve their records, then select a specific model depending on the refinements they prefer.

To sum up, Dual has made certain that your continuing investment in records will be protected even if you choose the lowest-priced model. How far you go beyond that is up to you. That decision can best be made when you visit a franchised United Audio dealer.

United Audio Products
120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553
Exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual

NOVEMBER 1974
CIRCLE NO. 50 ON READER SERVICE CARD
noise-reduction circuits, the Model 4000 has a signal-controlled, low-frequency dynamic filter to reduce hum, rumble, and other low-end disturbances. Though not actually a part of the autocorrelator system, it is activated whenever the autocorrelator is turned on. Since the low-frequency filter is turned off when audio signals are above the system's hum and rumble level, it has no effect on the audible low-frequency response. When program signals are absent, the filter slopes off the low-frequency noise starting at about 200 Hz to about -15 dB at 20 Hz and below.

The other major special circuit, the "peak limiter," is a sophisticated four-band dynamic-range expander. It appears to be only slightly less complex than the autocorrelator (fifty semiconductors plus two IC's). The expansion action, which has different characteristics in each of the four signal-amplitude bands, is controlled separately by the overall signal level, the rate of change of high-level signals, and the rate of change of low-level signals. The combination of these characteristics and others (including an "ambiance" circuit that re-generates any lost reverberation decay characteristics) are also too complex to describe here in detail. However, working together they restore, to a very great extent, the program dynamics removed during the recording process.

Six large knobs control the more conventional aspects of the unit's operation. There are separate bass and treble tone controls (with eleven detented positions) for each stereo channel. Lever switches change the turnover frequencies beyond which the controls have their effect, with a choice of 2,000 or 8,000 Hz for the treble control and 40 or 150 Hz for the bass control. There is a switch to bypass all the tone-control circuits, and another to switch the a.c. power to the preamplifier and to three of the six outlets in the rear of the unit. An internal heavy-duty relay is used for controlling the switched outlets, which can handle a total of up to 25 amperes.

The input selector has positions for TAPE 2 playback, AUX, TUNER, and two magnetic phono cartridges. There are provisions for two tape recorders, with the audible effects of the tone controls were subtle within the normal frequency range of program material. The maximum control range of ±8 dB, combined with the limiting of the boost or cut to the frequency extremes, means that much of the time one can vary the controls through their full range with very little audible change in frequency balance. This approach is intentional, of course. The tone controls can add—or subtract—a small but important increment of response to the frequency extremes, where this action is usually required. By comparison, conventional tone controls are often too "heavy-handed" in their action, and produce an undesirable coloration when used to more than a minor extent. The "active equalizer" had an effect only below about 70 Hz and above 10,000 Hz, with a maximum boost of 6 dB at 20 Hz and 3.5 dB at 20,000 Hz. A useful combination of bass cut (150-Hz turnover) plus the boost of the active equalizer produced a "shelf" in the response below about 300 Hz, adjustable into about 5 dB in depth. This removed much of the heaviness which is typical of many speakers whose own response emphasis in that frequency range is often accentuated by room resonances.

The RIAA equalization was virtually perfect, within ±0.5 dB over the full range (Continued on page 48)
Join the new AMPEX Tape Society

CHOOSE ANY ONE OF THESE TAPES FOR JUST 99c

AMD 335
Seventh Sojourn
Moody Blues

AMD 326
The Golden Age of Rock n' Roll
Sha Na Na

AMD 307
Imagination
Gladys Knight & The Pips

AMD 333
Tom Jones Greatest Hits
Tom Jones

AMD 332
Bill Withers Live
Bill Withers

AMD 334
My Love
Engelbert Humperdinck

AMD 325
The Way We Were
Ronnie Aldrich

AMD 336
Benny Goodman on Stage
Benny Goodman

AMD 315
Greatest Hits on Earth
5th Dimension

AMD 328
Overture
Stanley Black

AMD 320
The Music of Scott Joplin
Eric Rogers

AMD 329
A Salute to Glenn Miller
Ted Heath

If you’re a serious tape collector—
Here’s why you should belong to the AMPEX Tape Society

The AMPEX Corporation is the world’s largest independent producer of pre-recorded tapes, cartridges and cassettes. For the low fee of $3.00, members are allowed to purchase these tapes at a substantial savings. (Most new members find that they pay for the membership with the savings on just these tape purchases.) In addition, members will be under NO OBLIGATION to buy anything, while they are members—an important feature that allows members to buy as little, or as much as they want. But that is just the beginning...

Here is what you get as a member

* 12 issues of the AMPEX Tape Directory—the catalogue of catalogues: listings of pre-recorded tapes, the largest selection of tapes, cartridges, open reel and cassettes available anywhere (new and old)—with prices that you will find unbelievably low.

* Specially reduced price tape equipment offerings to members only—these have been so popular we must offer them on a first come, first serve basis.

* 4 big issues of the Tape Society’s magazine—The Tape Collector, a quarterly devoted to keep members up-to-date on the latest in tape equipment, the music world, people, places and tunes.

Mail to: Ampex Tape Society
Box 178
Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007

Check One: □ Tape Cassette  □ 8-Track Cartridge  □ Reel-to-Reel

□ YES I want to join the AMPEX Tape Society. Enclosed find $3.99 plus $.35 for shipping and handling. Here is my tape selection that goes with my membership.

□ I would like these additional tapes at $3.99 each as my first membership benefit, plus $.35 per tape.

□ I do not wish to buy a tape at this time. Enclosed is $3.00 for full membership privileges. I enjoy the following types of music:
□ Rock  □ Classical  □ Country  □ Easy Listening

Name _____________________________ Age ______

Address ____________________________________________

City ______________ State ______ Zip __________

Please charge the above to my □ Master Charge □ BankAmericard □ American Express

□ Master Charge □ BankAmericard □ American Express

My card no. is ___________ Signature ________________
Phase Linear 4000
Stereo Preamplifier . . .

(Continued from page 46)

range. We measured the effect of cartridge inductance on the response, using several different cartridges and varying the cartridge loading adjustments, and found that any of them could be given a flat or rising high-frequency response instead of the usual rolloff.

For a 1-volt output, the AUX inputs required a 0.18-volt signal, and the phono inputs required 1.8 millivolts. Phono overload occurred at 62 millivolts, which we would judge to be a safe value with modern high-quality (meaning low-output) cartridges. The noise output of the preamplifier (unweighted), referred to a 1-volt output, was -68 dB on the high-level inputs and -65 dB on the phono inputs. With a 1,000-Hz test signal, harmonic distortion was under 0.03 per cent at 2 volts output, increasing slowly to 0.1 per cent between 6 and 7 volts and 0.17 per cent at 8 volts. Inter-modulation distortion was under 0.05 per cent up to 1 volt, increasing to 0.25 per cent at 5 volts and 0.6 per cent at 8 volts.

The signal-responsive nature of the autocorrelator and the peak unlimiter made it difficult to measure their performance by conventional techniques. Fortunately, their effects were plainly audible and our ears left no doubt of their effectiveness. The autocorrelator provides approximately the subjective noise reduction of a properly operating Dolby system. An A-B comparison with a reducing dynamic-filter noise reducer also showed about the same degree of hiss reduction. But unlike any dynamic filter we have used, the Phase Linear noise-reduction system produces absolutely no audible side-effects. We never heard a "swish" or other indication of a bandwidth change; the only audible effect it ever had on the signal was the removal of noise.

The low-frequency dynamic filter seemed to have no effect, since the rumble of our record-playing system has rarely been audible in any case. However, using a silent-groove record and maximum bass boost, we watched the cone motion of our woofers and observed a dramatic reduction when the low-frequency threshold was adjusted properly.

The SQ performance was judged by listening. It appeared to be roughly comparable to the simple "front-back" logic systems in its subjective "discreteness," and fell well short of equaling the performance of one of the recent SQ decoders with wave-matching and variable-blend circuitry. Nevertheless, the overall effect was good, and it did a fine job of rear-channel synthesis with stereo program material.

Comment. The Phase Linear 4000 is obviously a "different breed" from any other preamplifier, and its true merit can best be appreciated through extensive use. For example, the measured signal-to-noise figures, while certainly good, were not exceptional. But in actual use, the Model 4000 proved to be phenomenally quiet. Even without the assistance of its special noise-reducing systems, it would rank as one of the quietest units we have ever encountered. It appears that most of the extraordinary virtues of the 4000 derive from the exceptional attention paid to the psychoacoustic aspects of its performance. The choice of attack and decay times, and the contouring and selection of the specific frequency bands used in each of its special functions, advance the Phase Linear 4000 a step beyond any of the other expansion and noise-reduction systems we have tested. The 4000's ability to compensate for many of the deficiencies of loudspeakers and phono cartridges - even the best of them - gives the sound a clarity of the sort that is often erroneously attributed to mysterious and undefined properties of an amplifier.

But the most impressive characteristic of the sound from this unit is its silent background. The autocorrelator is very simple to adjust - simply turn the knob on the panel until the hiss takes a sudden drop. Continuing the rotation will eventually produce an equally sudden drop in high-frequency response, but over a wide range of intermediate settings, the noise is gone and the high frequencies remain. Like all noise-reducing systems, it is most effective on relatively quiet program sources, which it can improve to near perfection. If you have a very scratchy record, or a very hissy FM broadcast or tape to deal with, don't expect this unit to bring it up to top-quality standards. It will help, but it cannot work miracles.

The peak unlimiter is not as obvious in its operation, but switching it off should convince anyone that it is working. Over a wide range of moderate program levels, operating the switch has no audible effect. However, loud signals will be made noticeably louder, and - equally important - low-level signals (and noise) will drop appreciably in level when the circuit is turned on. Once you have used it, you won't want to be without it. And caution is in order: this feature is most useful with a powerful amplifier, but be sure your speakers can handle the power it calls forth. At maximum program levels, the peak unlimiter will cause the amplifier to deliver more than twice as much power to the speakers as it would with the circuit switched out.

We made some special performance (Continued on page 50)
ONKYO
gives you 4 new ways to enjoy the sound of the '70's!

And years from now, these superb Onkyo components will still be new — in quality, performance and reliability! That's because Onkyo consistently provides the most advanced design equipment — each including unusually fine quality innovations ... years ahead of their time. These latest models are a prime example — offering outstanding performance and distortion-free response at a sensible price. Prove it to yourself and audition Onkyo today. Compare the craftsmanship, the attention to detail, the feel of genuine quality. Look at the specifications and features, and read the experts opinions. Your one logical choice is Onkyo ... Artistry in Sound. A full line of receivers, tuners and amplifiers; the revolutionary TS-500 fully automatic 4-Ch. Receiver, and exciting, 2 and 3 Way Scepter speaker systems — for the sound of the 70's!
The undistorted truth behind the Avid dividing network.

At Avid, we know there's a lot more to building a really accurate speaker than just a super flat frequency response. So, after we've done all we can to build the flattest, most linear response into our speakers, we spend a lot of time fussing over a whole bunch of equally important things. Like dividing networks, for example.

The role of the dividing network is to send input frequencies to the right driver without introducing any distortion or degrading the transient characteristics of the speaker.

It sounds simple. Unless you happen to be the engineer designing it. In which case it can become the most critical part of the whole speaker design.

Pick the right crossover frequencies, interface the drivers just right, and you've got the frequency response problem just about knocked. But you can't stop there. You see, if the drivers aren't damped just right, the dividing network can degrade the transient response of the speaker, even if you've achieved a super flat frequency response. The result is a ringing response. Transient distortion. Poor imagery.

There's still more. Because even the best designed dividing network in the world can be a real washout when it comes to intermodulation and harmonic distortion, if the components you use aren't up to snuff.

For instance, in a lot of speak-
ners you'll find dividing networks using non-linear components like iron core coils. Great for the manufacturer because they're cheaper. Not so great for you because of the distortion they can create. Especially at higher power levels.

Avid uses only ideal, linear components such as air core coils in its dividing networks. More expensive, of course, but they're distortion free.

The point is, we're a company that is totally and unequivocally committed to just one thing. The design and construction of the clearest, best sounding speaker systems in their price range.

And that's not just so much advertising. It's for real. But, it's for you to decide. So here's what we'd like you to do.

Go to your Avid dealer. A-B an Avid with any other similarly priced speaker. Then pass judgement. We think we know what the verdict is going to be.

Phase Linear 4000
Stereo Preamplifier . . .

(Continued from page 48)

tests of the Phase Linear 4000 under actual use conditions in conjunction with a Phase Linear 400 power amplifier, a pair of AR LST-1 speakers, and a high-quality record player. We adjusted the volume control so that the maximum levels from the Leonard Bernstein recording of Also Sprach Zarathustra (Columbia MQ 30443) produced meter readings of 0 dB on the power amplifier—an indication that the full power of the amplifier was probably being delivered on peaks. The acoustic sound-pressure level (SPL) in the room about 12 feet from the speakers was 102 dB under these conditions. The softest passages of the recording produced an SPL of 65 dB, which appeared to be largely recording-hall ambience. During the playing of a silent-groove disc (the one we use for rumble measurements) with the amplifier control settings unchanged, the sound-level meter read a room background-noise level of 45 dB. (This level is low enough that one can upset the measurement by breathing.) When we switched off the autocorrelator and peak unlimiter, the noise level measured in the room rose to 57 dB.

To us, this indicates that the Phase Linear 4000 can reduce system noise, including turntable rumble and normal hum pickup, to below that of the ambient noise in a quiet listening room, and (with the components we used) some 12 dB lower than would be possible with any other top-grade preamplifier. Under these conditions, the maximum listening levels can equal or exceed those existing at the original performance, depending on the maximum power capability of the reproducing amplifier and speakers and, of course, on speaker efficiency. The important thing to realize is that the noise contributed by the program material, record player, and entire amplifying system can be made literally inaudible.

Even under very-high-gain listening conditions, this is why we do not say that the Phase Linear 4000 is the “best sounding” preamplifier we have ever heard—although we were tempted to do so. A good preamplifier should have no sound of its own, and many (including this one) meet that qualification easily. What we can say is that the Model 4000 makes any program played through it sound better than through any other preamplifier we have ever used, by virtue of its unique control features and most particularly its autocorrelator and peak unlimiter. Altogether, it is a most impressive technical achievement, one bound to influence equipment to come.

Circle 108 on reader service card
The Non-Giant Economy Size.

Unlike so many of our giant competition, Sherwood doesn't make a full line of audio equipment. No radios. No tape decks. No headphones. No turntables. Versatility may never be our claim to fame.

But the limited scope of our output does have benefits. We can concentrate on refining each of our products, engineering them for maximum performance.

A case in point is the S7310. With a minimum RMS output of 38 watts per channel (20-20,000 Hz at less than .5% distortion), this receiver outpowers all other units in its price range. With exceptional selectivity and sensitivity ratings.

We also utilize only the finest and most advanced of proved componentry: Dual gate MOS FET's and phase lock loop circuitry, the latest integrated circuitry and Solid-State FM IF Ceramic Filtering devices. Equally important, we've eliminated the gimmickry and gadgets that add nothing to the equipment except a potential for malfunction.

In short, if you look at receivers that do as much as Sherwood's S7310, they probably cost more than $369.95. Or, if they cost the same, do less. Which only proves that, in hi-fidelity manufacturing, good things come from small packagers.

Sherwood Electronic
4300 North California
Chicago, Illinois 60618

Sherwood.
The word is getting around.
THE PUPIL
OF
TETÉ
MACHADO

A report by
Managing Editor
William Livingstone

A few Fridays ago I spent the evening with Christie Barter, director of communications for ABC Records. Over drinks and dinner at Romeo Sulta we gossiped about the record business on the two coasts, and Christie gave me the details of ABC's acquisition of the Famous Music labels (Dot, Blue Thumb, etc.). Having flown in from L.A. that morning on the Red-Eye Express and spent a long day at the office, Christie began to nod over dessert, so I walked him back to the Hotel Dorset and went on alone to the Red Feather, a Latin boîte a few blocks away. I thought I'd have a nightcap there and preview the act by Tete Machado, to which I'd been insisted that I see Tete's show, he said: "Don't be embarrassed. She'll remember you. She's usually so spaced out she doesn't know what's going on around her. You can go back."

Saturday night back at the boîte, the waiter put Thelma and me at the same ringside table. The place was jammed and Thelma circulated to chat with various people she knew. When she returned, she said, "They're here to see her suffer. It's like Judy Garland, the way they're gossiping about her private life. One woman told me Tete is seriously ill but is bravely continuing to sing as long as she can." The show was about the same, but more intense because the crowd was larger, and we loved it.

And who says Tete doesn't know what's going on around her? In "Camas Gemelas" (Twin Beds), threw the stick to one side and the hat to the other, and messed up her hair. After the first chorus, she came down off the platform, microphone in hand, and even by the composer herself in "Desde Mi Cama con Amor" ("From My Bed with Love." Tico CLP 1320). But many consider the best interpreter of these songs to be Tete Machado.

For the show Tete made a striking entrance wearing a Panama straw picture hat and a marabou boa, carrying Floria Tosca's swagger stick, and wearing at least one ring on every finger. She launched into." The combo was playing away, and finally she said: "Sing." Sing? I didn't know what she was talking about. The mike was in front of my mouth, and when she repeated the command to sing, I said, "What am I supposed to sing?" The mike touched my chin and gave me a real electric shock and I jumped about a foot. She turned her back in disgust and went to the next table where somebody's grandmother knew exactly what was expected and began to sing "la, la, la, LA, la, la" in time with the music.

I had cut a bruta figura, but the show went on, and I liked it. The back-up musicians were excellent (Rios on drums, Julio Gutierrez at the piano, and Joe Rivera on bass). Miss Machado does not have an exceptional singing voice, but she is an exciting performer nonetheless, relying on movement, her looks, and strong projection of lyrics. She punctuated the passion, suffering, and bitterness called for by some of the songs with flashes of humor and sweetness. Most of it was powerful stuff that came to a climax in a song called "Me Muero I Am Dying."). It begins with "I am dying to caress your skin" and sort of goes on from there. Chucho Avellanet's recording (on UA Latino LT-LA 113 D) prettifies the song. But Tete Machado pulled out all the stops and flung a couple of rings into the audience, and when she began to tremble all over, the colored lights started to flash and she finished with a few orgasmic moans. Maybe a little corny, but very theatrical, and she made it work--to wild applause from the audience. One of her encores was "La Pequeña Teresa" ("Little Teresa wanted to fly/But Nature wouldn't teach her how"). a song I interpreted as an expression of penis envy. More colored lights. More applause. I beat a hasty retreat before the house lights came up.

When I recounted all this to Juan Mayo, the South American friend who had insisted that I see Tete's show, he said: "Don't be embarrassed. She'll remember you. She's usually so spaced out she doesn't know what's going on around her. You can go back."
Introducing the MX-12.
A new speaker for a new problem.

When receivers boasted modest power, virtually any well-designed speaker system could handle the load.

But this is the Super Ear era, a musical age of bass-heavy rock, driven by super-powered receivers and amps.

And that's a problem—if your ears and speakers can't stand the strain without squawking.

The MX-12 can. It's a new 3-way acoustic-suspension speaker system designed to cruise smoothly and effortlessly at today's listening levels by a new division of the company that invented moving-coil loudspeakers in 1915.

Unheard of power-handling capacity from a speaker nobody ever heard of before.

The power-handling capacity of the MX-12 is impressive. In tests at 30 Hz, it withstood an applied voltage (necessary to produce rated watts) of 25 volts. (Speakers with more famous names grumbled and rumbled at 15 volts.)

The MX-12's high power-handling ability—made possible by a rugged box and high-temperature cement in the long-throw 'voice coil'—permits you to use enough power to fill even the largest living room with music at satisfying loud levels, with gratifying low distortion.

Linear response for natural sounds. Naturally.

Moreover, the response is slab flat. From the deep frequencies super receivers are capable of (and the MX-12's low resonance reproduces accurately), clear across the spectrum to 20 kHz.

And because the MX-12 is more efficient than many other speakers of its class, you enjoy smooth listening even when you drive it with amplifiers of modest power.

Dispersion is excellent, too, the result of high-frequency drivers of exceptional off-axis response and wide cutouts on the grille—an extra nicety you'll learn to expect from MX Components.

But that's our philosophy: a lot of extras at no extra charge. So, before you go out to A-B any speakers, we suggest you listen to this page.

To learn more about the MX-12—and the MX-10 (10" woofer), the MX-15 (15" woofer), and MX turntables, stereo and quad receivers—see your MX dealer. For his name, write: MX High Fidelity Component Series, The Magnavox Company, 1700 Magnavox Way, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46804.

Specifications:
- Woofer: 12" high-compliance (long-throw voice coil)
- Mid-range: 2" hemispherical dome
- Tweeter: 2" phenolic ring cone
- Impedance: 8 ohms
- Frequency response: 25 Hz to 20 kHz
- System resonance: 45 Hz
- Crossover freqs.: 1500 Hz, 4500 Hz
- Cabinet finish: Oiled walnut veneer
- Dimensions: 25 3/4" x 15 3/4" x 13 3/4"
- Weight: 40 lbs. (approx.)
- Recommended minimum amplifier input power: 10 watts FTC
- Maximum power handling: 75 watts RMS*

*RMS continuous power at 20 Hz, measured by applying the voltage necessary to produce rated watts into an 8 ohm load. At standard room conditions, the unit would be capable of sustained operation at test voltage. MX engineers consider this rating to be very conservative; this is a much more stringent continuous power test than would be encountered in musical programs.
THE SIMELS REPORT

By STEVE SIMELS

THE LAST OF THE HAM

Every now and then we get letters from readers (usually after we’ve delivered a heavy pan to an artist they hold particularly near and dear) inquiring about how we determine assignments for our reviewers. Well, there’s no great mystery to it—we simply try to match, as judiciously as possible, the albums to be reviewed with the reviewers’ particular areas of interest. There are other considerations, of course: often, for example, the fun of a review is hearing what a writer who has never commented on a particular artist has to say. Also, we try not to let any of our reviewers have at the same artist over and over again (which, by the way, is why I now solemnly promise not to review the new Stones album under any circumstances). And yes, gentle reader, our writers and editors quite often disagree with each other, as witness the brouhaha over Nilsson’s “Pussy Cats” on page 106. In other words, there is no STEREO REVIEW party line (or if there is, nobody’s told me about it).

Be that as it may, I’m still a bit queasy about being odd man out, critically speaking, which is the embarrassing position I find myself in at the moment in relation to Bryan Ferry’s “Try to Remember It” album. Every reviewer worth his salt, it seems, has fallen over himself declaring the thing a work of genius, and so far the only people who have admitted to feeling about it as I do (that it’s an unintentional comedy record at best and pernicious trash at worst) are Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman (better known as Flo and Eddie), who, after being played one of the tracks (Bryan’s Tom Jones-ish version of “Sympathy for the Devil” in a Phonograph Record Magazine Blindfold Test, remarked “He may be wealthy, but he sure doesn’t have any taste.” I bring the matter up only because Lester Bangs makes a strong case for the damn disc in these very pages (page 100, in fact), and while I’m ordinarily opposed to turning this magazine into what one of my colleagues has referred to as a “Review of Each Other’s Record Reviews,” the album ranks me enough that I simply can’t let the opportunity to disagree pass by.

For the uninformed, Bryan Ferry is the head honcho of an English band, wildly successful in their homeland, called Roxy Music (I quote Flo and Eddie again: “The only smart thing Warner Brothers ever did was drop them”) which specializes in a kind of mildly avant-garde electronic rock that owes a little to the Velvet Underground, a little to Pink Floyd, and a lot to Ferry’s own peculiar fixations. Their first two albums were monumental dogs, but I found their most recent effort, “Stranded,” interesting in spots. Ferry writes most of the group’s material and sings it in a voice—that is the word—that even in a form for which I personally feel non-voices are preferable, strikes me as a bit much. He sounds like a nightmarish exaggeration of the most annoying affectations of Ray Davies, and a bit like Donovan might if he’d had a sex-change operation. In other words, godawful beyond belief, although striking by virtue of his sheer eccentricity.

On his solo album, he forsakes the experimental pretensions of his work with Roxy and attempts an oddly eclectic bunch of rock standards. But the word “standards” here is a bit misleading. It would be more accurate to say that he tackles a bunch of famous rock songs from various eras, and that he obviously considers them all of a piece. So we get Dylan and Lesley Gore, which I find a bit unsettling. Current critical cant has it that it’s all trash, and while I have nothing against trash per se (I dearly love lots of those horrid old Lesley Gore records), the fact remains that It’s My Party and always was a lousy song. What value it has lies in its naiveté and the intense feeling of period it conveys. As music, or even us rock-and-roll (not (Continued on page 56)
Our warranty records show that on average only one Revox buyer in six has never had a tape recorder before. The remaining five have all owned one or more makes previously. Since our warranty application invites comment, we are frequently told how happy our customers are with their Revox, especially when they compare it with their previous purchases.

But too often we hear the lament:

"I WISH I'D BOUGHT IT SOONER"

The illustration is shown with optional extras.

The incomparable Revox A77 priced from $959

Save yourself the cost of experimentation in tape recording. Select a recorder that will neither add nor detract from the original. Choose the A77 – and if your finances don’t quite run to a new machine, try to find one second hand – in standard condition it will out perform other makes of new equipment at the same price.

REVOX
Buy it first – it’s built to last.
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 speakers. It's called the Microstatic (MS-1), sells for $117.00 a pair, and makes good speakers sound a lot better.

For more technical information and test reports on our speaker line write to Micro-Acoustics Corp., 8 Westchester Plaza, Elmsford, New York 10523.
THE AGONY OF BUYING A MIRACORD.

First, the good news. We're proud to announce the arrival of a brand new automatic turntable. The Miracord 820 by name.

Next, the not-so-good news. You shouldn't expect to find one in just any old store.

Your feet may hurt, your eyes may burn, and your head may throb, but you'll congratulate yourself for being so intelligent for wanting one. And so persistent for locating one.

You see, we're very particular about the way we build our new Miracord 820. And just as particular about where we sell it.

But once you experience the pleasure of playing your favorite record on a Miracord turntable, you'll know it was worth the slight inconvenience.

The reason is that the 820 operates simply and beautifully.

Setting the turntable speed for 33-1/3 or 45 rpm automatically programs the tonearm for the proper record size. A touch of the button lifts and positions the tonearm, gently and automatically setting the stylus in place.

The features in the 820 are the kind you'd expect to find in turntables costing much, much more.

You get things like our asynchronous motor. Light-touch push button start and stop. Variable pitch control — up to 5% range — with built-in stroboscope ring for 'perfect pitch.' Calibrated anti-skate for both elliptical and conical styli. Cueing that is viscous-damped both up and down. Tracking as low as one gram. Plus our exclusive Magic Wand spindle that holds up to 10 records. And another spindle for playing a single record.

The 820 is the newest member of the Miracord family of automatic turntables. If you'd like the full story on our full line, just drop a line to: Miracord Products, Benjamin Electronic Sound Co., 40 Smith Street, Farmingdale, New York 11735.

Yes, searching for a Miracord can be a bit of an agony.

But finding one is pure ecstasy.

THE MIRACORD 820.

Damn hard to find. Damn hard to beat.
MAKING WAVES

A record arrived in the office the other day, and with it a story. The disc is Musicial Heritage Society MHS 1836, the repertoire the Etudes Op. 2 and Op. 5 of Adolph von Henselt, and the performing artist a young pianist named Daniel Graham. The story. I should add, has nothing to do with the composer or the repertoire, but is strictly about the recording company and the artist—and mostly about the artist.

Though there is nothing on the record jacket to tell you so, the disc was, in fact, produced by Mr. Graham himself. That is to say, he chose the repertoire, leased a recording studio, arranged for a proper piano, properly tuned, to be in the studio at the proper time, instructed the engineer, listened to the takes, supervised the editing, and approved the master tape—which he then sold to the Musical Heritage Society. It is not the only record of his own playing that he has so produced, though it is the first to be released. The company now pays him an advance for future recordings done the same way.

No one familiar with the way popular records are sometimes produced will be in the least surprised by any of this (except that they may wonder, “Why bother?”). For what is at stake in the popular market is two things: artistic “control” and money. Successful, and even possibly-to-be-successful, groups and soloists produce their own records, and sometimes even have their own labels, which are marketed by whatever major company they have contracts with to do so. They insist upon doing things their own way (and often will brook no interference by resident producers), and they know that the more the final product actually belongs to them (which is to say the more its component parts and services have been paid for by them), the higher the percentage of its selling price they will be in a position to command. The amounts involved can be enormous.

But a solo classical pianist recording some études by Henselt (or sonatas by Schubert, or variations by Beethoven, or almost anything else for that matter), has no problems of artistic “control.” The control is automatically in his hands and head, and even under the most despotic record-company conditions he is given the opportunity to accept or reject the final recording on both musical and technical grounds. Furthermore, how much money can possibly be at stake in a recording of Henselt’s études? Mr. Graham is not a naïve man, and he does not suppose that either he or the Musical Heritage Society will make a killing on the market with such an item. Furthermore, although I do not know so for a fact, I would bet that whatever the advance received by the artist, it covers only a portion of the costs of the production. Why, then, does Mr. Graham (and others who have similar arrangements with various companies) do it?

Well, every performer, be he great, good, or godawful, has to start somewhere. The usual method has been to pick up recital performances here, there, and everywhere, sometimes for minuscule fees, sometimes for free; to sign on with a manager in the hope of getting better and more prestigious opportunities; to try to play some of the big cities, with or without orchestra; and eventually to scrape up the money to finance one’s own New York solo recital. It has been a shibboleth from time immemorial that no musical artist can be successful without a New York debut and the reviews of it in the big-time newspapers.

New York debut recitals (unless you are already an international star) don’t make any money, and they cost something around $3,000 for a good hall, a good time slot, and a minimum of advertising. If you are lucky, and seen as promising, a critic from the New York Times will attend the recital. If you continue to be lucky, have your best of all possible performing days, and really play well and excite the (largely papered) house, he will write a good review of your effort. If you are luckier still, and if it is not cramped for space that day, the Times will publish it. You might also get a review from the New York Post or the Long Island Star, but no critic will turn up from the Herald Tribune, the WorldTelegram, the Brooklyn Eagle, P.M., or the Daily News because four of them are not in existence any more and the fifth doesn’t review classical-music events. The Times is therefore the only one you can really bank on these days, for it is the only one whose name has clout with the out-of-town concert promoters.

But for $3,000 of his own money (plus whatever he can get as advances from the Musical Heritage Society), Mr. Graham can produce God-knows-how-many records of his own pianism and get, he estimates, an average of thirty reviews per record in newspapers and magazines throughout the country. In addition, he has something concrete (well, plastic) to send to concert managers so they can hear his playing firsthand before they make up their minds. And there is even the odd chance that he might make some money on royalties from record sales. Clearly, this is quite another way to skin the cat.

We (and I) have expressed the opinion before in STEREO REVIEW that records constitute the primary field of activity in classical music today, with the concert hall in second place, but that has always been from the point of view of repertoire. There is no question that the radical differences in the listening habits of music lovers of today and of years past are due to the imagination and pioneering efforts of people in and associated with the record business. Ives, Janáček, Mahler, Nielsen, Bach, Vivaldi, and dozens of other composers are, as common listening experiences, the inventions of the record companies. Contemporary composers too have often found it easier, and generally more advantageous, to aim for a recording of one of their works rather than a concert performance. But to see records now taking on the age-old recital function of introducing and testing new young performing artists, and through the artist's own instigation, efforts, and finances, no less, that is something new. That it signifies the end of the New York solo recital itself I doubt, but it certainly signifies the end of its once exclusive and absolute power to make or break a new artist—and all the better for that.

By the way, I don’t particularly like the études of Henselt myself, but Mr. Graham plays the hell out of them and has produced his record quite professionally. New days, new ways. (I’d say it in Latin but I don’t know how.)
ESS is shaping the future of high fidelity with a standard of loudspeaker excellence destined to be tomorrow's norm. Incorporating the revolutionary air-motion transformer invented by physicist Dr. Oskar Heil, ESS speakers have broken free from bankrupt concepts of the past to achieve accuracy so dramatic they deserve to be called the loudspeakers of the future.

Presently the high fidelity industry evaluates performance of speakers with a response curve that measures the relative loudness of various frequencies. But our ears are not very sensitive to loudness. Most people, for example, do not realize that a mere 3 dB increase actually represents a doubling of power because it is heard as just perceptibly louder. On the other hand, our ears are very sensitive to the frequency content of sounds. With this faculty, we can immediately recognize a friend's voice even over a crude telephone. The extraordinary sensitivity of the ear in this area can be realized by imagining yourself at a concert with the orchestra playing double forte. Amidst this avalanche of sound, a single trumpet hits a wrong note and you are immediately aware of this inaccuracy although the trumpet represents only an infinitesimal fraction of the sound power being produced.

Since our ears are so sensitive to the frequency content of sounds, even the minutest amount of frequency distortion will make us aware we are listening to a reproduction. "Listener fatigue" occurs as we unconsciously fight to ignore these distorted inaccuracies which are produced by conventional loudspeakers because, like all solids, their solid diaphragms "store" energy. "Stored" energy is what happens to piano strings when they are struck. They take in energy at the hammer's impact and "store" it, releasing it slowly as a sustained tone. It is this resonance that allows us to recognize a vibrating solid as a block of wood, a bell, a cymbal, or a gong. The solid diaphragms of conventional speakers have such a resonance too. This "storage" resonance is designed to be as short as possible, but because the voice coil is always pushing and pulling, it is constantly being reexcited.

With the insight of a creative genius, Dr. Heil developed the air-motion transformer, a driver that does away with all these obstacles to accurate sound reproduction and achieves a level of performance never before experienced.

The ESS Heil air-motion transformer adds absolutely no coloration of its own; even the human ear, more sensitive to coloration than any instrumental test yet devised, can detect no impurity, and it is capable of transient definition beyond the ability of the ear's resolution. Listeners are immediately aware of the astonishing clarity and definition, extreme instrumental purity, and the incredible stereo breadth and imaging produced by the ESS Heil air-motion transformer.

Now there are five speakers that give you the high adventure of the ESS Heil air-motion transformer at prices surprisingly modest for systems so advanced. High fidelity standards of yesterday no longer apply, so hear tomorrow's state-of-the-art today at any franchised ESS dealer.
We have two basic requirements for every product we make — it must work well, and it must do so for a long time. The inevitable result of this philosophy in cassette recorder design is the 450.

It works well indeed: It has wow and flutter of less than 0.07% WRMS, which is better than most reel to reel recorders. It has Dolby* with FM/Copy control, which lets you record Dolby broadcasts (or any other Dolby source) directly, or decode them for listening, if your tuner doesn't have Dolby built in. It has an automatic timer circuit, so you can record when you're not at home. It has both VU and peak dual function metering system — two VU meters and LED peak reading indicator, mic/line mixing, full automatic stop, separate bias and EQ control, a tape run indicator, and on, and on, and on.

It works for a long time indeed: proof of that is our warranty. Ours is not your run-of-the-mill warranty. First, it's for two full years — parts and labor. No caveats, no hassle, two years. Parts and labor. Secondly, we don't just mean the 450 will play tape — we mean it will meet its original specifications for two years. We'd like you to know what those specifications are, and we'd like you to hear the audible improvement they make.

If you'd like that too, check out your local TEAC dealer. You can find him by calling this toll free number (800) 447-4700, in Illinois call (800) 322-4400.

TEAC 2YEAR WARRANTY.

For two full years from date of purchase any TEAC TAPEDECK returned with warranty card and freight prepaid by the original registered purchaser to TEAC or its nearest authorized service station will be repaired free of charge for defects in workmanship or material. This warranty only covers TEAC products purchased in the U.S.A.

The 450, from Teac. Inevitably.

TEAC
The leader. Always has been.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
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, and 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 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 full force of a big crescendo, or full audibility of a delicate piccolo solo.

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.

Sophisticated Tuner.

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 preamp 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.
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CIRCLE NO. 76 ON READER SERVICE CARD
ENESCO'S ROUMANIAN RHAPSODY NO. 1

George Enesco was one of the famed child prodigies of music. Born in 1881 in provincial Roumania, he was the son of a farmer. Music was all around him as he was growing up in the village of Cordaremi. His father got a small violin for him, and the child began to play by ear the tunes he heard at village weddings. Recognizing an uncommon talent, Enesco's father took him to study at the Paris Conservatory and took him to live in his own home.

In the Hellmesberger household Enesco was at the center of a busy musical life with traditions stretching back to Beethoven himself. When he was eleven, he took first prize at the conservatory in both harmony and violin. A year later his father took him to study at the Paris Conservatory. The principal influences on him there were Massenet and Fauré. A concert of his chamber music and songs was given in Paris in 1897, and that occasion launched the sixteen-year-old musician on an international career that was to last until his death in 1955. In his later years Enesco was active as a guest conductor with many of the world's leading orchestras. He played the violin and conducted when he visited the United States for the first time in 1923, and during the late 1930's he conducted a series of memorable concerts with both the New York Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony.

That eminent American music critic of the first third of the twentieth century, Lawrence Gilman, wrote nearly forty years ago: "Enesco is an unusual type of musician—a type that becomes rarer every day. He is one of the few living examples of the artist virtuoso who is both eminent and self-effacing. Enesco, though still in his creative middle years, is, in his standards and predilections, a survival from another age. He is, in fact, anachronistic. In a musical era which is increasingly dominated by the spotlight, the wisecrack, and the exhibitionist, Enesco remains, quite naturally and involuntarily, an humble servant of the things that as an artist he reveres and loves. . . . He is a composer of depth and power and intensity, an interpreter of insight, a friend of good music and of good musicians. . . ."

Enesco's compositional output is wide-ranging, encompassing orchestral suites, symphonies, works for piano solo, sonatas for violin and piano, songs, and an opera. Oedipus, with a libretto based on Sophocles' tragedy, that is regarded by experts as his most important work. He is best known, however, as the composer of two Roumanian Rhapsodies for orchestra (a third, in G Minor, has apparently not been published), of which the first, in A Major, has been over the years one of the most familiar and frequently played of all works for symphony orchestra.

Authentic folk songs of Roumania are used in the First Roumanian Rhapsody. They are stated and repeated with intensified orchestration rather than being subjected to any kind of development. The opening tune, which takes shape from fragmentary phrases in the clarinets and oboes, is thought to be derived from a popular Roumanian drinking song, I Have a Coin and I Want a Drink. This tune is succeeded by another one, more rhapsodic, which is given to the strings, with descending chromatic scales in the winds. The strings also have the principal material of the third melody, with cymbal strokes as punctuation. Much is made of these three tunes, almost unrelievedly in A Major, until the fourth one appears—surprisingly and refreshingly in the minor key. Still another tune arrives in the flutes, in an elaborate and accelerated section. The end is rollicking and brilliant, a fittingly robust finish to a score of ebullient good spirits and vitality.

In the early years of long-playing discs there was available a recording of Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2 played by the Colonne Orchestra of Paris and conducted by the composer. That disc (Remington 199-207), which has long been out of print, afforded an opportunity to hear Enesco's own conception of how the music should go. I still have the disc in my collection, and it reveals performances of measured and controlled freedom. Not for Enesco were the excesses of tempo and dynamics with which some conductors treat this music: rather, he preferred a more straightforward approach, allowing the music to make its own points.

Among currently available recordings of the Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1, the one that perhaps most closely follows Enesco's own attitude is Arthur Fiedler's (RCA disc LSC 3297, reel ERPA 2397C, cassette RK 1277). Although the venerable Boston maestro must have conducted this score literally hundreds of times, the recorded performance has a contagious exuberance and freshness. The members of the Boston Pops Orchestra play their hearts out, and the recorded sound—despite an origin in the early years of stereo technology—is still highly serviceable.

Of the other available recordings of the First Roumanian Rhapsody, Leopold Bernstein's (Columbia M 30645) and Antal Dorati's (Mercury SR 75018) strike me as being overinterpreted, Vladimir Golschmann's (Vanguard S 160) as too matter-of-fact, Eugene Ormandy's (Columbia disc M 31846, cassette MT 31846) and Constantin Silvestri's (Angel S 35677) as rather self-conscious.

Leopold Stokowski's recording (included on RCA discs LSC 2471 and VCS 7077, cassette RK 5072) derives from the same sessions, in about 1960, that produced the conductor's extraordinary account of Smetana's The Moldau. Much the same insight informs Stokowski's account of the Enesco Rhapsody, but I cannot recommend the performance, for the conductor unaccountably changes Enesco's carefully conceived concluding measures; instead of the composer's mounting climax rounded off by a definitive final chord, Stokowski abruptly ends the piece just short of the indicated conclusion. The result is an unresolved and inconclusive finish that wipes out all the excellence that has preceded it. The Boston Pops recording is the one to own.
The Original Dixieland Jazz Band: Tony Sbarbaro, Eddie Edwards, Nick LaRocca, Larry Shields, and Andy Ragas.

By Joel Vance

The combination of nostalgia and research into the forgotten delights of the American musical past has now firmly established in the public consciousness the genius of Scott Joplin, and it has begun the deserved enshrinement of Ferdinand Joseph La Menthe, alias “Jelly Roll” Morton. It is to be hoped that this trend will continue so that people will go on to rediscover the glories of classic, “hot” jazz as well.

Ragtime as a major popular music died along with Joplin in 1917, and Morton, who was grounded in ragtime, went on to become the first great jazz composer. But he was still relatively unknown when the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, a white quintet from New Orleans, opened at Reisenweber’s supper club in New York in the winter of 1917. The ODJB, as it came to be known, exploded upon the American popular music scene with a force since equaled only by that of the Beatles in 1964. The group astonished and entranced dancers and listeners. Columbia offered to record them, did—and refused to release the master for fear of being laughed at. So the band went over to Victor and made Livery Stable Blues; it was a sensational success and one of the first million-selling singles.

The ODJB was the first of many legends in classic, hot jazz, which had a seventeen-year run, from 1917 to roughly 1934. Hot jazz bristled with an inventiveness and confidence not heard since, and it had an enthusiastic public support. The music was young and brash; so was the audience. There was plenty of money to spend in the pleasure-loving Twenties, and there was plenty of work for bands. The movies were still silent and radio was of limited importance. And though recording as an industry was only in its infancy, a host of little labels had already sprung up, most of them willing to take a chance on jazz. The majors showed a continuing interest. After the ODJB began to fade, Victor had Jelly Roll Morton’s Red Hot Peppers. Columbia had been saved from bankruptcy in 1924 partly by the phenomenal success of Bessie Smith, and demonstration of the existence of a valuable “race records” market encouraged all labels to seek black talent. For all these reasons, hot jazz is one of our best-documented popular art forms, preserved in wax at the time the original action was taking place.

If you’ve been a “mouldy fig” for as long as I have (since the age of four), and if you’ve continued to listen to the original “hot” recordings, you may have become convinced that so much was accomplished in those seventeen years that there really remained little for jazzmen to do, especially after World War II, when jazz lost or rejected its mass audience, never to get it back. For those who haven’t listened or who haven’t been convinced,
here is a checklist of some of the “hot jazz” records currently available. The albums listed are by no means all that should be heard or that can be gotten; I have tried to hit the high points and the major figures in order to construct a basic collection designed for the novice or for someone who has already had his first seductive taste of “hot” and is now eager for a heartier serving. (All records, with the exception of the recently recorded Joplin items, are of course from mono originals, though a few have been artificially transmogrified for stereo.)

Ragtime, Blues, and Solo Piano


MA RAINEY: The Immortal Ma Rainey, MILESTONE 2013.


CLASSIC JAZZ PIANO STYLES. RCA VINTAGE LPV-543.

The Rifkin recordings are largely responsible for Joplin’s long-overdue artistic vindication and the subsequent ragtime revival. The collection played by the estimable William Bolcom includes some recently composed rags, but the most valuable item is the title selection, a collaboration between Joplin and the brilliant wastrel Louis Chauvin, of whose legendary ragtime work this is the only true surviving example. The “Joplin Plays Joplin” set includes eight piano rolls made by the master late in life (probably the greatest jazz pianist ever), boogie-woogiers Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson (they worked as a team), and the delicate Jimmy Yancey, whose gentle way with boogie gave it a class that enables us to trace its bloodlines back to ragtime.

Gertrude “Ma” Rainey was the first of the great recorded blues singers. She worked minstrel and medicine shows down South and black theaters up North. One of the girls in the chorus was Bessie Smith, who became Ma’s protégé. Ma had a deadsure sense of phrasing and was such a remarkable musician that she got more out of her voice than anyone would have thought was in it.

Blind Lemon Jefferson was the patriarch of country-blues singers. His iconic vocal style and superior guitar work influenced “Leadbelly.” Lightnin’ Hopkins, Robert Johnson, and a whole generation of bluesmen. He was also one of the first blues stars on race records.

Bessie Smith was and, though long gone, still is the Empress of the Blues, with a voice of operatic power capable of conveying deep emotion. Columbia has reissued every record she ever made (some 160 of them) in five double-disc albums so that, when all ten discs are stacked on a spindle, the performances can be heard in chronological order from 1924 to 1933. It is a noble project, useful to both scholars and musicians, though the whole of it is hardly recommended for consumption at one sitting—too much even of the greatest is still too much. Her best performances are those made with Louis Armstrong backing her and with the combo led by Fletcher Henderson, and the Volume 1 recommended above gives a good sampling of what she could do. In any event, you simply must hear her definitive version of St. Louis Blues.

New Orleans

JAZZ ODYSSEY: Volume 1, The Sound of New Orleans (1917-1947), COLUMBIA C3L-30 (three discs).

ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND. RCA VINTAGE LPV-547.

JELLY ROLL MORTON: The King of New Orleans Jazz, RCA LPM-1649.

KING OLIVER: The Immortal King Oliver, MILESTONE 2006.


Joe “King” Oliver’s Creole Jazz Band, in which young Louis Armstrong played second cornet, was the next sensation after the ODJB. Oliver’s band had made a tour of the West Coast in 1921 and then settled into Chicago, where it quickly became the talk of the town. Oliver got his nickname from the New Orleans habit of “crowning” the best and most popular jazz hornist. The New Orleans jazz style as exemplified by the Creole band was based on collective improvisation, and it wasn’t all that far removed from the traditional New Orleans marching-band style. There were very few extended solos, but there were a lot of “breaks” in which the rest of the band stopped to let a solo instrument do a two-, four-, or even an eight-bar fill-in.

The largely improvised duo-cornet breaks devised by Oliver and Armstrong astounded audiences (Oliver gave Louis some idea of what he was going to do by silently depressing the valves of his cornet just before the break, and Louis did the rest). Because of the technical limitations of recording at that time, the cornets were often buried in the ensemble and sounded like fuzzy little tootlers.
King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band in 1922: Johnny Dodds, Baby Dodds, Honore Dutrey, Louis Armstrong, Joe "King" Oliver, Lillian Hardin (later Mrs. Armstrong), and Bill Johnson. The pygmy trombone on the floor is actually a slide cornet, sometimes played by Armstrong.

while the clarinet, pushed to the front of the acoustic recording horn, wound up sounding as if it were playing lead. But the Creole band's records contain some marvelous moments nonetheless, and the drive and sweep that made the band famous are well in evidence.

Even within the collective improvisation idea, King Oliver's band is freer, looser, and swings more than the ODJB, whose music is sometimes a bit four-cornered. But there is still a thrill in hearing the first recordings of that memorable latter group, especially Nick LaRocca's sparkling cornet work on Tiger Rag—which, like most other staple tunes of the early jazz repertoire, was written by the ODJB (though Jelly Roll Morton is known to have put in a mild counterclaim).

The "Sound of New Orleans" set is spotty, but it does include the first ODJB record that so frightened Columbia, as well as some sides by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. The NORK, as it came to be called, was a white band that prospered in Chicago, the biggest attraction outside of Oliver. It was especially distinguished for the liquid, eerie clarinet of the mad Leon Rappolo, who used to lean against telephone poles and play improvised harmony to the humming of the wires.

There are two other treasures in the collection. One is a 1947 version of Joplin's The Entertainer, played as scored in his Red Book Book by Bunk Johnson's elderly band of New Orleans men called out of retirement and obscurity. The tune is played straight, but with a saucy New Orleans beat and rhythm. The other jewel is a 1934 pick-up date under the leadership of trumpeter Wingy Manone, done for quick money in that Depression year and featuring a motley grab bag of floating personnel. I'm Alone Without You was a straight-ahead dance tune, but—wonder of wonders!—Jelly Roll Morton, as a sideman, takes a solo in a style that can only be described as cocktail piano with fangs.

Morton's great period as composer and bandleader is amply recalled by the "King" set, entirely made up of the best of his Red Hot Pepper sides from 1926 to 1928. The Peppers were possibly the greatest of all New Orleans bands; it had superb musicians and the genius of Morton writing, playing, and arranging (Morton, though he encouraged solo improvisations, was a stickler for tight, "arranged" ensemble passages). The hallmarks of the band were wit, drive, a unique precision, and pride in what they did: all of this can be heard quite clearly on these sides.

When Armstrong went off on a solo career after leaving Oliver and then sitting in Fletcher Henderson's brass section for a while, he made the famous series of small-band sides with the Hot Five and Hot Seven (names that are not, of course, to be taken as literal descriptions of the number of musicians involved on any given date). Columbia's original 1950's series of "Golden Era" reissues is especially valuable, presenting the best of the Five and Seven dates along with the memorable teaming of Satchmo and Earl Hines. Soon after Armstrong's death, the "Genius" set was issued, and it covers his career from the time he was Oliver's protégé to the beginnings of his orchestral period shortly before he left for his second European tour in 1934, including some delicious combo dates. Taken together, these are definitive performances in the sense that they illustrate the multiple facets of his musical gifts.
Chicago

BIX BEIDERBECKE & THE WOLVERINES. JAZZTONE S-1003.

JIMMY NOONE & EARL HINES: At the Apex Club, Decca DL 79235E.

THE CHICAGOANS. Decca DL 79231E.

KING OLIVER: Papa Joe, Decca DL 79246E.

Chicago was the jazz capitol of the world for most of the Twenties period because it was the major city most easily reached from New Orleans and the lower Midwest (the areas in which most of the jazz activity was developing), and because the city had shown itself to be hospitable to hot bands.

There was almost no jazz on the West Coast, except for occasional tours, and New York, except for Harlem, was locked up by the ODJB. But Chicago didn’t produce its own jazz sound until a group of white youngsters, most of whom had gone to Austin High School, rushed out to buy instruments after hearing Oliver and the NORK. They even drew lots to see who would play what. They learned fast and finally got a sound that was muscular and always a little rough around the edges, but very exciting. The genius of the “Chicago school” was Frank Teschemacher, whose volatile, hoarse clarinet and arranging ideas were the lodestar of the sound. But there were other great talents as well, among them young Gene Krupa, whose thrilling, near-violent drumming startled and delighted the jazz fraternity. “Mouthpiece” of the group (and its rhythmic basis) was the irrepressible Eddie Condon.

King Oliver, meanwhile, had lost the Creole band and put together the Dixie Syncopators to meet commercial requirements and changing styles. Oliver had abandoned the collective improvisation idea (Armstrong had made it obsolete) and had himself switched from cornet to trumpet. His Syncopator records, made between 1926 and 1928, are the best proof we have of his greatness as a stylist, and improved recording techniques show off his beautiful open-horn tone as well as his use of the mute.

Earl Hines and Jimmy Noone led only one of the many combos that worked in small clubs on Chicago’s South Side, but theirs was indisputably the best. These two great men inspired one other, Noone with his beautiful clarinet tone, dexterity, and pixilated sense of adventure, and Hines with his titanic sweep and power. The group was unusual in that it lacked both trumpet and trombone: the intimate “chamber jazz” it produced was a portent of things to come.

To nearby Richmond, Indiana, where the Gennett label had its recording “laboratories” in a warehouse next to a railroad track, came the Wolverines in 1924. The appraised aesthetic value of this Midwestern band has fluctuated over the years, depending on which critic you listened to, but they were considered at the time to be the only band that had an individual sound not owing too much to Oliver, the ODJB, or the NORK. Their star was cornetist Bix Beiderbecke, whose musical thinking, even in 1924, was forty years ahead of anyone else’s. Bix is the legend, the Little Prince of jazz. Certainly his otherworldly solo on Royal Garden Blues has little to do with jazz as it was then, and nothing whatever to do with the blues.

Bix was always longing for a music that he alone was capable of creating but which he could never quite discover. He chose the cornet—as opposed to the heftier and piercing trumpet—for its warmth, and he had a concert musician’s sense of and insistence on tonal purity and crispness of execution. But he also had a bite and sting in his playing that

could simply nail a tune to the wall. He became the idol of white Chicago musicians, adored Armstrong (and was adored right back), and soon went on to work with and star in the most daring and the most successful white orchestras of the time (the two characteristics not necessarily being embodied in the same group).

New York

JAZZ ODYSSEY: Volume 3, The Sound of Harlem, COLUMBIA C3L-33 (three discs).
BIX BEIDERBECKE: The Bix Beiderbecke Story, COLUMBIA CL 844/6 (three discs).
PAUL WHITEMAN: Paul Whiteman, Volume 2, RCA VINTAGE LPV-570.
JELLY ROLL MORTON: Stomps and Joys, RCA VINTAGE LPV-508.
KING OLIVER: King Oliver in New York, RCA VINTAGE LPV-529.
FATS WALLER: Ain't Misbehavin', RCA LPM-1246. '34/'35, RCA VINTAGE LPV-516.
JAMES P. JOHNSON: Stride Piano, COLUMBIA CL-1780.

Chicago began to dry up as a jazz center in the very late Twenties. Small-unit bands were declining in favor of larger outfits, and New York was becoming the commercial center for music as well as everything else. So an exodus of jazzmen took place around 1928 and 1929 (the only major musician who didn't move was Earl Hines). Oliver, Armstrong, Morton, and the Chicago kids all set up shop: except for Armstrong they had wretched luck.

The best-known white popular orchestra of the Twenties was Paul Whiteman's, a twenty-seven-man army of highly trained musicians. Whiteman
liked to think in grand designs; his orchestra played flashy and often overblown “concert” arrangements of pop tunes, and he picked up the billing “King of Jazz” along the way. In late 1927 Whiteman hired half a dozen certified jazzmen, among them Bix Beiderbecke, who was thrilled to join. Whiteman also engaged several young and promising arrangers like Bill Challis and Tommy Satterfield to write jazz-flavored scores. Bix was showcased on many of the Whiteman recordings, playing some of his finest passages, and even now the Whiteman records are just plain fun to hear.

But Bix’s greatest work was done with a smaller orchestra led by his sax-playing chum Frankie “Tram” Trumbauer. Under Tram’s sponsorship Bix recorded his three greatest solos—Singin’ the Blues, I’m Comin’ Virginia, and Way Down Yonder in New Orleans—as well as his piano composition In a Mist.

The “Sound of Harlem” collection is really required listening for any hot-jazz fan. While much white New York jazz of the period was somewhat stuffy and cautious, black efforts were loose and boiling with energy. Among the delectable morsels in this anthology are piano solos by Eubie Blake, Johnson, Waller, and the forgotten Garland Wilson; double-entendre cabaret blues by Ethel Waters and Victoria Spivey; Ellington’s band masquerading under the name “Mills’ Ten Blackberries”; Armstrong’s version of Ain’t Misbehavin’; Cab Calloway and his orchestra doing a lickety-split Corinne, Corinna; Don Redman’s rich and panoramic Chant of the Weed; and the very first hit blues record, Crazy Blues by Mamie Smith (no relation to Bessie) and her Jazz Hounds. Taken altogether, it’s enough to make you don top hat and tails and book a table at the Club Extravaganza (where the floor show used to open with fifty nude chorus girls splashing in a tank of champagne, pretending to be drowning and singing for help in syncopated hicups).

The Great Depression of 1929 killed a lot of things, among them hot jazz. The big orchestras shrank or broke up, club patronage was down, and musicians joined the millions of unemployed. By 1935 the original meaning and sound of “hot” had all but disappeared, and the sound of “swing,” which replaced it, was largely concocted by Tin Pan Alley and played by highly drilled but mechanical orchestras. But the original “hot” recordings still testify to seventeen great years of creativity and adventure.

And how marvelous it is to be able to return via the turntable to those thrilling days. From out of the past come the perfect notes of Bix’s cornet, sailing through the open windows of a roadhouse on a summer’s night and dropping like tiny stars on the nearby lake. A young and feisty Armstrong, feeling his power to change the world, hits forty high C’s in a row just for the sheer hell of it. Bessie Smith contemptuously pushes away the microphone on the stage and fills the theater with her oceanic voice, easily hitting the third balcony. Jelly Roll Morton stands on a street corner bragging of his wealth. And when his friends scoff, Jelly grins so they can see the diamond set in his teeth. All this and more—everywhere you go there are dozens of bands large and small, all playing something wonderful and fresh and valuable, and the whole country is saying, “Yes!” “Hot jazz”—hot damn!
An  Ellington  Garland
Edward Kennedy Ellington (1899-1974)
I have been distressed not only by the Duke's death, but also by the fact that here in London, while tributes have been fervent and well informed, not a word of acknowledgment or appreciation has appeared under the by-line of any "music critic" of any London newspaper. I suspect that situation has not been greatly different in Ellington's native land, and for the same reason. The orchestra he fashioned, and the music he composed for it, constitute one of the musical glories of the century, and yet, throughout his long and productive life, "music critics," with very few exceptions, have behaved as though all of this were neither modern nor music. They weren't listening. One is tempted to say that this was the Duke's tragedy. It wasn't. It is theirs. — Henry Pleasants

I have been a fan of Duke Ellington's music for many years. It was a wonderful experience for me to see that my favorite composer was just as talented as ever when he performed for the first time at the London Palladium. He sang and played with such grace and elegance that it was impossible not to be impressed by his performance. — Barnie Bigard

Duke Ellington was the all-round greatest. As a bandleader, he had a stage presence that was just outstanding, and he always commanded the audience's respect. He was one of the greatest composers I know. His compositions pertained to everyday life, and he could translate into song whatever he saw. He had no equal as an arranger, and he had a vision of his own, which he pursued and proved without regard to all the other styles that musicians imitated and went out. A lot of people didn't realize how much piano he could play, but he was original and didn't copy anybody. Highly intelligent, he could talk with anyone - kids, kings, queens, presidents, all kinds of artists - on their terms. There will never be another like him. — Earl Hines

Duke Ellington to me was a great African chief whom I would have loved to see in beautiful flowing robes. I think of him as having a lot of the most accomplished men in history. The force, the beauty, and the history of Duke and the Ellington orchestra has to me been one of the most vital forces of love, beauty, and creativity. Every time I think I'm playing something new, it turns out I've actually heard the very same thing in perhaps a 1927 or 1928 Ellington solo or composition. I have found tremendous inspiration in the sound colors Duke produced and in the freedom he exhibited in his playing. — Randy Weston

I have to be honest and say that I was not a big fan of Duke Ellington. I thought he was overrated and had a lot of problems with his music. But after I heard his music, I realized how wrong I was. He is one of the greatest composers of all time. — Billy Taylor

We're lucky he didn't die when he was fifty, or sixty, or seventy, "Benny Carter told me. "I think we would have lost!" It was a cooing thought, and full of truth, for original music flowed from Duke Ellington almost to the last. He even had his electric piano in the hospital where he died, so that he could continue to work on his humorous opera, "Queenie Pie." In a noble poem Brock Peters recited at the funeral, there were some singularly appropriate lines: "A day ends, A way ends, And a world ends here." Ellington's world was more than a microcosm of jazz itself. He had the whole jazz tradition in his grasp, and without him the music is now all too likely to prove a ship without a rudder. — Cootie Williams

Duke Ellington was one of our best composers, and he had the best band. Duke always sounded different from all the other popular composers, and he sought out musicians, like Johnny Hodges, who had a peculiar tone that gave the band extra character. The last time I saw Duke he was hugging my wife. I said "Don't forget, that's my wife," and he replied, "Don't marry these pretty women, and I won't kiss them." He was a great man, a real charmer. — Eubie Blake

Duke Ellington was not only a giant among giants, he left a legacy of music unlike any other music in the world. I have asked through every medium at my command that everyone who loved and related to Ellington join together on April 29th, when it's 8:00 PM where they are, next year and every year thereafter, to sing, play, whistle, or listen to an Ellington melody. Duke Ellington is the only musician I know of who can be honored in this way anywhere in the world. — Billy Taylor

We met Duke for the first time in 1932. After that our meetings were brief but memorable. The thing about him that came across most strongly was the great warmth of the man. He made the person he was talking with feel that he was tops. We won't see his likes again. — Mabel Mercer

Duke Ellington was one of the greatest men in the world to work for. He was very strict about his music but not about anything else. We haven't had any composer of American music who was as great as he was. In fact, his thinking was in certain ways equally musical. But his knowledge and experience covered so many things that you learned more than music by being with Duke. It's good that the band keeps going because that was Duke's instrument. He kept it so he could hear his music. — Cootie Williams

Duke Ellington consistently, if amably, refused to categorize music, certainly including his own. And his own multifarious music was that of the most original composer in the history of American music so far. I would rank Charles Ives second. Both of these composers exulted in the very act of sounding their imaginations. And each, out of different memories and experiences and against the American grain, especially savored the extraordinary variety and liveliness of American life forms which they transmuted into equally energizing musical forms. I did not know Ives. I knew Ellington from the time I was a boy. He was one of the most valuable teachers I ever had, his particular expertise, in and out of his music, having been the continual exploration and stretching of possibility. — Nat Hentoff

There were so many things you could say about Duke. He made everybody who performed with him feel so good to be able to participate with him and his music. I was proud to be a part of that family of musicians, actors, and dancers. — Tony Bennett

Duke was one of the greatest leaders I ever worked with. He was the most interesting person in the world. He always had something to say, and he was always interesting to listen to. — Lionel Hampton

One day a group of us sat down and talked about Duke's music. It was fascinating. He had such a unique style, and his music was always changing. It was impossible not to be impressed by his talent. — Billy Taylor

Duke Ellington was a true original. He had his own style of playing, and he was very strict about his music. He wasn't limited to any other musician or band leader. — Cootie Williams

There is no one like Duke Ellington. He was a one-of-a-kind musician. His music was unique and his arrangements were always beautiful. — Billy Taylor

Duke Ellington was one of the greatest composers of all time. He had a style of his own, which he pursued and proved without regard to all the other styles that musicians imitated and went out. A lot of people didn't realize how much piano he could play, but he was original and didn't copy anybody. — Earl Hines
"There is another kind of wealth, when you can feel full, musically"

By Chris Albertson

The flute did not become fully recognized as a jazz instrument until the Fifties, though Wayman Carver was playing some hot licks on it in his college dance band during the Twenties. Carver recorded history's first jazz-flute solos in the early Thirties when he was with Chick Webb's Little Chicks, a contingent of the larger Webb band. He continued using the instrument on various recording dates throughout the Thirties, but, although he clearly demonstrated the flute's adaptability, it remained a novelty until twenty years later, when such reed men as Herbie Mann and Frank Wess picked up where Carver left off.

Today's jazz scene is rife with flutists, and Hubert Laws, a thirty-five-year-old Texan who has never heard a Wayman Carver record, is foremost among them. Born in Houston, Laws learned from his mother to play the piano, switched to the alto saxophone while in junior high school, and began playing the flute more or less by accident. "I wasn't listening to the flute at the time," he recalls, "but the concert band at school was going to do the Overture to William Tell, and there was no one to play the flute, so I volunteered and became interested in the instrument. It became the main object of my attention, and I guess that's why I'm a flute player, but, actually, my whole family is musically inclined—even my father tried to sing."

The most successful of the musical Laws so far, Hubert looks out for his brother and sisters: Eloise (who has recorded on her own for Columbia) and Debra appear as singers in his "Morning Star" album, and Ronnie plays tenor saxophone in "In the Beginning." Charlotte, his youngest sister, has not yet appeared on records with Hubert, but reports are that she is doing fine as an "Ikette," dancing and singing with the Ike and Tina Turner Revue.

"Charlotte is only seventeen," Laws boasts, "but she's an excellent dancer." Hubert himself started out young, landing a professional job with the Jazz Crusaders at fifteen. Leaving the Crusaders in 1960, just before they began recording, Hubert, while attending Texas Southern University, had already started feeding a growing interest in classical music by performing with the Houston Youth Symphony. His pursuit of this interest led finally to New York's Juilliard School and, after graduation, study with the eminent classical flutist Julius Baker. "If more musicians would expose themselves to the various idioms," he advises, "I think it would enhance their playing in any particular idiom. It really affects your playing to be aware of what's going on."

Through the years, Hubert has taken his own advice and gained varied musical experiences ranging from stints with Mongo Santamaria and Sergio Mendes to performances with Orchestra U.S.A. and the Berkshire Festival Orchestra and recording jobs with Arthur Prysock, Lena Horne, and numerous leading jazz groups. He started recording under his own name with Atlantic in 1964, but one gets the impression that he views those early recordings as some sort of false start, and that he feels his recording career really began with an album entitled "Crying Song." "I was the first to sign with the CTI label," he recalls, "and that was the first album they released. We have enjoyed a beautiful relationship."

That relationship, now five years old, has yielded six extraordinary albums so far, albums that more and more reflect Hubert Laws' fondness for classical music. Relying heavily on adaptations and arrangements by Don Sebesky, Laws' recorded repertoire includes such unlikely items as Stravinsky's The Rite of Spring (abbreviated), Debussy's Syrinx, Fauré's Pavane, Mozart's Flute Sonata in F, and movements from Bach's Brandenburg Con-
certo No. 3. But Hubert also contributes his own compositions and includes material by contemporary jazz and rock composers. "The work I have done with CTI has been qualitative," says Hubert Laws, "in contrast with what I previously did at Atlantic Records. When Creed [Taylor, CTI's owner-president] and I sit down to discuss an album, we don't dwell on commercial considerations. We talk about music quality. I know a record company has to survive, but Creed hasn't made financial gain his primary objective."

Nor has Hubert Laws. He admits that he likes to enjoy the comforts of life, but adds that all wealth is not material. "I will very definitely become wealthy," he says, "but not necessarily in the sense that wealth is valued in our system. There is another kind of wealth, when you can feel full, musically. I feel a strong gratification from just having knowledge about things. I don't even have life insurance; I don't feel a need to have retirement benefits and things like that—I guess that's the philosophical part of me. Now, if I had children, I probably would have life insurance, but I do very well according to the standards of the system. That is, measuring success by dollars and cents. In fact, I do all right!

"There are so many ways you can make a dollar. I don't place a premium on dollars and cents any more, because I know that I can lose that. I can lose it very easily. So my values lie elsewhere. I can remember when I was a kid and we didn't have very much, materially. Those were some cherished moments in my life; I was close to my family and I didn't have some of the problems I have today. I like quality in everything, the place I live, my music, and so on, but I'm not obsessed with making a million dollars. That's why I avoid the club scene. Working six nights a week can impair your health, and that's the most important thing you have, so I do concerts and studio work. I do three hours, make enough, come out—and survive."

At a time when many well-known jazz musicians find themselves having to work for scale, and even more must take jobs out of their profession in order to survive, Hubert Laws would seem to be most fortunate. But, if America gave its native music its proper due, no capable jazz musician would be out of a decent-paying job in his chosen field, and, considering his stature, Hubert Laws would be doing even better. Can we even imagine Jascha Heifetz playing second fiddle on somebody else's record date?
Some of those unlikely seedlings nurtured in Miles Davis’ hybridizing garden are bearing spectacular blooms

By Don Heckman

It happened at the old Fillmore East, the long-since-shuttered mecca of “live” rock music. Miles Davis and his group were on the bill and I was standing at the rear of the auditorium watching this unusual appearance—in this setting—by a jazz group. A nineteen-year-old, standing next to me, muttered, as much to himself as to me, “Is that really Miles Davis?” He stared in disbelief at the leather-clad, fringe-bedecked figure who was moving, cat-like, across the wide Fillmore stage, shook his head, and said, “Man, my father used to listen to Miles Davis records when I was a kid—I mean really a kid: like an infant!”

And, of course, he was absolutely right. Miles Davis has been a major-league name since the late Forties, but only those unfamiliar with the trumpeter’s penchant for surprise would have been startled at his presence in the high-decibel environs of the Fillmore East. Davis may not have been the first “name” jazz figure to break through to the audiences of the Sixties—Gary Burton and Charles Lloyd, to name only two, had already gained considerable credibility with young listeners—but he was surely the first to find elements within the rock dialect that he could adapt to his own vocabulary.

As usual, his timing was excellent, and, as he had done so many times in the past, Miles both stunned and infuriated many of his contemporaries. At a time when some jazz musicians were deeply offended, often for quite justifiable reasons, by the attention rock was receiving, Davis’ move represented almost a desertion to the enemy camp. Always sure of his instincts, however, Davis went right ahead, adding new musicians, trying out electronic techniques, expanding his music to include the metronomic rhythms and modal harmonies of rock.

And those first seeds planted by Davis (with the assistance of such musicians as Keith Jarrett, John McLaughlin, Joe Zawinul, Tony Williams, Airto Moreira, Chick Corea, Wayne Shorter, and others) blossomed into exceptionally healthy flowers. Unlike the Broadway theater, that moribund mistress
of fickle fate, jazz in the mid-Seventies is very much alive. Five years after my encounter with that prospective young jazz fan at the Fillmore East, recordings by Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock, Billy Cobham, and John McLaughlin—to name but a few—have achieved coveted gold-disc status. Jazz groups, playing music that ranges from Dixieland to bop to modern eclectic, seem to be springing up at every neighborhood night spot, and major events like the Newport Jazz Festival are having their greatest success ever.

Davis could not, and did not, do it alone. But, like so many great artists in other fields, he did act both as a catalyst and a finalizer, one who assembles and activates various elements in an environment in a way that makes the total greater than the sum of the parts. I can vividly recall hanging out with Davis a few years ago in his sensuously decorated Manhattan apartment shortly before the release of his album “In a Silent Way.” “This one will scare the shit out of them,” he said in his hoarse, gruff voice—a voice that is the contemporary jazz equivalent of well-remembered Louis Armstrong growl. He sat at the piano and showed me the chordal clusters and scales that were at the root of some of the pieces and then, not yet having a fully mixed tape available, insisted that I listen over the telephone while an engineer at the Columbia studios played some of the completed sections over the line.

The music was hypnotically entrancing, even when heard under sonically limited conditions, and my initial response was more than confirmed when I heard the tapes in more favorable circumstances. Davis (and, again, I must underline the important contributions of his assisting musicians—pianist Joe Zawinul, for example, composed the album’s title cut) had done what seems, in retrospect at least, to be extremely logical. He took the enormously varied tonal palette of avant-garde jazz and applied its brilliant hues to the repetitive rhythms of rock. With a succeeding album, “Bitches Brew,” Davis solidified his conceptions in a set of pieces that have become contemporary classics.

Simple? On the face of it, perhaps, but at its roots it was a highly original and surprisingly viable way of bringing together two kinds of music—jazz and an offshoot of jazz—that had often seemed totally antithetical. And it did so in a way—unlike some of the more commercially popular fusions—that managed to preserve the aesthetic integrity of both. The effectiveness of the Davis jazz-rock synthesis has been amply demonstrated by the fact that so much of the jazz that has followed it uses a similar approach.

The style has already very nearly achieved a sound and a substance as predictably familiar as the chromatic harmonies and fleet articulations of bebop. In the Davis-influenced jazz-rock style, melodies are long-toned, filled with disjunct intervals, fuzz-tone, and electronic feedback; the underlying basic rhythms are more implicit than explicit; and improvisations float above a jungle of snorting, growling rhythmic sounds (most groups have added a percussionist to the traditional trap drummer, primarily for the purpose of livening textures with explosive counterpoints of sound). And finally, group interaction and collective improvisation sometimes achieve a dazzling interplay rarely heard since the heyday of New Orleans jazz.

This is not to say that the music is necessarily easy to get into. I can recall a Newport Jazz Festival program in which the Mahavishnu Orchestra was programmed with several other, more traditional acts. The audience was as various as Joseph’s coat, but its majority clearly consisted of fairly conservatively dressed couples in their thirties and forties. They sat, contented as clams, through the earlier part of the show, but when the McLaughlin group came on and both the decibel level and the level of musical abstraction rose dramatically, they
left in droves. So, like it or not, the developing new jazz of the Seventies may very well prove to be as controversial and divisive as bop was in the Forties.

The irony is that the revolutionary musical devices of the avant-garde jazz of the Sixties took such a circuitous route to find a wider audience. A decade ago musicians like John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy, Don Cherry, and others found it almost impossible to receive a sympathetic hearing. Yet what they were offering (and I am reducing my description to its most rudimentary level) was an adaptation of jazz that brought it squarely in line with much of the rest of the world’s music.

These jazz musicians were advancing a form of improvisation in which the polar elements were melody and harmony, in which emotional expression possessed structural qualities, and in which a collective interaction prevailed. Most of these elements are to be found in the musics outside the sphere of Western European influence, but jazz, until the early Sixties, depended upon the chordal structures of popular songs as a basis for improvisation, and this kept them firmly rooted in the harmonic architecture of a European heritage. The jazz players of the Sixties rejected this fundamental premise and opted instead for a more primal form of music: for many black musicians this represented a genuine effort to relate themselves to the African music that is their heritage.

Bill Dixon, for example, one of the unsung creative voices of avant-garde jazz, held workshop rehearsals in the mid-Sixties on New York’s Lower East Side at which as many as thirty or forty musicians, many of them the best young players of the decade, were present. As a participant, I was repeatedly astonished by the richly complex waves of sound Dixon drew from the musicians. And yet his control as a composer was minimal in its formal means: a few fragmentary patterns for the percussionist and bassists; some pre-set phrases for each of the instrumentalists. But Dixon would sit dramatically in the middle of this vast (for jazz) array of players and, like some master African musician, spontaneously signal individual players to play one or another part, to take solos, to remain silent, to hold long, sustained tones. It was an almost magically spirited method of performance, virtuosic—perhaps even ritualistic—for both the players and the leader. It was one that obviously could never be repeated in precisely the same way, and yet one that, despite its radical techniques, was a logical extension of the jazz that had preceded it as well as a clear counterpart of the communal methods found in certain types of highly complex African musics.

Rock music (at that point it was still called “rock ‘n’ roll”) was relying on the familiar frameworks of the blues, AABA song form, and verse-chorus folk-music structures. But as the English and West Coast groups of the late Sixties stretched out their solos into the mesmerizingly extended improvisations sometimes described as “acid rock,” a similar melodic-rhythmic procedural/structural pattern began to emerge. I heard many performances by such groups in the late Sixties and early Seventies that immediately reminded me, in the density of their sound, of Bill Dixon’s work.

The rock musicians, however, had two things going for them that avant-garde jazzers lacked: (1) an insistently repetitious, rudimentary rhythmic foundation, and (2) an eager, available, supportive audience with plenty of cash to spend on both record albums and concert-going. Those two elements made a world of difference, paradoxically separating and yet allying jazz and rock. When Jimi Hendrix used distortion and electronic feedback in his solos and (like the Who and others) systematically smashed and burned instruments, amplifiers, and speakers to the rapturous encouragement of his audiences, he may or may not have been specifically aware of similar “noise” elements and theater
techniques in the music of such players as Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, Albert Ayler, and Don Ellis. But, aware of it or not, Hendrix probably wouldn’t have developed the way he did without those prior developments.

The cycles of jazz innovation and pop exploitation are not unfamiliar, and the rock-jazz interaction is hardly the first example of such a pattern in American musical history. New Orleans jazz music of the early years of the century was soon transformed into the bouncy commercial dance rhythms of the Twenties—the “Jazz Age.” Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith, Ida Cox, and the other great singers of the Classic Blues years exerted a direct influence upon such “torch” (to use the term in a very broad sense) singers as Helen Morgan, Fanny Brice, Lee Wiley, and, more contemporaneously, Janis Joplin. The great black jazz bands of the late Twenties and early Thirties—those led by Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmy Lunceford—provided both style and material for the enormously successful white bands of the Swing Era. Billie Holiday and Ella Fitzgerald have influenced virtually every singer alive today, and even quasi-jazz performers like Tiny Grimes, Slim Gaillard, and T-Bone Walker were seminal influences upon the black pop performers—B.B. King, Ray Charles, Little Richard, and Bo Diddley—whose music was a major watershed for the many streams of today’s pop. Even poor old Scott Joplin, the subject of so many revival recordings and programs today, died an unhappy man, unaware even in his wildest dreams that a popularized version of his music might one day win an Academy Award and become the number one record album and number one single disc in the country.

Obviously, it has rarely been the innovatively creative performers who have benefited materially from their efforts. Even exceptions like Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington succeeded almost in spite of, rather than as a result of, their unquestionable brilliance. Most listeners still think of Ellington as a suave front man and songwriter rather than as one of the most original composers ever produced by the United States, and Louis Armstrong is similarly viewed as a slightly clownish “Dixieland” singer-trumpeter (Hello, Dolly and Mack the Knife) rather than as the man who, almost singlehandedly, established the premise of spontaneous solo improvisation and virtuosity in jazz.

The racial implications are unavoidable, and de-
It will be fascinating to hear the spin-off styles that will evolve from what we must for the moment call, for lack of a better name, jazz-rock. Already certain groupings can be discerned. The Miles Davis alumni—Hancock, Cobham, Shorter, and Zawinul (of Weather Report), McLaughlin (of the Mahavishnu Orchestra)—are all following a similar pathway, pushing their electronic gadgetry to the limit but still, with varying degrees of success, holding on to the dense, improvisational energies of jazz. Coryell, not a former Davis associate, also favors the disjunct melodies and decibel-heavy intensity of the style. Pianist Chick Corea, on the other hand, plays a lighter, Latin-influenced music, as does Brazilian drummer Airto Moreira (with such superb associates as Ron Carter, Flora Purim, and Hermeto Pascual). A lesser-known group, Oregon, has reached back to the fleeting raga-rock craze and come up with a gentle, vaguely Eastern-sounding jazz-rock.

And one can hardly overlook the roaring big bands led—now intermittently—by such luminaries as Don Ellis, Buddy Rich, Maynard Ferguson, and Woody Herman. Ellis’ work in particular has been sadly neglected. And many jazz regulars, running the gamut from liberal to conservative, have favored their work with varying quantities of rock seasoning; musicians as diverse as Pharoah Sanders, Donald Byrd, Horace Silver, Ramsey Lewis, Steve Kuhn, Stan Getz, and numerous others have been influenced by rock in one way or another.

The key question will be longevity. It is, after all, the essence of jazz that will keep it forever alive despite the jazz styles that pass like sky-brightening comets. In the case of jazz-rock, its very commercial success may spell the limits of its life as a popular style; we are an extremely fickle audience, voracious in our desire for an ever-changing variety of stimuli. But even if the jazz-rock phase is a short one, it will once again have introduced a new young generation to jazz, just as New Orleans music and swing and modern jazz did in the past. And that must be counted a plus, because in each listener who responds favorably to a Herbie Hancock or a Larry Coryell there exists the potential for a wider responsiveness to jazz and that gloriously colorful history that prepared the way for jazz-rock. As the dear, departed Duke Ellington knew so well, if a jazz man can just get an audience to open its ears, he’s won half the battle.

Don Heckman, for several years Contributing Editor to Stereo Review, has a background in jazz, rock, folk, and classical music, and he writes, plays, produces, or observes all of them.
AMPLIFIER POWER-OUTPUT RATINGS: A NEW FTC TRADE REGULATION RULE

The road to consumer protection is not exactly paved with pillows, as Technical Editor Larry Klein’s account of the continuing struggle with one such effort reveals.

Once upon a time I served as part—an ineffectually protesting part, as I recall—of the committee that put together that toothless collection of ambiguities and loopholes known as the Institute of High Fidelity Amplifier Standard (IHF-A-201, 1966). The subsequent inability of the IHF to control, despite this Standard, the specification hyperbole of its own members, to say nothing of the truly inspired wattage fantasies of the “brown-goods” console manufacturers, ultimately came to the attention of the Bureau of Consumer Protection, Federal Trade Commission, whose task it is to protect the consumer from commercial fraud.

In fairness, it must be stated that the high-fidelity component manufacturers, in contrast to producers of brown goods, were paragons of power-rating virtue. For example, not too long ago there was an uproar among IHF members provoked by the “±1-dB” qualification that some component manufacturers were appending to their wattage ratings. In practice, adding a ±1-dB tolerance to the wattage specification meant that the manufacturer could, in effect, claim about 25 per cent more power for his unit. Such a claim wasn’t exactly a lie; it was simply meaningless—except perhaps in respect to achieving a competitive sales advantage among the technically unsophisticated.

But that was penny-ante power inflation in contrast to what the brown-goods boys (whose ranks include some of the best-known U. S. manufacturers of TV, home appliances, and console “hi-fi”) were doing. For example, as part of my testimony at the first FTC hearing called to examine the problem, I submitted a specification sheet from one of these major manufacturers claiming a 100-watt power rating for one of their compact music systems. Along with the spec sheet I also supplied data provided by the same manufacturer of tests done in accordance with EIA (Electronic Industries Association) practices. The manufacturer’s own data indicated that his unit was able to put out no more than 6 watts per channel at 5 per cent distortion—and that only over a limited frequency range. If, following common IHF practice, the bandwidth were extended to cover the full audio range, and if the reference distortion were reduced to 1 per cent, the amplifier in question could be legitimately rated at only about 2 watts per channel. To this day I’ve not been able to figure out the specific mathematical manipulations that enabled this manufacturer to spec his unit at 100 watts, but I’m sure his technique is well known and possibly even improved upon by his brown-goods competitors.

At any rate, it was just that sort of hanky-panky that alerted the FTC to the possible need for some consumer-protecting government regulation of the matter. The FTC’s intention was simple enough: they wanted to ensure that when the consumer is trying to decide among several brands of amplifying equipment, each rated at, say, 30 watts per channel, the 30-watt rating would in every case be derived by the same technically valid and fair procedure.

And so, in January 1971, the Federal Trade Commission requested comment on a proposed Rule that would lay down a uniform way of specifying amplifier power. Several public hearings were held from April 1974 onward, and modified versions of this Rule were subsequently distributed so that industry and consumer comment could be invited and evaluated. (A late version of the proposed Rule was also printed in its entirety as part of an article in STEREO REVIEW in April 1973 by William Dixon, the FTC’s Special Assistant Director for Rulemaking, who clearly spelled out the FTC’s thinking on the need for such a Rule.)

After numerous delays, most of which resulted from the repetitive and tedious process of publicizing each stage of the proposed Rule and then gathering and evaluating industry and consumer reaction in the interest of fairness and technical validity, the Rule in its present wording (see box on page 81) was finally promulgated on May 3, 1974. It will become law on November 4, 1974. (overleaf)
Close comparison of the promulgated Rule against the slightly earlier version that appeared in STEREO REVIEW reveals the addition of an amendment labeled “Section 3. Standard Test Conditions.” Section 3 details the techniques to be used for making amplifier power measurements. In my critique of the earlier version of the proposed Rule accompanying the Dixon article, I noted that the test conditions were spelled out only to the extent that the Rule required the use of “ratings and testing methods . . . that are well-known and generally recognized by the industry . . . .” But suppose the “generally recognized” IHF Standard is in conflict (as well it might be) with another “generally recognized” standard—one promulgated by the EIA, for example? I went on to suggest that the clever manufacturer could then choose whichever of these test techniques would show off his equipment to best advantage, and the poor consumer would be as confused as ever.

The FTC apparently recognized the danger cited, and Section 3 is the result. However, there is a joker buried in the language of Paragraph (c) that, if enforced, could result in radical de-rating or redesign of most of today’s amplifying equipment. When the new Rule was published, the EIA thought the problem serious enough that they were considering court action to halt the Rule’s enforcement, but the advice of their legal counsel was that the chance of success in a court appeal in a matter of this kind is “practically nil.” The nature of the difficulty is spelled out in detailed technical terms in the discussion (“The Flaw in the Rule”) that appears on page 82.

So much for background. Next, Leonard Feldman, Technical Director of the IHF, and I were asked by the IHF to meet with the Federal Trade Commission to see what, if anything, could be done about Section 3(c) and to get the Commission’s clarification on the specific meanings of some of the disclosure provisions as well. Since the disclosure matters dealt mainly with questions of how products may be advertised, I concentrated on the Section 3(c) preconditioning requirement that had so upset the audio industry.

It soon became evident that up to that time no one had clearly presented to the FTC the technical reasons why the 3(c) test requirement was unrealistic and unfair. Commission members asked two pointed questions: Why had there been no vigorous protest about the one-third figure when the final draft of the rule was circulated? Why did some manufacturers claim that they would have no trouble preconditioning at one-third power?

The answer to the first question came easily, if not without some embarrassment for the industry. The fact that transistor-output circuits are most inefficient at 40 per cent of full power is known to designers of such circuits, but the designers were frequently not the ones who were asked to comment on the proposed Rule. The chief engineer, or the product manager, or even the company president who was asked might simply never have been aware of that somewhat obscure transistor parameter. (As a matter of fact, I have since spoken to several circuit engineers—one of whom has written a book on transistor circuit design—who had simply not considered the ramifications of the one-third-power preconditioning requirement.) The EIA and the IHF had both asked the FTC for a 10 per cent (instead of 33 per cent) of full power preconditioning period, but apparently they had never indicated why they had asked for this figure, nor did they explain the consequences of using a 33 per cent preconditioning level. It is likely, then, that the FTC thought that these objections had no more significance than the easily resolved disagreement over whether the a.c. line voltage during tests should be standardized at 115, 117, or 120 volts.

We had no ready answer for the FTC’s second
question, but I volunteered to check with at least one of the manufacturers who claimed that their equipment could withstand the preconditioning and report back to the FTC on my findings. What I learned and told the FTC was this: whether or not any given amplifier can withstand the FTC's preconditioning requirement is a reflection of the engineering philosophy of the designer. If the engineer has built the equipment using ultra-conservative thermal design (including oversize power trans-
former and heat sinks, and possibly even a built-in cooling fan), then, although the amplifier's output stages will generate as much heat as before, it will be dissipated by the "thermal design" of the equipment. Designers who have taken this path claim that the lower operating temperatures help maintain long-term stability and minimize the chance of breakdown.

Those engineers who choose a more conventional design route claim that their products will

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**FTC TRADE REGULATION RULE ON AMPLIFIER POWER-OUTPUT SPECIFICATIONS**

**Power Output Claims for Amplifiers Utilized in Home Entertainment Products**

**§ Section 1. Scope.**

(a) Except as provided in paragraph (b) of this section, this Rule shall apply whenever any power output (in watts or otherwise), power bandwidth, power frequency response, or distortion capability or characteristic is represented, either expressly or by implication, in connection with the advertising, sale, or offering for sale, in commerce as "commerce," is defined in the Federal Trade Commission Act, of sound power amplification equipment manufactured or sold for home entertainment purposes, such as, for example, radios, record and tape players, radio-phonograph and/or tape combinations, component audio amplifiers and the like.

(b) Representations shall be exempt from this Rule if all representations of performance characteristics referred to in paragraph (a) of this section clearly and conspicuously disclose a manufacturer's rated power output and that rated output does not exceed two (2) watts per channel or total.

(c) It is an unfair method of competition and an unfair or deceptive act or practice within the meaning of Section 5(a)(1) of the Federal Trade Commission Act [15 U.S.C. § 45(a)(1)] to violate any applicable provision of this Rule.

**§ Section 2. Required disclosures.**

Whenever any direct or indirect representation is made of the power output, power band or power frequency response, or distortion characteristics of sound power amplification equipment, the following disclosures shall be made clearly, conspicuously, and more prominently than any other representations or disclosures permitted under this Rule:

(a) The manufacturer's rated minimum sine wave continuous average power output, in watts, per channel (if the equipment is designed to amplify two or more channels simultaneously):

(I) For each load impedance required to be disclosed in paragraph (b) of this section, when measured with resistive load or loads equal to such nominal load impedance or impedances, and

(II) Measured with all associated channels fully driven to rated per channel power;

(b) The load impedance or impedances, in ohms, in which the manufacturer designs the equipment to be used by the consumer;

(c) The manufacturer's rated power band or power frequency response, in hertz (Hz), for each rated power output required to be disclosed in paragraph (a)(I) of this section; and

(d) The manufacturer's rated percentage of maximum total harmonic distortion at any power level from 20 to 210 mVrms for the rated power output, for each such rated power output and its corresponding rated power band or power frequency response.

**§ Section 3. Standard test conditions.**

For purposes of performing the tests necessary to make the disclosures required under Section 2 of this Rule:

(a) The power-line voltage shall be 120 volts AC (230 volts when the equipment is made for foreign sale or use, unless a different name-plate rating is permanently affixed to the product by the manufacturer, in which event the latter figure would control), RMS, using a sinusoidal wave containing less than 2 percent total harmonic content. In the case of equipment designed for battery operation only, tests shall be made with the battery-power supply for which the particular equipment is designed and such test voltage must be disclosed under the required disclosures of Section 2 of this Rule. If capable of both AC and DC battery operation, testing shall be with AC line operation;

(b) The AC power-line frequency for domestic equipment shall be 60 Hz and 50 Hz for equipment made for foreign sale or use;

(c) The amplifier shall be preconditioned by simultaneously operating all channels at one-third of rated power output for one hour using a sinusoidal wave at a frequency of 1,000 Hz;

(d) The preconditioning and testing shall be in still air and an ambient temperature of at least 77°F (25°C);

(e) Rated power shall be obtainable at all frequencies within the rated power band without exceeding the rated maximum percentage of total harmonic distortion after input signals at said frequencies have been continuously applied at full rated power for not less than five (5) minutes at the amplifier's auxiliary input, or if not provided, at the phono input:

(f) At all times during warm-up and testing, tone, loudness-control and other controls shall be preset for the flattest response.

**§ Section 4. Optional disclosures.**

Other operating characteristics and technical specifications not required in Section 2 of this Rule may be disclosed, provided:

(a) That any other power output is rated by the manufacturer and expressed in minimum watts per channel, and such power output representation(s) complies with the provisions of Section 2 except that if a peak or other instantaneous power rating, such as music power or peak power, is represented under this Section, the maximum percentage of total harmonic distortion [see Section 2(d)] may be disclosed only at such rated output, and provided further,

(b) That all disclosures or representations made under this Section are less conspicuously and prominently made than the disclosures required in Section 2 of this Rule; and

(c) The rating and testing methods or standards used in determining such representations are disclosed, and well known and generally recognized by the industry, at the time the representations or disclosures are made, are either intended or likely to deceive or confound the consumers, and are not otherwise likely to frustrate the purpose of this Rule.

( NOTE I: For the purpose of paragraph (b) of this section, optional disclosures will not be considered less prominent if they are either bold faced or are more than two-third the height of the disclosures required by Section 2.)

( NOTE 2: Use of the asterisk in effecting any of the disclosures required by Section 2 and permitted by Section 4 of this Rule shall not be deemed conspicuous disclosure.)

**§ Section 5. Prohibited disclosures.**

No performance characteristics to which this Rule applies shall be represented or disclosed if they are not obtainable as represented or disclosed when the equipment is operated by the consumer in the usual and normal manner without the use of extraneous aids.

**§ Section 6. Liability for violation.**

If the manufacturer or, in the case of foreign made products, the importer or domestic sales representative of a foreign manufacturer of any product covered by this Rule furnishes the information required or permitted under this Rule, then any other seller of the product shall not be deemed to be in violation of Section 5 of this Rule due to his reliance upon or transmittal of the written representations of the manufacturer or importer if such seller has been furnished by the manufacturer, importer, or sales representative a written certification attesting to the accuracy of the representations to which this Rule applies, and provided further, that such seller is without actual knowledge of the violation contained in said written certification.

Promulgated: May 3, 1974
Effective: November 4, 1974

By the Commission.

Charles A. Tobin
Secretary
THE FLAW IN THE RULE . . .

For technical reasons, the one-third-power operating point called for in Section 3, Paragraph (c). "Standard test conditions" of the Rule are very close to the least efficient area of a high-power transistor amplifier's operating mode (the actual worst point is 40 per cent of full power). In fact, the efficiency of an amplifier is higher at both lower and higher power outputs. This inefficiency is expressed only in respect to the amount of heat produced during operation, not in respect to any audible aspect of performance.

The heat produced during normal operation of any amplifier is dissipated by its heat sinks, the large, black ribbed structures found on all high-power amplifier chassis. These heat sinks are expensive to manufacture and, in addition, constitute a large part of the bulk of the amplifier. In order to withstand the one-third-power preconditioning requirement without activating the thermal protection circuits, most amplifiers' heat sinks would have to be increased in size by perhaps 100 per cent, and the power supplies would probably also have to be significantly upgraded. In other words, amplifiers, in order to maintain their power rating, would have to be made larger, heavier, and perhaps as much as 50 per cent more expensive. All this in order to pass a test requirement that is totally unrepresentative of any operating condition the amplifier is likely to encounter in normal home use.

Paragraph (c) is obviously intended to ensure that, before a power measurement is made, the amplifier has reached its normal-use temperature by operating for one hour as it would normally in the home. Unfortunately, the preconditioning requirements of the Rule are quite unrepresentative of normal home operating conditions and therefore defeat the implicit intention of Paragraph (c).

It may be argued that all amplifiers will be affected equally by the preconditioning procedure, and therefore no harm has been done—the manufacturers need only reduce their "rated" power-output claim until the thermal protective circuits are no longer activated by one-third power operation. This is true, except that in general it is only the higher-power amplifiers, the Cadillacs and the Rolls-Royces of the audio industry, that have a real heat problem. The smaller amplifiers will be able to make do with a modest increase in heat-sink size (or none at all), simply because most of them use the chassis itself as the major heat-dissipating element. The result, therefore, is a disproportionate burden placed upon the manufacturers of the better-quality components.

Statistical analysis of music has shown that the peak-to-average power ratios range from perhaps 5 to 1 to more than 20 to 1. Thus, if an amplifier is capable of and achieves, say, 100 watts on the loudest signals, it will be delivering an average of perhaps 5 watts continuous power to the load. A preconditioning hour during which the amplifier was driven to 10 per cent of its full power would therefore be a very conservative representation of its actual operating conditions.

Example: A typical 100-watt-per-channel amplifier is 78 per cent efficient when operating at full power output. This means that 100 watts of signal will be delivered to the 8-ohm load and 28 watts of unwanted heat will be produced. Good design will permit sufficient heat dissipation by the amplifier under normal home conditions so that the protective thermal cutout does not engage. However, the same amplifier, when operating at one-third power output (33 watts), is only about 44 per cent efficient. This means that the 8-ohm load gets 33 watts of signal and the heat sink gets 42 watts of heat. Under that circumstance, the thermal-protection circuits of most amplifiers will be activated. To recapitulate: significantly more internal heat is produced by operating the amplifier at one-third power than is produced by operating it at full power. In fact, there is so much more heat produced that most amplifiers are not designed to withstand continuous operation at the one-third level. (If the numbers seem not to add up correctly, it is because efficiency is calculated by adding audio watts to heat watts and then calculating what percentage of the total is audio watts.)

. . . AND HOW TO MEND IT

Understanding that once a Rule is promulgated it is not subject to easy revision, and that any necessary "changes" are best made on the level of interpretation, Stereo Review suggests a procedure that will serve both the letter and the intent of the preconditioning requirement of Section 3, Paragraph (c).

We propose that the "sinusoidal wave at a frequency of 1,000 Hz" test signal specified in the Rule have a cycle such as 1 millisecond on, 2 milliseconds off repetitively for one hour. The test-signal amplitude is adjusted so that the amplifier is driven to its full rated power. (A test signal having that characteristic can be supplied by a tone-burst generator or other standard laboratory instrument.)

The result of this procedure will be that the amplifier will be driven to an average of one-third power using a 1,000-Hz sinusoidal test signal, just as the present Rule requires. Although the amplifier will be delivering one-third power to the load, its efficiency level will be equivalent to that obtained at the full-power level (78 per cent). A 100-watt-per-channel amplifier would therefore deliver 33.3 watts to the load (as read by an a.c. rms meter) as required by Section 3, Paragraph (c), but it would have to dissipate only about 9.5 watts of heat.

Note that the Rule does not specify that the 1,000-Hz test signal be continuous (steady-state); the 1-millisecond on (at full power), 2-milliseconds off cycle therefore satisfies both the letter and the intent of the Rule, and no amendment is required. Furthermore, this test signal has a characteristic that resembles a music signal more closely than a continuous tone does. It is worth repeating that the revised approach will not require a rewriting of the Rule because the test signal will still provide operation at one-third power for one hour as the Rule requires, but without unrealistically stressing the amplifier under test far beyond its intended and claimed power performance.
withstand, without deterioration, anything that is encountered in normal use, and they regard the other approach as "overdesign," akin to putting radial steel tires on a baby carriage. They agree that such a design approach may have certain advantages in more demanding heavy-duty applications (for example, amplifiers for a large public-address system or for a live rock concert), but nothing is achieved by such thermal overdesign for the usual consumer installation except a large increase in the size, weight, and cost of the amplifier.

To provide real, if extreme, examples of both design approaches, I cited one manufacturer who produces an excellent-sounding 250-watts-per-channel amplifier that sells for $1,200. The manufacturer assures me that it will easily withstand anything the FTC test demands. Another brand, equally good-sounding, will provide 350 watts per channel and sells for $800. When subjected to the preconditioning requirement, its thermal protective circuits come on after about 20 minutes and interrupt operation until the unit cools down. (Of course, an external fan could be used to help dissipate the heat, but the Rule specifically forbids that.)

So we have two amplifiers, both of which have distortion figures at full power well under 0.05 per cent, and both of which have a fine reputation. The one that will withstand one-third-power preconditioning sells for $400 more and delivers 200 watts less power. In my view, the consumer should be allowed to pay his money and make his choice between two such amplifiers, basing his decision on what seems reasonable to his budget and to his concept of how his equipment should perform. The FTC, by its preconditioning requirement, is in effect demanding that all equipment be expensively designed for heavy-duty use. Since there is legitimate engineering disagreement as to the validity of such an approach for a consumer product, it appears inappropriate for the FTC to make a legal statement in that area—particularly since it could mean that, for the next generation of audio amplifiers, the consumer would have to pay more to achieve exactly the same specifications and quality of audible performance.

There has been an on-going effort over the years to achieve ever-better correlation between laboratory test results and audible performance, the goal being to refine measurement techniques to the point that when a product tests better, it also sounds better. Unfortunately, the preconditioning requirement, as written, works in the opposite direction, for the power rating of an amplifier will have less correspondence with audible performance than it had before Rule went into effect.

The gentlemen from the FTC explained that once a rule is promulgated it is, in effect, "engraved in stone," and formally amending it would be a time-consuming and difficult procedure. The problem therefore is how to "fix" the Rule in regard to Section 3(c) by adjusting the interpretation rather than amending its specific language. STEREO REVIEW's proposal for repairing the rule (see box) was put aside in hope of arriving at an "easier" interpretive solution. We brainstormed that sticky semantic/legal/electronic problem for an hour or so, and it was finally suggested by William Dixon that since amplifiers are more efficient (they heat up less) in the area above the 40 per cent operating point, the manufacturers might be able to find some area between, say, 60 to 80 per cent of full power at which they could safely precondition for one hour. (The rule would then be interpreted as requiring preconditioning at one-third power or above.) Leonard Feldman said he would query the members of the IHF on that point and report back to the Commission on their reactions.

At the time of this writing (mid August) all the responses are not in, but there are indications that a significant number of manufacturers would continue to be in trouble anywhere above one-third power. I therefore urge the Commission to consider adopting STEREO REVIEW's proposed Rule interpretation because it is not only the simplest and the fairest, but it does the least damage to the language and the intent of the Federal Trade Commission regulation.
LUCIANISSIMO!
Reviving the days when tenors were tenors...
...and their sopranos knew it
By William Livingstone
Another such male has now come along. In the last few years an Italian opera singer has proved that he can rival any prima donna in his power to draw almost Dionysian responses from audiences. He is a thirty-nine-year-old tenor who is over six feet tall and weighs in at an undisclosed figure estimated to be in excess of 325 pounds, and his name is Luciano Pavarotti. ("My name is not paa-veh-ROD-dy. Is pah-veh-ROHT-tee," he says with lingering emphasis on the double "t.")

His voice is comparable to Beniamino Gigli's or Giuseppe di Stefano's in its inherent beauty of tone, his diction is flawless, and his taste and musicianship are reminiscent of Jussi Björling. This combination prompted Harold Schonberg, of the New York Times, to label Pavarotti "a Golden Age singer." In opera he is exceptionally convincing both in comedy and drama. (His comic flair sometimes borders on hamminess-what other tenor gets a laugh after the quartet in Rigoletto?) And he is a sexy actor, nuzzling Beverly Sills' bare shoulder while waiting for the applause to stop in I Puritani, embracing Joan Sutherland and chucking her under the chin in La Fille du Régiment, and caressing Joann Grillo's breasts in Rigoletto.

But it is at his recitals that his fans really let themselves go. He began singing concerts in 1973 and in America first. ("Yes," he says, "they like recitals in Italy too, but they expect you to sing twenty-five arias!") He programs groups of Italian classical songs, includes a couple of arias, and adds two or three more as encores. Throughout the recital he toys with a large white handkerchief and mugs a bit at the audience between numbers-he knows he is reducing the fans to jelly. At the end, when the ovation peaks, Pavarotti bows low to the audience, stretching out his arms as though wishing to embrace all three or four thousand, and all hell breaks loose. Dignified businessmen stamp their feet, old ladies wave Italian flags, and frenzied teenagers tear their programs into confetti and throw it into the air. Because of his generous physical proportions, the magnitude of his talent, and the strength of his personality, some fans and even a few associates affectionately call him Lucianissimo.

Off stage, he is affable and intelligent, an attentive listener and a good talker in fluent and rather piquantly accented English. I interviewed him at his suite in a New York hotel, the Lincoln Center. Freshly shaved and showered, he strode into the living room, wearing grey slacks and a blue silk sport shirt and exuding a cloud of a very macho cologne (Jean Patou's Eau de Sport Lacoste). With one hand he picked up a large armchair and spun it around so that he could sit facing me.

Since it was his performances in La Fille du Régiment that really established him as a big star in New York, I asked whether he especially enjoyed playing comedy. "Yes, I do," he answered. "It's more difficult because you have to move around more and you have to concentrate more on projecting the character with action. I sing only two comic roles—Nemorino in L'Elisir d'Amore and Tonio in La Fille du Régiment. Tonio is especially difficult because of the aria in the first act with nine high Cs. It's a little crazy, but very exciting. A drama like I Puritani is exciting in another way, not just for the public but for the singers too. I think Puritani represents the human limit of the voice. At the beginning you are afraid. You feel like a . . . pecora. Come si dice pecora? Baa, baa. I know: sheep. You feel like a sheep, but at the end, if it goes well, you feel like a king, a champion." He clasped his hands high in the boxer's gesture. "For five minutes you want to shout, 'I won! I won!'"

"So far, all my roles are in Italian, except for Daughter of the Regiment, and that is really an Italian opera. I am an Italian singer, and I thank God for it every day. The Italian language she is melody herself. French has charm, Spanish too, but Italian is more definite, and it is sweet and has legato. You don't have to be born in Italy to sing it well. Björling was Sweedish, and his diction in Italian was excellent. Molto bello. I think Italian is the perfect language for singing."

Pavarotti was born in Modena, a small city near Bologna. He grew up there and studied there, preparing himself to be a teacher. Later he decided on a singing career. In 1961 he made his debut in nearby Reggio Emilia in La Bohème. His success brought him engagements all over Italy, and in 1963 he sang in Holland, England, Austria, Switzerland, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Spain. In 1964 he sang at the Glyndebourne Festival, and in 1965 he toured Australia with Joan Sutherland's company. His Scala debut came in 1966 in Bellini's I Capuleti ed i Montecchi, and his Metropolitan debut in 1968 in Bohème. Medals, prizes, and critical acclaim have been rained on him everywhere.

When I asked about his training and how he acquired the bel canto style for which he is famous, he seemed not really to understand the question. "It is my feeling," he said, "and Modena, where I grew up, is near Parma," as though breathing that air would confer bel canto style. "I sing only one verismo opera, Bohème, and even that can be sung in a bel canto way." He studied acting with both of his singing teachers. "Each has a mirror in the studio so that you can see yourself while you sing. It is not very difficult for a singer to act well enough for the stage. Nobody expects him to be Laurence Olivier. It's a mistake to give too much attention to acting. When the curtain goes up, you have two or three hours of maximum concentration, and something must suffer. I think it is enough in operatic acting to be decoroso. You must try to sing beautifully and musically and with feeling. You have to excite the audience. You must really touch them. If you don't do this," he said, stroking the back of his arm, "How you say? . . . . raise goose pimples? . . . two or three times during a performance. I think you accomplish nothing."

Pavarotti still lives in Modena with his wife, Adua, and
their three young daughters. When I mentioned that I had recently visited Modena, he asked whether I had seen the very beautiful Romanesque cathedral of which the city is justly proud. I had. Then he wanted to know where I had eaten in Modena, and after complementing me on my choice of restaurants, he asked precisely what I had eaten and whether I had enjoyed the meal. He spoke longingly of that region's cuisine and local wines. "The food is a bit rich there, but everyone eats well. Not just big people like me, skinny people too. The soprano Mirella Freni is from Modena. We lived on the same street. We are fratelli di latte. Milk brothers? When we were babies our mothers bought milk for us from the same wet nurse. We are still close friends—we've sung together many times and have made several recordings together."

He speaks with equal respect and affection for many of the other divas with whom he has sung, such as Renata Scotto. "She is great in opera, but I think even better in concert. Her Hunter College recital was incredible—such charm and the maximum excitement." He is especially fond of Joan Sutherland, who is said to have taught him a good bit about breath control. "Joan and I work together. When we were rehearsing Bohème in Barcelona, I told Joan I was worried about her. I thought we should get Martti Talvela for Sparafucile because I wasn't sure the bass we had could carry her out of the inn in the last act. She's a big girl, but not as big as an Italian Gilda who was so fat they used to say that to carry her from the inn Sparafucile had to make two trips."

"Montserrat Caballé is a marvelous singer, and she is big too. When we were rehearsing Rigoletto at the Met with Sherrill Milnes—none of us small—they threatened to reinforce the stage floor. I told Joan I was worried about her. I thought we should get Martti Talvela for Sparafucile because I wasn't sure the bass we had could carry her out of the inn in the last act. She's a big girl, but not as big as an Italian Gilda who was so fat they used to say that to carry her from the inn Sparafucile had to make two trips."

"Audiences around the world are generally responsive. Of course, they would be more responsive if their mangers would give them some more breaks. When I sing, I am happy to work. But I do get tired. I have to rest. I am used to the demands of the operatic stage, but I do get tired."

Pavarotti has made many recordings of complete operas and recitals, almost all on the London label. For many weeks this year his album "King of the High C's" (London OS 26363) was at the top of the charts of best-selling classical records. I asked whether he enjoyed recording. "No. I am happy on stage with the public in front of me in the dark. In the studio I am too far from the conductor, and I can see people looking at me, which is distracting. Concentration is difficult. What helps is constantly thinking about the meaning of the word I am singing. I can listen to my records only very critically, but I would like for the public—and the critics—to know that it is hard work to sing beautifully, and to continue to do so. When someone asked Gigli at sixty-five why he still vocalized an hour a day, he said, "As long as you sing, you must continue to study." And I do that.

"When people tell me, 'You have a beautiful voice and your singing is so effortless,' I am both pleased and a little irritated. I want it to sound easy, but I would like for the public—and the critics—to know that it is hard work to sing beautifully, and to continue to do so. When someone asked Gigli at sixty-five why he still vocalized an hour a day, he said, 'As long as you sing, you must continue to study.' And I do that.

"At school one day they asked one of my little daughters what her father did for a living. She answered, 'He does nothing. He is a thief.' When this was reported to me, I asked her if she really thought I was a thief. 'Yes,' she said. 'Do you think I go out at night and rob banks?' 'No, not banks. Apartments. When you come back you never give my mother money, only a piece of paper.' (My check.) 'You do nothing all day but stay at home and sing,' she said. 'Do you think I work at anything other than singing? I am a happy woman. God has been kind to me, and I ask nothing more of Him than to let me sing well for many years. As long as I can continue to do that I will be a happy man.'"
STEREO REVIEW'S SELECTION OF RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT
BEST OF THE MONTH

CLASSICAL

HUMPERDINCK'S NEGLECTED MASTERPIECE HANSEL UND GRETEL

RCA's splendid new recording shows him to be Wagner's successor and Strauss' herald

It seems to me that it has been too long since anyone has said anything nice about the other Engelbert Humperdinck. Of course, each age must give a certain priority to its own, and I'm sure that there are many who feel that the Engelbert Humperdinck of the twentieth century has made contributions to music that in some way have at least partially offset the contributions music has made to him. Nevertheless, the Engelbert Humperdinck of the nineteenth century (he actually lived until 1921) is deserving of some contemporary notice, and a new recording of his masterpiece, the opera Hansel und Gretel, from Ariola-Eurodisc by way of RCA, appears to provide exactly the right opportunity to rebalance the scales.

Humperdinck must be the most neglected master of the nineteenth century. I say that because I cannot believe that any man who could have composed Hansel und Gretel and the few bits of Königskinder, plus the few songs I have been able to hear, could have written only that much magnificent music and no more. In the music histories Humperdinck is duly given credit for the miracle of amalgamating the Wagnerian harmonic and orchestral palette with the child's world of make-believe without anyone's ever finding anything negative to say about it—as they did of Strauss' Salome, for example: "A sixteen-year-old girl with the voice of Isolde? Ridiculous, Herr Strauss!" But there is something more to Humperdinck than that. He is not only the logical, if unexpected, successor to Wagner, he is—even on the basis of the comparatively slight evidence we have been given to hear—a good half way along the route to Strauss. The premier performance of Hansel und Gretel was, in fact, conducted by Richard Strauss, and anyone who doesn't think Humperdinck's Evening Prayer duet and Dream Pantomime were firmly in Strauss' mind when he composed the Silver Rose music of Rosenkavalier hasn't heard one or the other very recently.

But it is not only in such musical details (striking though they are) that Humperdinck's music exemplifies the accomplishments that were both important in themselves and that, in certain ways, made Strauss possible, for he is to be credited with the much larger achievement of making the enormous resources developed by Wagner fit, so to speak, for human conception rather than being limited to the delineation of those thundering figures out of Norse mythology. Wagner himself did it—once. But even Meistersinger, great as it is, cannot touch the delicacy, humor, and tenderness that infuse every page of Hansel und Gretel.

Let's get rid of two long-held suppositions about Hansel und Gretel: first, that it is a Christmas opera, and second, that it is an opera for children. George Jellinek, in his admira-
ANNA MOFFO: a miraculously boyish (!) Hansel

able introductory notes to the RCA set, points out that the premiere was given on December 23, 1893, thus establishing a Christmastime tradition which has been maintained through the years. But the opera itself cannot have anything to do with Christmas, for the children are sent out into the woods to pick strawberries, and they spend the night out-of-doors without fear of ice or snow. As for the second canard, it is not a children's opera because it is simply too good for children (I have two of my own, so I cannot be accused of insulting bias even as I say that I know children's limitations well). Yes, children will love the story and the tunes. But so will you, and a great deal more too. The opera, I would judge, is not a children's opera because it is simply too good for children (I have two of my own, so I cannot be accused of insulting bias even as I say that I know children's limitations well). Yes, children will love the story and the tunes. But so will you, and a great deal more too. The opera, I would judge, is not a children's opera because it is simply too good for children (I have two of my own, so I cannot be accused of insulting bias even as I say that I know children's limitations well).

I know there have been fine recorded performances of Hansel und Gretel before, and there will undoubtedly be others after, but at the moment this one strikes me as well-nigh perfect. Helen Donath makes an appealing and believable Gretel; with no derogation of purely musical values (which is a roundabout way of saying that she sings beautifully), she clearly expresses a child's fright, wonder, and joy. I am quite sure I could never find anything visibly boyish about Anna Moffo, but she almost miraculously makes her voice convey just such a quality through her singing as Hansel. I find her superb in the role, her voice blending with Donath's where it should blend, asserting its individuality where it should do just that. Those rare moments when her voice takes on its more expected feminine sensuality are cause only for a smile at the successful impersonation overall.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau brings to the role of the father gifts of characterization that have rarely been lavished on such a simple creature before. The role can be—and has been—sung otherwise, but one can have only praise for the way it is done here. Charlotte Berthold, with a less than ravishingly beautiful voice, nevertheless makes an admirable mother, and the single-aria parts of the Sandman and the Dew Fairy are lovingly and effectively sung by Arleen Auger and Lucia Popp.

Of Christa Ludwig, I must begin by saying that the first words out of her mouth in this recording make one wish only that the Witch came into the opera well before side four. She makes of the role everything one could want it to be, and her pronunciation alone is sufficient to make me want never to hear the opera in any language other than the original German. The Boys’ Choir of Tölz makes small but heavenly sounds at all the right times, and they, like everybody else, are remarkably on pitch throughout. The Bavarian Radio Orchestra, not known as one of the world's virtuoso ensembles, seems to be more than adequate to its task, and conductor Kurt Eichhorn brings a fine sense of pacing to the proceedings, making the most of the orchestral episodes without in the least overdoing them. He has, in addition, the good musician’s knack of not “interpreting” a passage too much the first time around, saving something for later when the same theme comes in again.

I find the recording not particularly adventurous, probably not equal to the best that can be done technically today, but certainly adequate. A full German and English libretto is furnished, though the two don’t always agree. In all, a recording that is a best of the month, any month, and a work for all seasons.

James Goodfriend

HUMPERDINCK: Hansel und Gretel. Anna Moffo (soprano), Hansel; Helen Donath (soprano), Gretel; Charlotte Berthold (mezzo-soprano), Gertrude, the mother; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (baritone), Peter, the father; Christa Ludwig (mezzo-soprano), the Witch; Arleen Auger (soprano), the Sandman; Lucia Popp (soprano), the Dew Fairy; Boys' Choir of Tölz; Bavarian Radio Orchestra, Kurt Eichhorn cond. RCA AR1.2-0637 two discs $11.96.
MICKEY NEWBURY: JUST THIS SIDE OF CORNY

A hard-to-categorize songwriter is at his sensitive best in a new Elektra release

If a songwriter is sensitive to the subtleties of human interaction, and if he is also sensible enough to be fearful of the implications of most of them, then the right place for him to be is just this side of corny. He has to work on the emotions without being evasive or obtuse about it, and he has to do it without cloying. He has to take risks; that’s what he gets for being so sensitive. Mickey Newbury has been to that risky place, and the trip resulted in “I Came to Hear the Music,” one of those rare albums capable of being cherished by everyone from Paul Simon fans to Waylon Jennings fans to Frank Sinatra fans.

As a writer, Newbury seems to have a consciousness something like that of Jimmy Webb, whose appeal is also broad-based (if not wildly scattered) and whose music is similarly difficult to categorize. There’s downright schmaltz in there—sound effects between the cuts (though they are tasteful, laid-back effects), that Love Look (at Us Now) thing that must have been commissioned by the Carpenters, and great swooping sweeps of symphonic-pompous strings—but after listening to the whole disc I’d have to say it works and is extremely well produced besides.

Side one is almost a song cycle, the maverick piece being the last track, If You See Her, which, it turns out, is a sort of centerpiece for the whole album, once you take side two into account. In any case, it’s one of the loveliest and simplest songs of 1974. Newbury himself supplies the inspired part of the arrangement, a neat, propelling little folkie rhythm on gut-string guitar. Before that point, the subject of the mini-cycle was time, and no song wasted any of mine. Side two is a mixture—but of what? Two songs are something like rock, with I x I Ain’t 2 marvelously driven by the flawless timing of two acoustic rhythm guitars (played by Ray Edenton and Jerry Shook) and an extraordinarily inventive fiddle-dobro mesh created by Buddy Spicher and Reggie Young. Two slow songs are something like country, but they don’t have the make-believe naïveté that country songs of this sort would have. Two others are, well, songs. Perhaps it’s significant that, prowling around in the printed lyrics, I can’t find the one or two good lines I’d like to pull out and quote. Each of Newbury’s lines is so closely related to the ones before and after that the stuff has to be taken whole verses at a time (so does some of Webb’s), and how many people in pop music are really up to dealing with art that conceals art?

Newbury has a nice voice; he conveys both cowboy ruggedness (which, around Nashville, sure helps) and a softly contoured vulnerability, and he’s just now becoming familiar with the controls—which means he’s still just erratic enough to be fascinating. I am duly fascinated.

Noel Coppage

KEITH JARRETT’S NEW JAZZ PIANO

An album of improvisations confirms where jazz has been and suggests where it’s going

Keith Jarrett has been around for a while now, and it looks as if his enormous talent is finally getting the recognition it deserves. After all, how many young pianists can boast a three-record solo album? Born in 1945 in Allentown, Pennsylvania, Jarrett gave his first solo concert at the age of seven. A scholarship student at the Berklee School, he has worked with Tony Scott, Roland Kirk, Art Blakey, Miles Davis, and Charles Lloyd. Venturing out on
his own in the late Sixties, he demonstrated his versatility in an album of his own compositions, accompanying his own singing on eleven instruments. The result was disastrous, but Jarrett’s subsequent efforts have more than made up for “Restoration Ruin,” as the album was called.

Whether it’s stride, McDowell, Tatum, or Powell, you’ll find a touch of it in his new ECM album “Solo Concerts Bremen/Lausanne,” a collection of untitled improvisations. Keith Jarrett is a master improviser with a warm, genuine feeling for his music’s past and an astute sense of its present. Combine this with a piano technique that Horowitz or Rubinstein might admire, and you have an artist so impressive that mere words could not do one measure of his music justice. Brilliantly played and superbly recorded, this is the finest new album of jazz piano I have heard in twenty years.

Chris Albertson

KEITH JARRETT: Solo Concerts Bremen/Lausanne.
Keith Jarrett (piano). Untitled improvisations. ECM 3-1035/6/7 ST three discs $11.98.

THE UNDERWHELMING JIMMY WEBB

The Oklahoma songsmith’s staying power is demonstrated again in his latest for Asylum.

As Jimmy Webb continues to flourish on recordings, each new one filling in another section of the creative territory he has staked out for himself, my conviction deepens that he will be one of the lasting pop creators. Other hugely successful composers have come and (mostly) gone since the time Webb first zapped the charts a number of years ago, their work spiralling down into silence like the last eddy of water draining, with a final whirring gurgle, from an empty tub. But Webb is still with us, still going his own artistic way.

His newest album, “Land’s End,” is a chiaroscuro delight of shifting moods and themes, totally unforced and completely entertaining. His humor in Lady Fits Her Blue Jeans (about a temperamental temptress who steals flowers, free-loads expensive dinners, and is adept at hurling strawberry pies) is wryly relaxed (“Rings for her fingers and a kiss for her nose”), his sense of fantasy always sharply in focus, as in the playfully commercial Feet in the Sunshine (“I know you got troubles/I can tell ‘cause the soles of your shoes look grim./Your feet have

done a lot for you./Why don’t you do something for them.”). Ocean in His Eyes is a dark song about dependency and selfishness in a crumbling love affair; it is performed by Webb with such narrative skill that for once you feel that it is a story about two unhappy people rather than one lone complainer. And he even presents a stylish kind of romanticism in Asleep on the Wind: “Love is a glass of wine./Balanced on the siderail of a ship./Across the sea at midnight, it may not last the daylight . . .” Take it away, Fred and Ginger!

There are a lot more of these little pleasures here, not the least of which are the nicely filigreed but never over-ornate arrangements, but the big attraction is still Webb’s songwriting talent. Amid all the clacking satanism, empty glitter, and just plain screaming so abundant in today’s pop music, he proves without strain that you can improve your chances of being heard, understood, and appreciated by speaking in a normal tone of voice and having something interesting to say. This is a beautifully crafted and, happily, underwhelming album.

Peter Reilly

JIMMY WEBB: Land’s End. Jimmy Webb (vocals and piano); orchestra. Ocean in His Eyes; Feet in the Sunshine; Cloudman; Lady Fits Her Blue Jeans; Just This One Time; It’s a Sin; Crying in My Sleep; Land’s End/Asleep on the Wind; Alyce Blue Gown. ASYLUM SD 5070 $6.98.
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that first convinced me there was indeed more
of the churning rocker from "Love It to
silly to dwell on their weaknesses when there
childish sexual posturings. But it seems rather
and lengthy, having to do in part with the basi-
reasons for this are varied
ever, despite their generally brilliant string of
outrageousness, Alice Cooper has made some
derneath all the drag and glitter and show -biz
As just about everybody knows by now, un-
Generally excellent
Musical goodies under the glitter
out with this one; it has two irresistible cho-
ruses, a searing lead guitar line (the first time I
heard it I was sure that it was John Lennon
with Elephant’s Memory), downright savage
production, and a lyric with a beautifully cal-
culated amalgam of teen angst and revolution
for the hell of it that catches and capitalizes on
youthful frustrations almost as well as Sum-
time Blues or My Generation. But almost
all of the tracks here are terribly exciting, and
if you’re still unconvinced about Alice Coop-
er, I suggest that this is the place to start
catching up. If you’ve been a fan all along,
you’ll want it anyway just for convenience’s
sake, and besides, it has easily the best cover
art of any album so far this year. Steve Sims

Explanation of symbols:

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

Monophonic recordings are indicated
by the symbol ℗.

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

ALICE COOPER: Alice Cooper’s Greatest
Hits. Alice Cooper (vocals); Glen Buxton,
Michael Bruce (guitars); Dennis Dunnaway
(bass); Neal Smith (drums). I’m Eighteen: Is
It My Body?; Desperado: Under My Wheels;
Be My Lover: School’s Out; Hello Hooray;
Elected: No More Mr. Nice Guy: Billion Dol-
lar Babies: Teenage Lament ’74: Muscle of
Love. WARNER BROS. W 2803 $6.98. © L8W
2803 $7.95. © 1.5W 2803 $7.95.

Performance: Generally excellent
Recording: Excellent

As just about everybody knows by now, un-
derneath all the drag and glitter and show -biz
outrageousness, Alice Cooper has made some
of the most musical and impressive rock-and-
roll in recent memory. Unfortunately, how-
ever, despite their generally brilliant string of
singles, they have never really made a suc-
cessful album. The reasons for this are varied
and lengthy, having to do in part with the basi-
cally limited expressive range of Alice’s sing-
ing and the lack of ambiguity in the band’s
childish sexual posturings. But it seems rather
silly to dwell on their weaknesses when there
are so many things they’re good at, and espe-
cially now that we finally have an album that
shows them almost consistently strong.

All their goodies are here (with the excep-
tion of the churning rocker from “Love It to
Death.” Caught in a Dream, which is the song
that first convinced me there was indeed more
to this band than met the eye), and unsurpris-
ingly they all hang together pretty well, both
musically and thematically. The masterpiece,
of course, is School’s Out, which in 1972 was
the first real summer single since the Beach
Boys’ Do It Again. All the stops were pulled

BOBBY BLAND: Dreamer. Bobby Bland
(vocals); orchestra. Yolanda; Cold Day in
Hell, Who’s Foolin’ Around; The End of the
Road; Dreamer; and five others. DUNHILL
DSX-50169 $5.98; ® 8023-50169M $6.98,
© 5023-50169M $6.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Good

Bobby Bland has one of those rough, lived-in,
ues voices that, like B. B. King’s, can com-
 municate effortlessly. Bland tries to be his
own man, however, and often he catches that
particular strain of buoyant fatalism that comes
so naturally to street people. Ain’t No
Way You Treated Me). The production of
“Dreamer” is good enough in a glossy way,
but it somehow always avoids really getting
into it when Bland seems anxious to. P.R.

ARTHUR BROWN’S KINGDOM COME:
Journey. Arthur Brown (vocals, percussion):
(Continued on page 97)

Reprinted from Rolling Stone
This is all we want to do. But perfectly.

The engineering of high-fidelity turntables is a technical and controversial subject.

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A phonograph record doesn't know and doesn't care what kind of mechanism is spinning it, as long as it's spinning properly. If your hand could turn it at exactly 33 1/3 RPM, without the slightest fluctuations in speed, and keep it moving in the horizontal plane only, without the slightest jiggling or vibrations up-and-down or sideways, you could expect perfect reproduction.

Similarly, a phono cartridge has no idea what's holding it in the groove, as long as it's properly held. If your other hand were holding it, correctly aligned, with the right amount of downward force and without resisting its movement across the record, it would perform faultlessly.

That's really all there is to it.

The basic point is that the turntable and tonearm have exceedingly simple and purely mechanical functions, just like a chemist's analytical balance or a gyroscope. That's why turntable manufacturing is, above all, a matter of precision and integrity, with the emphasis on perfect operation rather than hi-fi pizzazz or features for features' sake.

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other musicians. *Time Captives: Triangles; Gypsy; Conception*; and three others. *Passport* PPS-98003 $6.98, © 8167-98003 C $7.95.

Performance: Rakish but rough
Recording: Quite, ah, something

This must be the Arthur Brown that Steve Simels recently referred to as "the original Sixties madman." To tell the truth, I only vaguely remember on Arthur Brown, and by the time the Eighties roll around I'm sure I won't remember this. It's mad enough, though, in a contrived way; someone will probably call it Stockhausen rock, or an attempt at same. Everything but a little of the vocals has been doctored, bent, and practically stifled by electricity. Brown plays the "Bentley drum machine" and, it says here, sings, but most of the noises are made by Victor Peraino, who handles the melodtron, piano, synthesizer, and that venerable gadget from the horror-movie soundtracks, the Theremin. Guitarist Andy Dalby helps out where he can by adding heavily corroded layers of siren feedback, and bassman Phil Shutt feeds in some strange clacking noises. Sometimes it's effective, but you'd have to be on something to believe it. The setting created makes the strained, adolescent sound of Brown's and Dalby's voices seem all the more mundane. Brown had some good ideas, but executing them effectively would take a lot more discipline than he shows here.

**ERIC CLAPTON:**

**ERIC CLAPTON: 461 Ocean Boulevard.** Eric Clapton (vocals, guitar); George Terry (guitar); Yvonne Elliman (vocals); Dick Sims (organ); Carl Radle (bass); AI Jackson, Jamie Oldaker, Jim Fox (drums); Alby Galuten (piano, ARP synthesizer). *Motherless Children; Give Me Strength; Willie and the Hand Jive; Get Ready; I Shot the Sheriff*; and five others. ISLAND SW-9343 $5.98, © 8XW-9343 $6.98.

Performance: Disappointing
Recording: Excellent

I was much impressed by Jimmy Cliff's work in the soundtrack of *The Harder They Come* last year. Clapton is from Jamaica and one of the reggae stars of that delightful island; he also starred in the film, which is the story of a ghetto boy from Shantytown.

"Struggling Man" is Cliff's third solo album released in the United States. I must regretfully say that it's so relentlessly drenched in social messages that Cliff's talent and the entrancing reggae rhythm might as well not be there. To put it in the strongest terms, he is as vapid and boring here as Curtis Mayfield. I do not know for certain what the conditions are in Shantytown, and I assume that Cliff's sentiments about improving the lot of the average Jamaican are genuine. But I am put off by the dull, predictable, and irritating political rhetoric, which would make even your local teenybopper shudder. I'll speak more of this later, but the sermon here doesn't move, and that is a damned shame.

**SANDY DENNY:**

*Like an Old Fashioned Waltz; Whispering Grass; Friends*; and five others. ISLAND SW-9340 $5.98, © 9340 $6.98.

Performance: Bursting at the themes
Recording: Voluptuous

Sandy Denny's idea, apparently, was to make the whole experience roll along slowly and sedately, rotating within its own revolutions like, well, like an old-fashioned waltz. She has drawn out simple and stylized folk melodies (mostly her own, but all rather derivative) until they seem to melt and run together, and has opted for a supposedly timeless, classical-orchestra sound for backing. Members of Fairport Convention are supposed to be bashing away in there somewhere, but that's mostly an academic, jacket-credit matter. Twice she slips into old supper-club creepers with piano-bar piano backing — doing *Whispering Grass*, which is so silly, and *Until the Real Thing Comes Along*, which is so silly in itself — and these aberrations lay a pretty standout-two combination on what little spell she had managed to cast. I much prefer the previous album. "Sandy," which didn't get tangled up in this theme nonsense and therefore had ample variety without having to raid left field. Sandy's rounded, softly contoured, just-slightly-alooof singing is still among my favorite sounds, but I think the very last song, *No End*, gives it enough to say.

**FANIA ALL STARS:**

*How Was It? How It Ended!* *How It Was Going to Be!* Ray Barretto (conga); Willie Colon (trombone); Larry Harrow (keyboards); Johnny Pacheco (percussion); Roberto Roena (bongos); Bobby Valentin (bass); Mongo Santamaria (conga); Ricardo Ray (piano); Manu Dibango (sax); Jorge "Mato" Santana (guitar); Jan Hammer (organ); Billy Cobham (drums); Bobby Cruz, Cheo Feliciano, Ismael Quintana, Justo Betancourt, Santos Colon, Hector Lavoe, Ismael Miranda, Pete "El Conde" Rodriguez (vocals). Viva Tirado: Chantehello; Smoke; There You Go; Mama Guela; El Ratón; Soul Makossa; Congo Bongo. FANIA SLP 00470 $5.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Variable

The Fania All Stars are an elite group, made up of orchestra leaders, famous sidemen, and distinguished guests, whose concerts are an annual event in Latin New York. Although much of their music here is strong and satisfying, many of the talents are wasted or forced to give room to some guest whose presence isn't necessarily uplifting.

The idea of the album was to show that Latin musicians are not only compatible with rock, jazz, and "soul" musicians — not exactly one of the pressing problems of our era (and besides, it has been demonstrated thousands of times before). To that end, Manu Dibango, Jorge "Malo" Santana (brother of Carlos), and Mahavishnu Orchestra refugees Billy Cobham and Jan Hammer make extended appearances. Their presence is a mixed blessing. Jorge Santana has his brother's guitar style, which isn't much. Saxist Manu Dibango had a crossover pop-jazz hit, *Soul Makossa*, and those flute sounds that makes jazz fans cry, "Jazz is coming back!" and makes them wonder in the next breath whether jazz is selling out. Cobham's drumming and Hammer's organ playing are good, even very good, but they have been added to the All Stars for their names, not their music.

(Continued overleaf)
A further example of the misuse of talent for the sake of cultural exchange is provided by the vocalists. Four of the finest Latin singers—Santos Colon, Ismael Miranda, Hector Lavoe, and Cheo Feliciano—are compelled to sing yeh-yeh back-up riffs on Soul Makossa while Dibango honks away on his blah-blah sax. The studio sessions (which would have been recorded live if 40,000 fans in Yankee Stadium had not gone crackers after Congo Bongo, several hundred of them rushing the stage) provide the best music in the album, though I still could do without the guests.

I do not think that Latin music needs the influx of other styles. I don’t believe there is any reason to see it conquer the nation or the world. It is happy and successful, and it gives an enormous amount of pleasure and comfort to millions of people already: let it stay where it is. No doubt I am a reactionary crank, but I would rather see at least one musical style flourish in its own corner instead of diluting itself and giving itself away to other styles which have largely become stale, venal, and in need of help.

J.V.

GENESIS: Genesis Live. Genesis (vocals and instrumentalists). Watcher of the Skies; Get 'em Out by Friday; The Return of the Giant Hogweed; Musical Box; The Knife. CHARISMA CAS 1666 $6.98.

Performance: Pompous
Recording: Very good

This proves, to those who haven’t caught the act on television, that Genesis isn’t just a patch-in, doh-happy studio band, but a real performing band. It is better than seeing them on television or in (gasp, shudder) real life because with an album one doesn’t have to look at all the corny costumes and cosmetics Peter Gabriel runs through for his embarrassingly hammy “visual interpretations” of what he’s more or less singing. Yuck! The band is technically all right, and once in a while—as in The Musical Box, from the second album—manages to put the song above the players’ theatrical pretensions and get, as they say, into it. The result is a rare, sweet, beat-up sort of innocence. That, unfortunately, is the exception; the rule is to overact on the instruments the way Gabriel overacts in his portrayals. Genesis tends to overmanage a piece, having overwritten it to start with, and the sound too often has too little contrast, too few reference points in it. Maybe they take themselves too seriously, or maybe they take comic books too seriously or something. When the costume party ends, maybe we’ll find out.

N.C.

INCREDIBLE STRING BAND: Hard Rope & Silken Twine. Incredible String Band (vocals and instrumentalists). Maker of Islands; Cold February; Glancing Love; Dreams of No Return; Dumb Kate; Ethos. REPRISE MS 2198 $5.98.

Performance: Improving again
Recording: Very good

Getting past Mike Heron’s schmaltzy opener, Maker of Islands, may take some doing, but this album does find the Incredibles enduring and is probably the best of their last several attempts. By “best” I don’t mean strictly best, you understand; I mean it helps rebuild some of that shadowy mystique that was really what people seemed to need from this group. The important thing the band offered was
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As the rock styles of the Sixties have become increasingly threadbare, as the stars held over from that decade have proved to be as bereft of any genuinely inspired innovation as the Bowies of the Seventies, old standbys and young turks alike have given in to the temptation to wallow in a smoke screen of nostalgia that is, at its best, just pathetic. "Pinups," "Moondog Matinee," "Playin' Favorites" (with Don McLean, as if we didn't have enough problems)—all are painful retreads, by turns sentimental and bathetic, of songs and styles has a perversely but brilliant penchant for singing back and forth against the melody and yet somehow with it at the same time, always firm, moving, right there. Ferry literally oozes irony, so maybe it's only ironically appropriate that his golden-goodies album, "These Foolish Things," is not just the only fully assured and personalized album of this type, but a rock masterpiece transcending generic classification. Just try on the opening song, A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, which completely revivifies Dylan by treating him with abnormally a function of his talent that in Baby I Don't Care he becomes Elvis so effectively that he could do it successfully on any stage in the world. It's no mere rock-and-roll revival either—this music exists in a benevolent vacuum of fine strong pop that straddles all barriers and eras.

A case in point is It's My Party, where Ferry doesn't change the gender from the Lesley Gore original. It comes off not so much camp as cartoon, as herky-jerky sarcastic as Don't Worry Baby is sincerely, unconventionally, straightforwardly moving. Ferry doesn't bother doing an elaborate Beach Boys takeoff—even though it must have been tempting to try to capture the spirit and sound of the California surf-and-wheels culture that is so exotic to Limeys (it's a temptation the Who, among others, have succumbed to, with embarrassing results). But Ferry makes Don't Worry Baby work on its own terms as a strong, mainstream ballad.

Similarly, The Tracks of My Tears could have been a total travesty, since nothing could be farther from Ferry's snarl than Smokey Robinson, but here again he brings it off without compromising either Smokey or himself, for Ferry is a crooner as well as a Barker; he can sing in any style, even sounding almost black sometimes. In Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever, for example, he comes far closer to Levi Stubbs than blue-eyed soul. It's a charging arrangement with brilliant drumming and lovely tides of Motown back-up vocals by the Angeles, who put the frosting on brilliant, triumphal cascades of pure AM sound. The crucial point here and everywhere in this record is that it is not just a stylistic exercise, if it's a matter of deep feeling channeled through one of the subtlest senses of humor around. Take I Love You How You Are, which is rendered with all the ersatz passion befitting both Ferry's wit and this song's era. Roger Ball's sax solo is full of real, last-dance, bittersweet erotic tension, and it does seem strange that a man as cynical as Ferry must be can hit that evocative high-school American chord so straight and true.

But Ferry makes clear why all these costume changes work in the title song, which is his obligatory bow to the "straight" pre-rock torch-song past he is so enamored of. These Foolish Things proves the original key to its namesake album's success: "The ties that bind us/Are still around/me. It's no mere rock-and-roll stream ballad.

BRYAN FERRY: These Foolish Things. Bryan Ferry (vocals and piano); other musicians: A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall; River of Salt: Don't Ever Change; Piece of My Heart; Baby, I Don't Care; It's My Party; Don't Worry Baby; Symphony for the Devil; The Tracks of My Tears; You Won't See Me; I Love How You Love Me; Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever; These Foolish Things Remind Me of You. ATLANTIC SD 7304 $6.98, © PT 7304 $6.98, © CS 7304 $6.98.
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bond of personal loyalty among the members of Kool & The Gang and a near-mystic idea of what their mission is. During their appearance at the 1974 Newport Jazz Festival in New York, where they were easily the best thing on the bill for that particular concert, they announced that they wanted the audience to use the next few minutes “to think about what you can do for your brothers and sisters.” This was not claptrap be-black rhetoric: they meant it. And for the next three minutes the audience heard a single, sustained saxophone note, pure and sweet, and thought about things. It was much like the only valuable subway graffito I ever saw: “Be Rich in love, but not in wealth. If you have, don’t covet your neighbor’s wife, all that he has no more than you have! God, put no one else before me . . .

SISTER JANET MEAD: The Lord’s Prayer.
Sister Janet Mead (vocals); instrumental accompaniment: Les Sands arr. and dir. The Ten Commandments: With You I Am; Gloria; Father, I Put My Life in Your Hands; Take My Hand; The Lord’s Prayer; and six others. A & M SP 3639 $5.98. ® 3639 $6.98. © 3639 $6.98.

 Performance: To a modest beat
 Recording: Good

Sister Janet Mead, a Sister of Mercy who teaches school in Adelaide, Australia, believes that “people should be given the opportunity to worship God with the language and music that is part of their ordinary life.” Suiting action to conviction, she performs songs with lyrics on religious themes, often contemporary versions of traditional texts, offering the result in a musical style she supposes one could describe as virginal rock. The program opens with a treatment of the Ten Commandments in basic Australian (“I am the Lord thy God, put no one else before me . . . don’t covet your neighbor’s wife, all that he has no more than you have!”) sung with an open innocence that is disarming. There are also modern versions of Psalms 32, 63, and 103, by a composer named Arnold Strals, which are not exactly improvements on King James but work well enough with the kind of music Strals has chosen to supply. Mr. Strals has also treated The Lord’s Prayer, but it deserves, and has received, better treatment. Throughout the whole rather long session the imperturbable Sister Mead puts over one pious piece after another in her sweet little voice, backed by a gentle chorus and instrumentalists who seem to be aware that they are in church and never pound too hard. It’s mild stuff compared to the gospel singing we are used to in this land, but it is refreshingly guileless and appealing.

NATI MISTRAL: Trascendencia Universal y Madrileña de Nati Mistral. Nati Mistral (vocals); Luis Maravilla (guitar); Los Gemelos (vocals and guitars); orchestra, Maestro Cisneros cond. Luna de Espatú; Las Cuatrillas; Yo Te Quiero Vida Mia; ¡Puerta Puerta!; El Café de Chinitas; Las Tres Hojas; La Linda Tapada; and seven others. Alhambra C 7004 $4.98.

Performance: Peerless
Recording: Very good

Often described as the greatest interpreter of the Spanish song, Nati Mistral is one of the aristocrats of popular music. She belongs in the elite company of Edith Piaf, Amalia Rodrigues, Mabel Mercer, Blossom Dearie, Peggy Lee, and Gisela May because she has their intelligence, musicality, taste, and sensitivity to lyrics. But her voice is more beautiful than theirs, and she commands a wider variety of styles. By calling her an aristocrat, I do not mean to suggest that she gives arty or intellectualized readings of popular songs; she is simply so expert that she elevates any song to a higher level of art.

This most welcome album is an excellent sample of her work. On side one she is accompanied by orchestra, and on side two by the solo guitar of Luis Maravilla or by the famous singing twin guitarists Los Gemelos. Here she ranges from timeless interpretations of three Spanish folk songs set by García Lorca, through a couple of classic pasodobles evocative of the bullring, to some fine love songs, such as Yo Te Quiero Vida Mia (I Love You, Darling). An accomplished actress, she can condense a whole little play into the two or three minutes of a song. She gives you pathos in La Linda Tapada (The Beautiful Prisoner) about a gypsy girl who has murdered her lover and comedy in the witty ¡Por Si Las Moscas! (Just in Case) about a movie-mad laundress who irons by day but fancies herself the Greta Garbo of the student quarter at night.

I cannot adequately describe the sensuous beauty of Nati Mistral’s voice or what she does with the deep velvet of her lower register. Just do yourself a favor and buy this album. If you don’t know Spanish, you could learn it (and there is no better model for diction than Miss Mistral). It isn’t necessary to speak French to appreciate Piaf, and Nati

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Recording: Excellent
Performance: Welcome return

Sly Stone:
Back with the old fire and easy confidence
compliments to kids from Hoboken). Chevalier may have been right. But at the moment Sinatra’s recorded performances don’t do much credit to his past beyond reminding us how great it was.

Sly:
Sly & The Family Stone: Small Talk.
Sly & The Family Stone (vocals and instrumental).
Small Talk; I’m So Glad; I’m Not A Fast Dancer; Doin’ It; Life is Strange; and six others.
EPIC J.V. SPECIAL
$7.98, $9.98, $9.98.

Recording: Excellent
Performance: Welcome return

This is undoubtedly Sly Stone’s best album in many a year. He sounds happy, relaxed, and confident, and he has picked up the beat he let drop during a time of personal and professional troubles. There are several fine jump tunes here where Sly has his old fire, and his band, flabby and sleepy in recent albums, is once again tight and energetic. Some of the cuts are unedited at their beginnings, catching in-studio conversation, instrumental tune-ups, and practice runs—this is to give and demand of the listener an intimacy without which Sly’s talent can’t cheerfully function.

Sly was always one of the most genial of humans, and sweet traces of that come through, in particular in Small Talk. You will pardon my nostalgia when I recall that sometime in the late Sixties, during my criminal career as a music publicist, I once went to his hotel room to handle a transoceanic phone call I had set up with an English paper that wanted to interview him. Sly, who didn’t know me at all, said when I entered: “Be comfortable, man, because this is your home now.”

I had been in awe of his genius before I met him, and the brief and pleasant memory of my few minutes with him made his subsequent trouble—and the disturbed, feeble music of the last few years—painful for me. I am therefore glad to report that his great talent is now back on the rails and that this most positive of fellows is again making positive music. Yay! The recording is excellent in four channels or two.

SYREETA: Stevie Wonder Presents Syreeta.
Syreeta Wright (vocals); orchestra. I’m Goin’ Left; Waitin’ for the Postman; Heavy Day; Your Kiss Is Sweet; Spinin’ and Spinnin’; and six others.
MOTOWN M6-808 S1 $5.98.

Performance: Expert fun
Recording: Superb

Syreeta Wright collaborates with Stevie Wonder here as both writer and performer. One of the songs she writes are full of all the fine, liberated sass, as in Just A Little Piece of You and Your Kiss Is Sweet. Her renditions are always lively, even in the three Wonder songs she had no hand in the writing of. Syreeta is fun as she slides through her mate-
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NOVEMBER 1974

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

JAMES TAYLOR: Walking Man. James Taylor (vocals, guitar); David Spinozza (electric guitar, electric piano, organ); Andy Muson (bass); Don Grolnick (keyboards); Rick Marotta (drums); other musicians. Walking Man: Rock 'n' Roll Is Music Now; Let It All Fall Down: Me and My Guitar, Daddy's Baby; Ain't No Song; and four others. WARNER BROS. W 2794 $7.97.

Performance: Ingratiating
Recording: Excellent

"Moving in silent desperation..." this album starts off, and I groan, "Aargh, not again," anticipating another of those James Taylor lick-and-a-promise treatments in which I am expected to suffer along with the poor little rich kid to tunes he started but my own imagination has to do the real work on. But the first song (the title one) pulls nicely out of that nose dive, and James Taylor seems to be doing the same thing himself; this album is musical, not too tedious, and not nearly as sketchy and tentative as the two preceding it. It is, in ways, more like the ones that preceded those. The title song is one of his better musical meditations upon himself in years, even if it is characteristically afflicted with unnecessarily vague symbolism, and it is balanced by the last song on the other side, Fading Away: both have to do with one's relationship to the fray. The first half of Fading Away doesn't seem to square words with melody, but it's a better than average song. Me and My Guitar has its moments lyrically, and the arrangement effectively underscores them: Migration has a melody reminiscent of Carly Simon and a very spiffy arrangement. Hello Old Friend is schmaltzy, but everything else does its bit with points to spare, and the backing is middle-class and solid. Danny Knocchi and his gang are gone; David Spinozza seems to be in charge now and uses, among other things, Carly, Paul and Linda McCartney (for back-up singing), and two horn sections.

Taylor's vocals still don't suggest that harnessing his throat is the way out of the energy crisis, but they do have a strength about them that I've never noticed before, and his confidence in his singing is bound to grow after a recording like this. It has the marks of a pro on it.


Performance: Okay
Recording: Good

I am a tired, jaundiced, old man and I do not understand much about this current rock-and- (Continued on page 108)
HARRY NILSSON’S “PUSSY CATS”
...and how they sounded

...to Steve Simels

They say confession is good for the soul. Well, that may well be, but what they don’t say is whether or not confession is good for job security. You see, I have the new Nilsson album before me for review, and it seems there’s no way out . . . I have to confess. I know my colleagues are going to hate me for this (Harry having been one of last year’s cover boys, a great favorite around the office and all), but here goes: I do not now, and have never at any time, particularly cared for Harry Nilsson, and this new album “Pussy Cats” (produced by no less a guy by the sheer breadth of Harry’s demonstrated musical and technical talents. He’s a virtuoso vocalist who can sound like any singer, past or present, if he sets his mind to it: he knows his way around a recording studio at least as well as, say, Todd Rundgren, and he’s a songwriter of impressive facility and cleverness. Further, he’s a genuine Loon (it’s no accident that Keith Moon, the most authentic nutcase in all of rock, plays with him on this album), and if there’s anything that rock needs more of at this point in its history, it’s Genuine Loons.

So why, then, you’re probably wondering, don’t I get off on him? I’m not quite sure. AM radio, I suspect, has something to do with it; I defy anyone who listens to that increasingly moribund institution not to develop an almost pathological aversion to such Nilssonian piffle as that goddamn Coconut song, or his unspeakably hideous transmogrification of Badfinger’s Without You (which in their hands had been a marvelously sentimental tune salvaged by a spare and stately arrangement) into a piece of romantic schlock unmatched for sheer ersatz grandiosity by anything this side of Il Trovatore.

More likely, my lack of appreciation for what he’s done stems from his basic stance as a writer and performer, which to my mind reduces itself to a kind of ironic detachment (it is a stance, by the way, that Harry shares with his good buddy Randy Newman, whom I similarly mistrust). It manifests itself in lots of ways: in his attitude of “give me five minutes and I can write a song about anything,” in his continued disavowal of live performance, and even in the sheer expertise of his studio technique and his choice of material. You can tell me all you want, for example, how “authentic” his “Little Touch of Schmilsson” album was, in which he attempted the “standard” (translate pre-pre-rock) pop repertoire, but the fact of the matter is that Harry Nilsson represents something totally different from Frank Sinatra, and even though he approaches those songs with seeming reverence and faithfulness to the genre’s conventions, it’s impossible for someone like Harry to sing them without making some kind of oblique (unflattering) comment on what they mean today. Harry, being nothing if not subtle, is well aware of this, and, I maintain, fully intended this kind of implied condescension—despite the fact that, unintentionally and on a purely musical level, the record wasn’t a hell of a lot better than the album Ringo Starr (another of his old buddies) put out a few years ago, which was a charmingly naive and totally sincere run-through of a suspiciously similar repertoire. Ultimately, what Harry is dishing out is defeated by its own sophistication. Irony is all very well and good, but it doesn’t communicate all that much, and although I can dig it on its own recycling level, I can’t help preferring the kind of artist who deals in more bedrock human concerns than pop music and its creator’s relationship to it.

So what about the new album? Well, as you may have gathered by now, it contains nothing I’m going to be listening to after my three or four times through it for the sake of my reviewer’s conscience. It opens with a passable rendition of Jimmy Cliff’s beautiful Many Rivers to Cross, which has a nice neo-Spector production from John (in the vein of his last album), dead catchy guitar figures, and a vocal by Harry that is an obvious parody of John’s Primal Screaming—at once hilariously accurate and inappropriate to the song. There’s a remake of Rock Around the Clock that is both 1974-heavy and almost slavishly accurate but still will not cause anyone to rip out theater seats. A Dylan tune treated in the manner of Jump into the Fire as heavy-metal jungle boogie, a symphonic work-out of Save the Last Dance for Me that in its own way is equally as dreadful and sans soul as the recent hit cover version by the (gasp!) DeFranco Family, and some light bits of whimsy penned by Harry that have made next to no impression on me at all (except for Black Sails, which has one of the most gorgeous string arrangements I’ve heard in ages and manages to take a few mild satiric pot shots at Carly Simon, among others). It’s all very agreeable, good fun, highly sophisticated, immaculately done, and in the final analysis terribly, terribly cold. So, for me anyway, it is dispensable.

...to Noel Coppage

Harry Nilsson’s “Pussy Cats” is a celebrity album. Like “Ringo” and other recent results of a need among pop stars to belong to a fraternity, it presents itself mainly as a social event. The producer, John Lennon, is a man who likes being envied, and he takes co-star billing upon himself to the point of putting his picture on the cover, along with Nilsson’s. A whole slew of pictures—of John, Harry, the ubiquitous Ringo, and the others at work and play in the studio—is provided in the fold-out jacket. These are Polaroid snaps of studiously poor quality, the kind (we are apparently expected to assume) a fan might take, the kind Paul McCartney recently provided with his album (which depicted such musically irrelevant celebrities as James Coburn on its cover). The packaging also involves liner notes by Derek Taylor, who goes out of his way to admit (thankfully) that he had time in his busy schedule to hear only one of the songs before the deadline made him do the notes.

Nobody makes any bones about emphasizing personalities over music—nobody, that is, except Harry Nilsson. Once the record starts, his approach is as private and subtle as it usually is, and that’s probably what keeps the odor of ego balm from overwhelming the whole works. Harry has never had any identity problems as a singer—his voice is too idiosyncratic for that—and so, having to prove nothing, he does wind up serving the music as well as using it. He also has a strange sense of humor and a true composer’s skill at teasing melodic ideas.
into place. He has never been all that clear about whether music was supposed to be a means or an end, but he has told us (listen again to I'll Be Home) not to take it all so seriously. So he wears it well, this distance between the idea of celebrities working together and what they actually do.

His own compositions seem nicely placed in the middle ground of that distance. The album's most evocative piece, Black Sails, has a slow, orchestrated, delicately sculpted melody and lyrics that aren't really song lyrics at all but an extended pun: he harpoons the nautical metaphor until it goes belly-up—kidding, along the way, everyone from Carly Simon to Long John Silver. Black Sails, All My Life, and Don't Forget Me (which finds Nilsson mixing romantic clichés and realism into quite a fizzy tonic: "I'll miss you when I'm lonely/I'll miss the alimony too..." and "When we're older/And full of cancer../I t doesn't matter now/Come on, get happy...") are together well worth the price of admission. (The fourth Nilsson original, Old Forgotten Soldier, is not as poignant as it could be, either taken straight or as irony, but he does a wonderful job of singing it.)

There are some cuts, though, that I simply cannot stand: Rock Around the Clock and Loop de Loop because they are bad songs that depend on nostalgia's interfering with sober aesthetic judgment, and Dylan's Subterranean Homesick Blues because of the mockery Nilsson and Lennon make of it, making it sound like a dirge delivered, without conviction, in the midst of a drunken apathy (they may be trying to act as reporters, helping us compare today with the day of the song, but there are less annoying ways of doing that). The Lennon sound, though, serves Harry well and makes some things surprisingly effective—for example, Jimmy Cliff's Many Rivers to Cross, a 1969 model given a bit of the old Primal Scream treatment, and Lennon's own lightweight string of seagoing puns ("C'est la, c'est la/C'est la vie/Sail upon the ocean/Sail with me"), plus Mucho Mun- go/Mt. Elga, in which Klaus Voorman shows again why the ex-Beatles like his bass so much.

In sum, the album is more impressive than it is satisfying; it is disjointed, as if John were completely in charge here, Harry completely in command there. Perhaps one is reluctant to try to influence the work of a celebrity, even if one is a celebrity himself... and perhaps (as I suspect) these are unusually introverted celebrities. No great synergy comes boiling out of the speakers, but then it is very good when it is good, and all that miracle stuff went out with the Beatles anyway. Didn't it?

HARRY NILSSON: Pussy Cats, Harry Nilsson (vocals, piano, clavinet); Danny Kootch, Jesse Ed Davis (guitars); Klaus Voorman (bass); Sneaky Pete (steel guitar); Jim Keltner, Ringo Starr, Keith Moon (drums); other musicians. Many Rivers to Cross; Subterranean Homesick Blues; Don't Forget Me; All My Life; Old Forgotten Soldier; Save the Last Dance for Me; Mucho Mun- go/Mt. Elga; Loop de Loop; Black Sails; Rock Around the Clock. RCA CPL-10570 $6.98, © CPS1-0570 $7.95, © CPKI-10570 $7.95.
roll. But I will try to do my duty. So I stare at this “hard rock” album. It appears to be by a group called Uriah Heep. Now that sounds familiar, almost as familiar as Deep Purple, which, I am given to understand, is another “hard rock” group. As I said, I am old and tired, and you must forgive me if I get the two groups mixed up. Mercy, if I’m not careful I may be telling you what I think of Uriah Purple or Deep Hear.

Well, I have listened very carefully to this latest album by Uriah Heep, and I must say I think the band is getting better—their albums have become progressively less painless, anyway. I suppose that is because they are getting older. After all, if you’ve been doing something—anything—for a certain number of years, you get bored and want to make a change. Uriah Heep is no different from the rest of us, and they have switched from that relentless clanky-bang stuff to what can charitably be described as something similar to what the Beatles were doing six years ago. To that I cry, “Right arm!” just as the young people do. Congratulations, Purple Hear, or whatever the dickens your name is.

JIMMY WEBB: Land’s End (see Best of the Month, page 90)

MARION WILLIAMS: Blessed Assurance. Marion Williams (vocals); B. M. Oakley Memorial Temple Choir, Walter Stewart dir.: instrumental accompaniment. Heaven Belongs to You; Jesus, Jesus; These Old Burdens; and three others. ATLANTIC SD 7302 $5.98, @ TP 7302 $6.97, © CS 7302 $6.97.

Performance: Powerful
Recording: Very good remote

I have been a great admirer of Marion Williams since her days with the Stars of Faith, and, even though I haven’t always agreed with Atlantic’s choice of repertoire, she has remained my favorite gospel singer after Mahalia Jackson. Miss Williams’ Verve recordings with Ray Brown and Milt Jackson, made ten years ago, combined a standard church repertoire with outstanding jazz backing, and the result, though unheralded, was sensational. Atlantic would do well to repeat that or a similar combination. But recording Marion Williams in the familiar surroundings of her own church in Philadelphia was not at all a bad idea.

I have heard this album criticized for containing too much talk, and I have to agree that the dialogue separating the tracks and the benediction with which the set fizzles out become more and more boring every time you listen to the album. However, the record also contains almost thirty-seven minutes of music powerfully performed by today’s greatest gospel artist, so we are very far from being shortchanged.

C.A.

BOB WILLS’ TEXAS PLAYBOYS: For the Last Time. Leon McAuliffe (vocals, steel guitar); Eldon Shamblin (guitar); Al Stricklin (piano); Johnny Gimble (fiddle, mandolin); Smokey Dacus (drums); Hoyle Nix (vocals, fiddle); Leon Rausch (vocals, bass); Keith Coleman (fiddle); Tommy Allsup (bass); Bob Moore (bass); Jody Nix (vocals, drums); Merle Haggard (guitar). It is really Nothing but a Thyme; Yearning; Faded Love; What Makes Bob Holler; Stay All Night; Okay Away Party; Big Balls in Cowtown; Keeper of My Heart; Twin Guitar Boogie; Bubbles in My Beer; Blue Bonnet Lane; When You Leave Amarillo; San Antonio Rose, and eleven others. UNITED ARTISTS UA-LA216-12. Two discs $9.98, © EA216-1 $9.98.

Performance: Faithful swing
Recording: Excellent

There are a couple of things to remember when listening to Bob Wills’ music and thinking about the country-swing sound he put together. The first is that Wills and his bands played almost exclusively for dances, where the audience, being busy, does a different kind of listening. The second is that musicologists are bound to like something of this sort more than real people do, as musicologists also do a different kind of listening. Country swing makes few if any emotional demands on the listener, which is probably good for both dancers and musicologists.

Bob Wills’ experimentation was important to the development of country music largely for its spin-offs and side effects. He made the field steel-guitar-conscious, electric-guitar-conscious; his use of drums, horns, and piano, and his encouraging the guitars to play what were essentially horn parts—the open-mindedness of his whole approach—helped shake country out of some of its sleepy little assumptions. Leon McAuliffe’s early work on the “Hawaiian” guitar was an important influence on several of today’s good pickers, including Josh Graves, the best dobro player there is—and Bob Wills’ style with the fiddle, inspired, among others, Merle Haggard, back in Merle’s jailbird days, to straighten himself out and do something in music. Several of the songs were adapted to various shades of country interpretation, even Bluegrass. But country swing itself has not amounted to much in anyone else’s hands. The lesson may be that the sound of country swing—for all the sociology attached to it—is tedious, dry, and only about half an inch deep. The words of the songs have almost no connection with the real world, and the attitude of the players is, almost by definition, about the same as the attitude of the players in the Lawrence Welk Orchestra.

This album, recorded at the instigation of producer and session man Tommy Allsup during two days in Dallas in 1973, is both a tribute to the ailing Bob Wills and a last round-up of the Texas Playboys. Wills was in a wheelchair in the studio the first day, and even did his “Ahaa” folk holler on a couple of numbers, but he lapsed into unconsciousness that night. So there is pathos here, about the music if not in it. That second day found these old friends, some of whom had lived like members of the same family for many years, gathered to remember their fallen leader by playing this benign, offhand music. Strange.

So this is a musicologist’s delight, if they can accept the presence of Merle Haggard in there, taking the vocals on three songs and fiddling in the chorus (talked his way in); the two LP’s are beautifully recorded, packaged in a nice box-like thing, and accompanied by a whole booklet of notes by Wills’ biographer, Dr. Charles Townsend. San Antonio Rose, Stay All Night (“stay a little longer”), and the other major tunes Wills wrote and otherwise made famous in the Thirties, Forties, and Fifities are played, we are assured, the way the Playboys played them. It is not what I’d call a profound listening experience, but I suppose the people interested in studying or dancing need music too.
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Performance: Veteran vigor
Recording: Excellent remote

This is the indefatigable Mr. Blake's fifth release on his own label, and it is one of his best. Recorded during a concert in Morristown, New Jersey, last year when he was eighty-nine, it captures Eubie Blake in a most exuberant mood. He breezes through spirited versions of some of his own compositions—both known and not-so-known—and throws in a delightful tribute to the late James P. Johnson, whom he admired greatly. At least as interesting as the music is Mr. Blake's anecdotal running commentary, delivered with characteristic charm and wit.

There are now six albums (one was released just after this one) on the Eubie Blake Music label, and not one is without significance. It just boggles the mind to think what Mr. Blake's playing must have been like fifty years ago, when he was in his prime.

KEITH JARRETT: Solo Concerts Bremen/Lausanne (see Best of the Month, page 89)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

HUBERT LAWS: In the Beginning. Hubert Laws (flute); Ronnie Laws (tenor saxophone); Dave Friedman (vibraphone); Ron Carter (bass); Airo Moreira (percussion); orchestra. Mean Lene; Moment's Notice; Come Ye Disconsolate; Restoration; Airegin; and three others. CTI CTX 3 + 3 two discs $10.98, ©CTR 3 + 3 $12.98, ©CTC 3 + 3 $12.98.

Performance: Impeccable
Recording: Excellent

Hubert Laws has been with the CTI label for five years now, and this is his sixth album release. I don't know whether the title was meant to imply this, but "In the Beginning" does, in fact, seem like a return to Laws' early recordings. That is to say, there are no sweeping violins, and, except for two tracks—Come Ye Disconsolate and Erik Satie's Gymnopédie No. 1—the album consists of straight jazz played by a small group, including Hubert's brother, Ronnie, on tenor saxophone.

I have always had the highest praise for Hubert Laws, but this album makes me want to double all previous accolades and send copies out to certain record producers as a lesson in good taste. The repertoire runs from the silky, romantically done Satie piece to a wild drums-and-flute-only version of Sonny Rollins' Airegin, and you should run to your nearest record shop for it.

ANITA O'DAY: Hi Ho Truelove Boot Whip. Anita O'Day (vocals); various instrumental accompaniments. What Is This Thing Called Love?; Key Largo; How High the Moon; It's Different When It Happens to You; and six others. BOB THIELE MUSIC BBM1-0595 M $6.98.

Performance: Oh happy O'Day
Recording: Good mono transfers

When she was a band singer, Anita O'Day avoided the sex-kitten image: she didn't twinkle her eyes or flash her teeth at the audience, she dressed conservatively and with taste, and, above all, she sang with the inventiveness of a jazz instrumentalist. It was Ms. O'Day who originated and perfected the distinct vocal style that brought June Christy and Chris Connor fame, and of the three only Anita O'Day's voice has survived the years.

The recordings in this collection were made for the Signature label more than twenty-five years ago, when Ms. O'Day, after working with the Gene Krupa and Stan Kenton bands, ventured out on her own. Her phrasing is so fresh that only her bop vocals and the technical quality of the recording date the voice. The accompaniment—by three different bands—is another matter: it, of course, is dated, but there is fine playing by such men as Artie Shaprio, Billy Kyle, Ray Sims (Zoot's brother), and Benny Carter, who is also responsible for some excellent arrangements.

There are only ten short tracks here, but we can forgive that since producer Bob Thiele had no more to draw from. Everything here counts—a noteworthy reissue.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

WEATHER REPORT: Mysterious Traveller.

Joe Zawinul (keyboards, vocals, maracas); Wayne Shorter (tenor and soprano saxophones); others. Nubian Sundance; Jungle Book; and three others. COLOMBIA KC: 32494 $4.98, ©CA 32494 $6.98. ©CT-32494 $6.98.

Performance: Best yet
Recording: Excellent

This is Weather Report's fourth album, and there are no signs that its creativity is letting up. Addition of sound effects (crowd noises in Nubian Sundance) may provoke some cries of "gimmickry," but 90 per cent of the group's sound is electronic gimmickry to begin with, and, as long as it fits, I don't care if they incorp- orate a Senegalese circumcision ceremony.

Noting the absence of bassist Miroslav Vitous (one of WR's founders) from all but one track, I called Columbia Records' public relations/publicity department and asked if he had defected. "No," was the reply, "only the drummer left the group." "Which drummer?"

"I really don't know. . . . I think his name is Brown. Yes, that's it, Brown. . . ."

I was embarrassed. I hadn't even known Mr. Brown was in the group. Well, perhaps Vitous overslept, and maybe that's why Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter give us the latter's Blackthorn Rose as an unaccompanied duet—they should do a whole album like that. Columbia's employees may not be the best informed, but I think they should know that they have now released the most splendid Weather Report to date.

C.A.
Once a promising boy pianist in Huntsville, Alabama, Lee Erwin used to slip into one of the local movie houses and fill in for the organist at suppertime during the showing of whatever silent movie was playing. Later he got the job himself and pulled down $20 a week while he attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Erwin went on, like all good aspiring American composers in the early Thirties, to study under Nadia Boulanger in Paris, then rose to the rank of chief organist at the RKO Albee in Cincinnati, served as arranger and composer for the Arthur Godfrey Show, and now teaches music at Lehman College in New York. But a few years ago Mr. Erwin went back to the silents. New York's Beacon Theatre, restored to its old-time movie-palace glamour, held a gala screening of the silent movie Queen Kelly, starring Gloria Swanson, and he played, on the Beacon's old mammoth organ, a score he had composed for the occasion. Miss Swanson was there, the evening was a smash, and Mr. Erwin has since gone on to compose "new scores" for The General, The Thief of Bagdad, My Best Girl, and others.

The record from Angel is a compendium of romantic love themes, opening title fanfares, and busy episodes underlining the action for these movies, and its greatest achievement, aside from the engineers' impressive fidelity to the sound of the organ at the Fox Theatre in Washington where the stuff was taped on a resident Wurlitzer pipe organ, is how much Mr. Erwin's music manages to sound like what I dimly remember from childhood as the real thing. The notes may be new, but the approach couldn't be more old-fashioned — which is probably as it should be. The organist pulls out every stop to work up a chase of one locomotive by another in The General; supplies heaps of Oriental atmosphere for the flights of flying carpets and winged horses in Thief of Bagdad; captures, as Rory Guy's liner notes put it, the "goodness and girlishness" of the curly-haired Miss Pickford with distressing accuracy in My Best Girl; and bounces out as waltzy a waltz as you might care to hear for the Masked Ball scene in Phantom of the Opera. But, although Mr. Erwin is awfully good at atmosphere, he adheres all too faithfully to the old Hollywood edict that the music for a movie should never really be consciously heard, and his music (Continued on page 115)
The Radford HIGH DEFINITION HD-250

Radford's new integrated amplifier, the HD250, incorporates new circuitry design concepts developed for the Radford Series III audio lab test equipment, which is used throughout the world by the most prestigious testing facilities and manufacturers, including Julian Hirsch for STEREO REVIEW. The HD250 (and HD22 preamp section only) are our concept of state-of-the-art, high-definition, solid-state design; the HD250 has less distortion, noise, or hum than any other integrated amplifier or receiver in the world. These performance specifications amply indicate the capabilities of the HD250:

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I THINK I have figured out to my (doubtless temporary) satisfaction what it is that is wrong with music on TV: it's the people who are responsible for choosing what is programmed. It is not that they are tasteless monstrosities who wouldn't know a good tune if one stood up and bit them (though there is certainly some of that going around), but that they are, by and large, people of a certain age, which means that their training and experience in music and other theatrical arts have been more large-scale, venue-wise, over-the-top, Broadway, Las Vegas circuses, than small-scale like the tube. The result is that, with tiresome consistency, they can think only in terms of the "special," which in TV-land is just another word for "large." Whether it's Barbra Streisand, Perry Como, Liza Minnelli, or David Bowie, it must be wide-screen, full-stage, big-band, and cast-of-thousands. Even on the talk shows, when some solo performer gets a rare chance to do his or her thing, nine times out of ten it's full orchestra (Doc Severinson may know what a small combo is, but he wouldn't know how to get it to play softly) and Lana Cantrell, Della Reesa, or Helen Reddy belting, decibelting. And so, what I long for, apparently in vain, is something appropriate to my living room, my mood, and that 25-inch screen, somebody addressing me in a modest, conversational tone, a tight little, bright little cabaret turn, carefully constructed, lovingly detailed, witty, musical, and polished.

I have, I see, just described the singing team of Travis Hudson and Ronny Whyte. They are, alas, not on the tube where I would dearly love to see them, but on a sparkling new Monmouth-Evergreen album bearing the motto "It's smooth, it's smart. It's Rodgers, it's Hart!"—borrowed, of course, from Cole Porter's DuBarry Was a Lady. Let me lose no time whatever in assuring you that the line applies fairly not only to the Rodgers & Hart songs but also to the Hudson & Whyte (Travis & Ronny?) performances, and though I have seen (and prefer) them in scintillating person, the disc minus the "visuals" is no mean substitute.

Everybody knows more Rodgers & Hart songs than they think they do (in general, songwriters and lyricists get even less respect than Rodney Dangerfield, and with much less justice), and there are a few old favorites here. Mostly, though (and Ronny), Travis & Ronny refreshingly travel the back roads of the canon, all the way from I'd Like to Poison Ivy (The Melody Man, 1924) to This Is My Night to Howl (the new production of A Connecticut Yankee, 1943). I would recommend to your particular tastes, and especially Travis' Atlantic Blues (Lido Lady, 1926). But they're all good, and you will soon find your own favorites.

There is no sticky "nostalgia" stamp anywhere on front, back, inside, or outside of this happy, humming music. Travis & Ronny are too young to remember any of this stuff from the first time around, but they sing it like older pros anyway, and they bring it all up to date in the process. Ronny Whyte's arrangements may still be able to catch Travis & Ronny live in their current engagement at the St. Regis. For the rest, we can only hope that Johnny can read something besides his monologue. Johnny?

RONNY WHYTE & TRAVIS HUDSON: It's Rodgers, It's Hart! Travis Hudson (vocals and alto kazoo); Ronny Whyte (vocals, piano, celeste, and tenor kazoo); other instrumentalists. I Feel at Home with You; You're Nearer; Nothing but You; I'll Tell the Man in the Street; What's the Use of Talking; You Always Love the Same Girl; This Is My Night to Howl; The Girl Friend; Where's That Rainbow; The Girl Friend (from the show of the same name, 1926), and especially Travis' Atlantic Blues (Lido Lady, 1926). But they're all good, and you will soon find your own favorites.

There is no sticky "nostalgia" stamp anywhere on front, back, inside, or outside of this happy, humming music. Travis & Ronny are too young to remember any of this stuff from the first time around, but they sing it like older pros anyway, and they bring it all up to date in the process. Ronny Whyte's arrangements may still be able to catch Travis & Ronny live in their current engagement at the St. Regis. For the rest, we can only hope that Johnny can read something besides his monologue. Johnny?

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Reviewed by William Anderson
does tend to slip by while your mind wanders elsewhere, especially with no movie to look at while it plays.

P.K.

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLORED DREAMCOAT (Tim Rice—Andrew Lloyd Webber). Gary Bond, Peter Reeves, Maynard Williams, Gordon Walker, Roger Watson (vocals). Children's choir; chorus and orchestra, Chris Hamel-Cooke and Andrew Lloyd Webber cond. MCA 399 $5.98.

Performance: A comedy cantata
Recording: Superb

Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, the boys who brought you Jesus Christ, Superstar, are back on the boards this time with Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat. Joseph is a work that has lengthened with time. It started with a London school performance when it was about fifteen minutes long, and kept going until, in 1968, a half-hour version was recorded by Decca in England. Meanwhile, in 1969, Rice and Webber took time out to write Jesus Christ, Superstar and become rather rich. They returned to Joseph in 1972, lengthening it again to a forty-minute span for a staging in Scotland at the Edinburgh Festival that year. Now, with the incorporation of material from another cantata from the same pens called Jacob's Journey, it is even longer. And I must say at once that, long as it is, I like it even better than the still longer Jesus Christ, Superstar.

As Mr. Rice and Mr. Webber put their professional minds to retelling in verse the Biblical tale whose theme inspired one of Thomas Mann's greatest novels, they seem to be out to entertain and comment perceptively on the text rather than to evangelize—which is fine with me.

When Joseph puts on the coat of many colors "in a class above the rest" which he has received from his father Jacob and struts about lording it over his brothers, he is depicted as quite the obnoxious chap I always suspected he might have been. "I look handsome," he croons, "I look smart, I am a walking work of art." All through the story of Joseph, from the way he carries on about the coat through the descriptions of his megalomaniacal dreams, his success with the millionnaire Potiphar's wife in Egypt, and his condescension in saving his family from starvation after he has won over Pharaoh himself with his dream-readings, Rice and Webber wisely stick to comedy and never indulge themselves in romantic pieties. Thus, there are no arias on a par with Mary Magdalene's I Don't Know How to Love Him in Joseph, but there are no tedious self-indulgent bathetic stretches either. Instead, what we have, finally, is an up-to-the-minute comic cantata which is right in the mainstream of musical tradition—not hurt at all, as far as I am concerned, by Reuben's song of nostalgia for "the good years in Canaan" limned in a French accent entirely appropriate to the material.

The performances—Peter Reeves as the narrator, Gary Bond as Joseph, Gordon Walker as Pharaoh, and lead vocalists Maynard Williams and Roger Watson—are wonderfully alive. Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat is recommended for all those who enjoy the Rice-Webber way of telling a Bible tale, and particularly for children; they are far likelier to remember the Joseph of this impudent version than the stuffy ones prepared by lady schoolteachers with three names. P.K.

(Continued overleaf)

Performance: From Budapest with zest Recording: Excellent

This is the kind of music Hungarian gypsy bands generally play for visiting tourists. It is therefore a hardy export item, combining attractive melodies with fiery and imaginative execution. There is a close-to immediacy about the recording that would be hazardous were this not an outstanding ensemble with exceptional intonation and balances. If you like this type of music, you will be pleased with the disc, and the remainder of this review need not even concern you.

For those interested in the background—since the jacket lists the titles in four languages but contains no notes of any kind—let me add that two pieces are by Antal Csermák (1774-1822) and János Bihari (1764-1827), famous composers and performers whose music-making was a major influence on Liszt’s Hungarian Rhapsodies. (Csermák was a trained musician; Bihari an uneducated gypsy whose songs survived in the simplified notation of his friends.) I find it amusing to discover Zigeunerweisen, a medley of folk songs transcribed by Sarasate, re-transcribed for precisely the kind of ensemble Sarasate must have heard some seventy years ago. I assume that the primás (leader) is the grandson of Flóris Lakatos and the son of Sándor Lakatos, topnotch musicians of past generations. György Lakatos certainly plays with their kind of virtuosity.

George Jellinek

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BILL SPENCE WITH FENNIG’S ALL-STAR STRING BAND: The Hammered Dulcimer. Bill Spence (hammered dulcimer); Tom McCreesh (fiddle); Jon Pedersen (banjo); Joan Pecson (piano); other musicians. The Boys of Wexford; Scotland the Brave; Come Dance and Sing; Ragtime Annie; Sandy River Belle; The Black Nag; Childgrove; Smash the Windows; Coleraine; and twenty others. FRONT HALL FHR-01 $5.98 (plus 35c handling charge from Front Hall Records, R.D. 1, Wormer Road, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186).

Performance: Wonderful Recording: Excellent

From out of nowhere—no, from out of the Eldron Fennig Folk Museum of American
Ephemera, no less—come Bill Spence, the hammered dulcimer, and a charming album with a fey and sprightly spirit hopping around above a solid grass-roots footing. The hammered dulcimer, an ancient but mostly overlooked forerunner of the piano (not so overlooked in places like Vermont these days), sounds like someone’s running a roll whose holes have become marvelously and delicately fuzzy through a fine old player piano. The machine amounts to a sound box with an array of slanty-mounted strings on top, and one hits them with little wooden hammers. Bill Spence, living surely one of the fuller lives in upstate New York, not only plays hammered dulcimers but makes them. He seems to be the indispensable man at tiny Front Hall Records, and he and Fennig’s All-Star String Band play for country dances around the region.

There is no standard for judging hammered-dulcimer players (few people have ever heard one), but I’m taking no risk at all in calling Bill Spence a virtuoso; he is fast, his timing is perfect, and his inventiveness in the matter of ornamentation is limited only by the fairly effect, and his inventiveness in the matter of ornamentation is limited only by the fairly rare scope of music the band seems committed to playing—reels and old fiddle-based tunes predominate. The repertoire may limit Spence, but it doesn’t necessarily limit the album, which represents the kind of thing the group does in real life on Saturday nights in the provinces. These tunes will last—they already have—and Golden Slippers may work as well for you as it did for your grandpa, especially when a second hammered dulcimer (played by Walter Michael of Bottle Hill) is brought into it. Don Tremaine’s Reel is a knockout, too, with two fiddles playing almost the same notes and using stereo separation to great advantage.

The whole album is good stereo: it is beautifully engineered, an almost unheard-of quality in a disc from a low-budget folkie label. I wouldn’t say I’ve flipped over it, you understand, just that I’ve found it necessary to put the kids on dried milk and saltines for a few months while I save up for my own hammered dulcimer.

N.C.

BUKKA WHITE: Big Daddy. Bukka White (guitar and vocals). Black Cat Bone Blues; Black Crepe Blues; Shake My Hand Blues; and seven others. BIOGRAPH BL-P-12049 $5.98.

Performance: Excellent, considering
Recording: Excellent

Booker T. Washington (Bukka) White left his Mississippi home in 1918, when he was nine, made his first records for Victor twelve years later, gained considerable popularity in 1937 with his Vocalion recording of Shake ‘Em Down, spent two years in his home state’s infamous Parchman Farm prison, recorded, was sentenced to a county workhouse, recorded again, slipped into obscurity, and was “rediscovered” in 1960 by some folkiks. A couple of years ago, Columbia reissued the fourteen sides White recorded for Vocalion in 1940, and if you have room in your collection for only one Bukka White album, that is the one to get.

This Biograph set, recorded in 1973, is not to be entirely dismissed, however. Though the years have not been kind to White’s voice, which is now rough and scraggly, there are some interesting songs and stellar guitar work here. The polish may have dulled, but Bukka White is still sounding better than many of his resurrected contemporaries.

C.A.
THE LATE, LATE, SHORT, SHORT PIECE

"Scorn not the short piece" might seem to be a particularly apt admonition for today, when this genre of musical composition is being put down with such seemingly ruthless regularity everywhere. But since the words were actually written more than a hundred years ago by Robert Schumann, in his capacity as a critic rather than as the composer of some of the greatest of all short pieces (has anyone recorded Träumerei recently as part of the Kinderszenen?), one must conclude that there were even then, as there are now and perhaps always will be, people who measured musical merit by the yard rather than by the inch.

The long-playing record has something to answer for in this regard, having unfrocked, by virtue of its voracious temporal appetite, the high priests of the art of making an imperishable artistic statement in as little as 3 minutes and 30 seconds. (Little did Roy Harris think in the Thirties, for example, when he wrote for a fill-up side a piece titled Four Minutes and Twenty Seconds, that he was memorializing an epoch of the recording art.) But the LP has atoned little for its sins by making it possible for James Creighton, archivist of the Edward Johnson Music Library's Recording Archives at the University of Toronto, to bring together all those old minutes and seconds to produce a "Masters of the Bow" series (on the Discopaedia label) devoted in large part to the late, late, short, short piece as practiced, perfected, and performed by violinists Jan Kubelik, Ferenc von Vecsey, Váša Přihoda, Maud Powell, Mischa Elman, Toscha Seidel, Efrem Zimbalist, and Jascha Heifetz.

Lest it be supposed that Creighton has a puri pris on behalf of Auer pupils (the last four listed above were, promised future releases will be devoted to the art of Eugène Ysaye, Joseph Joachim, Fritz Kreisler, Kathleen Parlow, Bronislaw Huberman, and similar luminaries of the past. To me, these records are an exercise in instant recall, for, with the exceptions of Kubelik, Powell, Přihoda, and von Vecsey, these are performers I heard often.

Taken all together, it is an astonishing reminder (though perhaps it should not be) that, of all pre-electric-era recordings, those of string players reveal more of the identifying traits of musical personality than those of anyone save singers. Violinists used either their own instruments or the famous Stroh (named for its inventor, Charles Stroh, it substituted, for the belly of the violin, a small megaphone-shaped attachment pointed directly into the recording horn), and the impartial wax soon separated those who were merely fabulous technicians from those who were also artists with strong and sharply defined musical profiles.

As an instance, I had not heard a recording of Jan Kubelik (father, of course, of the composer) in so long I had totally forgotten what his musical character was like. But after hearing the seventeen pieces on the two sides of No. 1001 in the Discopaedia series, I rather think I will recognize his playing to such pieces as Bruch's Kol Nidrei, Widor's pia mi sento and the Toselli Serenade in Drigo's Serenade and Drláč's Serenade, and he immerses the latter in a glutinous coating of slides that would limit its suitability to but a few of the less discriminating salons. It is said, on Přihoda's behalf, that, while living by playing in a café orchestra as a young man in Milan, he was heard in recital by Arturo Toscanini, who praised him highly. If the program had been restricted to such matters as Paganini's Variations on Piazzolla's "Nel cor più mi sento" and the Toselli Serenade included on this disc, perhaps. But something tells me that if the Maestro had heard Přihoda play the second movement of Bach's D Major Suite (the Wilhelm arrangement) as he does here, he would have simply put on his hat and walked out.

Ferenc von Vecsey, another violinist I never heard (he died at forty-two and didn't play in America after 1915, when he was twenty-two), also plays the Bach-Wilhelmj "Air," Tartini's Devil's Trill Sonata, and a portion of the same "Faust" Fantaisie favored by Kubelik. He plays the Waltz from the Kermesse chorus, and it sounds for all the world as if the tune were being whistled through the teeth while the filigree is performed by a demented clarinet. Von Vecsey possibly could play the violin, but, as with so many other virtuosos, serious music wasn't really his line. The evidence is contained in a performance of the Beethoven E-flat Sonata (Op. 12, No. 3). This track is, at least mechanically, something of an ear-opener—an electric recording of the Thirties, previously issued on the Cetra, Decca, and Polydor labels, if I read the annotation correctly. It may also be something of a sleeper: it identifies the performer responsible for the firmly phrased, well-shaded piano part as G. Agosti. If this is the Guido Agosti who has a high reputation as a pedagogue in Italy and who spent last winter at the Juilliard School (he would have been thirty-four at the time of von Vecsey's death), it is one of the few recordings by him (outside of those in which he accompanied the soprano Suzanne Dancy) I have encountered.

Of those responsible for the other five discs, the one least likely to possess an identity for contemporary record buyers is Maud Powell, a native of Peru (Illinois, that is), Miss Powell was born only three years after the end of the Civil War, and was good enough by age eleven to go abroad for study with such masters as Heinrich Schradieck (Leipzig), Jean Charles Dancla (Paris), and Joachim (Berlin). The qualifications that led Dvorak to entrust to Miss Powell the first American performance of his A Minor Concerto (under his own direction) are reflected in her choice of short shorts. It is bereft of Paganini, Wieniawski, and Vieuxtemps, partial to such pieces as Bruch's Kol Nidrei, the Kreisler version of his "Faust" Fantaisie, and Elgar's Salut d'Amour, for all of which she was to the manner born—just the right amount of heart-throbbing vibrato, ear-tickling portamento, and non-rigid rubato. Certainly if she had originated in, say, Yorkshire rather than Illinois she would have been, as Dame Maud rather than becoming merely Mrs. Godfrey Turner in 1904, the year after she shared a thirty-week tour of Europe with John Philip Sousa and his band.

In his very full life, Efrem Zimbalist has accumulated a whole series of non-classic identities: husband of Alma Gluck, stepfather of novelist Marcia Davenport, father of the best-known G-man other than J. Edgar Hoover.
er (TV's Efrem Jr.), director of the Curtis Institute since 1941 (he retired in 1961), and, more recently, husband of Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok. But he was also, first and foremost, one of this century's greatest violinists, an artist who rejoiced in being known as the "scholar" of the Auer school. I am delighted to hear again his twinkling performance of the G-flat Chopin Waltz, with joyful abandon and warmth of feeling in their proper proportions: two samples of Glinka (Persian Song, from Ruslan and Ludmilla. and The Lark); a charming Acquaforte by For Aulin; and four of his own lovingly crafted compositions. At last report, Zimbalist was in his eighty-sixth year, enjoying, in retirement in Nevada, the ripened fruits of his many identities.

Though the total of eight discs has now been narrowed down to a remaining two, any coupling of the names Mischa Elman and Jascha Heifetz could be termed "narrow" only in the broadest sense. What they did and how they did it has been so extensive and so far-ranging that any dip into their vast recorded repertoires is sure to contain odd and unusual things. The first track of the Elman disc (No. 1006) is a version of Fibich's Poem (before it became Moonlight Madonna) that is immediately evocative of the enormous reservoir of ardor Elman commanded, and which he lavished on such melodic pieces as the E-flat Romance of Anton Rubinstein, the Chopin Nocturne in the same key, and, inevitably, the Dvořák Humoresque. He was, like Kubelik, Powell, Seidel, and Zimbalist, one of a kind, a violinist who became famous for having a tone so big it could communicate anything he had to say.

None of us now alive ever heard both Sarasate and Heifetz. Samuel Langford, the famous predecessor of Neville Cardus as critic of the Manchester Guardian, did. He paid Heifetz the compliment of comparing him with Sarasate, saying that he, too, couldn't play the first movement of Beethoven's Kretzer Sonata to the Langford taste. It has always seemed to me that if, in 1925, a critic had to reach back for a likeness to a performer who had died in 1908, then the one he was writing about had to be pretty good too.

Heifetz has lived with the legend of his own infallibility for more than fifty years ("the" New York debut was on October 27, 1917) and, as the TV visit with him a few years ago demonstrated, he still sustains it at seventy-plus. Discopaedia's generous serving of twenty pieces (No. 1010) ranges through such gems of artistry as Lili Boulanger's Cortege and Nocturne in F., the Achron arrangement of Mendelssohn's On Wings of Song, the Tchaikovsky Sérénade Mélancolique, and a version of Bazzini's La Ronde des Latins—whose spiccato, double trills, harmonics, and left-hand pizzicatos remain of a perfection beyond the reach of any other violinist since they were recorded in the Twenties. Such short shorts will be with us for a long time.

The transfers are, on the whole, excellent, save for two slightly off-pitch "takes" on the von Vecsey disc, which Creighton acknowledges in his uniformly pertinent and helpful commentary. The records are available from Discopaedia, P. O. Box 99, Station "D," Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6P 3J5. The price is $6.50 per disc, plus $1.60 postage and packing charge for orders of up to five records; six records or more will be sent post free in North America.

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Ich lasse dich nicht (BWV Appendix 159), more “complete” than most, for it includes J. S. BACH: Motets, Volume I. Movement adapted from Cantata 28, but also Archive's new set of the Bach motets is a bit STS 15186 $3.49. Forbes cond. LONDON STEREO TREASURY Martin Neary (organ continuo); Sebastian Preis mit ehren Fiirchte dich nicht (BWV 228); Sei Lob und NO unser Schwachheit auf (BWV 226); Herrn ein neues Lied (BWV 225); Der Geist hilft unser Schwachheit auf (BWV 226); Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren (BWV 231); Ich lasse dich nicht, du segnest mich denn (BWV Anh. 159); Regensburger Domspatzen; Choirs and instrumentalists; Hanns-Martin Schneidt cond. DEUTSCHE ARCHIV GRAMMOPHON ARCHIVE 2708 031 two discs $15.96.

Performance: Very good
Recording: Very good

J. S. BACH: Motets, Volume I. Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied (BWV 225); Der Geist hilft unser Schwachheit auf (BWV 226); Fiirchte dich nicht (BWV 228); Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren (BWV 231). Aeolian Singers; Sebastian Forbes cond. LONDON STEREO TREASURY STS 15186 $3.49.

Performance: Generally commendable
Recording: Poor

Archive's new set of the Bach motets is a bit more “complete” than most, for it includes not only Sei Lob und Preis (BWV 231), a movement adapted from Cantata 28, but also Ich lasse dich nicht (BWV Appendix 159), which was once thought to be by Johann Sebastian but is now believed to have been written by Johann Christoph Bach (1642-1703)—though J. S. did add one of his own chorales to it. The eight works on two discs, where usually there are only six or at best seven, make a very appealing package, as indeed do these performances by the Regensburg “cathedral sparrows” with Eduard Melkus' Capella Academica of Vienna providing instrumental support. The music itself was, in the majority of cases, intended for use at funerals or memorial services, and the quality (especially Singet dem Herrn, Jesu meine Freude, and Komm, Jesu, komm) is on a par with the part of the Regensburg choir; things flow just a little more naturally on the part of the Barmen-Gemarke group. Both of these sets are worth anyone's attention, however, although I still retain an enormous fondness for the four motets (BWV 225, 227, 229, and 230) recorded on Cantate imports 656004 and 656101 as performed by Wilhelm Ehmann and the Westfälische Kantorei in the most spiritually glowing manner imaginable. Archive includes texts and translations, incidentally. I.K.

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH Not as conventional as one might expect

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was almost entirely self-taught as a composer. Born Amy Marcy Cheney in a small New Hampshire town in 1867, she was the first woman anywhere—to compose a symphonic work. Born Amy Marcy Cheney in a small New Hampshire town in 1867, she was almost entirely self-taught as a composer. Her history is worth some comment, possible the most important of any American musician...
In the course of his celebrated, multifaceted career, and right in the midst of his world travels and numberless appearances as conductor, pianist, teacher, television personality, and music director of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein has somehow managed to squeeze in time to write the scores for four musical comedies, an opera, three symphonies, a serenade, his Chichester Psalms, his Kaddish, and a Mass with texts from the Catholic liturgy and additional dialogue by Stephen Schwartz.

As a composer, he has turned often to religious themes, but as he himself wrote in discussing his second symphony, The Age of Anxiety: "I have a deep suspicion that every work I write, for whatever medium, is really theater music in some way." Up to now, Bernstein's best-realized scores have been such secular pieces for the musical stage as On the Town, Wonderful Town, West Side Story, and Candide: the brief opera Trouble in Tahiti; the carefree ballet Fancy Free; the introspective Facsimile, and works like the Age of Anxiety itself, which proved to be an outstanding ballet score when Jerome Robbins took hold of it.

The Kaddish and Mass suffered from inexact texts written mainly by the composer (a poet he isn't) and the fatal bights of sprawl and pretension. The Chichester Psalms of 1965 stuck to the Psalms of David and therefore worked out much better. Now, in his new ballet Dybbuk, as in his early (1942) Jeremiah Symphony and so often since, Bernstein has turned once again to Jewish sources, this time to Hassidic music and cabalism, the theme of S. Ansky's eerie tale that he went beyond Ansky and started investigating numerology and the cabalistic obsession with numbers, making a diagram of a sacred tree whose branches represent the divine virtues and toying with the twelve-tone system to devise a scale with nine notes which he expanded into multiples of eighteen and thirty-six for his score.

Because of all this occultist musical dabbling—or more likely, perhaps, in spite of it—he has devised a piece of music that celebrates the mystical side of Judaism through strong, startling, and severely modern chords, strange and compelling harmonies, producing a dusky introversion and a wistfulness that captures the spirit of a love predestinately blighted by awesome, inexorable forces. His mastery of orchestral texture, his ability to fashion passages of inspired lyricism on the one hand and to evoke the galvanic energies of terror on the other, have fused here into a unified, hypnotic, whole that never resorts to cheap effects or feels obliged to scrounge after secondhand esoterica in the wilder pages of the Talmud. There are times when the dark weavings of orchestral sound are reminiscent not only of his own Age of Anxiety and Kaddish but of the spookier passages in Britten's Turn of the Screw. Bernstein's demons, however, though rooted deeper beneath the earth, leap right out at you—there's nothing oblique about them.

So impressed was I with Dybbuk when I saw it performed, and so miffed at its reception by some dance critics (though Clive Barnes later rescinded his verdict in the New York Times, admitting that the score "works"), that I was delighted to be able to attend Columbia's recording session one rainy day last spring and get closer to the music. When I arrived in the late afternoon Mr. Bernstein had been there with the singers and the New York City Ballet orchestra since ten in the morning and would be there till six that evening. It always comes as something of a shock to realize again that symphonic works are rarely recorded at a single stretch, but must be painstakingly pieced together out of many separate "takes."

The composer was wearing a worn white T-shirt with a red necklace, his glasses were perched up on his forehead, his grey hair was tousled, he looked kind of tuckered out, and he wanted to rehearse "bar T" again. "It's boom—TAH," he instructed a percussionist. In the control room, producer John McClure was eating potato salad off a paper plate and telling engineer Bud Graham where he wanted a tape splice. Vocalists David Johnson and John Ostendorf, who sing the Hebrew prayer portions of the score, looked worried. Even though they and the orchestra had been repeating the work at all New York City Ballet performances, their conductor had usually been Robert Irving, and the composer turned out to cherish rather different ideas about dynamics and tempo.

Now that the record is out, it is a happy thing to be able to report that Bernstein the conductor has done full justice to Bernstein the composer on a stunning record that continues to yield fresh surprises and felicities at each replaying. And the recorded sound, over which the producer and engineer spent much of eighteen and thirty-six for his score.

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BOUCOURECHLIEV: Archipel 4. Catherine dismissed as pedestrian. of these quintets, but they are certainly mod-
and winning. No icons are shattered in either Brahmsian romp. The playing by pianist material, and an ending that is a thoroughly quintet heard here is a songful, soulful work Boston, where he was a church organist and Paine's first pupils at Harvard. Like Mrs. several of them pupils of the region's musical pioneer John Knowles Paine. Foote, born in not nearly as ladylike as one might expect ous Quintet in F Minor, if never as distin-
reminiscent of Cesar Franck's ardent, melodi-
uccessful relationship between the per-
form and the composer, an outgrowth of so-
called aleatory music, was pioneered by the Frenchman Darius Milhaud and was adapted by Boulez and others in Europe. It is, in part, a product of the desire to reintroduce an element of liveness, of performer collabora-
tion, of virtuosity, of fantasy, and even of uncertainty into the performance situation, which had been almost subverted by the ultra-
precision of total serialism.
The problem of recording this kind of mu-
sic, essentially a response to the live perform-
situation, is an interesting one. Any given performance of such music can only be, for better or for worse, a single set of possibilities, of many, frozen into permanence by the recording medium. The solution is, of course, to present more than one realization — which is just what is done here: we are taken through this archipelago of sound four times. The routes are different each time, so that the results, while recognizable from the same source, have great variety.

The primary impact of these wide-ranging voyages through the piano keyboard is that of extreme sound fantasy and virtuosity. Whopping great pile-ups of tone alternate with ring-
ming sonorities and tumbling clatters of key-
board sound. There are extraordinary quali-
ties of sound imagination in the writing and of expressive power and skill in the play-
e. Mille. Collard has remarkable authority in this music, and the recording is excellent, encom-
iuming as it does the outer extremes of an in-
strument that is difficult to record even in its more modest moments. I should add that the disc surface is gorgeously silent. Four versions of this music are perhaps a little much to take at a sitting — I would have opted for two versions with something else by Boucourech-
liev. Still, this is a fascinating experience that charts some rocky and pictur-

esque shores.

This compendium of Chopin's piano-and-
orchestra output finds the redoubtable Abbey Simon in a rather glitzy and virtuosic form as opposed to the intensely poetic mood that prevailed in his remarkable Turnabout recording of the B-flat Minor Sonata. Only in the lovely Andante Spianato of Op. 22 does he give full play to the lyrical-coloristic bent I have always particularly admired in his Cho-
pin playing. In short, 1 wish he had loosened up a bit in his readings of the two concertos—
the music can take it. The more virtuoso short pieces, however, fare excellently here. Herr Beissel
and his Hamburg players deliver full-blooded and rhythmically alert backing. Moreover, Vox's QS (Sansui)
four-channel sound emerged from my speakers with a pleasing rear-channel ambiance and with good,
solid frontal piano-orchestra presence and balance.

In general, I find Simon's dashing treatment of
the short pieces more to my taste than Ar
rau's rather heavily detailed ones on Philips. However, those in search of exceptional budget-
price recordings of the concertos need look no
further—at least in the instance of No. 1—than
Gilels and Ormandy on Odyssey, not to mention the late Dinu Lipatti's unique version on Seraphim (mono).

DAVIDOVSKY: 

Inflow. Chamber Ensemble,
David Gilbert cond. 
Chacona. Jeanne
Benjamin (violin); Joel Kronsick (cello); Rob-
ert Miller (piano). STREET: 
String Quartet 
1972. Concord String Quartet. TRYTHALL: 
Coincidences. Richard Trythall (piano). COM-
POSERS RECORDINGS, INC. CRI SD 305 
$5.95.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Suitable

These works are the 1973 Naumburg Cham-
ber Music Recording Award winners and re-
present what might be said to be the current state of the "official" university contempo-
rary-music movement. Virgil Thomson ob-
served, lo these many years ago, that the kind
of music a composer writes is conditioned by
how he earns his living. Certainly it is true
that the system of degrees, teaching jobs, and
grants has, intentionally or not, produced a
certain kind of new music: abstract, post-
Expressionist, highly organized. Nothing
wrong with this, of course—some very good
music has been produced in this manner—
except that it is a system that tends to produce
music largely cut off from the mainstream of
contemporary life, and it is a system that, like
all such, tends to be self-perpetuating and to
stifle growth. All of the music here seems to
want to escape the worst problems of avant-
garde formalism, but the only place to go
seems to be inward—into a kind of revival of
some kind of intense, highly articulated, per-
sonal Expressionism.

Of the three composers represented here,
Mario Davidovsky, a native of Argentina but
long resident in New York, is, to the best known,
largely for his electronic and electronic-and-
life compositions. The two works here, one
from 1965, the other written in 1972, repre-
sent a return to purely live-instrument forms,
showing perhaps, in some interesting and indi-
vidual ways, the influence of the electronic
experience.

Tison Street, the youngest of the compos-
ers here (he was born in 1943), has written a
clever, intriguing, and somewhat disjointed
work that attempts—with partial success—to
integrate serialism and other formal arcana
with a sensuous wave-like ebb and flow.

Richard Trythall's Coincidences stands a
bit apart from the other works in its use of
more generalized serial ideas of the sort one
finds in Stockhausen's piano pieces. It is
probably more immediately accessible as
sound and gesture than the other works here,
although it lacks their linear Expressionist
element, and its dynamism seems cooler, more

calculated. The music gets exciting because
excitement (density of notes, increase in
number of attacks, greater dynamic range,
increase in performer freedom, or whatever)
is a parameter of the piece.

All of this music is serious, dedicated stuff.
All of it is well-written and high-powered. But
there is no audience for it, and none of it is
very likable or even very important. I used to
be on the Naumburg Award Jury, and per-
haps, if I were still on that jury, I might have
even voted for these works. Nevertheless,
something is wrong with this situation, and I
find the whole thing very disturbing because
of its bizarre cultural implications.

At any rate, though, everything seems ex-
tremely well performed here, and the re-
corded sound does the music justice.

ENESCO: Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1 (see
The Basic Repertoire, page 63)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

FAURE: Requiem, Op. 48. Kyoko Ito (so-
prano); Norio Ohga (baritone); Takashi Sakai
(organ); Tokyo Metropolitan Choir and Or-
chestra, Kazuo Yamaoda cond. COLUMBIA
MQ 32883 $7.98. MAQ 32883 $8.98.

Performance: Mostly very good
Recording: Exceptionally good

It would not, surely, take a confirmed Gallo-
phile to be surprised at this disc's provenance.
At first glance a recording of the Fauré Re-
quiem emanating from Tokyo seems as incon-
gruous as, say, one of Ives' General William

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Booth coming out of the USSR. But such is the trend toward cultural homogenization under the impetus of electronic communications technology that almost anything can happen. And in this particular instance, the consequences are surprisingly gratifying, both musically and sonically.

For my taste, Gabriel Fauré’s Requiem, composed in 1887 in memory of his father, is the most beautiful work of its kind, and I never fail to be moved by a good performance of it, whether it be understated and refined in the best Gallic tradition or richly dramatic as in this Tokyo version. Baritone Norio Ohga is by far the more convincing of the two vocal soloists; Miss Ito’s vocal timbre is not only uncomfortably penetrating in the famous “Pie Jesu” solo but also seems too closely miked. The chorus, on the other hand, is altogether uncomfortably penetrating in the famous “Pie Jesu.”

The chorus, on the other hand, is altogether uncomfortably penetrating in the famous “Pie Jesu” solo, but they likewise make their effect in the earlier Schütz motets: similarly, Monteverdi’s recitative-like monody finds its way into Schütz’s small-scaled, declamatory vocal solos in the Little Sacred Concertos. The collection is a fascinating one in this sense, but it also makes apparent that this indebtedness is only one aspect of Schütz’s style—as Bach did, he adapted and then made the adaptations his own.

The bulk of the anthology is choral, but there are three solo motets sung by countertenor James Bowman (Monteverdi’s Ego flos campi and Schütz’s Was hast du zu der Nachtei und Bringt her dem Herren). Both his contributions and those of the choir and the other soloists are eminently satisfactory as well.

FAURE: Sonata No. 2, in G Minor, for Cello and Piano, Op. 117 (see SAINT-SAENS)
FOOTE: Piano Quintet in A Minor, Op. 38 (see BEACH)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

G. GABRIELI: Hodie Christi nati est; O Jesu mi dulcissem. MONTEVERDI: Christe adoramus te; Cantate Domino; Ego flos campi. SCHUTZ: Psalmen Davids: Lobe den Herren meinen Seelen. Cantiones Sacrae: Quod commissisti; Veni, Rogo, in cor meum; Cantate Domino. Kleine Geistliche Konzerte: Was hast du zu der Nachtei und Bringt her dem Herren. Geistliche Chormusik: Die mit Thrinen siien; Die Himmel erzählen. James Bowman (counter-tenor); Jean Knibbs (soprano); Linda Hurst (mezzo-soprano); Peter Hall (tenor); David Thomas (bass); David Lumsden (St. Giles organ, Cripplegate); Louis Halsey Singers; Louis Halsey cond. L’OISEAU-LYRE SOL 333 $6.98.

Performance: Exceptional
Recording: Superb

This collection of motets commemorates the visits to Venice by Heinrich Schütz in 1609, when he was a pupil of Giovanni Gabrieli, and in 1628, when he may have studied or at least come into contact with Claudio Monteverdi. The influence of both men on Schütz is readily apparent: color and contrast (often through antiphonal devices) emerge brilliantly in the first of the two Gabrieli Christmas motets, and they likewise make their effect in the earlier Schütz motets: similarly, Monteverdi’s recitative-like monody finds its way into Schütz’s small-scaled, declamatory vocal solos in the Little Sacred Concertos. The collection is a fascinating one in this sense, but it also makes apparent that this indebtedness is only one aspect of Schütz’s style—as Bach did, he adapted and then made the adaptations his own.

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RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

HANDEL: Concerto No. 13, in F Major, for Organ and Orchestra (“The Cuckoo and the Nightingale”); Concerto in D Minor for Flute, Violin, Cello, and Continuo; Concerto No. 3, in G Minor, for Oboe, Strings, and Continuo; Concerto in D Major for Two Violins, Cello, and Continuo; Sonata a Trois in F Major for Oboe, Bassoon, and Continuo. Herbert Tachezi (organ); Leopold Stasny (flute); Jürg Schaeefelin (oboe); Alice Harmoncourt (violin); Nikolaus Harmoncourt (cello); Concentus Musicus of Vienna, Nikolaus Harmoncourt cond. TELEFUNKEN SAWT 9618-A $6.98.

Performance: Splendid
Recording: Marvelous

This is an exceptionally well-played collection of Handel, mostly concertos, of which the only really well-known items are the Organ Concerto and the G Minor Oboe Concerto. The remaining works, mostly early pieces (ca. 1706-1716), are unfamiliar, though their style of writing is often unmistakably Handelian. Some of these have elaborately conceived obbligato parts, for cello or bassoon, for example, and they are all performed with splendid stylistic understanding.

An especially good instance of the kind of music making to be heard here, so full of zest and even British heartiness, is the second movement of the Organ Concerto, in which its rhythmic alacrity and gusto must surely rival the spirited playing of such British ensembles as the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields or the English Chamber Orchestra. Here, however, the instruments used are all historical ones or reproductions, and the combination, especially in the Organ Concerto (which has the fullest scoring), is absolutely irresistible. I wonder only at the tempo deviations of the solo oboe cuckoo theme, which Mr. Tachezi may have intended to be humorous but which I feel upset the rhythm. But this is a small fault and in no way detracts from the excellence of the album as a whole, its value as entertainment, and its importance as a recorded Handel contribution. The sound reproduction is marvelous.

HUPPERBRINK: Hansel und Gretel (see Best of the Month, page 87)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

JOPLIN: Magnetic Rag, Elite Syncopations; Magnetic Rag; Heliotrope Bouquet; The Nonpareil; Lily Queen; The Strenuous Life; Binks’ Waltz; The Sycamore; Eugenie; Something Doing. Ralph Gierson (piano); the Southland Stingers (orchestra); George Sponhalz arr. and cond. ANGEL S-36078 $5.98.

Performance: Refined
Recording: Excellent

The delights of the ragtime revival, coupled with the very welcome vindication of Scott Joplin, may soon be approaching the state once described as “too much is enough.” The saturation of the market by Joplin-based recordings released by performers and ensembles both great and mediocre will not, I hope, cause a backlash, but at this point it would perhaps be best for everyone to push his chair away from the banquet table and digest awhile.

In the meantime, perhaps as a liqueur, the second album by the Southland Stingers will ably serve. The first effort by the group, “Palm Leaf Rag,” done as a follow-up to the success of “The Red Back Book” by Gunther Schuller and the New York Ragtime Ensemble, was frankly imitative and box-square. In attempting to re-create the sound of the original period orchestrations used in “The Red Back Book,” George Sponhalz wrote arrangements for Joplin pieces that were relentlessly peppy and eventually annoying.

But with “Magnetic Rag” Mr. Sponhalz has changed his emphasis from oom-pah to lit. The group benefits thereby, Joplin’s works get a fairer hearing, and the very talented Ralph Gierson gets to play more piano than he had on the last outing. This album has the grace and flow that were missing from its predecessor. Of the works themselves, what to say? They are all marvelous, with the exception of the title piece, one of Joplin’s last (Continued on page 131)

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I have been listening with great interest to a new and newsworthy Angel release called "The Union," which gives us Leonard Pennario in a peculiarly substantial program of Louis Moreau Gottschalk piano pieces. The album takes its title of course from Gottschalk's extraordinary Civil War battle piece of the same name, and, for reasons to be noted below, it may come as a surprise to those who imagine that the sentimental nostalgias of nineteenth-century America were as fragile as our grandmothers liked to pretend. I don't know whose rather sweeping sense of synecdoche it was at Angel that spotlighted in this fashion Gottschalk's most muscular example of patriotic Americana, but the notion turns out in the doing to have been an inspired one.

To begin with, the lively sense of news given off by this release has little to do with repertoire as such, for there are other versions currently available of everything we find here. What is not generally available elsewhere is Mr. Pennario's refreshing point of view about the nature of Gottschalk's music. He obviously has all the proper feelings about its unique historical context. But he just as obviously does not regard this context as its only or even its principal value, and it will help us measure the high merit of this approach if we briefly note the kinds of Gottschalk that Mr. Pennario plays.

The categories are mainly three:

(1) Three Afro-American pieces developed from New Orleans material for West Indian audiences (Le Bananier, Bamboula, Pasquinade).

(2) Three Afro-Hispanic pieces developed from West Indian sources for West Indian audiences (Danza, Souvenir de Porto Rico, Ojos crudillos—not, as Angel has it, Creole Eyes, by the way; no authentic edition calls it that).

(3) Three pieces developed from United States material for United States audiences (The Union, The Banjo, The Last Hope).

Now it was the very essence of Gottschalk's good luck that none of the three audience groups noted ever got to hear what he wrote for the other two. And the resulting ignorance in all quarters regarding the range of his total production is what permitted our massively Germanic musical establishment to dispose of Gottschalk's "case" without ever bothering to consult more than a fraction of the musical evidence.

One result of this cultural kangaroo court has been the intimidation in some degree of every one else who feels that Gottschalk put a rotten deal. After all, the verdict of German musicology was supported, and not unilaterally, by people like J. S. Dwight, the Harvard Academics, and Edward MacDowell. So perhaps Gottschalk's stuff is best approached as a collection of more or less charming period pieces. Maybe, after all, it is best to play it at a certain distance, as if between stylistic quotation marks—nicely clean lines, an ironic bow to Victorian elegance, and as little real sentiment as may be.

Possibly. But I'm happy to say that Mr. Pennario does not seem to think so. With his performance of The Union (he opens his program with it) he tackles the Gottschalk "case" at its most critical point, for even some of Gottschalk's partisans have felt uncomfortable about this allegedly opportunistic patriotic barnstormer. Mr. Pennario makes it clear that they needn't have upset themselves. In his hands The Union to begin with sounds perfectly gorgeous (which is more than can be said for a lot of far brainier American music that has been written since). One good reason for its sounding so grand is of course Mr. Pennario's highly sensuous and anything but monochromatic tone (Gottschalk's contemporaries always reached first for coloristic adjectives in describing his playing). Another good reason is his effortlessly wide dynamic range, which means that his virtuoso climaxs disclose no sense of strain. Still another is his interesting and completely successful exploitation of Gottschalk's predilection for high treble razzle-dazzle (Mr. Pennario somehow makes his modern Steinway sound as coolly crystalline as Gottschalk's famous Chickering s were supposed to). And to all this he adds a nice capacity for the kind of ringing and indeed heroic "large utterance" that the Romantic poets were so fond of.

All in all, what I am saying is that Mr. Pennario deliberately gives The Union the all-out, uninhibited, fully committed treatment. In the process, the hackneyed musical materials of the piece (Yankee Doodle, Hall Columbina, The Star-Spangled Banner) reveal a deeper expressive coherence than we suspected them of, and the parallel form of the piece discloses an inspired logic of its own. It turns out to be exactly what its early audiences felt it was—a knockout example of Civil War scenic art. I can't imagine anyone in his right mind wanting a note of it (or of Mr. Pennario's) changed.

Another of Gottschalk's bigger pieces, the exuberant Bamboula, has even more notes than The Union (it dates from the composer's youth in Paris). In particular, the Bamboula in some hands tends to wander and lose steam at the close. Not so in Mr. Pennario's version—and since this piece and The Union are the only ones that can present difficulties for modern ears in the matter of maintaining psychological tension, the rest of his program, given his feeling for it, is really home free.

For obvious reasons, Gottschalk's most successful pieces—The Banjo, Danza, Pasquinade, Minuit à Seville—have also become the most familiar items in the current revival. It is gratifying to be able to report that Mr. Pennario's sympathetic view of their composer has given us some delightful—ly fresh images of the pieces we can least afford to take for granted.

This is particularly important until such time as a few more American pianists lose their fear of the nineteenth-century musical establishment. We may then hope to hear recordings of less familiar material, including some unpublished small masterpieces in the vein of Gottschalk's best Cuban Dances. I catalogued these pieces in 1969, and at the same time I mentioned my expectation that still others then unknown were likely to turn up.

So guess what. One such did that very thing, just six weeks before these lines were written.

Anyone out there listening?

published rags and, in my opinion, not really one of his best.

The three most interesting selections, because they allow us to hear Joplin's musical voice in conversation with other voices, are the collaborations: Lily Queen (with Arthur Marshall), Something Doing (with Scott Hayden), and Heliotrope Bouquet (with Louis Chauvin). Marshall and Hayden were Joplin's students and protégés. The legendary Chauvin was Joplin's Marlowe to Joplin's Shake-speare. The romantic and tragic circumstances under which Heliotrope Bouquet came to be written (described on the album) are as irresistible as the work itself. Messrs. Grierson and Sponhalz and the Southland Stingers deserve a bouquet. 

Joel Vance

MAXWELL DAVIES: Vesalii Icones. Fires of London: Jennifer Ward Clarke (cello): Duncan Druce (viola); Alan Hacker (basset clarinet in A); Judith Pearce (flutes); Stephen Pruslin (piano, autoharp); Barry Quinn (percussion); Peter Maxwell Davies cond. None such H-71295 $3.98.

Performance: Composer's own 
Recording: Sounds good

Peter Maxwell Davies' Vesalii Icones, a rather involved piece conceived for cello solo, a small instrumental group, and a dancer, is based on the illustrations for Vesalius' Anatomia, which are somehow paired up with the stations of the cross. In the music there is a similar set of superimpositions: plainschant, poplar music (mostly Victorian pop with a fox trot or two). Davies' "own" music (the term and the quotation marks are his) as well as a few other musical quotes and references along the way. None of this is very apparent until almost halfway through, when a Czechian hymn and a fox trot are rather selfconsciously played on a very out-of-tune piano. A music box, a typewriter, a garbled tape of an earlier section, a bit of schmaltz, and a great deal of musical archness make a rather sur- prising series of appearances. Christ resurrected turns out to be the anti-Christ come to put a curse on Christianity. What started out as one kind of experience has turned into something quite odd and different. A strange, often moving, confusing work! It would! I imagine it would be quite effective with the dancer. Simply as sound it does not quite hold together. I am no foe of inconsistency and stylistic superimposition—quite the contrary, I am an old advocate—but I do like to have some idea (intuitive? dramatic? even social?) of why things are done. Anyway, there is sufficient matter here to attract the attention of the curious. The performance and recording are excellent. E.S.

MONTEVERDI: Motets (see GABRIELLI)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MYSÌLIVÈČEK: Abramo ed Isacco. Gianfranca Ostini (soprano), Isacco: Jana Janašová (soprano), Angel; Anna Viganoni (alto), Sara; Shoichiro Takara (tenor), Abramo: Grzegorz Maffeio (baritone), Gamaris: Czech Philharmonic Chorus; Prague Chamber Orchestra, Peter Maag cond. Supraphon 1 12/102/1 two discs $13.96.

Performance: First-class 
Recording: Simple, excellent

Josef Mysliveček, better known in his own day as GiuseppeVenetorini (an Italianization of his impossibly Czech name) or simply as "Il divinoomo," was born in Prague in 1737, studied in Italy, hit it big in Parma in 1764 with an opera called Il Bello Orontes, and followed it up with a series of successes in Italy and Germany. He composed music in a variety of genres, earning the friendship and admiration of Mozart. He died in 1781 in Rome, far from an almost total obscurity that is hard to reconcile with contemporary enthusiasm for his work. Indeed, he would have been totally forgotten if not for his correspondence with Mozart, who refers to him and his music in terms of the highest praise.

Abramo ed Isacco—the story of Abraham and Isaac—was one of those oratorios written for performance during Lent, when actual theater productions were not permitted. It is, in short, an opera with benefit of clergy; it even features a libretto by everybody's favorite operatic librettist, the indefatigable Metastasio. This oratorio has at times passed for a work of Haydn or Mozart, and, in truth, it is not at all unworthy of those masters. One gets the impression that even the average level of skill and inspiration was particularly high in the eighteenth century; in actual practice this does not always turn out to be the case, but Abramo ed Isacco is a work that ranks with the best productions of a fertile epoch. Mysliveček has exactly that combination of Italian melodic invention, Central European harmonic and contrapuntal skill, orchestral invention, dramatic intensity, and classical clarity that we admire so much in Mozart. Abramo ed Isacco is unquestionably a masterpiece (I won't even add the prefix "minor"); it is undoubtedly as good and sometimes even better than anything Mozart ever produced in the strict opera seria style.

This recording, part of Supraphon's Musica Antiqua Bohemica series, does the work full justice. The soloists are excellent, with the simple, flexible vocal quality and style that are absolutely essential to carry this music off. Three of the principals—Gianfranca Ostini, Anna Viganoni, and Gianni Maffeio—are Italian; the fourth, Shoichiro Takara, a Japanese tenor, is a most unlikely but vocally attractive and stylistically convincing Abraham.

The Prague Chamber Orchestra is first-rate. Peter Maag's well-known skills in the music of this period are put to excellent use here; his question only a rather widespread mishandling of the required apoggiature, an ornamental detail in performance practice that certainly ought to present no problem to a specialist in eighteenth-century Italian-flavored music. Italian vocal music without proper apoggiature is like Italian cooking without oregano.

The recording is so simple, direct, attractive, and clear that one wonders how recordings—especially operatic recordings—even get to sound any other way. The libretto that comes with the set is in Italian only. E.S.


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CIRCLE NO. 69 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Performance: Not with a whimper but a bang

Recording: Excellent

Carl Orff, the Munich-trained master, having dealt with carousing medieval students celebrating carnality in Carmina Burana, with the pagan poetry of Catullus in Catulli Carmina, with Aphrodite's own wedding in Trionfo di Afrodite, and with the moon in Der Mond, has gone on in The Vigil—which had its premiere at the Salzburg Festival in 1973—to apply his famous neo-archaic style to an investigation of nothing less than the end of the world. Orff begins his latest pageant for the stage, which evidently was given quite a spectacular production in Salzburg, with "Asianic chants and expressive melodies based on Greek scales" as nine sibyls describe the terrors of the last judgment, shrieking a lament over the dreadful punishments awaiting mankind. Then a father of the church comes on to quell our fears: the world came into being because of sin, but matter is only the "stuff of love grown cold," and the spirits of living creatures will not perish in the end, but flow together in a final intermingling. But the sibyls shout out of the night that it will all end in hellfire. Not so, reply six hermits in the desert who have devoted their lives to meditation: each age must expiate its own sins; there will be no final hellfire. Instead, anonymous humans will roam the world, lost, down roads that lead nowhere, until the earth hurts its passengers into fearful space, and the faceless ones will "howl a Kyrie" to a heaven that will not answer. Never mind. Lucifer himself, once banished by God, returns to set existence in order and lead it to new shores in space.

With such a staggering libretto, any listener familiar with Orff's approach can imagine what he has made of it: mighty chords, great shrieks and choruses, last but enjoyable. The Vigil, employing the same orchestral and vocal forces that made such an impact in Salzburg, is given a blazing, breathtaking, well. As a whole, The Vigil, employing the same orchestral and vocal forces that made such an impact in Salzburg, is given a blazing, breathtaking, and whispered in Latin and German—in all, as apocalyptic an Orffian drama as was ever loosed upon human ears. Theatrical and deliberately, vulgarly spectacular, technical—-but what theater, what spine-tingling spectacle! Under Karajan's devoted and dynamic guidance, The Vigil, employing the same orchestral and vocal forces that made such an impact in Salzburg, is given a blazing, breathtaking, and appropriately relentless treatment in this recording, and the sound is never less than brilliant. There's no text, but a blow-by-blow description in three languages is provided.


Performance: Excellent

Recording: Good

No wonder they called him a demon fiddler: Paganini has his ways of haunting us even now, from the beyond. In life he was obsessively secretive. He was known never to part with the solo sections of his concertos and other important manuscripts. Little of his output was published in his lifetime; even his First and Second Violin Concertos were published posthumously, along with whatever other manuscripts the reluctant Paganini heirs were willing to share with the world. Eventually, the Violin Concerto No. 4 was published—in 1954—and subsequently recorded by Arthur Grumiaux and Ruggiero Ricci. The Violin Concerto No. 5 was exhumed next, in 1959, and recorded by Franco Gulli (Musical Heritage Society DRM 110). With attendant publicity, Concerto No. 3 then made its appearance and was recorded by Henryk Szeryng in 1971 (Philips 6500 175). And now we have Concerto No. 6, which may be the last—but one never knows. In any case, DG assures us that this is really the strongest concerto, since there is some documentation pointing to an 1815 performance—and the familiar D Major Concerto (officially No. 1) dates from 1818.

Now that everything has been made perfectly clear, we can turn to the new discovery. The first thing that strikes me is the work's impractical length: forty minutes. That is the length of the Brahms Concerto, too, as it happens, but the musical substance here is hardly on the same level. Paganini always favored lengthy opening movements, but this particular Risoluto outdoes that: more than twenty-one minutes in length, capped here by a brilliant but excessively long cadenza by Mr. Accardo. In all three movements (a rather conventional Adagio and a catchy Rondo ostsia Polonesa round out the work) the musical ideas are attractive and skillfully worked out according to the rich and facile Paganini formulas. It is a virtuosic concerto, without a doubt, but not quite as outgoingly so as that other recent discovery, the E Major Concerto (No. 3). The third movement does not yield the expected Paganessian multiple stops, harmoniac fireworks, and similar stunts in the usual abundance. It is an effective and likable piece of demanding but grateful violin music, and Salvatore Accardo plays it with a sweet tone, perfect assurance, pure intonation, and obvious sympathy.

Only the solo part of the concerto has survived: the orchestration is the work of Paganini scholar Federico Mompelio, who performed a similar task for the Fifth Concerto when it was discovered. The result is traditional in the sense that after the vigorous statement of the principal melodies, the orchestra recedes into a delicate and subdued backdrop for violin fireworks. Charles Dutoit elicits rich orchestral sounds probably undreamed of in Paganini's time, and maintains good definition and rhythmic precision throughout. The overall sound is unspectacular but enjoyable.

G. J. POULENC: Sextet for Piano and Winds. STRAVINSKY: Octet; Pastoral for Voice and Winds. Unidentified pianist; unidentified singer; Wind Quintet and Brass Octet [sic] of the Leningrad State Philharmonic, WESTMINSTER GOLD/MELODIYA WGS-8259 $3.49.

Performance: Very Russian

Recording: Okay

If you tell your friends you want to play them the latest release from Russia and pop side one of this on your player, I'll bet you can persuade all but those in the know that this is another Shostakovich madcap romp. It's nothing of the sort, of course. When he turns to the lovely adorably mauvais musique, Poulenc gives himself away. But it is curious (Continued on page 136)
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Charles Ives' youthful Second Symphony and his mature Fourth may be poles apart in textural complexity, but they both make extensive use of the hymn tunes and popular song materials common to the Connecticut in which the composer grew up in the 1880's. In my opinion, the Fourth Symphony (1910-1916), together with the gigantic Concord Sonata for piano, represents the summation on a heroic scale of Ives' message as a creative artist, even though Three Places in New England, New England Holidays, the Robert Browning Overture, and the Second String Quartet may present varied aspects of that message in more intense manifestations.

The history of the Fourth Symphony is reasonably well known—how a pioneering performance of the first two movements was essayed by Eugene Goossens at New York's Town Hall in 1927, and how another quarter-century and more elapsed before the entire work was performed for the first time (and subsequently recorded) by the American Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski's direction. José Serebrier, who conducts the London Philharmonic in RCA's new recording, was one of Stokowski's associates with the American Symphony Orchestra and a participant in all the grueling work that went into unraveling the rhythmic and textural complexities of Ives' Fourth—the second and final movements especially—to make that first performance and recording feasible.

As Mr. Serebrier points out in his extensive notes for the recording (not always 100 per cent accurate in fine historical detail, but splendidly informative in the descriptive analysis of the second and fourth movements), in neither the Stokowski performance nor the Columbia recording that followed were all the problems fully resolved. Since he participated in the world premiere rehearsals, performance, and recording, Serebrier would seem uniquely qualified to undertake a recording designed to supplement Stokowski's superb initial effort, if not to supplant it.

What is immediately apparent from the very beginning of the Serebrier recording is the clarity of texture in the opening pages, by turns dramatic and eerie, and the exemplary enunciation of the John Alldis Choir as it enters with Lowell Mason's Wachshaman hymn. Unlike Stokowski, Serebrier underlines very effectively the contrast between the purely sung and intoned or spoken elements of the hymn-tune setting, as in "Traveller, yes..." and the final line, "Dost thou see its beauteous ray?"

It is in the immensely complex second movement—inspired to some extent by Nathaniel Hawthorne's The Celestial Railroad (I think of it as a kind of John Bunyan Vanity Fair)—that the advantages of modern recording technology are most apparent. With multiple ensembles playing in disparate meters and in sonorities contrasted both in timbre and relative distance from the hearer, it stands to reason that only multiple-channel recording and playback can achieve anything approximating the aural imagery same function as the strings in The Unanswered Question with their endless "time-loop" chorale, providing, as it were, a constant backdrop of eternity, against which tonal evocations of the past weave their way to the fore, only to be absorbed once more into eternity. Stokowski and his collabora-
tors were unable to achieve a wholly satisfactory realization of this movement because of the problems they encountered in clarifying the musical manuscript and the problems inherent in the recording situation itself, but Serebrier has had time to study the special hazards of the second and final movements. He has also been able in this recording to eliminate certain compromises Stokowski found necessary, such as the omission of the quarter-tone third piano in the second movement, which here plays a very effective role.

When it comes to the most heroically...
should like first to make perfectly clear that this RCA disc is an absolutely legitimate use of surround sound, as opposed to what I consider to be the foolhardy effort by Columbia with Boulez in the Bartok Concerto for Orchestra. Of course, it is the complex second and fourth movements that gain the most in four-channel, the weirdly phantasmagoric Scherzo coming through with an impact comparable to what I imagine—a jolt of LSD might be like. Absolutely uncanny and incredible! Likewise the effect of the “music of time” percussion in the finale and the dissolution of the major climax. The CD-4 pressing I had for review was a trial pressing, and it presented certain problems of balance and distortion. I have been informed, however, that the disc has been rebalanced, remastered, and repressed. and presumably the problems are out of it. CD-4 disc processing can be tricky. The stereo pressings were a complete joy, being, apparently, a cleaner transfer from tape to disc than the quadraphonic (as heard in two-channel playback), with more dynamic contrast and a more apparent overall volume level at a given control setting.

Ives' Second Symphony (1897-1902), in which bits of Brahms and turns of Wagner jostle in sprawling amiability with Bringing in the Sheaves, Mamma, and Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, is an oddly appealing piece, and anyone who still subscribes to the notion that Ives was a musical amateur will do well to lend a close ear to the beautifully crafted polyphony and metamorphosis throughout his Second's slow movement.

Leonard Bernstein’s 1951 world premiere of this symphony (then nearly a half-century old) was a milestone in the discovery of Ives by the general listening public, and his 1955 recorded performance remains unique in its warmth and vigor. At the other interpretive pole is the recording made by Ives pioneer Bernard Herrmann for London Phase-4, in which Romantic exuberance gives way to a sharply etched, almost sculptural realization of the music. Even this easily accessible work is amenable to very different readings.

On the new RCA recording of the Second, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra choose an interpretive path midway between Herrmann and Bernstein: the contrapuntal details emerge very nearly as clearly as in the Herrmann recording, but the pacing is more urgent and, not unexpectedly, the orchestral tone is considerably warmer. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Ormandy (as usual) goes in for rather too high a gloss in the string department, and his brass and percussion in the final pages seem a bit too genteel for the authentic Ivesian ambiance. Like Bernstein, Ormandy extends the written note-value of the Bronx cheer dissonance with which the music ends (said to have been an Ives afterthought in the 1940's). The recorded sound is altogether splendid.

**IVES: Symphony No. 4.** John Alldis Choir, London Philharmonic Orchestra, José Serebrier cond. RCA ARL1-0589 $6.98.

**IVES: Symphony No. 2.** Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy cond. RCA ARL1-0663 $6.98.
how much in common the Russian master had with the nose-thumbing music of Les Six.

One link is, of course, Igor Stravinsky, and, in spite of his anti-Soviet position (or, conversely, the anti-Stravinsky position of the Soviets), we see that there is more that unites the early twentieth century than divides it. The Stravinsky Octet is far subtler than the neo-Classicism. You can undoubtedly find better performances elsewhere, but I doubt that this version of the Poulenc Sextet can be surpassed in sheer musicality and high spirits. What an irony that neither the jacket nor the label identifies the excellent pianist.

The Stravinsky comes off a bit less smoothly, but the performance is still notable. Part of the interest lies in the fact that the work of Russia's most famous musical exile is now accepted and performed in his native land. However, his particular brand of Twenties neo-Classicism, city-sticker, “cosmopolitanism” is missing from this vigorous, almost peasant-like performance. The trombone doesn't always play very well in tune, the dynamics are not very carefully shaded; and the brass sound is distinctly unrefined. And yet I don't find the proletarian version of this high-brow music at all unpleasant. Perhaps, indeed, there is a certain peasant vitality underneath it all, and our super-refined, elegant, ultra-classical performances have missed it or carefully glossed it over. At any rate, I thoroughly enjoyed this unlikely performance.

The early Pastoral—the most Russian of the music on the record—is effectively performed here in the original vocal version. Good, clear recordings.

E.S.


Performance: Good
Recording: Good

Hard on the heels of a Melodiya/Angel set (SRB 4124) containing fifteen chants from Rachmaninoff's beautiful setting of the Vespers, Op. 37, comes this three-disc set offering not only the same chants but also the traditional psalms and litanies between them, the total adding up to the complete Resurrection Service according to the Russian Church. The tenor and mezzo-soprano soloists in the chants are unidentified; the prayers are intoned by a Priest, Franz Jockwig (tenor), a Deacon, Erwin Lohnesein (bass), and a Reader, Paul Blinzetow.

The complete service is noteworthy from the liturgical point of view, but the present edition brings decreased dividends to the listener whose primary interest is musical. The ritual is quite lengthy and tends to lessen the impact of the musically more substantial chants. The performance, however, is quite good. Although neither soloists nor the choir reaches the exceptional level the Russian singers achieve in the Melodiya set, their precision, balances, and intonation attest to a high degree of professionalism. The recorded sound is also respectable, but I recommend the album to the specialist listener only.

G.J.

RAVEL: La Valse; Ma Mere l'Oye; Rapsodie Espagnole. New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein cond. COLUMBIA M 32873 $6.98, MA 32873 $6.98, MT 32873 $6.98.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Very good, but...

These are all really first-rate performances—sumptuous, stylish, and very handsomely recorded. I suspected that La Valse and the Rapsodie might be the same ones as on Columbia MS 6011, since the timings are the same and a quadraphonic edition of the new disc has not been announced, but the sound is definitely richer and more open than on the earlier release, and Columbia assures us that everything here is really new. I am disappointed that Bernstein did not do the longer ballet version of Ma Mere l'Oye, but even if he did not miss the additional material I would not recommend this album, simply because I find its “sandwich” arrangement (one of the three works is split for turnover because no two of them fit together in full on a single side) gratuitous and offensive violation of the long-playing principle. Ma Mere l'Oye as given here runs a little over seventeen minutes, the Rapsodie sixteen minutes and twenty-eight seconds, La Valse twelve minutes and twenty-three seconds. Nothing here is long enough to justify a break. If the two shortest pieces would not fit on a single side, why not save one for another disc and put something else of Ravel's on this one?

Philips has been the most conspicuous offender in this sandwiching business; all of that company's Haydn trio records with the


Recording: Good to superb

Performance: Good

Recording: Good

The eighty-three preludes and five miscellaneous pieces in this album make up the second volume of a four-volume Vox set (SVBX 5461, 5463, and 5474 are the others) of the complete piano music of Alexander Scriabin, with the indefatigable and seemingly infinitely versatile Michael Ponti at the keyboard.

I would say, straight off, that if this volume is an accurate and healthy portrait of the whole enterprise, Mr. Ponti has really done his Scriabini home-work, for, with almost no exceptions, every one of the performances here shows signs of careful study. Indeed, many of them display pianistic poetry of the highest level, especially in the handling of subtle dynamic slurs and in the realization of the echo effects scattered throughout the various pieces, as in Op. 35, No. 2, and Op. 39, No. 2.

As I have indicated frequently in past reviews, I am no particular advocate of the Scriabin aesthetic. But there can be no question that, whether he was writing in the derivative manner (Chopin-Liszt-Schumann) of the Phaeton and La Jeunesse d’Hercule, neither of which has been available on records in this country, SAINT-SAENS’ Mitropoulos’ similar package for Columbia (ML 5154, mono) was deleted more than a dozen years ago. And these are two eminently worthwhile discoveries—SAINT-SAENS honoring Liszt, whom he so revered, by matching him and then some in works which crackle with imagination and brilliance and which benefit from the refinement and conciseness that were his own contributions to the Lisztian pattern. Phaeton is a particularly effective piece, with a stunningly heroic theme and any number of magical touches in the orchestration. The essential element in its successful projection is a tempo that suggests impetuousness without itself being headlong. Dervaux understands this music, down to the ground and gives it the very devil of a performance: indeed, he has never made quite so impressive a showing as in this galvanic Phaeton and exceptionally convincing Jeunesse d’Hercule. The latter piece is twice as long as any of its companion works, and it usually tends to ramble, but Dervaux keeps it beautifully on course without becoming the least bit inflexible. The overexposed Danse Macabre and Ronat d’Omphale are also extremely fresh if not quite in the Martino or Beecham class, and the disc boasts the best orchestral sound I’ve heard on this label in some time. All in all, a knockout! (One point of curiosity: the concertmaster who plays the solo in the Danse Macabre is listed here as Ruben Yordanoff; on an earlier Angel of the same work his first name is given as Lubeu, which I suspect is the correct form.) - R.F.
early works or using the very personal speech of the later ones. Scriabin's command of the pianistic idiom was absolute. The best of his music surely ranks with that of Chopin, Liszt, and Debussy in fulfilling the potential of the pianoforte as a vehicle of tonal communication. The works contained in this particular album are too many for individual comment here, but heard in one sitting and in chronological order, they make for a fascinating listening experience simply in terms of stylistic variety and harmonic-rhythmic resource, ranging in length and texture from the almost Webernian-aphoristic Op. 39, No. 3, and Op. 74 Preludes, I found Ponti by no means inferior from a musical or technical standpoint; in general, though, Miss Laredo's readings tend to be more expansively poetic as well as more sumptuously recorded. The Vox recording is good, with a sonic quality that is almost ideal for the earlier pieces, but its decidedly more intimate ambiance tends to dilute some of the more subtle overtones of the later work.

A major plus for this Vox Box series is Donald Garvelmann's remarkably comprehensive and informative program annotation, which offers not only a complete biographical chronology and a list of works keyed to the various albums, but a thematic catalog as well. This alone is worth the price of the series for the dyed-in-the-wool Scriabinist or the serious piano student.

D.H.


Performance: Excellent
Recording: Good

Of all the symphonies of Shostakovitch, the Second and Third, both written in his early twenties and both with choral finales, are the ones least known to us, and both have fascinating things to tell us about certain directions the composer might have taken more fixedly. RCA filled this gap seven years ago with a recording of both works in strong performances by the Royal Philharmonic under Morton Gould (LSC-3044). Since then Melodiya/Angel has brought out two Soviet recordings of the Second which are somewhat more impressive: Kondrashin's pairing of that work and the First on SR-40236 is a distinguished release. His version of the Third, offered now, is no less distinguished, but even Shostakovich's most devoted admirers are unlikely to play side two a second time. The author of the eight adulatory ballads about Lenin is the same Yevgeny Dolmatovsky who provided the embarrassing text for Shostakovich's oratorio Song of the Forests; that music deserves a better chance (and a better recording than it has so far received), but there is little that is memorable in these a cappella settings. I do recommend the record, heartily, for the Third Symphony, but those who balk at the idea of buying a record to enjoy only half of it might be happier with Gould on RCA. And, since the Second and Third Symphonies are perhaps more valuable as details in the overall Shostakovich picture than in themselves, Boris Schwarz's outstandingly comprehensive annotation for the RCA release is a considerable factor, too.

K.F.

STRAVINSKY: Concerto in D Major for Violin and Orchestra (see WALTON)

STRAVINSKY: Oret; Pastoreale for Voice and Winds (see POULENC)

STREET: String Quartet 1972 (see DAVIDOVSKY)

TRYTHALL: Coincidences (see DAVIDOVSKY)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

VERDI: Simon Boccanegra. Piero Cappuccilli (baritone), Simon Boccanegra; Ruggero Raimondi (bass), Jacopo Fiesco; Katia Ricciarelli (soprano), Maria/Amelia; Placido Domingo (tenor), Gabriele Adorni; Giampiero Mastroi (baritone), Paolo Albani; Maurizio Mazzieri (bass), Pietro: Piero de Palma (tenor), Captain: Ornella Jochetti, Maid servant. RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus, Gianandrea Gavazzeni cond. RCA AR13-2564 three discs $17.94.

Performance: Good, with reservations
Recording: Very good

Set aside after its unsuccessful 1857 premiere, Simon Boccanegra was revised by Verdi twenty-four years later. It is this 1881 performance.
version—the composer’s full maturity superimposed on his middle-period self—that we know and admire today. We admire it for the magnificence of virtually all its music, despite certain stylistic clashes and such un-Verdian miscalculations as the predominance of deep male voices among the protagonists.

Simon Boccanegra may not be a box-office opera, but it never stays away too long from any major theater, and there have been three more-or-less complete recordings of the work so far. Like its two predecessors, the current RCA set offers a respectful and idiomatic performance; unlike them, it really is complete, conforming to the Ricordi vocal score. It is also the opera’s first recording in stereo.

The conductor is the veteran Gianandrea Gavazzeni, who again reveals a kind of inconsistency I have found puzzling in his previous work. The turbulence of Verdi’s score finds a responsive interpreter in him: the conspiratorial scenes and the powerful Council Chamber Scene come off stirringly. But the lyrical moments sound indifferent and prosaic. He literally throws away the languidly atmospheric orchestral introduction to Act I, finds no heartbreak in the orchestral postlude to “II lacerato spirito,” and fails even to render the great Recognition Scene its requisite emotional commitment. Aside from the fact that he is not a stickler for nuance, Gavazzeni keeps the music under firm control, but his leadership is noted more for power and momentum than for refinement of orchestral sound.

Piero Capuccilli’s portrayal of the corsair-turned-Doge is admirable in its dignity, pathos, and variety of vocal coloration. The role is one of his specialties, and, whether he is turning on the warring factions with ringing power or engaging in a tender dialogue with his daughter, the authority he reveals is unquestioned. I listened to his Boccanegra with mounting admiration; still, the tonal image of the ideal Doge that lingers with me is not his but Tito Gobbi’s (Angel 3617, mono).

Equally unforgettable in that older (1958) Angel set is the Fiesco of Boris Christoff, an essentially bass-baritone voice lacks the proper weight and menace for Fiesco’s role. His singing as such cannot be faulted, but it is Christoff who conjures up the image of the powerful Genoese noble-albeit perhaps also the opera’s first recording in stereo.

The role of Gabriele Adorno is hardly a faulted, but it is Christoff who conjures up the age of the ideal Doge that lingers with me is not his but Tito Gobbi’s (Angel 3617, mono).

There is a justifiable feeling of déjà vu about E. Power Biggs’ latest release, for not much more than a year ago Columbia issued a recording of him playing these very same Walther concertos on the Gottfried Silbermann organ in the Cathedral of Freiburg (Columbia M 31205). The pedal harpsichord version presents the music in a less grandiose light, perhaps as an organist of that period might have played them at home (if he had been well off enough to afford a pedal harpsichord). The result is a bit drier and far less colorful than the organ version, but that may just as well be the fault of the rather conservatively constructed Walther originals which with a few exceptions (notably the Torelli concertos) just do not sound as meaty as Bach no matter what the instrument. The performances here are clean, accurate, and perhaps because of the material, a bit stolid, and the pedal harpsichord has been very effectively recorded.

J.K.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

Performance: Just right Recording: Excellent

William Walton’s neo-Romanticism does not attract me at all, despite Kyung-Wha Chung’s impressive performance. But the Stravinsky Violin Concerto on the other side of this disc is almost a landmark. This must be close to the ideal performance of this brilliant, arch piece of music. The whole thing has vitality and high style; it almost struts! Yet Miss Chung’s playing is not without a certain warmth and poise, laid in with a perfect sense of measure and proportion. The violin sound is simply beautiful, but the bite is there. Previn and the English musicians catch just the right rhythmic edge while resisting any temptation to ramp it up. The whole thing is simply delicious.

E.S.

(Continued overleaf)
to communicate passion without tearing
resonance and security of his top register, to
ving tone, his silken legato, and the healthy
sent were bountiful years in a career that nev-
ever, eight selections having been remastered
to 1947, are all familiar. They come to us in a
Orchestra, Nils Grevillius cond.
ing (tenor); Stockholm Concert Association
stelle. Turandot: Nessun dorma. Jussi Bjoer-
d’Amore: Ah! fuyez, douce image. Donizetti:
E lucevan le stelle. Turandot: Nessun dorma. Jussi Bjoer-
ing (tenor); Stockholm Concert Association
The eleven years these recordings repre-
Performance: Outstanding
Recording: Fairly good
There are no surprises on this disc: the record-
ings, made in Sweden during the years 1936
to 1947, are all familiar. They come to us in a
different (and more logical) sequence, how-
ever, eight selections having been remastered from
the deleted Angel COLH 148, seven from the
deleted COLH 150.
The seven selections on this disc are
Performance: Unique
Recording: Good
This two-disc set combines, at a reduced
price, highlights from various Vanguard re-
leases, including all of VSD 2015, the memo-
rable 1958 concert at Carnegie Hall that
marked Robeson’s first concert appearance
after an absence of eleven years. To call the
contents of these two discs “varied” is quite
an understatement. Spirituals, folk songs from
Britain and Russia and China, Bach, Schubert, spoken Shakespeare—all
these and more follow here in a sequence that
defies logic, yet is somehow made acceptable
by the commanding stature of the performer.
Robeson’s programs, live or recorded, cannot
be judged by conventional yardsticks.
Isn’t it pointless to mention that singing Bach
or Schubert in his manner (one verse in Eng-
ish, one in German) is unorthodox, if this is the
way Robeson thinks his public should hear this music? This
unique artist sets his own rules and compels your attention through
a special combination of exceptional vocal gifts and uncommon dignity. What is commu-
icated by that remarkable voice—deep, sol-
Id, and rolling—is alternately tender, touch-
ing, rousing, severe, and commanding. It is
most artistic when allowed to serve a song like
Deep River, Londonderry Air, or All
Through the Night with straightforward de-
livery, relying on the ample resources of rich
sound and model enunciation: it is less artis-
tic, but still impressive, when encumbered by
commercial arrangements.
The presence of Ballad for Americans (the
original Victory recording of more than thirty
years ago) will spell nostalgia for some and
sure embarrassment for others with its dated
mixture of slickness and naïveté—but that too
is part of a living and quite powerful legend.
Robeson’s brief but immensely effective de-
livery of Othello’s final monologue, a proud
utterance, makes me wish that
more of his Moor had been included in place
of, say, The House I Live In, but it is not for
me to say what constitutes “the essential
Robeson.” What we have here is a vivid, well-
engineered package.

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CIRCLE NO. 46 ON READER SERVICE CARD

STEREO REVIEW
Introducing the Staff...

Since readers from time to time understand that display a natural human curiosity about the backgrounds of the writers and editors who bend their ears each month in these pages, we are inaugurating with this issue a series of capsule biographies designed to satisfy that expressed need and at the same time to circumvent the hazards of speculation.

—Ed.

Managing Editor
William Livingstone

At heart I'm still just an overgrown kid from an Appalachian mountain town trying to get ahead," said Bill Livingstone when I asked him how he got to be Managing Editor of the world's largest music magazine. "Actually, I owe it all to Texaco, Firestone, Bell Telephone, Lucky Strike, and the other companies that sponsored musical programs on the radio when I was growing up in the South during the Depression. Radio did a better job of presenting music than TV does, and it was via radio that I got my musical education. By my early teens I was hooked and began buying records; I've been too busy editing since then to give much thought to what I'm going to be when I grow up.

"After five years with the Americana I went to the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company as Senior Editor in Humanities for the Merit Students Encyclopedia. The offices were just a few blocks from those of Stereo Review, and I used to have lunch with an old friend, William Anderson, who was then managing editor of this magazine. When he took over the editorship, he turned me to the successor to his old job. I still love it after nearly ten years."

Livingstone continues to write occasional encyclopedia articles on music, recordings, and the dance, which is one of his major interests. He has been a contributor to Dance Magazine and Ballet Review and is now preparing a Basic Library of Ballet Music on records for Stereo Review.

Of his tastes in music Bill says, "If forced to choose, I suppose I'd say opera is my favorite kind of music - I spend a lot of time at the Met and other opera houses. The first record I ever bought was Jussi Bjoerling's "Che gelida manina," and operatic recordings are the largest single category in my collection now."

I asked if it wasn't strange that an opera fan was also one of this magazine's resident writers on Latin popular music. "Not at all," he answered. "Our reviewers are specialists, but everyone connected with this magazine has a wide variety of musical interests, and my fondness for Latin pop goes back to my childhood, when boys in the South were sent to dancing school to be courted up at the age of twelve. In addition to the waltz and fox trot we were taught the rumba and tango. And my high school Spanish teacher very craftily used popular song lyrics to drill certain grammatical constructions into us. I've never forgotten those songs, and Latin music has given me so much pleasure that I have a missionary zeal in writing about it."

Although he has two articles in this issue (see pages 52 and 84), writing is a sideline for Bill. As Managing Editor he is responsible for realizing the Editor's goal of making Stereo Review a cohesive package for music lovers of all kinds. "A former publisher of this magazine once described the Managing Editor as the assassins to everybody else on the staff," he says. "And that's a full-time job."

—Drummond McNinis

Manager of the world's largest music magazine. William Livingstone, Bell Telephone, Lucky Strike, and the other companies that sponsored musical programs on the radio when I was growing up in the South during the Depression. Radio did a better job of presenting music than TV does, and it was via radio that I got my musical education. By my early teens I was hooked and began buying records; I've been too busy editing since then to give much thought to what I'm going to be when I grow up.

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—Drummond McNinis
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CIRCLE NO. 14 ON READER SERVICE CARD
On the Right Track

One of the most frequent questions asked by readers of this column concerns tape-track formats and their compatibility with different tape heads. It might be phrased as it indeed was recently, "Will a two-track tape head play a four-track, four-channel tape without loss of information?" Or, "Will a four-track, four-channel tape head play a two-track stereo tape?"

Before dealing with the questions directly, we should clear up a few points of terminology. Recorded audio tapes carry one or more lengthwise strips of magnetic information (called tracks), each of which ordinarily constitutes one channel of a multichannel recording. Open-reel 1/4-inch tapes may have up to four such parallel tracks. The most common track formats are half-track (two tracks occupying virtually the entire tape width and providing two mono programs in reverse directions, or one two-channel stereo program) and quarter-track (four tracks spaced across the tape width, for four mono programs, two stereo programs, or one four-channel program). Obviously the tracks of the quarter-track format must be narrower to fit on the tape. And for each format, the head gaps must have the right width and spacing to engage the tracks properly, or the head will be incompatible with these tapes.

The possibility of confusing terms arises when we realize that a two-track (or two-gap, or two-channel) head may be a quarter-track or a half-track head, depending on the width and location of its gaps. Together, the gaps of a half-track head span almost the entire tape width, so they tend to pick up everything on the tape. Two quarter-track tape gaps sweep only about half the total tape width. Furthermore, quarter-track stereo tapes contain two two-channel programs running in opposite directions, with tracks of different direction alternating (think of two divided highways side by side, with southbound traffic at the far left, then northbound traffic, and so forth). Therefore, the gaps of a quarter-track stereo head are spaced one track width apart to avoid the intervening reverse track.

It should be clear from this that these heads, although both are technically two-track devices, are far from similar in the way they pick up signals from the tape. Getting finally to the questions that brought up this discussion, a half-track, two-channel head will indeed give a satisfactory two-channel rendition of a quarter-track, four-channel tape. Since the tracks of such tapes are all recorded in the same direction (in the order of left front, left rear, right front, right rear), one gap of the head will pick up both left channels, the other both right. However, a quarter-track, two-channel head will pick up only the front two channels of the same tape, and ignore the other two (rear) tracks.

As for the second question, if the quarter-track head is also a four-channel (four-gap) head, it will play virtually any tape, since there's always a gap in a position to intercept any track of the various formats. In this particular case, it might be best to use the outermost gaps of the head to play a half-track tape, because the inner gaps are beginning to verge on the unrecorded "guard band" separating the tracks on the tape.

When all the possible head and track format combinations are considered, there are only two that present serious incompatibilities. One is a quarter-track stereo tape with a half-track head; the head picks up the program in the reverse direction as well. The other is a half-track stereo tape with a quarter-track stereo head; one channel is usually noisy, weak, or inaudible because its gap is getting into the guard band.

In order to keep these distinctions as clear as possible, STEREO REVIEW has adopted a standard terminology. Track and gap widths are now designated by the labels "quarter-track" and "half-track." "Stereo" or "four-channel" indicates the number of tracks or gaps. I hope this helps.
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Stereo 2 + Quadradial 4
"Get it on together."

"You know, I've always thought of music as a universal language. In fact, that's probably the reason my daughter Nancy and I get along so well together. So when it's time for some easy listening, we get it on together with Koss Stereophones. Because nothing brings back the excitement of a live performance like the Sound of Koss.

"This year the engineers at Koss have made that sound better than ever, with an all new Declite driver assembly. It's the first High Velocity driver element to deliver all 10 audible octaves, and it's featured in the new HV/1a and the HV/1LC Stereophones. Take it from old 'Doc', the new Koss High Velocity Stereophones deliver a fidelity and wide range frequency response unmatched by any other lightweight stereophone.

So if you'd like to hear some lightweight, hear-through Stereophones that'll curl your toes, slip into the new HV/1a or the HV/1LC with volume-balance controls at your Audio Speciality. Or write for the free Koss full-color catalog, c/o 'Doc and Nancy'. With a pair of the new Koss High Velocity Stereophones and any of the Koss Listening Stations, you can really get it on together." -Doc and Nancy

KOSS stereophones from the people who invented Stereophones.

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