Beethoven's String Quartets—Which Records to Buy
Is a Level Turntable Really Important?

How Good Are the New Turntables and Changers?
brought in loud and clear, automatically, by AutoScan.) Or you press another button and the AutoScan will scan the entire FM band, station by station. There's nothing further for you to do but enjoy the parade of perfectly tuned-in stations filing before you. Stop when you hear what you like.

For added convenience, remote control is standard. You can work the AutoScan from your favorite chair.

Of course, for the psychological benefit of those who still want to tune manually, the Fisher 450-T also has ultra-smooth flywheel tuning, complete with an accurate tuning meter. (Even if you never use the flywheel tuning for FM, you'll need it for AM. The 450-T has an AM section that we're extremely proud of, incorporating sophisticated circuitry to cut out interference and whistles, and highly selective ceramic filters.)

Power? Power!
With 180 watts of clean power you'll be able to drive several remote pairs of speaker systems, as well as a big, power-hungry main stereo system.

We figure there's no point in giving you all that tuning convenience without an amplifier capable of excellent transient response, and truly big, clean sound.

Go ahead, boost the bass and treble.
Baxandall tone controls (a feature of every Fisher receiver) allow you to increase the very low bass and upper treble without affecting the mid-range. That means no boomy, or harsh side effects at higher bass and treble boost levels.

Now about IC's.
There are many reasons why the Fisher 450-T sounds as clean as it does, including a more discretionary use of IC's than is common industry practice these days.

Other receivers claim to have more IC's than Fishers.
That's fine with us.
Sure, we use IC's, FET's, MOSFET's and space-age circuitry in our receivers. And in many applications they're a definite asset.

Many, but not all.
We've found that the mere inclusion of these devices does not result in superior performance.

Careful judgment and discretion is required to make the most out of IC's, and the rest.

For example. Our engineers discovered one particular application (in one of the audio preamplifier stages) where none of the available IC's on the market could match the noise and overload performance of our special low-noise, silicon transistors.

And that's not an isolated example.
Another new IC that many manufacturers were using and advertising was tested by Fisher, and found to have subtle performance flaws. Rather than incorporate it in our equipment simply to "keep up" with our competitors, our engineers worked with the IC manufacturer and were able to improve on its signal-to-noise ratio, distortion and dynamic range. As a result, no Fisher receivers were built with the inferior version of this IC.

A few important specifications:
FM sensitivity, 2.0 µV.
FM stereo separation (at 1 kHz), 38 dB.
Harmonic distortion, 0.5%.
Hum and Noise, -90 dB.

The Fisher

OVERSEAS AND CANADIAN RESIDENTS
PLEASE WRITE TO FISHER RADIO INTERNATIONAL, LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE FAR WEST.

CIRCLE 30 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
The Fisher 450-T gives electronic tuning without for less than $400.
It's many times more accurate, even if you use a manual tuning.

If you are a regular reader of this magazine, you may already be aware that Fisher's top receiver (the 500-TX), at $449.95, has a push-button electronic FM tuning system that makes flywheel tuning obsolete. But it may be news to you that the identical sophisticated diode circuitry with its AutoScan® pushbutton controls is available in a $399.95 unit (price includes remote control).

Here's what Audio magazine had to say about our AutoScan electronic tuning: "AutoScan is probably more accurate in tuning to center of desired channel than can be accomplished manually."

At this point in history, when other receivers are offering two and three tuning meters, oscilloscopes, words that light up, and various other devices that are supposed to help you tune in stations more accurately, we thought you might like to know why we at Fisher are putting simplified push-button tuning into all our best receivers. And how our push-button tuning is more accurate than anybody's manual tuning, including our own.

For the moment, disregard its convenience. Diode tuning is dead-accurate, instantly.
AutoScan, a Fisher exclusive, is a purely electronic tuning system. There are no moving parts. Instead, devices called varactor diodes are used to lock in stations at their most powerful, most distortion-free tuning point. We again quote Audio:

"Station lock-in is flawless. That is, when the AutoScan stops on a station it stops on the exact 'center' of that channel.

"The photograph shows the detector 'S' curve obtained using the AutoScan and letting it 'home in' on our signal. Note that it locked in on the precise center of the curve. This test, by the way, is far more severe than would be encountered in normal station selection because of the extremes of modulation we employed."

Now comes the question of how important this degree of accuracy is to you. Can you hear it?

We believe you can. There's a subtle distortion that creeps into complex orchestral material, at every volume level, when an FM station isn't precisely tuned. If you've ever tried to listen to an FM concert, and felt somewhat dissatisfied with the sound as compared to records or tape, it could be a tuning problem. No tuner or receiver can be manually tuned as accurately as the Fisher 450-T with AutoScan (except, of course, the Fisher 500-TX). Our engineers estimate that tuning accuracy is at least ten times greater with AutoScan than with manual tuning.

AutoScan is so automatic—does it take the fun out of tuning?

Everyone who has ever used the AutoScan mechanism has found it to be a more enjoyable way to tune than any other they've tried.

Here's how AutoScan tuning is accomplished:

Press one of the AutoScan buttons and you automatically bring in the next station on the dial. (Even far-off stations that are marginal or completely impossible to tune in manually on other good receivers, are
Now your index finger is a more accurate tuning aid than a meter or an oscilloscope.
Only Pickering offers Dynamic Coupling Factor... your assurance of greater listening pleasure

A sophisticate who can afford the finest in stereo components and equipment, would select the Pickering XV-15 Cartridge labeled 750E, 400E or 350. They're the proper ones to deliver "100% Music Power."

With the more simple equipment that characterizes today's informal living, the XV-15 with a DCF of 150 or 200 will assure "100% Music Power."

A Pickering XV-15 Cartridge with a DCF of 100 or 140 will guarantee "100% Music Power" on the type of set up that the young in your house use for dancing or listening.

The Dynamic Coupling Factor is an index of maximum stylus performance when the cartridge is related to a particular type of playback equipment. This resultant number is derived from a Dimensional Analysis of all the parameters involved. To select a pickup for a professional manual turntable, with its sophisticated, dynamically balanced tone arm, tracking at an ultra-light force, a higher DCF index would be required than, say, for a pickup to be used in an ordinary record changer. For maximum distortion-free response, this index to application relationship properly determines maximum stylus performance in your playback equipment. 100% music power is assured at all frequencies — linear response from 10 to 20,000 Hz virtually a straight line — due to the extremely low mass of its moving magnetic system — 1/5 to 1/10 of ordinary pickups.

There are seven DCF rated XV-15 models. Each is equipped with the famous patented V-Guard "floating stylus" — the easily replaceable stylus assembly that protects the diamond and record while it plays. In addition each model includes the DUSTAMATIC brush that automatically cleans the record groove while it plays.

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THE NEW PICKERING XV-15/750E, PREMIER MODEL OF THE XV-15 SERIES. TRACKS AT 1/2 TO 1 GRAM. DYNAMIC COUPLING FACTOR OF 750 FOR USE IN FINEST TONEARMS. $60.00. OTHER XV-15 CARTRIDGES FROM $29.95. PICKERING & CO., PLAINVIEW, L.I., N.Y.

CIRCLE 41 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

High Fidelity Magazine
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Leonard Marcus HOW TO ENJOY CHAMBER MUSIC
Edward Greenfield, Royal S. Brown BEHIND THE SCENES: LONDON AND PHILADELPHIA
Eugene Istomin SPEAKING OF RECORDS
Ronald Eyer MUSICIANS' AUTOGRAPHS
Robert P. Morgan BEETHOVEN ON RECORDS: THE STRING QUARTETS
Jack Hiemenz MARTIRANO'S L'S GA
Harris Goldsmith THE INCOMPARABLE FEUERMANN
Gene Lees THE LEES SIDE

audio and video
TOO HOT TO HANDLE NEWSPAPERS AND VIEWS EQUIPMENT IN THE NEWS EQUIPMENT REPORTS
Robert Long THE CHALLENGE OF THE CHANGERS
Daniel Graveriaux HOW IMPORTANT IS A LEVEL TURNTABLE?

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R. D. Darrell THE TAPE DECK
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APRIL 1970

www.americanradiohistory.com
How to Enjoy Chamber Music

DEAR READER:

Music lovers can be divided into two categories: those who enjoy listening to chamber music and those who do not. The latter don’t know what they are missing.

Neither do the former.

It has always amused me that people would pay good money to hear a string quartet. The players, after all, are the ones who have all the fun. I don’t know whether I would enjoy listening to string quartets if I didn’t also play them and could thus identify with the players; I know that I didn’t attend chamber concerts before I began, in my teens, to play quartets. (I seem to recall figuring that for the same price I could get a whole orchestra!) And what do you think orchestral string players do for amusement? Go to concerts? Listen to records? Not on your life. They get together and play chamber music, going to such extremes as forgoing TV, movies—even gin rummy—for a good quartet session.

The playing of string quartets is so thrilling an experience that it makes even taking up the violin (or viola or cello) a worthwhile chore. Our art director, Roy Lindstrom, did just that some years ago and it has since become his greatest musical joy. If the mind-expanding clique of now aging youngsters had any idea of what could await them by playing, say, Beethoven’s C sharp minor Quartet, they’d give up acid, make America’s string teachers their gurus, and solve the problem of where the next generation of violinists is coming from.

For starters, there is the beautiful experience of simply playing in a quartet. Chamber playing, unlike orchestral playing, lets each person do his own thing. In any halfway decent work, each instrument’s line becomes a distinct personality, with especially interesting music to play (even a second fiddle’s dudle-dudle in some Haydn passages will be interesting if the fiddler takes care to make each du- and each -die say something), and each participant plays not only something else but something different from any of the others. Then when it’s all played together it becomes a wonderfully harmonious production. Could there be a better example of ideal democracy?

To top it all, the greatest composers from Haydn on have put their most acute musical thoughts into string quartets and quintets—and they have designed them for the exhilaration of the players, rather than the diversion of the listeners.

Let’s not forget a social bonus. If word gets around that you play chamber music, you will be inundated with calls from strangers as well as friends to join them for an evening of ecstasy. (If you are a violinist or cellist, you might even get kidnapped.) And with that, I leave you to Bob Morgan’s discographic discussion on page 73 of seventeen (don’t forget the Grosse Fuge) of the most exciting quartets ever written, so that those of you who don’t play them might at least share them vicariously with other players.

Next month we will continue with BEETHOVEN’S OTHER CHAMBER MUSIC, which will consider over seventy works and two hundred recordings. And if that isn’t enough of a discography, we will have another, shorter one, appended to an article on THE GUITAR AND OTHER PLUCKED INSTRUMENTS, with recommended recordings of nearly every type from balalaika to zither.

For those of you who are looking forward to a summertime of music outdoors and want to know what you can get in battery-operated radios and tape recorders, we will run a feature on THE PLEASURES OF PORTABLES.

Leonard Marcus
The rave reviews keep coming...

1. Norman Eisenberg — High Fidelity
   "you feel you've made some sort of stereo discovery... if your own response to it is like ours, you'll be reluctant to turn it off and go to bed."

2. Julian Hirsch — Stereo Review
   "all the room-filling potency of the best acoustic-suspension systems, combined with the tautness and clarity of a full-range electrostatic speaker... I have never heard a speaker system in my own home which could surpass, or even equal the BOSE 901 for over-all 'realism' of sound."

3. Bert Whyte — Audio
   "the illusion of an orchestra spread across the wall is uncanny... To hear a thunderous 'low C' organ pedal... or a clean weighty impact of a large bass drum is truly impressive... There's no doubt that the much-abused term, 'breakthrough,' applies to the BOSE 901 and its bold new concepts."

4. Hi-Fi Buyers Guide
   "...its over-all sound quality so clean that the listener is almost unaware of the electronics between him and the instruments... The sound? The 901 is very possibly the only speaker to dare to pour forth in true concert hall fashion."

5. Stereo & Hi-Fi Times
   "But the proof of the pudding is inevitably sound. And it is here that the BOSE 901 stands clearly away from the crowd... What a lovely sound these speakers produce!... Listen to Columbia's Carmina Burana on this speaker and hear what a chorus should sound like... these speakers provide a quality that is not to be matched."

6. Elementary Electronics
   "Conclusion. The BOSE 901 speaker system delivers the most natural stereo sound, creating the illusion of being in a concert hall, with a uniformity of frequency response and freedom from distortion that is unbelievable, particularly if the listener takes into account the physical size. It is our opinion that this is the speaker system to own, regardless of price, if one wants the ultimate in listening pleasure."

Your inquiry will bring you complete reprints of these unprecedented reviews and a list of franchised BOSE dealers in your area. Ask your dealer for an A-B comparison of the BOSE 901 with the best conventional speakers — regardless of their size or price. Then, go back to your present speakers — if you can.

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letters

How Old Was Beethoven?

In your magnificent Beethoven issue you reprinted the Heiligenstadt Testament. In it Beethoven says “that for 6 years now I have been hopelessly afflicted...” and later, “destined to become a philosopher already in my 28th year...” Yet in your caption, you state that Beethoven was twenty-one when he wrote the Testament, and the article by Karl-Heinz Köhler tells us that Beethoven’s deafness started when he was twenty-six. The document was signed “October 10th, 1802” and something is definitely wrong here. Either the date is a misprint, or I can’t add, or everybody’s got Beethoven’s dates wrong.

James Parks
San Francisco, Calif.

Or Beethoven didn’t know how old he was—which is the case here. Beethoven’s father, trying to make a career for his son as a child prodigy, hoped two years off his age: Beethoven thought he was two years younger than he was at least into his forties. Now, six years before 1802 was 1796 and Beethoven was then “twenty-six”. In October he was two months shy of his thirty-second birthday, so he was “thirty-one”: Beethoven would have thought he was twenty-nine and the “28th year” simply indicates that he was “forced to become a philosopher” about a year before he wrote the document. Clear?

Beethoven’s Obscene Language

Please cancel my subscription, I will no longer allow your magazine into my house, since you have obviously decided to become just another filthy rag. Heaven knows how you determined that Beethoven used such an obscenity as you printed on page 73 of your January issue, or what probably innocent German word you translated it from. I’ve never seen it referred to anywhere else. But it completely perverted what could otherwise have been a magnificent and unique Beethoven issue. Considering today’s immoral standards, I wouldn’t be surprised to see foul language in the New York Times. But HIGH FIDELITY!!!

H.L. Smith
Little Rock, Ark.

Maybe Beethoven did utter that profanity. But there is a distinction between in-house conversation and out-house gossip. Conversation—whether oral or written—conveys no-in-the-door writ to reprint. The magazine’s idolatry of Jews, Negroes, and Russians—as sickening as that homage appears west and south of the Hudson River—is disappointment enough. Your foot-in-the-door vulgarity attributed to Beethoven is sad.

George C. Stamps, Jr.
Mary Esther, Fla.

HIGH FIDELITY wishes to apologize to any readers offended by Mr. Beethoven’s inexcusably coarse language—which, as we pointed out elsewhere in the January issue, Goethe himself found vulgar. We have often considered avoiding reference to his music as well, so much of which lacks a proper general quality and at times, in fact, is even stronger than his language.

The German expulsive that Beethoven was in referring to Napoleon was Schiesskerl. We did translate the kerl part as “head” rather than the more literal “fellow,” as that brought the word closer to the American vernacular. The precise phrase was “Auch in dem Schiesskerl habe ich mich giert,” according to Bohemian musician Jan Dolezdlek, who got to know Beethoven just prior to 1800 through their joint teacher, Johann Albrechtsberger. Mozart’s great biographer, musicologist Otto Jahn, who was planning a similar biography of Beethoven, interviewed Dolezdlek for the latter’s Beethoven reminiscences on October 30, 1852. From the many things Dolezdlek told Jahn that we can corroborate with other sources, he seems to have been an exceptionally reliable eyewitness. Dolezdlek’s reminiscences may be seen inter alia in Friedrich Kerst’s Die Erinnerungen an Beethoven, Stuttgart, 1913, Vol. II, pp. 191 ff.

This naughty expression can also be found, written down (!), in Beethon’s conversation books, which we must conscientiously advise such good souls as Messrs. Stamps and Smith to refrain from reading when those filthy rugs get published.

Beethoven’s Birthday Issue

Congratulations on your stunning Beethoven issue [January 1970]. I have a feeling that it will turn out to be the most inspired opening to the Beethoven Year published anywhere. Everything in it is a coup, beginning with that gorgeous portrait on the cover (which helps to explain Beethoven’s success with the women) and including each one of those important articles.

Most impressive of all I thought was Jan Meyerowitz’s “Do We Overestimate Beethoven?” Mr. Meyerowitz’ mind is

Continued on page 8

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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the AR guarantee: not one cent for parts, not one cent for labor, not one cent for service charges, not one cent for freight.

AR guarantees are unmatched in the high fidelity industry. They are also easy to read. We believe that when a consumer buys a product, he should get one that works as he has been told it will work for the price he has been asked to pay. If the product then fails to operate correctly through no fault of the consumer, the manufacturer must accept responsibility for the failure at no cost to the consumer. A guarantee under which the consumer is forced to pay, perhaps repeatedly, for the manufacturer's errors, is not fair.

Acoustic Research guarantees its loudspeaker systems for 5 years, its turntable for 3 years, and its amplifier and receiver for 2 years from the date of purchase. During this time, if a product we have made fails to operate properly through no fault of the owner, Acoustic Research takes full responsibility for the necessary repairs. There is no charge for parts which need to be replaced; no charge for the labor of locating these parts and replacing them; no "service charge" by Acoustic Research or its authorized service stations; no charge for shipping, whether to the nearest authorized service station or all the way to our factory in Cambridge and back; not even a charge for a new carton and packing materials, if these are needed. The only cost to the owner is inconvenience, which we deeply regret and make every effort to minimize.

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LETTERS
Continued from page 6
so keen, perceptive, poetic, and human that I hope you capture him for many articles to come. I was so taken with one paragraph on the Moonlight Sonata, that I immediately got a copy for Claudio Arrau. He was equally impressed and thinks that this paragraph offers as great an insight into an understanding of the tragic side of Beethoven's music as has ever been put into words. Writers on music of that order are precious. Meyerowitz belongs in the same league with Albert on Mozart.
Friede F. Roth
New York, N.Y.

A large portion of your mail from readers. I'm sure, either points out errors or disagrees with the opinions of your writers. I would, on the other hand, like to devote this letter to praising your magazine—specifically your Beethoven bicentennial issue. It was written and illustrated with all of the refinement, illumination, and respect that such an occasion for such a man deserves.
All of the articles were provocative and absorbing. I stayed up until the early hours of the morning making sure I had read the issue from cover to cover.
The questioning article, "Do We Overestimate Beethoven?" arrived at the one and only answer possible; the highlight of the fine color reproductions in the center was the portrait by Neumann.
Karl

Heinz Kühler's article on the conversation books gave us another insight into Beethoven the man: George Marek's investigation of Beethoven's biographer, Alexander Thayer, was to me the most rewarding of all; and even the editor's letter suggested a straightforward reason for Beethoven's greatness. The first month of the year does not obviously signal the end of the bicentennial festivities—especially since Beethoven was born in the last month of the year—and I'm glad to see your staff has begun a guide to the complete Beethoven recordings.
Again, my compliments. Your January issue is certainly a treasure that I will add to my own personal collection of "Beethoven archives."

James D. Muffett
Lakeland, Fla.

New Binding
Congratulations and many thanks for the new binding on the January issue—a most sensible arrangement that makes the magazine much easier to hold and to read.
W.R. Angar
Claremont, Calif.

Upon receipt of my January 1970 issue of HIGH FIDELITY, the first thing I noticed was not the catchy descriptions of the contents on the cover, but rather the obvious cheapening of the binding. What happened to the square-end binding which listed the date so that particular issue could easily be retrieved from a shelf tile?
Am I correct in assuming that your conversion to this cheap binding is a manifestation of the inflationary cost of publishing your magazine?
Frederick Horton, III
Baltimore, Md.

Only partially. HIGH FIDELITY's present "saddle-stitch" binding does cost somewhat less than the "perfect" binding we had been using before 1970 but hardly enough to have been the determining factor in the changeover. For years our art department had been asking us to adopt a saddle-stitch format, as other quality publications have done, for reasons of graphics and production. In the first place, the magazine now lies flat at any page, making it more convenient to read. Secondly, illustrations can span two facing pages without noticeable seams, as on pages 54 and 55. Thirdly, it is now possible to reproduce some pictures on a larger or fuller scale. For instance, if we had used the older binding, illustrations on pages 81, etc.—that is, those that go over into the binding area—would have had to be either "cropped" or made smaller (or more awkwardly placed) if the inner edge was to remain visible. One further advantage of saddle-stitching for those like Mr. Horton who file old copies is that the pages will no longer tend to become loose with the years. Incidentally, beginning with the current issue the date has been reinstated near the spine.

Continued on page 14

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

WANT SOMETHING FRESH... EXCITING?

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180281 183202 181317 173574 176297 180436
182464 185850 175331 183178 183699 183103
184838 183293 182532 183301 176792
180448 179341 184804 160994 179804
174995 176727 176891 143024 182378

178122 180448 181875 186270 184507
180661 181222 184796 180968
176767 179671 181677 171504 184200
180166 180323 183178 182238 172254
183202 181317 173574 176297 180436
185850 175331 183178 183699 183301
183293 182532 183301 176792
179341 184804 160994 179804
176727 176891 143024 182378

Send your order today and we will rush your first selection to you according to your convenient bill plan, or we will accept your card for the first 5 for only $5.00. Either way, you pay nothing toward your first 5 tapes until after you've received them. You will be billed and mailed to you at the regular Club price of $7.98 (occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

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NOTE: All tapes offered by the Club must be played back on 4-track reel-to-reel stereo equipment.

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Terra Haute, Indiana 47808

April 1970
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LETTERS
Continued from page 8
for easy identification when stored on shelves.

Marsh and Mahler

Congratulations for rehiring Robert C. Marsh to review Mahler and the late Romantics in High Fidelity. As an old fan of both Mahler and Marsh, I was delighted to see his byline once again in your columns.

Robert V. MacLeod
Creston, B.C. Canada

In his January review of the Mahler First Symphony under Ormandy’s direction, Robert C. Marsh uses the term “Mahler cultists” in a catch-all way that amusingly recalls a recently famous reference to “effete snobs.” According to Mr. Marsh, one qualifies as a cultist (as distinct from a scholar or a sensible person) by insisting on the first-movement repeat and the newly rediscovered Blumine movement for the Symphony No. 1. (Ormandy may or may not be one, since he employs only the latter.) But Mr. Marsh invokes, as a guide to true scholarship and sensibility, the Critical Edition of 1967, which contradicts his point about the repeat by including it.

In other words, in order to avoid being tagged a cultist (a rather sinister imputation at the moment), one should not only be wary of Blumine, since the composer dropped it after 1894, but one should also eschew the repeat despite the fact that the composer put it into the first edition in 1899 and left it in. Thus a Mahler scholar is easily defined, in this lexicon, as “one who can follow me all the way and still agree with me when he gets there.”

Mr. Marsh, take note, does not “condemn” the occasional five-movement performance or recording of No. 1. But neither does he provide a clue as to who the cultists might be that are trying to “force performers and recording artists” (my emphasis) to restore the extra movement. Nobody has tried to do that, to my knowledge, nor is likely to succeed. For my own part, I have said in a number of publications that (a) the desirability of taking the repeat is, for me, an internal matter of balance and structure, and that (b) one should know the Blumine, if only because it is pregnantly referred to in the other movements, and hence decide for oneself whether and how often he wishes to hear it in the context of the Symphony. And with a five-movement recording the decision can, of course, be made ad lib with each replaying. One has the instant option of hearing Mahler’s First “in the form in which the composer originally conceived it” (High Fidelity, November 1968, in a review by Bernard Jacobson) or not.

I have also said that I think the Critical Edition of 1967 was “absolutely right” not to include Blumine in the body of the Symphony, but “would not have been remiss to have offered it as an appen-

Continued on page 16

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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CIRCLE 24 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 14

dis..." Any other cultists or weirdos to be heard from?

Jack Diethler
New York, N.Y.

Robert C. Marsh made some cryptic remarks in his review of the Ormandy Mahler First Symphony recording that I would like unraveled. He states authoritatively that in his twenty-five years as a conductor, Mahler did not observe the repeats in his symphonies. Then he states that "...there is reliable contemporary evidence that Mahler did not observe them in his own later performances" (my emphasis).

But where is the evidence that he did not observe them in his early twenty-five years as a conductor? Which is to say, what is Mr. Marsh's authority that Mahler did not observe his repeats throughout these twenty-five years of his career?

The fact is that in all of Mahler's symphonies there are but three repeats—two in the First (the first movement and scherzo) and one in the first movement of the Sixth. It seems evident then that Mahler did not write these repeats merely by rote, but since they are so economically used and pointedly placed, one must assume that he really wanted them. It is conceivable that at the end of his career Mahler may have omitted the repeats in some of his performances, but if so, the omissions probably were for personal, not musical, reasons. At this time he was a sick, disillusioned man without the energy or desire to conduct more than he had to. He even cut the operas that he conducted at the Metropolitan Opera, something he had never done before.

I think that Mr. Marsh paints himself into the proverbial corner when he argues that Blumine should not be included as regular practice in performances of the First Symphony, arguing that Mahler dropped it after 1894 and if he wished he "...could in later years have changed his mind..." Doesn't the same argument hold for observing the repeats? In fact, Mahler added the repeats to the First Symphony after 1899 and if he really didn't want them he "...could in later years have changed his mind..."

Delwyn Morrison
Melville, N.Y.

Mr. Marsh replies: Mr. Morrison has misread my remarks and overgeneralized. The only repeat I was talking about was the one in the exposition of the First Symphony, and my point was as follows: there is evidence that during the final fifteen (not twenty-five—an uncorrected typo) years of his career, i.e., after the 1896 Berlin performance, Mahler had second thoughts about the necessity of this repeat.

It must be appreciated that to study a phenomenon such as Mahler, documentary sources are not completely adequate. For some fifteen years I have been

Continued on page 20

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
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April 1970
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attempting to secure clear ideas of his performance practices, interviewing whenever possible his friends and the musicians who played under his direction. The material is still incomplete, but in this case (with the evidence of his own recording as further support) Bruno Walter leads the list of those who recalled that in later years it was not Mahler’s practice to observe the first-movement repeat. I therefore conclude that this constitutes justification for other conductors to omit the repeat if they see fit.

Mr. Dieterle approaches the Mahler scores like a fundamentalist minister opening his Bible, convinced that the truth consists in a literal, naive interpretation of what he finds there in print. Moreover, he here reveals an unfortunate aspect of the alliance between Mahler’s admirers and the Bruckner Society of America. For many Brucknerians, the simple rule of thumb is that first thoughts are always good and revisions are always bad. In fact, this rule does not apply uniformly to Bruckner. It certainly does not apply to Mahler, whose later thoughts frequently are the best and should be respected. Thus Mahler’s later performance practices are potentially more instructive than score markings from earlier years. My object is to find and defend revisions, not construct Uttexts.

The quotation from Bernard Jacobson, which Mr. Dieterle cites with evident approval, suggests that [apart from historic interest] it is desirable that we attempt to hear the Mahler First Symphony in the nearness of approximation by first available form. It seems to me that this is a very debatable point. One may ask first why Mahler’s revisions should not take priority, and secondly (particularly in the case of the First Symphony) one must question whether the entire symphony can be said to exist—if every manuscript and printed edition we possess is not in fact a revision of one type or another.

To the extent that Mahler’s final intentions are known, they provide the critic with the basis for the evaluation of performances. But the speculative reconstruction of original conceptions of works does not provide criteria of this type, and musicians may be spared criticism and instruction based on this kind of conjecture.

Beatles Slighted

I’m sure it won’t come as a surprise to you if I point out that the Beatles are today the most widely appreciated and imitated performers in the field of popular music. Even the coguoscendi who sneer at what the masses enjoy cannot deny this fact. How then can you publish a review of a new Beatles recording with a four-sentence paragraph that says in essence “if you like the Beatles, you’ll like ‘Abbey Road’; if you don’t like the Beatles, you won’t like ‘Abbey Road’.”[January 1970]

Would you publish a review of Rubinstein playing Chopin that states “if you like your Chopin played this way then you’ll like this record; if you don’t, forget about it”?

If you don’t like the Beatles, that’s all right with me. But when you review their next recording, will you kindly deign to tell us why it’s no good.

Martin Bleicher
Lincoln, Mass.

John Gabree answers this letter on page 85.
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Catching On Fast

JVC
A Beethoven Treat With Zukerman and the Barenboims

As Beethoven's bicentenary year dawned, Daniel Barenboim, Jacqueline du Pré, and Pinchas Zukerman set to work on an integral recording of Beethoven's piano trios—eight strenuous sessions that will eventually yield eight very full LP sides. This was the first time that Zukerman had joined his two friends in a trio recording, and all three were determined to enjoy the occasion—a rare instance of intercompany co-operation since Zukerman is contracted to CBS and the Barenboim to EMI. Earlier the CBS half of the swap involved Barenboim conducting for Zukerman in a number of Mozart violin concertos (see "Behind the Scenes," February 1970). In return, EMI lined up the Beethoven trios, and Suvi Raj Grubb, the recording manager, set out to capture the players' boundless enthusiasm.

Barenboim always likes to use his recording time to the optimum. On the first day I went to EMI's No. 1 studio, he was fretting as the engineers took a bit longer than usual in balancing the microphone arrangement. Although the microphones had been left in place from the previous session, the sound was found to be quite different due to an extra density of humidity in the hall. Then there arose the question of photographs: each player provided an action study while playing different music at the same time—Zukerman sailed into Wieniawski's Caprice Éspanol while Miss Du Pré attended to the cello part of Schubert's B flat Trio and Barenboim tackled the Scherzo of the Archduke. This glorious cacophony was unmistakably reflected in the generosity of arm and bow flourishes from all three. Finally they agreed on the Schubert, helping each other over bits they had forgotten.

No question of forgetting the Beethoven. However, "Let's do the Archduke" they said, like children about to enjoy a treat, and the Archduke it was. The Scherzo came first (they had already done one run-through at the previous session), followed by a couple of takes for the first movement with minimal patching, and then—literally within ten seconds after completing the last "insert"—the biggest test of all: the slow lengthy variation movement and the finale. This they completed in a single take, and it is that first flush of concentrated intensity that will appear on the finished record. Again the number of "inserts" was negligible, and the only major interruption came when another musician friend, the clarinetist Gervase de Peyer, decided to pay a visit. Barenboim greeted him with a plum version of the Brahms E flat Clarinet Sonata, during him to phrase it any better on the clarinet. De Peyer is recording the Op. 11 Trio with the Barenboims, and the banter between the clarinetist and Zukerman (which ran along the lines of "You're not as good as I am") was the surest sign of warm mutual admiration.

Playfulness, practical joking, fits of uncontrollable giggles—these are some of the hallmarks of the Barenboim, Du Pré, and Zukerman team. Somehow the lightness of touch in their human relationships allows them to release their deeper feelings with complete spontaneity when approaching the serious business of music-making. De Peyer rightly pointed out in the playback of the Archduke slow movement that after the sublime adagio variations, the basic andante was not precisely restored, and he was not convinced when I suggested that this was something of a Schnabel trick. What Barenboim realized—and he was seconded not only by his fellow players but also by Suvi Grubb—was that a gradual rather than a sudden restoration of the andante was essential to the kind of performance that the trio was aiming for: a spontaneous and concentrated reading that would be remarkable enough if heard live in the concert hall but even doubly so when captured in the recording studio.

The Tireless Trio. After three hours, I retired exhausted. By this time the Archduke was completed, and the first take was being done of the brief one-movement work in B flat that Beethoven wrote for the twelve-year-old Maximilian Bento in 1812. The pressure was too much for a mere listener, but the three principal pals were more exhilarated than ever. As I later discovered they went on, with hardly a break, well into the evening— not just to complete the B flat work but the whole of the Groster Trio as well as a first run-through of the Kakadu Variations. I arrived the following morning to find them preparing to hear the playback. After something like seven hours of concentrated recording, could it have been anything but a tired performance of Kakadu? I wondered, particularly when re-heard in the dispassionate light of the morning after. Not a bit of it. The exhilaration was still unmistakably evident in the long slow introduction which was given really weighty, intense treatment. Then, with Zukerman at his jauntiest, came the perky Kakadu theme that Beethoven took from Wenzel Müller's long-forgotten opera, Die Schwestern von Prag. I laughed out loud at the sheer effrontery of Zukerman's phrasing. Suspiciously he turned round and asked: "What are you laughing at?" It hardly seemed convincing to answer that I was musically tick-

Continued on page 26

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
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Miracord 50H
l and playing like that always makes me laugh.

Naturally, EMI is anxious to have the Beethoven trio cycle processed and issued before bicentenary year has run much further, and Barenboim is hoping that the inclusion of at least one previously unreleased work will help to boost interest. I rather think that he need not worry on that score.

Berlioz in Westminster. Microphone placing was an especially trying problem when the Philips engineers went to Westminster Cathedral to record Colin Davis and the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus in the Berlioz Requiem. This was the first time that Britain's principal Roman Catholic cathedral had been used for a recording session of anything but organ music, but the cathedral authorities could hardly have been more helpful. No one seemed to mind unduly when the Philips crew had to erect a huge scaffold and stand for the choir. Mind you, I didn't manage to consult any speakers of Maltese, for they might indeed have been worried—their special confessional was completely buried.

One point which helped the engineers was the cathedral's wooden floor. Unlike the sound in most cathedrals, the Westminster Cathedral sonics seem to grow clearer with distance—an important point in a work involving such enormous forces. What with a string complement of 20/18/16/14/12, a massive assortment of brass instruments, and virtually all the front-rank timpanists in London, it was hard enough to accommodate everyone; to cap it all, Colin Davis, with no special justification from the score, called in the Wandsworth School Choir (the choir for whom Britten wrote The Children's Crusade last year) to augment the sopranos in the four weightiest numbers. As he said, it gave a nice extra edge to the sound. One session was devoted to the unaccompanied soloist and six for the full forces. Though there was panic for a moment that the Offertorium would run over into an extra session, the closing stages of the project went even more smoothly than expected, and all was well. One special bonus for the sisters of various orders: normally barred from live performances of any music, even religious, they seemed to relish this extra music-making on their home ground.

Edward Greenfield

PHILADELPHIA

Shostakovich's Unlucky 13th

More than seven years after its premiere in Moscow, the Shostakovich Thirteenth Symphony, Op. 113 finally made its United States debut in Philadelphia on January 16, 1970, under the baton of Eugene Ormandy. Four days later, the

Continued on page 28

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
"...the Dynaco PAT-4 is unsurpassed... a remarkable unit and unmatched at anywhere near its low price...

(Stereo Review January 1968)

A separate preamplifier can offer superior performance and greater flexibility than available on any integrated control amplifier or receiver. How well did Dynaco succeed with its PAT-4? Here's what two of the most respected publications say.

The Stereophile, Vol. 2, No. 9, 1968

"With all of its tone controls and filters set to Flat, and feeding any high-level input, we were simply unable to tell whether we were listening to the original 'raw' signal or the output from the PAT-4. In this respect, we cannot see how any preamp, present or future, could surpass the PAT-4."


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April 1970

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High Fidelity Magazine

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CIRCLE 44 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

BEHIND THE SCENES

Continued from page 26

visiting Philadelphians gave New York its premiere. On January 21, the day after the New York performance, the musicians were back in Philadelphia’s Town Hall to record the symphony for RCA. On that day the orchestra completed the first two movements. The last three move- ments were recorded on the 23rd, the session I attended.

Things have changed, of course, since the days of the Seventh Symphony. In 1942, the mystique centered around the heroic efforts of a famous (and at one point infamous) composer to immortalize the allied cause, and the Russians wasted little time in smuggling the nonpublicized score over to the United States, where it was performed a scant four months after its Russian premiere. In the case of the Thirteenth, on the other hand, the Russians seem to have made every ef- fort to keep the work within the country. And just what finally inspired them to release the score is still a mystery. There has certainly been no lack of interest. From the very start, Ormandy expressed a strong desire to perform the work, and RCA Victor (before their current asso- ciation with the Philadelphia Orches- tra) had made attempts to obtain the symphony for Erich Leinsdorf.

Besides a large orchestra, including an expanded percussion section, the sym- phonv calls for a baritone soloist and a male chorus. Tom Krause, who had ear- lier sung in Mendelssohn’s Elijah with the Philadelphians, was hand picked by Ormandy to do the demanding baritone parts, and the conductor, for whom the work is obviously a labor of love, told me that “I couldn’t have gotten a man better suited to the part.” The Finnish baritone’s enthusiasm was also quite manifest during the recording session.

Keenly aware of the importance to his ear in order to hear himself, he constantly moved with the rhythm of the music, and when he was not singing, he conducted along and seemed quite ready to join Ormandy on the podium. Of the chorus con- sisted of the male members of Phil- adelphia’s Mendelssohn Club, a semi- professional group directed by Robert F. Page.

Producer Peter Dellheim, who has been responsible in the past for such releases as André Previn’s Shostakovich Fifth and Walton First Symphonies, both recorded in England, was dissatisfied with the acoustical possibilities of Philadelphia’s Academy of Music, where RCA has made earlier recordings with Eugene Ormandy. Dellheim chose to record at the Town Hall, a dark and rather dilap- idated old building located at Broad and Race streets. Although the Town Hall itself offered a respectable concert hall, it represents in a relatively small, meeting-hall type of room on the seventh floor that Dellheim set up shop, using a room adjoining a ladies’ washroom as a control center.

Conditions were far from ideal. Dur- ing the first session, I understand, the studio was distinctly chilly, and several of the musicians came down with colds as a result, including principal horn player Mason Jones, who therefore was absent from the session I attended. (For that session, the place was well heated.)

Although the large-scale Symphony pre- sent no complex logistical problems, it does pose some particularly thorny diffi- culties vis-à-vis the various balances in- volved. When I first walked into the control room, Ormandy was sinking into despair at a playback of the tranquil flute duet that opens the fifth movement: it was coming over with the subtlety of a trumpet fanfare, and had to be corrected during a later take. There was also a confusion that arose in the fourth move- ment due to what I understand was the illegibility of some sections of the original manuscript score received from Russia. A trombone chord toward the end of the movement sounded unsatisfactorily dis- sonant due to one particular note. On the possibility that it may have been a copying mistake (in the recorded conduc- tor’s score as well as in the part), two versions of the passage were recorded, with the second one to be used when being postponed until the editing sessions.

It was, in fact, the final three move- ments, which are played without pause, that offered the most problems. According to a chorus member I talked with, the first two movements went quite smoothly. There will be the additional problem of squeezing these final move- ments, which run approximately thirty- five minutes, onto a single side of a disc, but Dellheim told me he intends to do this—very carefully. At any rate, the session ended with a straight run-through of the third and fourth movements, and everybody seemed immensely satisfied.

Almost concurrently with the release of the recording, MCA Music is publish- ing a miniature score of the Thirteenth. It will be interesting, once the score and disc are in circulation, to see whether the poem used in the first movement, Yevtushenko’s Ballad for Shostakovich, is restored to its original form (both the text and the music of the Babie Yar section were slightly revised at the demand of the Soviet government). According to one source, the score used by Ormandy is the latest version, but there is no way of telling for sure at present. This will not be the first recording of the Shostakovich Thirteenth, of course. Everest has re- leased a disc of a live performance, taped, apparently, the final Symphony was played in concert in the Soviet Union (1965). And the Russians have indicated the existence of a studio recording, al- though this version has yet to turn up in any form in the United States. But the RCA Ormandy effort will be one to use first performance by an American orches- tra, and it will also be the only disc available in true stereophonic sound. If the record is anything like the best of the takes I heard, this new release will be more than a match for the Kondashin disc.

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A Gallery of Great Performances

by Eugene Istomin

It never fails to amaze me that virtually the entire world of music is now available on records. For music listeners, this medium is an endless source of pleasure, but for the young professional, records also serve as a museum of performance in which he may browse and study at his leisure. In my early teen-age years, around 1937, there were far fewer records than today. Still, they played an incalculable role during that formative period. I can remember eagerly waiting for the new releases of my idols and then going on "listening jags" as I absorbed not only piano works but the whole orchestral and string quartet repertoires.

My discovery of the great musical literature, both classical and contemporary, came mostly through records. Although I went to many concerts during this period, the amount of time spent in the concert hall was negligible compared to the hours I spent discovering the classics on 78s. In the early '40s I can remember gobbbling up the Bach suites with Casals; the Berg Violin Concerto with Louis Krasner, Rodzinski, and the Cleveland Orchestra; Berg's Lyric Suite; and several Stravinsky works, like the Symphony of Psalms. This kind of exotic diet would have been impossible without records.

But certainly, records played their greatest role for me in my education as a pianist. There were five great pianists whom I idolized as a boy. They were Rachmaninoff, Artur Rubinstein, Vladimir Horowitz, Artur Schnabel, and Rudolf Serkin, who became my teacher at the Curtis Institute from 1939 to 1943.

The first gut-churning thrill at the sound of great piano playing came at the age of eleven when I heard Rubinstein's recording of the Tchaikowsky Piano Concerto. Although in some ways this performance now seems to me (and to Rubinstein himself, incidentally) technically something less than perfect, there is a nobility and passionate gallantry in his style that blenishes could not hide from me. Then and there I became a Rubinstein fan, and more important, a dedicated student of his playing.

Then there came a Rubinstein performance of the Mozart K. 488, the second movement of which so enflamed me with its Chopinesque melancholia that I would sit down at my little piano and play the particularly poignant sections right along with my idol. And portions of his recording of the Chopin F minor Concerto still hold up today as a model of Chopin playing. In short, listening to records, I became hooked by Rubinstein's special variety of controlled robusto. As Plato said, "Learning is recollection." And at that very early age I found a deep and intimate response to Artur Rubinstein.

That was before my advanced musical education at the Curtis Institute, where understandably Rudolf Serkin became my next hero; through him I developed a great interest in Arturo Toscanini, then the reigning musical influence in America. Serkin was for me a severe disciplinarian in the ethics of music. So the eloquent charms of Rubinstein were now poised against the aesthetic regimen of Serkin, plus worship at the altar of Toscanini—a "god" whom I now view a bit more dispassionately.

During the early war years in Philadelphia, I became friendly with composer Harold Brown, a most sensitive and perceptive musician who, incidentally, taught Noah Greenberg. Brown was a "hi-fi bug" (a new term in those days) and an ardent Schnabel devotee. He had all this pianist's records, and practically drowned me in them. It seemed to me then that Schnabel combined the tonal seduction of Rubinstein's playing with the ethics of Serkin's approach, and introduced a new element for me—intellect, that is to say, a philosophy of music interpretation. We listened avidly to his records and argued endlessly about their merit and the value of Schnabel's often profound, often controversial ideas. I began to go to every concert of his that I could, while continuing to study him through his recordings. In a few years, I had absorbed his playing so thoroughly that when I first met him I felt as if I had known him long and well.

Horowitz and Rachmaninoff had a more peripheral influence on me, for while I was fascinated to hear the repertory in which they specialized, I was not particularly interested in playing it. (I never played the Rachmaninoff Second and the Tchaikovsky First for a few years.) But I treasure Rachmaninoff's recordings—particularly his incomparable way with his own music—and the memory of many live performances as well. And Horowitz' early recordings, the Liszt Sonata, and later recordings of so many other works, revealed the nature of the modern piano with a demonic beauty that no one has since equaled.

I heard all of these giants in concert during those early years, but with the exception of Serkin, who made most of his recordings later, I studied them best on records. They inspired me, and offered alternatives to Serkin's influence. Naturally, since he was my teacher I was in a constant state of revolt against him. My weapons were immeasurably strengthened by the availability of records. No matter how I battled, I sensed then and now even more surely today that he is a musician, the Rachmaninoff (Ruggiero). Thanks to Rudolf Serkin and to his rare quality, I started to find my own way. But in the beginning, there was the record, and the whole world of music it gave me. Although I listened to records all my life, I have never forgotten that great gift.

Today's recordings are by and large superior in every way to yesterday's, both as performances and as recorded sound. The contemporary artist has been freed from his predecessor's accomplishments and experience so that one is sometimes tempted to come straight out and say that a Byron Janis or Gary Graffman or Vladimir Ashkenazy recording of a Rachmaninoff concerto may well be superior to Rachmaninoff's own. The comparative merits of today's pianists versus yesterday's are frequently argued, but for one am quite convinced that the standard of performances both in the concert hall and on recordings is definitely higher today. Sacré! Such it may seem, musical performance is not excluded from the laws of progress and development that govern all the arts.

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HF/MA4

SPEAKING OF RECORDS

Continued from page 32

Records, When I was making my earlier records in the '40s and '50s, my favorite older pianists set the standard for me. Today I hope that I may set some standards for the exceptionally fine younger group of artists. Possibly because I spend so much time playing and recording instrumental music, I am more inclined to devote most of my spare listening moments to opera. Opera recordings are a boon for me because I rarely enjoy sitting in the theater on nights when I am not performing yet I enjoy operatic music immensely. I did make an exception this past season and attended the performance of Berg's Wozzeck at the Met, one of my great favorites; I also have the DGG recording with Evelyn Lear, whom I consider a phenomenal artist (DGG 13899/1/2). I'm delighted that Peter Grimes was recorded with all of its music intact (London OSA 1305), and I'm impressed with Henze's Der junge Jude (DGG 139257/9). Somewhat older operatic recordings in my collection, but perhaps even more cherished, are the four Teetds Goyescas (Richmond 63004)—still unsurpassed for sheer vocal beauty—and the same soprano's early Bohème, which I think is her greatest recording (Richmond 62001). My favorite opera is Madame Butterfly, and if I had to settle for just one recording it would be Renata Scotto's memorable performance on Angel S 3702). I can't imagine how anyone who likes Wagner could live without London's complete Ring with Solti and company (RING S). And speaking of Wagner, one final thought; if I may put in a plea for an opera as yet unrecorded, how about the complete Rienzi?

Having said this much, it may sound as though I am an orchestral or nonvocal record to be found in my entire collection—this is not quite true, of course. I greatly admire Ormandy's reading of the Mahler Tenth Symphony (Columbia M2S 735), and I am fascinated with Boulez' Debussy series, particularly Jeux and La Mer (Columbia M$ 736). My all-time favorite recording of chamber music is the Guarnieri Quartet's pluperfect performances of the Brahms piano quartets and the Schumann Piano Quintet withRubinstein (RCA Red Seal LSC 6188). I also confess to a vicarious thrill while thumbing through Schwant's new listings each month, and at the moment I am curious about the new recording of Messiah's Quartet for the End of Time with the great English clarinetist, Gervase de Peyer, among the soloists (Angel S 36587). I'm also planning to investigate Zubin Mehta's recording of the Schoenberg Chamber Symphony, Op. 9, and Satzungen, Op. 31 (London CS 6612). That's about the limit of my interest in "modern" music for the moment—with the exception of Leon Kirchner, whose String Quartet No. 3 I find very listenable (Columbia MS 7284). I know I probably should be listening to Stockhausen, Berio, and their contemporaries, but I will have to save them for my old age.

High Fidelity Magazine
Most of today's bookshelf speaker systems sound pretty good after a day at the office, for two or three hours in the evening. But if you've ever tried to listen for a solid Saturday or Sunday, you know what happens. You're squirming in your seat by late afternoon. And watching TV by evening.

Subtle speaker distortions don't usually show up during your first few hours of listening. Or in a hi-fi store for that matter.

That's why, if you want to be rid of listener fatigue once and for all, you'll need speakers designed to eliminate certain common distortions. Here are some of the things we've learned about making all-day speakers at the Fisher laboratories:

Eliminating bass and mid-range distortion.
Bass should be deep, and shouldn't interfere with the mid-range.

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Fisher speakers achieve clean, disciplined bass by starting with a larger-than-usual woofer in each price range. Fisher woofers use an extremely compliant butyl rubber or butyl-impregnated surround and a specially treated cone that allows a fundamental bass response as low as 30 Hz without doubling or distortion. Higher bass frequencies sound clean, with no tubbiness creeping in. In the three high-end Fisher bookshelf systems, mid-range frequencies are handled entirely by a specially designed mid-range speaker or two, isolated from the rest of the system physically as well as electronically. In addition to keeping each mid-range speaker in its own enclosure, Fisher uses sharp-cutoff band-pass filters in place of conventional roll-off networks.

Eliminating impactless transients.
If speakers don't respond quickly to musical changes, instruments won't have a natural bite. They won't be clearly etched. And, in general, they'll lose their impact after a very short period of listening. By using newly developed super Alnico magnets, with high flux density, Fisher woofers and mid-range speakers achieve faster, more positive control of their cones than any other speakers being manufactured today. Fisher speakers are so listenable for so long largely because Fisher transient response is absolutely unsurpassed in the industry.

Eliminating dull or artificial highs.
Unlike many of the tweeters used in bookshelf speakers, Fisher tweeters aren't designed to glamorize highs. Overly bright or subtly dull highs are one of the most irritating forms of speaker distortion in extended listening. Fisher uses specially designed, sealed-back tweeters that provide excellent frequency response to beyond the limits of human hearing. A low-mass voice coil assures highs that are natural sounding as well as unusually clear and transparent. For widest dispersion, Fisher tweeters incorporate a soft dome diaphragm. Their impregnated cotton or formed mylar construction eliminates parasitic high-frequency resonances and the resultant coloration of sound.

The four Fisher bookshelf systems pictured here are all-day systems. We encourage you to listen to the one in your price range. For as long as you have the time.

(For more information, plus a free copy of The Fisher Handbook, 1970 edition, an authoritative 72-page reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on magazine's front cover flap.)

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Overlap Drive!

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In a way, it's a shame we have to get even semitechnical to explain in words what is best described in the medium of sound. For, after all, Marantz is for the listener. No matter what your choice in music, you want to hear it as closely as possible to the way it was performed.

In spite of what the ads say, you can't really "bring the concert hall into your home." For one thing, your listening room is too small. Its acoustics are different. And a true concert-hall sound level (in decibels) at home would deafen you.

What Marantz does, however, is create components that most closely recreate the sounds exactly as they were played by the musical performers. Components that consistently represent "where it's at" in stereo design. No one gives you as much in any price range as Marantz.

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APRIL 1970

www.americanradiohistory.com
About a year ago I read a recommendation that if a Shure V-15 Type II cartridge was not well in the AR arm at 1 1/2 grams, the stylus force should be increased to about 1 1/2 grams as a minimum tracking recommendation for the AR arm. But what about the Pickering XV15/750E and Empire 1000ZE with recommended tracking forces between 1 and 1 1/2 grams?—David Fryman, Hayward, Calif.

Neither of these cartridges is recommended for the arm on the AR turntable. Empire tells us that the 1000ZE should not be used in an arm without antiskating compensation—which the AR doesn’t have. For your purposes, Empire recommends its 888TE; Pickering its 200E; and Stanton its 681SE. Shure admits the V-15 Type II mistracks for some owners of earlier models of the AR turntable and arm and that it was necessary to incapacitate the arm’s viscous damping to get proper results. They say, however, that they have encountered no reports of this problem with ARs made in the last two years or so.

I keep my equipment updated and was planning several improvements this year. Suddenly, however, I feel I have to forget these improvements because of the advent of four-channel stereo. The equipment I had chosen now seems like a poor investment.—Stephen D. Walsh, Kent, Ohio.

An investment in new stereo equipment should be a good one if it really will improve the sound you will be hearing for the next few years. That’s how long we figure it will take as a minimum before quadraphonic sound becomes a commercial reality. At present, it is no more than a subject of investigation by some professionals and a minute handful of dedicated audio tinkers. While some attractive tapes have been produced, the two disc systems have met with less enthusiasm, and four-channel broadcasting as a practical routine matter could be at least a decade away. Indeed, four-channel sound may never be accepted in the sense that stereo is accepted today. And anyway, most of the components in a high-quality stereo system probably will be equally useful in a four-channel system when and if quadraphony arrives.

It is my understanding that all cassettes are manufactured under licenses granted by Philips. Ignoring the quality of the tape used in the cassette, would all blank cassettes, regardless of price, be of similar construction and mechanical quality?—Arthur J. Richards, Bakersfield, Calif.

Similar, perhaps, but not identical. Philips, in the cassette specifications which other manufacturers accept in signing the licensing agreement, gives basic dimensions and tolerances of critical parts; but a number of options remain in the actual construction of the cassette case and its working parts. Furthermore, some companies consistently do a better job than others of forming the critical parts. Next time you have an opportunity, look at several different brands and compare the precision with which the two halves are joined, the way in which the openings are shaped and finished, and the centering of the tape as it passes these openings.

I have an elderly Dynatuner with a multiplex adapter, fed by our local CATV cable. Some distant stations come in well enough in mono but not as well in stereo. Would adding a booster or changing to a more sensitive tuner give me better stereo?—Richard N. Wisan, Oneonta, N.Y.

We’d guess that the cable company already boosts the incoming FM enough so that what you’re suffering from is not inadequate RF (radio-frequency) signal strength for your tuner but simply stations that are too distant for the cable system’s antennas to pull in well. If that’s true, neither a booster nor a more sensitive tuner will help.

Do speakers rated at 8 ohms perform “better” or “worse” in any way by comparison to those rated at 16 ohms?—F. S. Stiegler, Minneapolis, Minn.

No. At one time 16 ohms was considered a “high” speaker impedance because some of the most impressive systems available were rated that way. And cheap replacement speakers usually have a low impedance rating. But impedance itself bears on audio quality only to the extent that a mismatch in impedances between amplifier and speaker can degrade sound—or, in modern solid-state equipment, force the amplifier to work at less than its maximum efficiency.

Some years ago you recommended equal parts of distilled water and rubbing alcohol as an effective solution for cleaning records. Now I read that denatured alcohol should not be used to clean records. While I haven’t been able to detect any damage to my records due to the water/alcohol cleaning, I’m getting worried. What should I do?—Dave Barry, San Jose, Calif.

First of all, you’re confusing denatured alcohol with isopropyl alcohol, better known as rubbing alcohol. An even better way to clean records might be to wash them in a lukewarm solution of a mild liquid detergent, rinse them in lukewarm or cold water, and prop them up on edge to drain and dry away from sources of dust and with nothing touching the discs’ grooved area. In any case, don’t use denatured alcohol.

Can you straighten me out regarding stereo tapes? Which format is here to stay? Has the cartridge arrived? Are cassettes worth buying? I own good equipment—a Heath AR-15 receiver, AR-3 speakers, and an AR manual turntable—and desire compatible tape.—Justin Hartley, New Britain, Conn.

Open-reel, cassettes, and cartridges all appear to be here to stay for the predictable future though there’s no question that open-reel presently is the best bet for quality. We believe that it will continue in that position for the predictable future. Cassettes have improved rapidly in noise and sound quality but, while not first-rate—quality combined with convenience for use in the home, they’re even beginning to make inroads in automobiles, for some time the private reserve of four-track and especially eight-track cartridges. For your purposes, though, we’d recommend the old-fashioned open-reel format.

If I can buy a reliable, perfectly decent-sounding GE AM/FM table radio—considering its poor speakers—for twenty bucks, why can’t I buy a basic, simple FM tuner for half that?—Jack Belck, Morgantown, W. Va.

Hook the output of your twenty-buck GE into a component system so you can really hear what kind of a signal it’s delivering and you’ll know why not. In terms of distortion, noise, selectivity, image rejection, and so on, it’s liable to be pretty bad. Granted that what you’ll hear will be perfectly satisfactory for a lot of people, particularly if they use FM simply as a sort of background-music source, but they’re the sort who won’t want to muck about with separate tuners and amplifiers and speakers and things. If they can buy the whole package ready to go for twenty bucks, few of them will care how poor the speakers are. So who would buy the cheap-and-dirty tuner you propose?
Sony humbly nominates itself for the understatement-of-the-year award

We priced the Sony STR-6050 FM Stereo/FM-AM receiver at $279.50 — quite reasonable, we thought. However, the renowned Hirsch-Houck Laboratories seems to feel that we understated the price and said so in their report in the May issue of Stereo Review.

"When we received the Sony STR-6050 stereo receiver for testing we did not know its price. Before making any measurements we listened to it for a time and estimated its price from its general performance. Our guess was about $120 higher than its actual selling price, which should give you some idea of what an excellent value this receiver is."

Most humbly, we point to this "$120 Understatement" as indicative of the way we underestimate other points about our products like performance, specifications, etc. We'd rather let the owners of Sony stereo components speak up for us. Audition the Sony 6050 and our other fine stereo components at your Sony high fidelity dealer, or write for catalog.

Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

SONY® STR-6050

April 1973

CIRCLE 54 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
HEGEMAN KITS UNVEILED

We got our first chance to see the Hegeman Laboratories line of modular electronics kits "in the flesh" during two days of receptions held by Stewart Hegeman in New York in January. Stu is well known to those of us who have been around high fidelity for some time as the designer of the original Harman-Kardon Citation line and some indirect-radiating speakers whose configuration to a large extent prefigured a number of "omnidirectional" systems on the market today. So we had looked forward with considerable anticipation to his latest work.

There's nothing old-fashioned about the equipment (though it might prove to be classic in the same sense as his Citation line). It's all solid state, of course, and uses a number of integrated circuits in low-power stages where, according to Stu, discrete components can no longer compete in terms of linearity and noise parameters. But the most striking thing about the designs is their air of professionalism. They have been conceived with both the serious amateur and the professional in mind and look as though they may well find application in broadcasting and recording in addition to home use.

At any rate, it's not equipment for the neophyte. Between the preamp/equalizer and control modules there are almost as many switches and knobs as you're likely to find on any two average receivers. And there is a jack panel that allows almost any conceivable configuration of cross-patching for A/B comparison of signals in the various portions of the circuitry. There's another professional touch in the power amplifiers: each has its own power supply, which of course improves the voltage regulation and helps maintain full rated power for each stereo channel.

"Center-channel" operation—the two usual stereo channels plus a derived "fill" combining the two—is implicit in the design. The control module contains the A-plus-B output, and the power amplifier rack has space for three amp modules. In two-channel operation a dummy panel fills in the center space.

At present the line consists of three basic units. The HL-100 preamp rack containing the preamp/equalizer module, the control module, and their related power supply costs $380 ($490 wired). The HL-200 power amp rack containing two modules plus a dummy panel costs $342 ($398 wired). The HL-300 volume level indicator containing the jack panels and dual VU meters costs $146 ($186 wired). In addition, there are a variety of optional configurations—for example, a three-channel power amp rack at $496 in kit form—and accessories. The preamp rack and wood cases (at $30) are scheduled for May availability, most of the rest for June 1.

CIRCLE 154 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

CASSette BUYER, BEWAre!

Later this year there may begin to appear on the U.S. market a rash of minimum-priced cassette recorders of the so-called rim-drive type. And if you're planning to buy, you should know what's wrong with the rim-drive principle before you spend money on a piece of equipment that may do less than you expect.

The term rim-drive comes from the days when there were a fair number of open-reel recorders around that had no capstan. Instead, the motor transmitted motion to the tape via the rim (hence the term) of a flywheel or drive wheel connected to the takeup reel. While this drive system requires relatively few parts and therefore can be manufactured at rock-bottom cost, at best it can keep only the tape reel moving at constant speed—or constant angular velocity, to be more precise. But the actual tape speed is dependent on the circumference of the tape wound on that reel.

Let's say, for example, that a small-size reel is turning at one revolution per second and is almost empty, with a tape circumference of 3½ inches. Fine—the tape will move past the heads at 3½ inches per second. But as the tape builds up on the reel, the tape speed will increase. When the diameter of the tape—and therefore
PErfection in PErformance

AUTOMATIC TURNTABLES

The inevitable choice among automatic turntables


CIRCLE 26 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

APRIL 1970
its circumference—has doubled, you will find that it is passing the heads at 7 1/2 ips. And in the meantime, of course, you will have had every tape speed in between.

If everything is recorded and played back on the same machine, things may not be too bad (as long as the reel velocity really is constant) because the tape will always be traveling at the same speed in playback that it was when the recording was made. But change machines, edit the tape, or—heaven forbid—try to play prerecorded tapes and you're out of luck. For this reason, rim-drive operation has almost disappeared from recorders. The exceptions are some equipment for special applications like dictation and a few "toy" models that are still kicking around the souvenir-discount shops for the benefit of the sucker market.

Norelco—or rather Philips, its parent company in the Netherlands—in of course the developer and patentee of the cassette format and as such has used a licensing system to head off design variations that tend to undermine the quality or versatility of cassettes. And while we understand that Philips is asking its lawyers to see what measures can be taken to nip any rim-drive boom in the bud, at this writing no details are available.

So if you're planning to buy and the price is way down—perhaps in the $15-$20 bracket—look to see whether the cassette recorder has a capstan. In case you don't know where to look, the capstan is a thin metal rod standing in the bottom of the cassette well. When a cassette is inserted, the capstan falls in one of the notches in the cassette itself, behind the tape. In the play mode, a pinch roller in the side of the cassette well pops out and presses the tape against the capstan. If the unit you are looking at doesn't operate in this fashion, it is a rim-driven model.

**DIGITAL TUNER MAKES IT TO MARKET**

A little over a year ago, C/M Laboratories first unveiled a pet project, a stereo FM tuner that provided digital frequency read-out instead of the conventional dial. In fact, nothing was conventional about the pilot model shown to the press at that time. A stepping relay, which could be made to scan the spectrum hunting for stations, replaced the conventional tuning knob. A sensitivity knob made it possible to tell the relay how choosy about signal quality it should be in the automatic-hunt mode. There were even connections for a remote timer, with which a whole evening's listening on several stations could be preprogrammed. And then there was the price: about $1,000.

No availability date was announced at the time; C/M would say only that the unit was under development. But now we have word that the Model 804 Channel Selector (tuner is too mundane a term) is in production and should be on dealers' shelves by the time this issue appears in print.

**POP-IN CLIP FOR PICKERINGS**

Pickering says it has the fastest cartridges in the West—or East—when you come to put them in a tone arm. The trick is pulled off by special plastic snap-in mounts now available from Pickering.

**equipment in the news**

**Pioneer's new top receiver has mike input**

The Pioneer SX-1500TD is delivered with a directional dynamic mike that can be plugged into a front-panel jack, with its own level control, to feed both audio channels for public address work or tape recording. The receiver has AM and FM front ends and is equipped with dual tuning meters—FM center channel and signal strength. Outputs permit connecting three sets of stereo speakers. Any of the three can be turned on independently, either extension set can be used simultaneously with the main set, or all may be turned off for headphone listening. The headphone jack is live at all times. The SX-1500TD is rated at 70 watts per channel rms into 4 ohms or 58 per channel into 8 ohms. It sells for $399.95.

**TDK cassette claims top performance**

Its "Super Dynamic" SD cassettes, TDK says, have a new oxide formulation that makes it possible to get response over the full audio range from 30 to 20,000 Hz with substantially flat response from 50 to 10,000 Hz. Subsidiary benefits claimed for the new formulation include improvements in signal-to-noise ratio—and therefore dynamic range—in print-through, and in improved head-wear characteristics. C-60 cassettes are available at $3.75; C-90 cassettes also have been announced. Endless-loop cassette configurations for message-repeater use are expected in the near future.
Nobody likes a name-dropper, but it's pretty difficult not to drop a few names when you own Altec Lansing bookshelf speakers and stop and think that the same fine quality of Altec sound equipment is now playing at the Houston Astrodome, Columbia Records, Disney Studios, Universal Recording Studios, Nashboro Records, Universal Decca Recording Studios, Century Records, Lincoln Center, and a lot of other famous places.

Altec Lansing bookshelf speakers include the Bolero (shown), $179.95 each; the Madera, $149.95 each; and the Corona, $85.50 each. Hear them for yourself at your Altec Lansing dealer. Or write for a free catalog: 1515 South Manchester Avenue, Anaheim, California 92803.
EQUIPMENT IN THE NEWS
Continued from page 42

EPI speaker features impedance switch
Since the product was first announced, Epicure Products, Inc. has made some modifications in its Quartet speaker system, Model 201. A switch now makes it possible for the user to choose either 4 ohms (most efficient with many solid-state amplifiers) or 16 ohms (for tubed circuits) as the system's effective input impedance. Other new features are a brilliance control and an easily removed grille cloth. As in the original version, drivers fire both outward and upward to increase sound dispersion. Both versions are priced at $199.
CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Tandberg 6000X replaces 64X
The Tandberg 64X, for some years the premier model in that line, has been replaced by a quarter-track model in the new Series 6000X. Although its styling differs from that of previous Tandbergs, the 6000X retains most of the features of the 64X, including its cross-field head design, with separate erase, record-bias, record-signal, and playback heads. One new feature, Tandberg points out, is a limiter that can be switched into the record circuit to control overload peaking as high as +24 VU. Other features include cueing, search, sound-on-sound, automatic end-stop, and peak-reading meters. The three-speed deck, in either quarter-track or half-track configuration, sells for $499.
CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

JBL Alpha series goes contemporary
James B. Lansing Sound, Inc. has announced a new version of the Alpha speaker system and component cabinet. The S70WX speaker system now is available in a hand-rubbed oiled walnut enclosure with contemporary styling that sells for $336. It is a three-way system containing three drivers plus a passive radiator, crossovers, and brilliance and presence (midrange) controls. The matching C70WX equipment cabinet sells for $258.
CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continuous-play for cassette changers
"Circulator" is the word Norelco uses to describe an attachment announced recently for use on automatic-changer cassette units. It will operate with from four to six cassettes, moving played cassettes to the top of the changer stack and turning them over at the same time so that both sides of the cassette can be played without human intervention, according to the company. The CC6 Circulator will fit Norelco models 2401, 2401A, and 2502; Bell & Howell models 332 and 337; and Ampex Micro 90 and 95. It costs $19.95.
CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Mikado/Garrard/Pickering compact
Mikado Electronics Corp. has announced a stereo compact system that combines the Mikado 2425 AM/FM receiver with a Garrard Model 40 changer and a Pickering cartridge, housed in a single case. Controls include a main/remote speaker switch, tape monitor, and FM AFC. The compact is priced under $250, exclusive of speakers.
CIRCLE 155 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

CIRCLE 103 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
At the risk of seeming immodest, we've had a smashing success in the United States.

There are more Garrards being used in component stereo systems here than all other makes combined.

Even we find this a curious fact. But the die was cast thirty-odd years ago.

**Not parity, but superiority**

H. V. Slade, then Managing Director of Garrard Limited, decreed, "We will sell a Garrard in the U.S. only when it is more advanced than any machine made here."

A commitment to, not parity, but absolute superiority.

Spurred by it, Garrard of England has been responsible for every major innovation in automatic turntables.

In the thirties, Garrard pioneered the principle of two-point record support. Still the safest known method of record handling. Oddly, still a Garrard exclusive.

In the forties, we introduced the aluminum tone arm. Today, widely used by makers of fine equipment.

By 1961, increasingly sensitive cartridges had led us to adapt a feature originally developed for professional turntables: the dynamically balanced tone arm, with a movable counterweight to neutralize the arm and an adjustment to add precisely the correct stylus tracking force.

In 1964, we added an anti-skating control, and patented the sliding weight design that makes it permanently accurate.

Then, in 1967, Garrard engineers perfected the Synchro-Lab motor, a revolutionary two-stage synchronous motor.

The induction portion supplies the power to reach playing speed instantly. The synchronous section then "locks in" to the 60-cycle frequency of the current to give unvarying speed despite variations in voltage.

**"We're bloody flattered"**

This year one of our competitors has introduced a copy of our Synchro-Lab motor on its most expensive model. To quote Alan Say, our Head of Engineering, "We're bloody flattered."

"After all, being imitated is a rather good measure of how significant an innovation really is."

The new Garrard SL95B features still another development we expect will become an industry standard.

Garrard's viscous damped tone arm descent—originally offered to provide gentler, safer cueing—now operates in automatic cycle as well.

It seems only logical. Yet, for the present at least, it is another Garrard exclusive.

Other 1970 Garrard refinements include a counterweight adjustment screw for balancing the tone arm to within a hundredth of a gram. A window scale on the tone arm for the stylus force gauge. And a larger, more precise version of our anti-skating control.

**Un-innovating**

At the same time, we've eliminated a feature we once pioneered. A bit of un-innovating, you might say.

Garrard's disappearing record platform is disappearing for good.

We've replaced it with a non-disappearing record platform. A larger, stronger support with an easy-to-grasp clip that fits surely over the stack.

A small thing, perhaps. But another indication that H.V.'s commitment remains with us.

$44.50 to $129.50

Garrard standards do not vary with price. Only the degree of refinement possible for the money.

There are six Garrard component models from the SL95B automatic turntable (above) for $129.50 to the 40B at $44.50.

Your dealer can help you arrive at the optimum choice for your system.
Schubert and Handel Join the Car Pool.

The runaway success of the Stereo-8 format well may seem something of a mystery to music lovers without direct personal experience of carborne listening via 8-track cartridge tapes. It can be understood only when you discover for yourself the ineffable delights of driving to the music you like best—and after you find yourself (like most Stereo-8 enthusiasts) passionately persuading all your friends to share your own pleasure in banishing travel tediums and irritations when sharing the company of good musical companions. Both familiar and unfamiliar composers and interpreters can reveal new charms when they ride alone with you in the next seat, as it were.

My own latest revelation has resulted from a number of rides with Franz Schubert’s Piano Sonata, in B flat, D 960—a masterpiece I’ve long esteemed for its eloquence and grandeur, but whose intimately heart-touched lyricism I’d never properly appreciated before. Heard more objectively at home, or in concert, I might find Artur Rubinstein’s interpretation (the first in any tape format) a bit too vehement at times or perhaps not quite perfectly proportioned architecturally; but when listening on the highway, my attention is focused solely on the music and its utterly beguiling magic (RCA Red Seal R8S 1136, $6.95).

Handel has been one of my favorite traveling companions from the first, but none of his all too few cartridge representations has offered such ideal en route enjoyment as the Water Music. This work was first heard, of course, over the crunching of oars in the busy Thames River traffic, but it couldn’t have tickled the fancy of George I and his court more effectively than it exhilarates a weary, bored driver in today’s thwauy or city traffic. Luckily, the performance at hand is the generally acclaimed “best” of the complete Water Music recordings, that by Menuhin and the Bath Festival Orchestra (reviewed here in its reel edition, September 1965), which is now available for everyone’s off-Thames trips (Angel RKS 36173, $7.98; also cassette 4XS 36173, $6.98).

I don’t think I’d want to invite Richard Wagner to be a permanent member of my private car pool, but I must admit that Klemperer’s Wagner program, which includes some familiar concert excerpts from the Ring, proved to be mightily stimulating “car fare” (Angel RKS 35947, $7.98; also in 3¾ ips reel and cassette editions, $6.98 each). This music is dangerous, though—particularly when it comes to stimulating the illusions of übermenschlich omnipotence already latent in any big-car driver. The Ride of the Valkyries distracted me too and set me to imagining that some of the maidens’ stallions and mares were contributing to my own horsepower. Fortunately, this and the other high-powered selections gave way to a calming Siegfried Idyll—in its original chamber-orchestra version—and I responsively slowed down before I got myself ticketed. For home listeners, and especially for younger connoisseurs, Klemperer’s romantic Wagnerian approach may not appeal; in that case I recommend the more tautly dramatic Szell/Cleveland treatment of orchestral selections from the Ring (Columbia MQ 1157, 7/3 ips reel $7.98).

Blueprint for Le Sacre. At first, the idea of hearing Stravinsky’s Rite of Spring in a four-hand piano reduction might seem utterly ridiculous. It doesn’t to me, simply because the first time I encountered the revolutionary work in concert, in its 1924 Boston premiere under Monteux, I had been helpfully briefed in advance by a lecture-demonstration with piano illustrations. For others, the piano version may have historical validity when they remember that the composer himself sketched the Rite for piano four-hands to rehearse the dancers for the historical first ballet performance. Anyway, this piano edition has now been recorded for the first time by Michael Tilson Thomas and Ralph Grierson (using two pianos), together with Stravinsky’s two-piano transcription of his potboiler, the Scherzo a la russe (Angel YIS 36024, 3¾ ips reel, $6.98). The players (new to me) are duly accurate, although the work’s distinctive color, sonority, and impact are entirely lost in the clean but bloodless piano sonics. But listeners already familiar with the full score in concert are compensated by a sort of X-ray picture of the music’s structural details and an arresting reminder of how many good tunes—or at least tune fragments—the work contains.

Commendable only to specialists, this reel is partnered by a slightly belated tape release of a full-orchestra Rite of Spring, by the New Philharmonia under Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. This reel can be particularly recommended to young listeners who have not yet heard the work or have in the past found it rather baffling (Angel YIS 36427, 3½ ips reel, $6.98). The Burgos reading is a beguilingly romantic one and its stereo sonics are gleamingly transparent—attractions more likely to make converts to the work than the grimmer dramatic power and more realistically recorded Columbia taping by the composer himself—the one all true Stravinskians properly prefer. This Angel reel is filled out (since the sides are broken not between Parts I and II but midway in Part II of Le Sacre) with Prokofiev’s Classical Symphony. It too is highly romanticized and attractive in its way, but another Columbia taping—in this case, Bernstein’s—is more buoyantly vital; and at any rate the coupling of Prokofiev’s you d’espkr with Stravinsky’s evocation of barbaric Russia is incongruous.

Potted Opera. Hard on the heels of the first complete operas in musicassette editions (see the February 1970 “Tape Deck”) has been a flood of cassette opera highlight releases (I prefer the German term for excerpted opera collections—Querschnitte—which better suggests the chicken-in-pants chopping up usually involved). Since most of the many Angel, DGG, and London examples are drawn from complete operas already available in open-reel tape editions, the most newsworthy are those in the new Everest cassette series, which has the further attraction of a bargain $4.95 price per cassette. Some eighteen of these releases are “electronic-stereo” reprocessors, mostly drawn from the historic Cetra series of complete operas starring Callas, Tagliavini, etc.; six others are true-stereo recordings from various French, German, and Italian sources.

The bargain price accounts for the less than deluxe packaging: not only are there no notes or texts, but we are not even given any specific details as to what is actually included! And the reprocessing doesn’t cover up the sonic deficiencies of the older recordings, some of which date back to the early Fifties. The historical significance of these performances remains their prime attraction, while the true-stereo examples offer the additional appeal of far superior sound. In the latter category I note such relatively novel materials as excerpts from the incomparable Callas Medea, originally released by Mercury (CEV 2457); Musset’s Don Quichotte in the French-sung Belgrade Opera production (CEV 2440); Johann Strauss’s Zigeunerbaron conducted by Robert Stolz (CEV 2469); Weber’s Freischütz conducted by Von Matacic (CEV 2468); as well as highlights from Die Fledermaus conducted by Stolz (CEV 2463), and Donizetti’s Lucia di Lammermoor starring Scotto, Di Stefano, and Bastianini, conducted by Sanzogno (CEV 2439).
And we think you too are going to flip for the same reasons reported by Hirsch-Houck Laboratories in the January issue of Stereo Review. But, let Hirsch-Houck do the speaking.

"The Concord Mark III features their new pressure-sintered ferrite heads, which are claimed to have a hardness between that of a sapphire and a diamond and to be correspondingly wear-resistant; it is also claimed that they provide an extremely wide frequency response. We cannot comment on the former claim, but our tests certainly confirmed the latter:"

"When we measured the overall playback-frequency response of the Concord Mark III, the advantages from its new heads were immediately apparent. we did not extend our measurements beyond 20,000Hz to check Concord’s claim of 27,000Hz response: the results in the audible range were impressive enough:"

"The wow and flutter were respectively 0.015% (the residual level of our test tape) and 0.05%, among the lowest figures we have ever measured on a tape machine:"

"In any event, the Concord Mark III provided one of the quietest backgrounds in the absence of signal that we have heard (or should we say ‘not heard’?) from a tape machine:"

"In all other respects, the Mark III was equally satisfying. Its frequency response and overall cleanliness of sound left little to be desired:"

"The best news of all is its price — under $260. We haven’t used a tape recorder at that price that could match it (if such machines do exist, we have not had the opportunity to test them):"

"The Mark III, under $260, is one of a series of hysteresis-drive tape decks. The Mark II, under $230, similar in every respect except that it uses Hi-Mu laminated record and playback heads and a ferrite erase head. The Mark IV, Concord’s top-of-the-line deck, similar to the Mark III, also has an extra playback head and electronic automatic reverse. Audition the new Mark Series at leading high fidelity dealers. For an ‘all the facts’ brochure, write Concord Electronics Corp., 1935 Armacost Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90025."

Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Incorporated.
Second to one...

If it were not for the incomparable Shure V-15 Type II (IMPROVED) Super-Track, the Shure M91E Hi-Track would be equal or superior to any other phono cartridge in trackability... regardless of price! The astounding thing is that it costs from $15.00 to $50.00 less than its lesser counterparts. And, it features an exclusive "Easy-Mount" design in the bargain. Trade up to the M91E now, and to the V-15 Type II (IMPROVED) when your ship comes in. Elliptical Stylus. ¾ to 1½ grams tracking. $49.95. Other models with spherical styli, up to 3 grams tracking, as low as $39.95.
new equipment reports THE CONSUMER’S GUIDE TO HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

EMI’S THREE-WAY BOOKSHELF SPEAKER


COMMENT: The Model 205, currently the top of this company’s bookshelf line, is a three-way system employing an elliptical or oval-shaped woofer (14 by 9 inches), a pair of 5-inch midrange cones, and a compression-driver tweeter. The woofer cone is reinforced with glass fiber to reduce breakup tendency; the tweeter is fitted with a center plug and radial fins to help dispersion. Essentially an air-suspension system, the 205 comes in a completely sealed walnut enclosure. Frequency division, provided by an internal network, occurs at 1,000 and 5,000 Hz. Connections are made by color-coded binding posts on the rear panel, where you’ll also find two switches for balancing the midrange and highs with respect to individual room acoustics. Each switch has three positions— increase, normal, and decrease—which provide 4-dB changes in relative levels. Input impedance is 8 ohms. Efficiency, on the low side, requires amplifier power of 20 watts or more per channel; a single 205 is rated for handling up to 90 watts (music power). A shade larger than most “two-cubic-foothers” and, at 52 pounds, weighing about as much as the heaviest in this class, the Model 205 may be placed on a shelf sturdy enough to hold it, or on any pedestal or bench desired. Although positioning is not critical, the vertical attitude will help—in a relatively large room—because of the way the midrange units are mounted to fan out the sound over a wider angle. This position, as well as the settings of the rear switches, really are matters of personal choice and doubtless will vary from room to room and from listener to listener.

For our tests, we positioned the 205s vertically, and set the rear switches to their middle (normal) positions. Sweep-tone tests revealed the 205 to be smooth and level in response from below 100 Hz to beyond audibility. No audible peaks or dips were discerned, and no harshness could be detected at the critical crossover frequencies to which we paid especial attention, as we do in all multiple-driver systems. At normal listening levels, we found the bass clean and ample down to 80 Hz, from which frequency it rolled off smoothly, seeming to drop out at 40 Hz. Response in this region could be brought up by driving the system “harder,” but doubling and distortion would increase proportionately. Midrange and treble dispersion narrowed gradually as we went up the scale from about 3 kHz, and narrowed a little more at 9 kHz, although tones above 10 kHz were still slightly audible at about 45 degrees off axis of the system. A 14-kHz tone could be heard thinly mostly on axis, and from here the response began its slope to inaudibility. White noise sounded thinly mostly on axis, and from here the response began its slope to inaudibility. White noise sounded moderately smooth, with a slight midrange coloration and some evidence of directionality. From off axis, white noise sounded smoother.

On program material, the 205s proved capable of filling a large room with generally clean sound and a broad stereo “front.” On some program material we felt that the deepest bass could be a bit more prominent; the general impression was one of a bright-sounding speaker. In a smaller room, things sounded more in balance, and on a variety of music—from solo piano to grand opera—the 205 gave a very good account of itself.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORT POLICY

Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and controlled listening tests. Unless otherwise noted, test data and measurements are obtained by CBS Laboratories, Stamford, Connecticut, a division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., one of the nation’s leading research organizations. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY. Manufacturers are not permitted to read reports in advance of publication, and no report, or portion thereof, may be reproduced for any purpose or in any form without written permission of the publisher. All reports should be considered as applying to the specific samples tested, rather than HIGH FIDELITY nor CBS Laboratories assumes responsibility for product performance or quality.

APRIL 1970
ADVENT'S TEN-OCTAVE BALANCE CONTROL


COMMENT: Tone controls, those familiar staples on all audio front panels, have fostered two diametrically opposed schools of thought. Purists insist that tone controls should never have been invented in the first place: that they are distortion-producing hangovers from the pre-high fidelity days of public address amplifiers; that, in any event, music faithfully recorded and then played over a really high-quality system should be played "flat"—with no tonal alteration introduced by any of the equipment. An equally sincere and vocal group of enthusiasts advocates deliberately altering a system's response to suit one's taste or acoustic environment, or to compensate for heard or imagined deficiencies at any point in the playback chain, from program material to speaker output.

This latter group has complained that conventional bass and treble controls, however well engineered, provide insufficient and/or incorrect compensation. The Frequency Balance Control, or FBC—the recently formed Advent Corporation's first product—is intended for this latter group. It provides individual control of each octave of audio frequencies from 20 Hz to just beyond 20,000 Hz, so that specific regions in the response curve requiring correction can be "treated" without affecting adjacent frequency regions—an inherent defect long attributed to conventional bass and treble controls. Accordingly, the Advent device provides an individual sliding control for 20–40 Hz, 40–80 Hz, 80–160 Hz, and so on up the scale. Each channel is separately and identically treated, making a total of twenty controls. Additional switches to round out the unit's usefulness bring the grand total to twenty-five.

Since the FBC is intended for insertion in the signal path (between a stereo preamp and power amp, or else by utilizing the tape-monitor "circuit interrupt" feature found on most integrated amplifiers and receivers), two rocker switches are provided for bypassing the unit or inserting it, one channel at a time. A third switch enables you to change from mono to stereo, while a fourth switch makes available the tape-monitor function if, in your hookup, you had pre-empted it from your original equipment. Finally, a four-position switch applies power to the unit and selects channels A and B (normal stereo), channel A to both speakers, or channel B to both speakers.

In addition to its input and output jacks, the rear panel features a three-position input-sensitivity switch (0.3 volts, 0.5 volts, and 1.0 volt rms) and a pair of output level adjustments designed to match the FBC's signal channels with each other.

Following the suggestions furnished with the FBC, our initial tests involved moderate use of the levers, only two or three at a time, in an effort to equalize what to our ears had always been a somewhat deficient midrange response in one of our stereo setups. Improvement was apparent immediately, not unlike that achieved with the aid of those popular but long since abandoned "presence controls" of some years ago. With increasing confidence, we decided to take drastic action, to see what special effects we could produce. The results were astounding—in many ways. At one ridiculous extreme, we were able to distort over-all frequency response until all music sounded as if it were being listened to via telephone. Then at the opposite extreme, we were able to approximate the booming Johnny-one-note bass effects common to some cheap package sets we have heard. Quickly resetting all the levers to zero position (flat response) we duly noted the most important lesson to be learned when using devices of this kind. Used in a haphazard manner, the Advent FBC can cause tonal havoc with an otherwise good stereophonic high fidelity system. On the other hand, used intelligently and with moderation, the FBC can—as claimed—compensate for peaks and valleys in your system response in an effective and gratifying way that is not possible by using conventional tone controls. While Advent lists no less than seven basic uses for its new device, we found that its most useful applications lie in acoustic environment correction and speaker deficiency balancing. One of the FBC's listed uses—extending the frequency range of loudspeakers—strikes us as overoptimistic, particularly at the low end, for when a speaker "quits" at the low end, attempts to emphasize bass response are likely to increase doubling and distortion rather than produce lower fundamental tones than were possible before. In any case, if we discount that particular use for the FBC, we can add one that Advent doesn't list: that of A-B testing of speakers, aided here by the unit's built-in controls and its facility for balancing the audible output of the two speakers under test.

Some distortion was noted in switching from direct connection to FBC use, and it was found that the level of signal supplied to the input of this unit is extremely critical and should never exceed that recommended in the instructions. Even in the 1-volt setting of the input sensitivity switch (all measurements were made with the switch set for highest signal input possible), as the 1-volt signal level was approached, distortion rose rapidly, particularly if the tone-control lever associated with the frequency involved was in an extreme boost position. The distortion curves shown illustrate this critical feature.

How accurate is the FBC, and how closely do its indicated control settings coincide with actual audio response? To test this performance, we measured response as shown in the accompanying graphs. Note that with all levers set to the indicated flat position (zero dB) departures from flat response at any frequency never exceed 2 dB across the audio band. Although this response curve does not look as literally "flat" as the curve for a good amplifier, it actually is an excellent characteristic for a device as complex and versatile as this. The fact is, to engineer twelve precisely calibrated active equalizers in one piece of equipment is a formidable and expensive task. The minor departures from absolute calibration (as marked on the front panel) still represent quite an accomplish-
ment, and are fairly insignificant from the standpoint of both listening and of the FBC's intended uses. Similarly, interaction between levers, even from one octave to the next, while not entirely absent, was found to be minimal, so that the promised "octave by octave" compensation is truly realized. In this sense, the FBC may be described as a "pure" device for "nonpurists."

In summary, we feel that this new genre of component will attract the knowledgeable high fidelity enthusiast who may, at first, "play" with it but will ultimately come to appreciate it for its intended purpose—to facilitate the subtle but important sonic corrections needed to gain that last measure of perfection for which so many listeners strive. The serious user would do well, however, to pay attention to input levels to avoid an increase in the system's total distortion which—under certain conditions—could be audible.

NEW MAGNETIC PICKUPS FROM GRADO


COMMENT: Grado's recent "F" series of stereo disc pickups employ a newly designed magnetic cartridge available with different stylus. An interesting design feature of the F series, advises the manufacturer, is its use internally of Swiss-screw connections, instead of solder joints, for connecting the coils of the movement. This technique is said to make for greater efficiency and generally improved response. At the same time, the "pivot" section (the critical junction of the stylus cantilever to the internal movement) is designed to prevent any decoupling between stylus and internal generator; this, to smooth the response—particularly at the high end—so that it may be extended without resonances or peaking. It also is said to help achieve "symmetrical voltage response"—that is, a well-balanced output on both stereo channels.

Interestingly enough, these claims—as well as those for the cartridge's rated compliance, vertical angle, and low distortion—all were verified in CBS Labs' tests. The response curves on both channels remained within 0.5 dB of each other across the audio band, and never varied by more than +2.5 dB, -2 dB on the left channel or more than ±2 dB on the right channel. The slight rise at the 15-kHz region could hardly be termed a peak, being within these normal dB limits, and obviously lower and smoother than response rises we've seen on some cartridges costing considerably more than either the FTE or the FTR. The low-end rise is directly attributable to a resonant-interaction effect with the tone arm employed for testing; it is not an inherent characteristic of the pickup itself.

Grado's recommended stylus force for the new pickup ranges from 1.5 to 3.5 grams. Actually, the lab found that, at a low 0.9 gram, the pickup was able to track the "torture" bands of CBS test records STR 120 and STR 100. For measurements and listening
tests, however, a value of 2 grams was used—which still is comfortably below the median figure specified and which attests to the careful engineering (and conservative claims) of this product. Signal output measured was 4.5 and 4 millivolts for left and right channels respectively; harmonic distortion was lower than average for a pickup in this price class and indeed compared favorably with the THD measured on some costlier models. The same could be said for IM distortion. Vertical angle was 23 degrees—obviously a departure from the 15-degree standard—but again confirming Grado’s specification. Compliance was checked as 11 (a 10+ cm/dyne) laterally, as 9 vertically—also “within the ball park” for this pickup. The FTE’s stylus tip measured a true 1-mil by 0.6-mil ellipse and had good geometric conformation. Low-frequency resonance in the SME arm showed a 10-dB rise at 12 Hz. Stereo channel separation, while not as wide as can be found in some costlier cartridges, was adequate for today’s stereo discs, as listening tests confirmed. Indeed, these listening tests soon turned into listening sessions; the urge to make a critical evaluation had been converted, thanks to the clean sound of the Grado, into one of appreciation and acceptance.

Spot checks of key performance areas of a Model FTR cartridge (the same basic cartridge fitted with a 0.6-mil spherical instead of an elliptical stylus—and priced $10 below the FTE) revealed the same smooth performance, within a dB or so, as the FTE. The only measurable difference between the two pickups was a very slight increase in the midrange distortion of the FTR, and interestingly enough, this difference could not be heard in comparative listening tests. To sum up, then: both versions—regardless of cost—are excellent performers and must be accorded a rank among the best stereo pickups available. And at their announced prices, both the Model FTE and the Model FTR are excellent buys. Incidentally, for playing 78-rpm discs with either Grado, you can order a 2.7-mil stylus at an additional cost of $4.00. All styls are easily removable and replaceable.

**CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

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**THE EQUIPMENT:** Teac A-6010U, a two-speed, quarter-track stereo tape deck (including record/play preamps) with automatic reverse in playback. Dimensions 17⅓ by 21 by 7 inches. Price: $664.50. Manufacturer: Teac Corp. of America, P. O. Box 1587, Santa Monica, Calif. 90404.

**COMMENT:** Handsome and versatile, the Teac A-6010U is equipped with three motors (a dual-speed hysteresis capstan motor plus two reel motors) and four heads (erase, record, forward playback, and reverse playback). In addition to the usual complement of controls, it has a two-position button that adjusts tape tension for normal or extrathin varieties, paralleled line and mike inputs that may be used as mixers, and separate record/playback buttons for each channel that can be used for positive prevention of accidental erasure even when the main record button is pressed. In performance the A-6010U meets, within normal tolerances, its published specifications—in some cases with room to spare.

An apt, single-word characterization of the unit would be luxurious. The smoothness of the solenoid-operated controls, the fine finish of every detail in sight, and the professional look of such elements as the oversize pinch roller (the “drive puck” as it is often called) and VU meters, all contribute to a reassuring feeling that you are working with a piece of equipment that can be relied on to do what you expect of it.

Judging from our lab test results, this confidence is well founded with respect to all the regular tape recorder functions. The data and curves shown here indicate that the A-6010U is a superior deck. During in-use tests it went flawlessly through all its paces, including both options for automatic reverse: phase sensing and foil cueing.

These reversing systems are a bit unusual. The phase-sensing system allows only one cycle of back-and-forth operation; that is, it will not work on a continuous-duty or repeat basis. The cue—a signal derived from the machine—is applied to a previously recorded tape at the end of the first side and is sensed in only one channel so that both tracks of a mono recording will reverse at the same point. While individual reversing signals might be desirable to some users (those who like to record the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, for example, since they’re always mono), the lack of this feature is to be expected among reversing models and the Teac is obviously following the trend. A phase-reverse cue on the tape introduces a very loud—though brief—signal into the audio when the switch for the automatic reverse feature is turned off for manual play. For this reason we tended to prefer the foil cueing.

Foil sensing is accomplished by a split conductive guide on the left-hand tension arm. When a short
length (3/4 inch is all you need) of conductive foil attached to the base side of the tape passes the tension arm, the foil shorting the idler's two halves and trips the reverse mechanism. This system, like the phase-sensing one, allows for only one tape reversal; you can, however, buy an accessory Repeat Control Unit (Model RC-602) that will permit the use of foil cues at both ends of the tape for continuous replay.

Other accessories can turn the A-6010U into a more versatile "hobbyist" recorder. For instance, there's the accessory Pause Control, Model RC-604, which we did not test. The RC-604 also allows easier cueing and editing of tapes, which on the A-6010U requires the use of the play mode to move the tape lifters out of the way and allow tape-to-head contact. To disable the drive system during cueing it is necessary to thread the tape outside the capstan or, preferably, slip off the removable pinch roller. Similarly, sound-on-sound and tape echo are possible on the A-6010U, but only by repatching jack-panel connections and using mike and line input controls as mixers.

These connections inhibit use of the deck in a horizontal position since they protrude beyond the case. The solution, according to Teac, is to unscrew the feet and move them from the bottom to the back of the wood case. The deck may also be built into a cabinet; the interconnect cables between transport and preamp units are long enough to allow considerable flexibility in positioning the two units. Even greater flexibility is permitted by the accessory Remote Control Unit, Model RC-601, which provides transport-function buttons and record button for use at a considerable distance from the recorder.

The RC-601, like the other accessories mentioned here, plugs into one of a series of connections on the jack panel that contain jumper plugs when they are unused. The accessories, which also include a device to make the A-6010U sensitive to the reversing cues recorded on Ampex prerecorded tapes, in sum enable the recorder to be custom tailored to the needs of individual users, thereby enhancing the basic deck for "advanced amateur" use. With or without them, however, the A-6010U—with its very low distortion, sturdy construction, and excellent frequency response—is unquestionably a superior performer and, in addition, a joy to use.

**CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

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**TEAC A-6010U Additional Data**

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<tr>
<td></td>
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<td>l ch: 2.1 V r ch: 2.2 V</td>
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**REPORTS IN PROGRESS**

Harman-Kardon 820 Stereo Receiver

Advent Loudspeaker

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*APRI. 1970*
by Robert Long  

**THE CHALLENGE OF THE**

The involuted semantics of the high fidelity industry have required in recent years that any really fine record changer—or at least one costing more than about $75—be called an automatic turntable. Arbitrary through this habit may seem, there has been a good reason. The record changers of an earlier day, as we have had occasion to say so often in the past, sacrificed the fine points of reproduction in order to achieve automatic sequencing of the records they played, the quality alternative being a manual turntable. So as changers began to approach state-of-the-art reproduction quality, some recognition of the fact seemed necessary in the nomenclature.

Manufacturers of the finest automatics have, therefore, been adamant about repudiating the word "changer," with its less-than-perfect image. Their best equipment addressed itself first to the problem of reproducing the music in the record grooves and second to the problem of changing the records, they said. So "turntable" was the appropriate word.

The cheapest changers of today, while they hardly qualify as state-of-the-art equipment, generally do a better job of reproduction than their predecessors. As a class, they run more quietly, they track at lower forces, require less mechanical drag on the drive system in order to change records, and—most important—accept cartridges that are almost universally vast improvements over earlier models. Even the least expensive ceramics of today tend to reflect the lowered moving mass, higher compliance, and other technical advances that have taken place in cartridge design.

Consequently, the word "changer" has lost almost all of the stigma it once had. To us, then, a changer has once again become a mechanism—any mechanism—that not only plays records, but changes them automatically as well. A turntable that will only take one record at a time may be called a "manual player," a "manual turntable," or simply a "manual."

The foregoing foray into etymology is intended to do more than smooth the ruffled feelings of those few who still may balk at referring to a $150 piece of equipment as a changer; it demonstrates how far changers have come in the last few years. They have literally pulled themselves up by their (upgraded) tone arm pivots; if a turntable can change records, it no longer need apologize for the fact.

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**Latest Dual, the model 1219, incorporates**

newly designed arm with compensation for vertical angle. Optional walnut base features a drop-lid behind which extra pickups, accessories can be stored.
Automatic turntables have staked out major claims on the manuals' own grounds.

Sherwood SEL-100 uses two motors: one rotates the platter; the other is used only to drive the changer mechanism. Single spindle adapts to either automatic or manual (single play) use.

Garrard’s X-11 “Demi” continues module concept by offering compact, low-cost automatic, complete with ceramic cartridge, base, and dust cover. Garrard makes a full component line as well.

**Turnabout is Fair**

The ultimate of proof of the reputation that changers now enjoy is, of course, their unequivocal domination of turntable sales. A year ago we considered the rapidity with which new manual models were then being announced and wondered editorially whether those announcements were harbingers of a renaissance in sales of manuals. So far, the answer would appear to be no, although—particularly where price is no object—there are on the market a number of attractive models and a few that are even a little fantastic. That is to say that while manuals are reasserting themselves they still offer no serious threat to the pre-eminence of changers in terms of over-all unit sales.

The AR turntable, for example, has been on the market for some years, and has remained attractive because it both does its job and costs relatively little—less than a good many changers and much less than most manuals.

As a basically simple design, however, the AR turntable lacks some of the more elaborate extras that characterized the new manuals listed in last year’s article. Sony, Pioneer, Teac, Nivico, and Panasonic were among those companies that had announced intentions of introducing manual turntables, were delivering their first model, or had added a new model in a line only a year or two old. No further advance in plans has been announced by any of these companies in the interim, and another—Bogen, which had been importing the Lenco line from Europe—has gone out of the turntable business altogether. The rapid tempo at which new manuals were appearing a year ago has, in other words, slackened a bit.

But it has by no means stopped. Thorens, whose TD-125 was a recent model a year ago, has since added the TD-150 Mark II, a two-speed model with antiskating and cue control that sells for $125 including base and tone arm. An operational dust cover costs $6.00.

Somewhat more elaborate again is the newest Empire manual, the Troubadour Model 598, which (like some of the Japanese-made manuals) raises the arm automatically at the end of the record. The Troubadour has several interesting design features, like the little light to help in finding the beginnings...
More conventional is the latest in the Swiss-made Thorens line: the TD150 Mark II. At $150, with integrated arm, it offers two speeds and built-in cueing.

Empire's latest, the Troubadour model 598, bears a resemblance to earlier models but has been redesigned so that it can be used at extremely low tracking forces.
How Important Is a Level Turntable?

by Daniel Graveraux

A record, by definition, is accurately reproduced when the cartridge correctly tracks the modulation (groove) and when the turntable correctly supports and rotates the disc. Except for jukebox and other special mechanisms, "correctly" translates to a "horizontal position," and horizontal has meant, for the most part, gravity-dependent. The weight of the front portion of the arm (with the cartridge mounted) was offset either by weights mounted on the arm behind the pivot points, springs pulling up on the arm, or a combination of both. This design requires that gravity makes the playback stylus press perpendicularly to the record surface. The turntables themselves used (many still do) both vertically oriented bearings and a vertically oriented motor. Balance depends on the platter's being rotated on a vertical axis. Moreover, the motor mounts (a form of shock absorber to lessen motor vibration) require an even downward stress for best operation.

All this means that any self-respecting quality playback system would have to be installed, literally, on the level. A question, then, that comes up now—particularly in the wake of demonstrations showing turntables playing while tilted, or even upside-down—is: do we still have to pay attention to the concept of a "level turntable"?

Those demonstrations, to begin with, are more than showy stunts. They do document the fact that the arms employed are inherently balanced in all planes without depending on gravity. Springs are then used to press the stylus perpendicular to the record. Such arms, correctly installed, will indeed track a disc accurately, without adding any distortion due to an off-level turntable. But—they should not be taken as a go-ahead sign for everyone to suddenly start ignoring the leveling of a turntable; the turntable itself, regardless of the arm, should be designed to operate satisfactorily in an off-level position and this attribute depends mainly on the motor suspension beneath the platter. The suspension should be so designed as to permit the motor to run smoothly, silently, and at constant speed, and to transmit its power via the belts or pulleys or whatever is used in a smooth, silent, and constant manner—no matter how the motor is "hanging" due to an off-level chassis.

To put it another way: an arm that is spring-controlled for vertical stylus force, or for antiskating force, and so on, but which also can be completely balanced in all planes when spring adjustments are exerting zero force (equivalent, that is, to having removed all springs), can be used on an off-level turntable if the motor under that turntable is itself hung in such a manner as to permit it to run satisfactorily in an off-level position.

On the other hand, an arm that depends upon gravity for tracking force, i.e., on weights (or on spring-and-weight combinations) will, if used on an off-level turntable, introduce distortion, or it may not even track the record. Nothing that has happened in recent times in the design of pickups, arms, or turntables has changed this basic rule. Indeed, the design refinements—particularly in pickups—that have helped to reduce tracking errors actually demand more emphatically than ever a level turntable, since an off-level platter used with a gravity-dependent arm that is carrying a sensitive, high-compliance pickup will more obviously reveal signs of distortion that may previously (that is, in less sensitive pickups) have been masked.

With this type of arm and player, a tilt can influence both the tracking by the pickup and the very rotation of the platter. But just how much tilt constitutes a problem? Certainly one can adjust a turntable base to level within one degree by eye. So let us see what happens if the player is tilted this one degree. Gravity creates a force component toward the center spindle (as shown in the drawing). With a tracking force of, say, 2 grams, this inward force becomes 0.04 grams. The antiskating compensation is now about 10 per cent less than it should be. The tracking force against the inside groove wall of the stereo record (left channel) is only 4 per cent higher than the outer groove wall. Audible changes in the music, differences in stylus and record wear, and changes in tracking ability remain insignificant.

What happens to the motor shaft (which generally is either pulled toward the platter by the drive belt, or pushed away from a rubber puck in a puck-driven turntable)? Normal stresses on the motor mounts and on the bearings far exceed those created by a mere one-degree level error, and so the dynamic properties of platter rotation are scarcely changed.

With a significantly larger tilt, however, say about five degrees or more, changes in both the inner-groove wall pressure and in the very manner in which the turntable rotates can become significant: distortion may increase or unequal groove-wall wearing away may occur or both. At the same time, stresses on the motor may cause erratic rotation or rumble. But as I said, it's fairly simple to avoid all this by leveling the turntable. It reduces itself to a matter of using one's eyes, as well as one's ears, for high fidelity performance.
pear in this country has yet to be decided. It is a compact integrated manual with a gimbaled arm and most of the features we have come to expect in premium changers—less, of course, the changing mechanism itself.

The Quest for Perfection

To repeat, current turntable models—changers and manuals alike—categorically do a better job of playing records than comparably priced equipment did only a few years ago. The search for perfection has seen it that improvements not only continue to appear but that they represent genuine upgrading of performance. Often the improvements, insignificant in themselves, have been a direct response to a previous improvement elsewhere in the system. And likewise they often serve to precipitate further improvements themselves.

Antiskating is just such an improvement. It would have been totally without value only a few years ago, but within those years styli have become progressively more compliant, stylus moving mass has

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**I CHOOSE A CHANGER**

*FOR ME, HIGH FIDELITY represents another of the good things in life, not unlike fine wines, elegant cuisine, excellent tailoring, etc. I can enjoy what it offers on that basis—in its place, of course, like everything else—without becoming a nut or overly involved in its technicalia. The kind of equipment I prefer does the job competently, with the least amount of effort, and without any need for technical expertise on my part. The automatic turntable (or record changer) qualifies as that kind of equipment. I can, in other words, enjoy an opera recording or the Beethoven quartets or the latest Beatles offering without having to feel concomitantly as if I were an engineer working in an audio studio each time I want to hear an album.*

*I am not concerned with hairsplitting differences such as a fraction of a degree of tracking error. I am convinced—based on what I've read (mainly in the test reports and articles published in this very magazine) and on what I've heard (with my own two good ears)—that within the over-all area covered by today's top-grade automatics I can enjoy a level of discplaying performance that is entirely commensurate with the requirements of stereo high fidelity, and that my automatic is therefore well matched to the performance capabilities of the rest of my stereo equipment. There is, in other words, no reason why I would want a record player that, compared to an automatic, is bulkier, often costlier, requires more manual dexterity, and offers fewer features.*

*With my automatic, I can play records of any size and any speed, including old 78s; my friend down the block, who owns a manual table and kids me about my "pseudo-professional" automatic, had to use my system to listen to some 78-rpm oldies he recently found in his attic. (I know there are a few three-speed or four-speed manuals available, but have you checked their cost?) Regardless of speed, however, I do find automation a great convenience. There are times when I want to hear one record side after another—and this applies to multidisc sets that are sequenced in this manner, as well as to a great many records on which an entire work is contained on one side. I stack my records, turn on the machine, and listen. The slightly raised outer edge on to-day's records prevents the grooves and surfaces of adjacent discs in the pile from contacting each other, so there's no danger of damage because of stacking.*

*The difference in such performance characteristics as vertical tracking angle, or stylus force, between the bottom and top records on the pile is negligible and inaudible; in any event, I have detected no signs of record wear or degraded sound as a result of playing my records this way. Furthermore, when I want to hear only one side I can—by simply replacing the long spindle with the short spindle (and both spindles were supplied with the machine)—use the player as a manual. The player will obligingly turn itself off when the record is finished—unless I opt to run it in the repeat mode, in which case it will, just as obligingly, play the record again until I shut it off.*

*Another point: I possess normally steady nerves but I feel much more secure knowing that a machine is taking over for me in the lowering and raising of the tone arm, especially when it is fitted with one of today's high-compliance cartridges, which—more than ever—demands very gentle handling for both its sake and that of the record. And yes, I do employ a no-compromise pickup in my automatic, and it works just fine within the range of tracking forces recommended by the manufacturer.*

*As for the bugaboo of rumble, well—there just isn't any to be heard (although I grant you I have heard rumble from some cheaper automatics and, for that matter, from some manual turntables too). There's no hint of wow and flutter, and thanks to the pitch control and strobe disc (also supplied, by the way), I can adjust turntable rotation to the exact speed called for.*

*To sum up my feeling on this question: I can take excellent pictures with my camera, which has a built-in automatic exposure system; I travel comfortably and efficiently in my automatic-transmission automobile; my wife relies on our automatic-timed oven to cook some splendid dishes; and I defy anyone to convince me that what I hear out of my stereo system sounds any less wonderful for its being played on an automatic—as opposed to a manual—turntable.*

**THEODORE R. FOLSOM**
been reduced, arms have been made to track at progressively lower vertical forces, and so on. Needless to say, the gross inertia (gross by contemporary standards, at least) once needed to trip changer mechanisms has gone by the boards too. So while the difference in the two components of tracking force exerted respectively on the two walls of the record groove was minute compared to other forces at work in older designs, upgrading has left this difference standing naked and obvious.

To put it another way, when four or five grams of tracking force are required, the difference of a few tenths of a gram in the distribution of that tracking force is undetectable. But in attempting to reduce tracking force below one gram, it is much more readily perceived that significant distortion begins to enter the channel recorded on the outer wall of the groove before it does on the other channel. If tracking force really is to be reduced to a minimum, therefore, antiskating will be required to equalize the effective tracking force on each groove wall.

Once that improvement is made, it is possible to reduce still further the stylus' compliance—but only if the design of the entire arm is altered so that the

MAKE MINE MANUAL

ONE OF HIGH FIDELITY'S major attractions for me has been the freedom of choice in setting out to assemble a high-quality system from available components. Closely involved with this choice is the option for upgrading the system by adding, at a later date, new parts or replacements as they become available. Thus I can keep abreast of the "state of the art," indulge my desire to constantly incorporate the latest and the best in my stereo rig, maintain a running study of new refinements, and feel secure that my playback system is offering—within the limits of available products—the least possible opposition to the signals I play through it.

Patently, I cannot accomplish these ends with a preassembled record player, whether it be automatic or manual. My specific complaints against automatics I'll get to in a moment, but first—consider merely the option of trying or of adding a new tone arm. The manual record player, made up of separate turntable and arm, just naturally lends itself to such substitution, experimentation, evaluation, and upgrading.

As for automatic players themselves, I find that as a class they possess a "personality" that annoys me. This is due to their very automation. I resent having to adapt myself to the quirks of a machine when cueing up a record, for instance. I resent having to adjust the correct "record diameter" control, or waiting for a change cycle to conclude before recueing, or remembering whether to use the long or short spindle, or where to move the over-arm, or of fusing over any of several tricky adjustments involved in the automation that can (and often do) get out of whack—even on the best changers. It is far simpler and less trying on my nerves to merely place a record on the platter, switch on the motor, and cue the pickup as I choose. I'll admit that in this last operation, the automatics do have an advantage in that they generally allow the arm to descend more gently than most human hands can manage unaided—but if you do feel you're not handling your arm steadily enough you always can add a damped cueing device to a manual arm that will lower and raise it very gently at the touch of a lever.

From the standpoint of performance, consider that the manual turntable—because it is designed to do one thing (rotate the record)—can be designed to do so on an all-out, ruggedized, trouble-free basis, with no extras. It does not, at the same time, have to drain power from its motor to activate a complex of gears and levers whose sole function is dropping records in correct fashion onto the platter. And what about that stacking and dropping: extra wear and tear on the grooves, friction between disc surfaces building up static charges that attract dust, and—worst of all—consider the length of time that records are exposed to air while waiting on the stack to be played. If you stack, for instance, a four-disc set of an opera, the top disc in the pile will be gathering dust for well over an hour before it is played.

In some environments, that amount of exposure can make a brand new album sound like mush.

Which, by the way, brings me to an interesting point: I am convinced that many or most people who buy automatics end up using them as manuals anyway or as single-play "semi-automatics." And why not? Today's stereo discs provide an average of 25 minutes playing time per side. Changing a record yourself after that interval is hardly the chore it was in the old 78-rpm days (which was a time when the record changer did make some sense). Furthermore, a vast number of records are continued from side 1 to side 2; to hear the music as it is intended to be heard you have to flip the disc anyway—ergo, the changers' automation becomes utterly worthless... and you have paid for it.

Finally, the tone arm itself: I grant you that the arms supplied on today's top automatics have come a long, long way since the first changers. They now boast better balance, antiskating, accurate stylus force adjustments, less lateral tracking error, and so on. They still, however, suffer to the extent that they must do "double duty"—as pickup carriers and as devices to trigger the arms. Again, as with the turntable motor, it's desirable from an engineering standpoint to design a product to accomplish fewer jobs superbly than to do more chores merely well. In other words, as long as I do not have to accept a compromise, why should I?
increased compliance does not result in an objectionable arm resonance. Hence, antiskating devices may be said to have contributed to recent arm designs.

And the top changer models continue to find ways of approaching ever nearer to perfection. The Dual 1219, for example, is the first changer to build in some compensation in vertical arm geometry for the fact that the stack of records—and therefore the height of the playing surface—progressively rises in automatic operation. Ideally, of course, the pivot of the arm should always be the same height above the playing surface if the effective vertical tracking angle is to be kept constant. The 1219's pivot is raised in the automatic mode to a compromise setting designed to give optimum performance part way through the stack (representing a maximum of six records). But in manual play, the pivot automatically is reset to the height required by a single record. The 1219 costs $175 and was reviewed in detail in our January issue.

Sherwood, a newcomer to the changer field, now is offering the $149.50 SEL-100, a model that has been in the works for several years but only reached the market late in 1969. An unusual feature of this model is its double-motor system: one is a synchronous design that drives the turntable; the other is a high-torque drive for the changer mechanism. When the tone arm reaches the record's inside diameter, it interrupts a beam of light—which, being weightless, offers no drag on the turntable motor—to start the change cycle. The record is lowered gently (Sherwood calls it "escalator action") by a spindle whose record-holding fingers can be folded into the spindle itself, for single-play manual operation. With the fingers out of the way, it becomes a tall manual-play spindle, and since the spindle cannot be removed, there can be no question of misplacing one while another is in use.

Newly returned to the American market is the Lesa line, now being imported by Components Specialties, Inc. of Freeport, N.Y. The top-of-the-line model is the PRF-6 at $179.95. It contains a built-in strobe lamp and easily accessible adjustments for stylus height above the record, stylus descent position, and record size, in addition to those adjustments that have become standard in this price class: antiskating, speed fine-tuning, tracking force, and so on. A lower-priced model, the ATT-4 is in preparation, we are told, but details are not yet available.

Perpetuum-Ebner's latest also is a top-of-the-line model: the PE-2020, imported by Elpa Marketing Industries. Its special feature, shared by the PE-2018, is a vertical tracking angle adjustment controlled by a knob at the front of the cartridge shell. Like Sherwood, Elpa lays stress on its changer's controlled record-descent rate—"elevator lowering easement" is the phrase used for the PE design.

Benjamin has announced an extra-fancy Miracord (the Model 700H with strobe, stylus overhang adjustment, and elapsed time stylus wear indicator), but as this is being written it has yet to reach the market. Most recent in the line for practical purposes, therefore, is the Model 750. At $149.50 it is similar to the 50H, the present top of the Miracord line at $20 more, except that the 750 has an induction motor as opposed to the hysteresis motor in the 50H.

Garrard's most recent model also fills out the existing line. It is the SL72B at $89.50, one of five models in the Synchro-Lab Series. Like the top model (SL95B), it has a gimbaled arm pivot, and it includes most of the features found in the SL75B, which costs $109.50.

A New Format Takes Hold

A couple of years ago, Garrard began its series of "modules"—changers that are delivered with a base, dust cover, and cartridge, ready to plug into both AC and amplifier. This format, while it had been seen in Europe previously, was relatively unknown in the American market. It has the obvious advantage to the novice that the entire record-playing system is bought as a unit with its elements preselected and usually preinstalled. For the more sophisticated purchaser, however, it often has the disadvantage that the cartridge is a ceramic model, and American buyers simply do not seem to "believe in" ceramic cartridges as a rule. In Europe, where high-level phono inputs are to be expected on radios and tape recorders, the ceramics are more widely accepted; but with few exceptions, they are associated with less-than-high-fidelity equipment here.

There are, however, some modules that contain magnetic cartridges. The Garrard SLX-2 at $69.50 has one, and the Garrard SLX-3 at $99.50 has one with an elliptical stylus.

BSR, JVC/Nivico, Lesa, and other companies are also bringing units of the type into the American market. In some cases, the model turns out to be a nationally advertised changer specially packaged with a base, dust cover, and cartridge for sale under the trade name of another company—a dealer or a manufacturer or importer without a proprietary changer brand who nonetheless wants to offer a full line of equipment. Present indications are that the trend toward this sort of prepackaging will continue.

The changers in question usually are drawn from the middle or lower end of the line—as are the cartridges—since the product is not intended for the "perfectionist" market. Prices generally top off at around $100—much as they did only a few years ago for the finest changers, though without base, dust cover, or cartridge, of course. By comparison, today's top changer prices are climbing close to the $200 mark, even without those three extra elements.

At present, then, the market looks like this. Integrated changer-base-cover-cartridge units and moderate-priced separate changers generally sell at between $50 and $100. The better changers run from $100 to $200. Manual turntables that include an arm can be found at under $100. From there prices run upward toward $300—or more, perhaps, if the total price includes an exceptionally expensive arm like the Rabco.
by Ronald Eyer

Musicians' Autographs

Don't throw away that signed picture of Leroy Anderson—it may become your family heirloom.

An intimate and ingenious note in the childish hand of a nine-year-old to his music teacher ("As a New Year's present to you, I promise to study my music more faithfully.") would undoubtedly bring more than $1,000 if offered for sale today. The child happened to be Johannes Brahms. Oddly enough, an autograph of the now unfashionable salon composer Cécile Chaminade may well be worth even more.

There is an ultimate irrationality about autograph collecting, according to Samuel Orlinick and Charles Hamilton (located in New York), two of this country's leading dealers in musical letters and manuscripts. (Perhaps a half dozen others dabble a bit in this rarefied business.) Any number of reasons can fire a collector to seek out and purchase items that range from impersonal calling cards to the handwritten score of an entire musical composition—and there are equally many reasons for the incredibly varied prices these documents bring in the collectors' market place.

Like coins, stamps, books, objects of art, or any other commodity bought and sold by collectors, rarity is one of the most important factors in determining value. Some musicians, including Jules Massenet and Felix Mendelssohn, were prolific letter writers (Mendelssohn is said to have thought nothing of writing as many as fifty letters in one evening!), and the market value of these composers is therefore minimal. Maurice Ravel, on the other hand, wrote infrequently; his available handiwork is, consequently, quite valuable. Specimens of Schubert's handwriting are so scarce that his letters usually bring more than his musical manuscripts. This rule of thumb might seem to be contradicted in the case of Richard Wagner, the Mozart family, and Beethoven, all of whom were frequent and often vehement letter writers; but their writings are highly prized simply because they were so great and famous that their autographs are rarely found on the open market. Similarly, the autographs of even Albert Einstein (we include the great mathematician here because he was at least a celebrated amateur musician), who is said to have replied in his own hand to each and every correspondent, are therefore not likely to command high prices.

Factors other than the sheer rarity of a composer's extant writings play a part in this expensive hobby. One important consideration is what the autograph contains: in addition to the bare signature—the touching little note by the young Brahms, already referred to, is a case in point. According to Hamilton, Puccini is often a best-seller because he frequently scribbled a few bars of his music along with his signature. These items sell from $100 to $200. Among American composers, the current favorite is George Gershwin whose typed and signed letters are worth from $30 to $150. (Ira Gershwin is an ardent collector of his brother's autographs.) Another American composer who has been elevated to a high rank on collectors' lists is Stephen Foster. One of his lesser-known songs, Maggie by My Side, recently brought $4,500!

In comparison to musical autographs, royal signatures are of lesser importance. "Kings come a dime a dozen," says Orlinick. One reason, he points out, is that monarchs usually sign thousands of documents during their reign. But "the great never cease being great," and autographs of notable figures in all fields are comparable. A letter written by George
Musicians' Autographs

Washington, for example, might be priced at anywhere from $1,000 to $10,000, a letter of Handel's may bring $5,000 to $10,000, and a letter written by Mozart to his sister should bring about $5,500.

A second consideration is that of authenticity. The letters of kings and princes were, as a rule, written by secretaries and, in most instances, probably also signed by them, with the result that verification of authenticity becomes extremely difficult. The same is true of most other important political figures. Presidents of the United States, for example, rarely sign routine correspondence sent over their names to ordinary citizens. Even Abraham Lincoln's famous "Bixby" letter to the mother of five sons lost in the Civil War is represented solely by a variety of false copies; the original has never been found. Like most "forgers" of famous names, however, the anonymous signer of the "Bixby" letter imitated the well-known "A. Lincoln" signature with extraordinary accuracy—but, to the trained eye, with detectable fallaciousness.

Authenticity is rarely a problem in the musical world, mainly because few musicians have ever been wealthy enough to afford secretaries. But in the matter of musical manuscripts, signatures are often wholly unnecessary for identification. The identity of a composer can be revealed in the general style of even just a scrap of his music. A knowledgeable collector is not likely to mistake a phrase by Bach, Beethoven, or even Haydn.

The content of an autograph along with its signature can range from a hastily scrawled introduction to another violinist by Pablo Sarasate on his calling card, to the full manuscript score of a collection of twelve minuets for piano by Mozart. Both these items are included in Orlinick's most recent catalogue of available autographs. Of the Mozart manuscript, the catalogue states: "The score itself, in the hand of Mozart's copyist, occupies 23 pp. Small folio, unbound; in case of full black morocco. Accompanied by a statement from Prof. Eric Werner, including the information that the title page has been examined and authenticated by Alfred Einstein, the Mozart authority. Interestingly, Mozart had drawn at the head of the title page a small sketch of a Masonic emblem, comprising a spoked wheel. Both Aloys Fuchs and Dionys Weber mention the fact that, especially in his
Handel’s “Hunting Song,” written down for Charles Legh, author of the words. $4,000.

A double canon by J. S. Bach, written for J. G. Fulda, a student from Silesia. $3,000.

Mozart writing in English. “Don’t never forget your true and faithfull friend,” with his signature and four-voice canon. $2,000.

Two middle-European post cards: from Bela Bartók in Budapest ($100); from Alban Berg in Vienna ($200).
later years, Mozart frequently entrusted the writing of piano arrangements to his copyist, thereafter adding a title page in his own hand to establish authenticity.

Understandably, the Sarasate card is listed at $15 while the Mozart manuscript is offered for $1,800. An ordinary letter of Beethoven's, says Hamilton, would bring around $2,500, but a highly personal letter, in which the writer might discuss a contemporary like Schubert, would be much higher. Similarly, a simple signature of Liszt is worth only $15, but a letter from Liszt to George Sand immediately increases in value from $300 to $500. A manuscript of a Beethoven symphony, such as the Fifth or Ninth, would be a bargain at $100,000, say the experts. The most valuable item currently in Orlinick's possession is the only surviving page of Mozart's Sinfonia concertante in E flat, K. 364, for which he is asking $3,800.

The immutable law of supply and demand is the sole factor that determines price, maintain the dealers, and Orlinick recalls an instance at a Parke-Bernet auction when a manuscript by the late sixteenth-century English writer Fulke Grevill was offered by the auctioneer at a modest $50, but for some inescapable reason, it suddenly skyrocketed spectacularly to $12,000. The original of Mozart's Don Giovanni, bought by the singer Pauline Viardot-Garcia a century ago for $2,500, would probably now bring a million dollars. And a fragment from Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, bought by a dealer for $25,000 and sold for somewhat less to a mysterious woman who subsequently presented it to the New York Public Library, would now be worth at least $150,000. Over-all values have increased 60 per cent in just the past year, according to Hamilton, who quotes his source as the financial authority Franz Pick.

Such items as the unique Beethoven sketchbooks, which offer a wealth of knowledge about the man and his work methods, are virtually priceless. But high on any collector's list is intimate, highly personal correspondence, such as love letters. These coveted documents are almost nonexistent since they are usually destroyed by the authors' families or by the addressees themselves, simply because such revelations are so personal. One can only conjecture about the ultimate worth of Liszt's love letters or of Wagner's most private communications with King Ludwig of Bavaria.

Collectors sometimes have peculiar quirks about values, however. One example is Mozart's little Minuet and Trio in G, K. 1, his first known composition which he composed at the age of five. This unique document (its present value is placed at $9,500) gives collectors pause because the hand is that of Leopold Mozart writing for a prodigious son who apparently had not yet mastered the techniques of notation. Though clearly an authenticated piece of Mozartiana, collectors have had reservations about this manuscript because it was not actually written by Wolfgang Amadeus.

A similar case involves a song by Schubert which was copied for him by a friend. Because the autograph is not Schubert's (though the song certainly is), its value to collectors is less. Orlinick views this peculiarity as typical of most collectors. They are people, he says, who worship greatness and feel that by holding in their hands an article personally written by a genius some of the creative magic might rub off.

Who, then, are these people with such deep reverence for scraps of paper out of the past? To begin with, they are few in number, according to Orlinick, and the regulars are a mere handful. "They come on like meteors," he says, "and suddenly disappear, perhaps never to return." Because this is a hobby that usually involves large sums of money, musicians do not, as a rule, go in for collecting. There are, however, a few notable exceptions: Abbe Santini, the Italian scholar and composer, had an enormous collection of manuscripts; and the French pianist Alfred Cortot avidly amassed autographs, books, and scores. Pianist Rudolf Serkin is one of today's most enthusiastic collectors among musicians.

The majority of collectors, Orlinick notes, are physicians and scientists who, he believes, find collecting musical autographs a means of escape into a more romantic and perhaps less pragmatic world. One of his best customers is a former musician who turned to physics and patented an invention from which he has derived a great deal of money. This man is not only an omnivorous buyer of autographs and manuscripts, but he has also acquired an impressive array of Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and other fine violins which he loans to deserving students.

The interest many scientific people have in music, of course, extends well beyond collecting. They are noted supporters of all sorts of musical institutions and many are quite good amateur musicians who have formed orchestras and chamber music groups. Albert Einstein, for example, took great delight in playing the violin and once, after he participated in a Mozart Trio during a little shipboard concert, he proudly signed his name to the program ($60).

A growing number of people are turning to collecting for investment purposes and the profits can sometimes run into seven figures. Art has always been popular with speculators. Financial experts feel, however, that rare books and manuscripts have even more potential—investments of this sort have been highly recommended by Barron's, the Wall Street Journal, and other financial publications. Even more important to the field today than private collectors are libraries and museums which have far greater purchasing power.

The whole modern concept of a musical autograph's intrinsic value is a fairly recent phenomenon. In the past, publishers often destroyed original manuscripts once copies were made. Breitkopf and Härtel, in their dealings with Constanze Mozart, preferred to exchange her husband's handwritten scores for neat, clean printed copies. Had they but known what riches they were so lightly dismissing!
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MODEL</th>
<th>SA-40</th>
<th>SA-50 without AM</th>
<th>SA-70</th>
<th>SA-4000</th>
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<td><strong>AMPLIFIER SECTION</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>IHF Music Power</td>
<td>55 Watts at 4 ohms</td>
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<td>40 Watts at 8 ohms</td>
<td>50 Watts at 8 ohms</td>
<td>80 Watts at 8 ohms</td>
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<td>RMS Power (at 1 kHz and rated distortion)</td>
<td>12/12 Watts at 8 ohms</td>
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<td>32/32 Watts at 8 ohms</td>
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<td>1.2 %</td>
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<td>-3 dB</td>
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<td>Frequency Response Power Amplifier</td>
<td>20 Hz to 60,000 Hz</td>
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<td>-3 dB</td>
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<td>Input Sensitivity (for rated output)</td>
<td>3.5 mV (Phono Low: 10 mV (Phono High)</td>
<td>4 mV (Phono Low) 14 mV (Phono High)</td>
<td>3 mV (Phono 1)       5 mV (Phono 2)</td>
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<td>100 kohms (Phono 2)</td>
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<td>Hum and Noise Phono</td>
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<td>35 dB (Phono Low)</td>
<td>65 dB (Phono 1)</td>
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<td>Bass Range</td>
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<td>±10 dB at 50 kHz</td>
<td>±10 dB at 50 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Treble Range</td>
<td>±9 dB at 1 kHz</td>
<td>±10 dB at 10 kHz</td>
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<td>Turnover Frequency Selector</td>
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<td>Bass: 250 Hz/500 Hz</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>Treble: 2 kHz/4 Hz</td>
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<td>20 at 4 ohms</td>
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<td>Receiver Output Level</td>
<td>170 mV</td>
<td>230 mV</td>
<td>200 mV</td>
<td>150 mV</td>
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| **FM TUNER SECTION** |                            |                  |                            |                           |
| FM Usable Sensitivity (IHF) | 2.8 µV                     | 2.2 µV           | 2.0 µV                     | 1.5 µV                     |
| FM Harmonic Distortion (at 400 Hz, 100 % modulation) | 0.7 %                      | 0.6 %           | 0.5 %                      | 0.15 %                     |
| Signal to Noise Ratio | 60 dB                      | 60 dB            | 60 dB                      | 70 dB                      |
| Selectivity, Alternate Channel | 40 dB                      | 45 dB            | 50 dB                      | 60 dB                      |
| Spurious Response Rejection (at 100 MHz) | 70 dB                      | 75 dB            | 75 dB                      | 100 dB                     |
| IF Rejection (at 100 MHz) | 90 dB                      | 90 dB            | 90 dB                      | 100 dB                     |
| Image Rejection (at 100 MHz) | 55 dB                      | 80 dB            | 80 dB                      | 95 dB                      |
| FM Stereo Separation (at 1 kHz) | 35 dB                      | 35 dB            | 37 dB                      | 45 dB                      |
| Capture Ratio (IHF) | 3 dB                       | 2.5 dB           | 2 dB                       | 1 dB                       |

| **AM TUNER SECTION** |                            |                  |                            |                           |
| AM Sensitivity (IHF) | 20 µV                      | 20 µV            | 20 µV                      | -                         |
| Selectivity (at 1 MHz and ±10 kHz) | 25 dB                      | 25 dB            | 25 dB                      | -                         |
| Image Rejection (at 1 MHz) | 40 dB                      | 70 dB            | 70 dB                      | -                         |
| IF Frequency Rejection (at 1 MHz) | 45 dB                      | 80 dB            | 80 dB                      | -                         |

| Dimensions (W x H x D) (Including control knobs and fuse post) | 18" x 5½" x 14" | 19½" x 5½" x 14" | "9½" x 5½" x 14" | "20½" x 7" x 16½" |
| Weight (Packed) | 29 lb                      | 34 lb            | 35 lb                      | 60 lb                      |
| Power Supply | 120 V AC                   | 120 V AC         | 120 V AC                   | 120 V AC                   |
|               | 100 Watts                  | 190 Watts        | 220 Watts                  | 200 Watts                  |

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The SB-88 is built to outperform anything in its price range.
The 51-pound woofer magnet structure and a unique ultracompliant pure virgin rubber surround provide a free-air resonance below 20 Hertz. For exceptional low-frequency response.

The mid-frequencies pour out from two independent 6-inch midrange speakers. Each with a compliant impregnated half-roll surround for magnificent response.

A pair of 2-inch horn tweeters with Mylar Domes gives 120-degree dispersion of the high treble frequencies.

And an inductive capacitive crossover network eliminates speaker phasing problems effectively.

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The 10-inch woofer has an inverted half-roll surround of extremely high compliance and a 1 3/4-inch voice coil. It results in an exceptional free-air resonance of 25 Hertz.

The 3 1/2-inch midrange speaker has resonance-free cone plus 2-inch cone tweeter with a 4 1/2-ounce high flux density magnetic structure.

A three-position treble balance control adapts upper frequencies.

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This pair of speakers sends out a lot of beautiful sound.

The 8-inch acoustic suspension woofer with an inverted half-roll surround gives fundamental bass response down to 40 Hertz. And a 2-inch wide-dispersion tweeter utilizes a low-mass cone for smooth response out to 20,000 Hertz.

And the frequencies are separated at the crossover point of 5,000 Hertz by a low-loss crossover network.

The 3-inch cone tweeter has a low-mass cone. For smooth response up to 19,000 Hertz.

A special peak-free cone design accounts for a smooth tight treble.

And a low-loss crossover network separates the frequencies at the crossover point of 2,500 Hertz.

SB-66. "COMPACT." 2-WAY SPEAKER SYSTEM. $119.95 PER PAIR. 
(Mfr.'s suggested list price.)

This pair of speakers sends out a lot of beautiful sound.

At a beautiful price.

The 8-inch acoustic suspension woofer with an inverted half-roll surround gives fundamental bass response down to 40 Hertz. And a 2-inch wide-dispersion tweeter utilizes a low-mass cone for smooth response out to 20,000 Hertz.

And the frequencies are separated at the crossover point of 8,000 Hertz by a low-loss crossover network.

SB-77. "TECHNICS." 3-WAY SPEAKER SYSTEM. $179.95 PER UNIT. 
(Mfr.'s suggested list price.)

The SB-77's 10-inch woofer incorporates a unique compliant inverted half-roll surround. It has a 4 1/2-pound magnet structure and a 1 3/4-inch voice coil for a power-handling capacity of 60 watts.

The 5-inch midrange driver uses an impregnated half-roll surround to prevent cone resonances and assure perfect transient response.

The 2-inch horn tweeter has a Mylar Dome and aluminum horn that eliminate distortion.

A low-loss capacitive and inductive network gives controlled impedance and smooth transition at the crossover frequencies.

And two three-position treble and midrange balance controls let you shape the music.
<table>
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<th>SB-33</th>
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SC-666. 80 WATT (40 WATT IHF) FM/AM, FM STEREO MUSIC CENTER. $349.95. (Mfr.'s suggested list price.)

The FM tuner has FET for greater sensitivity and selectivity. Four dual-tuned IF circuits and a unique Ratio Detector to provide clear reception on FM.

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The precision automatic turntable's Cue control lets you interrupt record play by moving a lever. It plays 7, 10 and 12-inch records. At 78, 45, 33 1/3 and 16 2/3 rpm.

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Wide-range Linear Sliding Controls provide precise adjustment of the sound. The rear panel includes facilities for a tape recorder and an auxiliary program source.

The compact speaker incorporates an acoustically matched 6 1/2-inch woofer with an inverted half-roll surround for bass response down to 40 Hz. And a 2-inch wide-dispersion tweeter utilizes a wide-dispersion cone for ultra smooth response up to 20,000 Hz.

Low gram stylus pressure and built-in skating compensation assure reliable operation.

The exclusive Panasonic Magnistate cartridge comes with a turn-over stylus and diamond needle.
The Beethoven String Quartets stand apart. They seem to inhabit a world uniquely their own, an imaginary realm where music exists in a quintessential state—an expression of the human spirit removed from the cares and concerns of everyday existence. It is perhaps for this reason that the quartets have tended to be greeted by music lovers with extreme reverence (as the purest of pure music) or outright puzzlement (as rather abstruse expressions of rarefied sensibility).

It is often claimed that one can view the over-all development of Beethoven's compositional style solely through a study of the sixteen quartets. This belief has given rise to a remarkably extensive literature dealing with these works (two major studies—by Philip Radcliffe and Joseph Kerman—have appeared in English within the past four years), but the more I become acquainted with the quartets, the more I am convinced that from them one can receive only a very special and—at least in one sense—essentially limited view of the composer. This is in no way meant to reflect negatively on the quality of the works; it is, in fact, just the opposite—i.e., their uniformly high quality—which is the point here. For it seems to me that the quartets represent merely stylistic peaks in Beethoven's evolution and can therefore give only a distorted picture of the over-all process.

There are two principal reasons why the quartets occupy a unique position in Beethoven's work. The first has to do with the medium itself: the very nature of the string quartet seems to suggest a special kind of treatment, a highly concentrated style of writing that tends to inspire music of an essentially serious and abstract nature. The second reason has to do with the chronological placement of the quartets in Beethoven's total oeuvre. The quartets may be conveniently divided into three groups, each corresponding to one of the traditionally viewed "stylistic periods." Thus the early period is represented by the six quartets of Op. 18, the middle period by the three Op. 59 quartets and Opp. 74 and 95, and the late period by the five quartets, Opp. 127, 130, 131, 132, and 135 (plus the Grosse Fuge). But actually the quartets show only the most mature, most completely realized stage of each period. The Op. 18 quartets, for example, were all written between 1798 and 1800 and thus followed the remarkable development (best traced in the early piano sonatas) that culminated in the Pathétique Sonata. Similarly, the Op. 59 set, written in 1805–6—and thus after the Eroica Symphony—reveals the characteristics of the middle period only in its fully realized form. The quartets Opp. 74 and 95, written in 1809 and 1810 respectively, are perhaps the only questionable cases, particularly the latter work, which can be viewed as a sort of bridge that extends from the middle period into the late. But the last five, all composed after 1824, are the most mature manifestations of the late style, coming as they do after the Ninth Symphony and all five of the late piano sonatas.

It is this quality of stylistic maturity, I think, that accounts as much as anything for the special aura surrounding the string quartets. It is also, I would suggest, an explanation for the over-all remarkably high quality of the available recordings of these...
works. Something about these pieces seems to demand a serious and painstaking approach, a fact that tends to discourage all but the most intelligent and dedicated performers. Particularly noticeable—and happily so—is the absence of any extreme idiosyncrasy in the interpretations. One rarely has the feeling that the composition is being exploited simply as a vehicle for the performers; it is rather the composition itself that is in the foreground. All this leads me to a point I should like to emphasize before considering the various recordings: I very much doubt if one could find a comparable standard of performance in recordings of any other category of Beethoven’s work.

The Complete Recordings

- Hungarian Quartet. Seraphim S 6005, $7.47 (three discs); S 6006, $7.47 (three discs); S 6007, $9.96 (four discs).
- Amadeus Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon SKL 2721 004, $13.50 (three discs); SKL 2721 005, $13.50 (three discs); SKL 2721 006, $18 (four discs).
- Budapest Quartet. Columbia M35 606, $17.94 (three discs); M45 616, $23.92 (four discs); M55 677, $29.84 (five discs).
- Fine Arts Quartet. Everest 3255, $17.91 (nine discs). Also available on Everest 507, $35.97 (three discs); Concerti-Disc 306, $5.97 (three discs); Concerti-Disc 502, $9.95 (five discs).

Nowhere is this generally high quality of performance more evident than in the integral recordings of the sixteen quartets—of which four are presently available: the Amadeus, Budapest, Fine Arts, and Hungarian Quartets. Each set is packaged in three boxed volumes, one devoted to each of the three periods. Thus the buyer need not confine himself to one group of performers in order to have the complete quartets, but there are undoubtedly those who like the idea of having a "matched set." Assuming this to be the case, I would favor the Hungarian performances, followed quite closely by the Amadeus set. Although both quartets have an exceptionally high standard of ensemble playing, I find the subdued, contemplative, and more consistent approach of the Hungarian preferable in the long run to the aggressive, extravertish quality of the Amadeus' playing. But everyone may not agree, and at any rate, both are excellent. If price is a consideration, then of course the Hungarian wins hands down.

If, on the other hand, one prefers a more objective, streamlined kind of performance, then the Fine Arts should be considered, although I find that their readings lack a really strong individual interpretive character and are thus a bit on the dull side. This, incidentally, is the only complete set also available in one box (Everest 3255, nine records). There are, however, distinct disadvantages to this arrangement. First of all, so many records in one box makes it rather difficult to locate a particular disc, unless you're very careful about how you put them away. More importantly, Everest has jammed so much music onto each record that few of the quartets start at the beginning of a side. This can at times even affect the structure of a composition, as for example in Op. 59, No. 1, where the marvelous overlap between the third and fourth movements is lost due to a record change. If you want to avoid this problem, you can get these same performances in three separate boxes (Everest 507 and Concerti-Disc 502 and 506, a total of eleven discs).

For me, the Budapest readings are the least satisfactory of all. I grant that they do achieve a wonderfully warm sound (somewhat obscured, however, by the breathy quality of Columbia's stereo) and an effective rhythmic flexibility, but the quality of the ensemble playing is often weak and out of tune, particularly when the going gets a bit rough. But my main criticism would be to avoid any matched set; one can get much more interesting—and of course more varied—results by purchasing individual records.

The Early Quartets

(ADDITIONAL COMPLETE)
- Barylli Quartet. Westminster S 1028, $9.98 (three discs).
- Endres Quartet. Vox SVBX 516, $9.95 (three discs).
- Budapest Quartet. Odyssey 32 36 0023, $8.94 (three discs, mono only).

(ADDITIONAL, INDIVIDUAL READINGS)

Op. 18, No. 1, in F.
- Lenox Quartet. Dover 7240, $2.50 (with Op. 59, No. 3).

Op. 18, No. 3, in D.
- Fine Arts Quartet. Concerti-Disc 210, $5.98 (with No. 4).

Op. 18, No. 4, in C minor.
- Bartók Quartet. Dover 7280, $2.50 (with Op. 95).
- Fine Arts Quartet. (See No. 3).
- Morini Quartet. Westminster 9074, $2.49 (mono only, with Mozart: Quartet, K. 590).
- Clarenmont Quartet. Nonesuch 71152, $2.98 (with No. 6).
- Clarenmont Quartet. (See No. 5).

There are three boxed sets of the six Op. 18 quartets (three records each) in addition to the four that form parts of the complete sets just discussed. The Barylli version is definitely inferior, due both to the cavernous recorded sound and the mediocre quality of the playing. The Endres, though, provides real competition for the Amadeus. This group takes a similar approach, often with better results. Unfortunately their entry is marred by a lack of careful editing: e.g., noticeable splicing and the failure to correct inaccurate entrances and even faulty pitches. (This set represents the first volume of the complete Vox recording, the other volumes of which use a different ensemble.) Finally, a Budapest Op. 18 is also available in a re-release of their 1951 mono discs. Although I confess I am unable to detect any great differences between these performances and their more recent ones—to my ear, they both suffer from similar defects—I would go for the earlier version in choosing between the two, mainly because the sound is so much more natural. Also, the performances are perhaps somewhat more assertive and technically more assured. But for an over-all choice, the Hungarian still seems to me to be the clear winner for the early quartets.

Turning now to the individual recordings of the Op. 18 group, something is available for all but No. 2. Of the three versions of No. 1, I prefer the one by the Smetana. The warm, lyrical reading suits the work very well. Similar, but somewhat more timid and thus less interesting, is the Allegri version. The Lenox gives the work a careful, well-thought-out interpretation but suffers from a lack of momentum in the first movement (e.g., the slowing down of the tempo for the second subject) and from technical difficulties in the finale (the fast scale passages). The sound is also excessively dry.
No. 3 is represented only by a single disc taken from the Fine Arts' complete recording. I have already expressed my reservations about this ensemble, and they apply to both of these readings. But there is an excellent version available of No. 4 by the Bartók, a beautifully integrated performance featuring excellent ensemble and tonal quality. I only regret that the minute seems a bit too slow to sustain interest. A third version, by the Morini Quartet, unfortunately suffers from poor sound, unfortunate because the performance is quite beautiful. The only single pressing available of No. 5 is by the Clarenmont. They play with a great deal of rhythmic flexibility and a free-wheeling approach that works quite well for both pieces. Some may object to the freedom of the style, but for me the resulting plasticity is most effective. Finally, No. 6 is also obtainable in a version by the Janáček. It is given a very rough, even coarse, reading completely inappropriate to the pieces. The harsh sound of the recording matches the performance. In summary, with the exception of the Bartók Quartet's No. 4, none of these singles can compete with the Hungarian set.

The Middle Quartets

(ADDITIONAL, BOXED SETS)

- **Juilliard Quartet. Epic BSC 152, $17.37** (Opp. 59 and 74, three discs).
- **Guarnieri Quartet. RCA Victor** VSC 6415, $11.98 (four discs, complete).
- **Loewenguth Quartet. Vox SVBX 543, $9.98** (Opp. 59 and 95, and the Grosse Fuge, three discs).

(ADDITIONAL, INDIVIDUAL READINGS)

**Op. 59, No. 1, in F.**
- **Vlach Quartet. Parliament S 615, $2.98.**

**Op. 59, No. 2, in E minor.**
- **Janáček Quartet. Parliament S 627, $2.98.**

**Op. 59, No. 3, in C.**
- **Lenox Quartet.** (See Op. 18, No. 1.)

**Op. 74, in E flat.**
- **Allegri Quartet. Music Guild S 863, $2.98** (with Op. 95).
- **Weller Quartet. London 6431, $5.98** (with Op. 95).
- **Loewenguth Quartet.** (See Late Quartets.)

**Op. 95, in F minor.**
- **Allegri Quartet.** (See Op. 74.)
- **Weller Quartet.** (See Op. 74.)

APRIL 1970

With the middle quartets the choice between the Hungarian and Amadeus sets is more difficult. These pieces (particularly the Op. 59 group), due to their expansiveness and dramatic tension, are more appropriate to a vigorous approach than those of Op. 18. I would rate the two about even, the choice depending quite simply upon one's performance preferences. For instance, I prefer the Amadeus in Op. 59, No. 1, and the Hungarian in Op. 95. In these middle quartets the problem is further complicated by the addition of two excellent sets, which the listener may well prefer to any of those forming parts of the complete recordings; one by the Juilliard (only recently released), the other by the Guarneri. The Juilliard Quartet omits Op. 95 (it contains only three records, one less than the Guarneri), but it has outstanding performances of the other four pieces. The Juilliard plays with a sense of precision and rhythmic thrust unmatched by any other quartet currently active. There is perhaps a tendency toward stiffness in their interpretations, but this is rather than off by the good features. For example, they play the final bars of Op. 59, No. 3 with a speed and clarity that leaves all the other performances far behind. Furthermore (and contrary to the opinion of many commentators), I find their playing highly expressive, but this expressivity is the result of clear articulation of formal structure rather than mere surface nuance. As for the Guarneri offering, it is difficult to imagine a greater contrast in approach to that of the Juilliard. Although this is an American quartet, their sound is far from American. The hash sound of the recording achieves a beautifully ripe, mellow tonal quality; the intimate lyricism of their playing is in its own way as equally expressive as that of the Juilliard. Their ensemble is also excellent, and they play all the works with an evident sense of care for both the details and the total conception. (One word of warning, however: my copy of this set has extremely bad surface noise throughout all eight sides.) The third available set of the middle quartets is by the Loewenguth Quartet, which omits Op. 74, but does include, curiously, the Grosse Fuge. (Their Op. 74 appears in a later volume.) The Loewenguth sounds a bit smaltzy here, too, but the vibrato of the violins and a tendency to scoot into pitches. This, in conjunction with a rather loose sense of ensemble, creates an unpleasant "soupy" effect. As for individual recordings, there is surprisingly little available for the Op. 59 quartets: only one version for each of the first two, and three versions for the third. No. 1 is represented by the lovely sounding Vlach Quartet. The performance of the first movement is quite striking—slower and more lyrical than usual. It creates an interesting effect that works well here, but when the second movement also appears in a very slow tempo and is also performed in a relaxed rhythmic vein, contrast is lost and the whole structure of the work is weakened. The same problem will occur again when the Juilliard brings up the Janáček Quartet again. The results are considerably better here than in their reading of Op. 18, No. 6, due in part to the nature of the piece—it can take this kind of roughshod approach sometimes. The Juilliard's slow movement is so slow that the music threatens to evaporate before the double bar. With No. 3, the situation brightens a bit. Best of all is the performance by the now defunct New Music Quartet, which competes with the Juilliard in the brisk tempo of the last movement but provides a softer instrumental sound. There is also a very good version by the Smetana Quartet, but this performance suffers from an overly slow first movement. Finally, the Lenox Quartet gives an adequate, if restrained, reading. Both of the singles available of Op. 74 are paired with Op. 95, and each has impressive performances by the Allegri and the Weller Quartets. They are alike in a marked degree to emphasize the lyrical side of the works, playing down dramatic effects, and both reveal the same qualities of textural balance and beautiful instrumental sound. If I had to choose between the two, I would say that the Weller is perhaps a bit superior, due mainly to the better recorded sound, but also because the fugal middle section of the slow movement of Op. 95 is given an extraordinary performance. Op. 95 is for some reason the most recorded of all the quartets (and on the whole also the best recorded). There are three additional performances to be considered. One is by the Weller Quartet, coupled on 7280 with the Bartók Quartet's remarkable version of Op. 18, No. 4, and this reading manages to hold its own quite well with Side 1. The Weller plays with great authority—there is something almost overpowering about their approach to this music—but they also maintain a balanced instrumental quality and marvelous textural clarity. Altogether, this disc represents one of the best buys in the entire field, and I recommend it as an initial disc for anyone interested in becoming acquainted with this music. There is also the Smetana Quartet's version, the companion to their recording of Op. 18, No. 1. Again, this is a warm, robust reading, not geared to subtlety but nevertheless quite good in its way. Finally, the Juilliard begins to topple. Again, their clear, precise style is evident in a performance that is a worthy companion to their boxed set of the first four.

The Late Quartets

(ADDITIONAL, BOXED SETS)

- **Guarnieri Quartet. RCA Victor** VCS 6418, $11.98 (four discs, complete).
- **Loewenguth Quartet. Vox SVBX**
the ensembles with complete sets. For example, gives uniformly excellent recordings of all of these works, which makes it particularly difficult to recommend any one as a choice. The Amadeus provides impressive performances of Opp. 132 and 135, where the extreme contrasts in the former and the outgoing quality of the latter suit their style very well: but some roughness is discernible in the more intimate Op. 131. While the Hungarian, on the other hand, plays both these latter works with wonderful control and understanding, it lacks the bite of the Amadeus in Opp. 132 and 135. Volume III of the Fine Arts entry should be mentioned here, for it gives both versions of Op. 130 (i.e., one with the Grosse Fuge as finale and the other with the later, "normal" finale—thus adding an extra record to their set), whereas all of the other (including the Fine Arts' nine-record Everest set) give only the latter version, presenting the Grosse Fuge either on a separate side (Fine Arts and Budapest) or as an additional finale for Op. 130, placed after the usual one (Amadeus). (The latter arrangement has the advantage of enabling the listener to choose his own finale—or to have both, if he so desires.)

There is only one additional boxed set of the later quartets currently available (the Guarneri set of the late quartets did not arrive in time for review) and this one, unlike the others, is in two volumes: Volumes III and IV of the Vox Loewenguth recording. My objections to the performance of this group are already on record, so I will confine myself here to the unusual packaging. The Grosse Fuge, as we have already seen, appeared in their second volume: Op. 74 (missing from that volume) is included in Volume II along with Opp. 127, 130, and 135. The remaining two quartets—Opp. 131 and 132—appear in Volume IV, in addition to (of all things!) the three piano quartets, Op. 152 (despite the Linzmander Trio with pianist Günter Ludwig). This is particularly strange when one considers that these piano quartets, despite their opus number, were written when Beethoven was only fifteen, and thus make odd companions for the late quartets. But actually, I would advise avoiding all of the complete sets for recordings of the late quartets; such individual works seem to require individual choices.

For Op. 127, there is a remarkable performance by the Yale Quartet. This ensemble's clean, precise playing resembles that of the Juilliard, but its gentler, less cutting instrumental sound enables them to project the soft contours of this piece most effectively. The relationship of tempos between movements is particularly tricky—and particularly important—in Op. 127, a problem impressively handled by the Yale, but one which mars an otherwise fine performance. On another available single: the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet version. Interesting and technically fine as it is, the slow tempos in the last two movements tend to weaken the overall continuity. (The monaural sound is quite good here, by the way.) A third entry is the recent version by the Quartetto Italiano. Here is a beautifully matched ensemble that performs with excellent diction and elegance. Despite a somewhat measured approach to their playing, the calm, controlled, often "sweet" approach is effective in this essentially nondramatic work. Only the scherzo, the movement that supplies the main contrast in the piece, lacks the necessary punch.

The Quartetto Italiano has also recently released a version of Op. 130. This includes both final movements, but curiously enough the Grosse Fuge is placed first, followed by the later finale, which sounds ridiculously antilimactic in this context. A pity, since the performance (particularly of the fugue) is quite good. Another single, by the Smetana Quartet, has been deleted, but the performance is a fine one and a well worth tracking down. The Smetana plays the "Galițiu" version (i.e., with the Grosse Fuge as finale) in a vigorous, exciting performance that makes up in intensity for what it lacks in subtlety. Especially impressive is the fugue itself, taken at a furious pace and generating an enormous amount of excitement. Of course, for those who are bothered by the fugue in this context, it will not be a satisfactory disc, but personally I find the presentation completely convincing.

Opp. 131 and 132 are each represented by two single versions. For Op. 131, there are performances by both the Vlach and Juilliard Quartets. The Vlach disc seems to me inferior because of slow tempos and a tendency to overemotionalize. The Juilliard reading is better, but flawed. Although they play with their usual precision, their over-all approach does not always work as well here as in the middle quartets. The first movement in particular is disappointing; they are unable to generate interest in this kind of piece (i.e., placid and nondramatic) and try to create an artificial excitement by accelerating in the middle of the movement, but the result does not work. The slow variations, however, are quite beautiful and the last movement—despite the extremely detached bowing—also has merit. With Op. 132, the choice seems clear; the Yale Quartet here gives another magnificent reading. This is one of the finest ensembles presently in existence, a point proved here by their ability to bring out the contrasts inherent in this piece with great vitality but without losing the larger sense of the composition. The other version is by the Quartetto Italiano; unsatisfactory due to a lack of tension, a quality necessary to convey the character of this very complex work. Coming finally to the last quartet, Op. 135, its recording, on the reverse side of their Op. 18, No. 6, is unacceptable for the same reasons I cited in the earlier piece. Another entry is the Juilliard on the reverse side of their Op. 95. Despite the somewhat bland quality of the first movement this is, on the whole, an excellent rendering (the Continued on page 114)
When our engineers told us what the new VARIFLEX® Speaker Systems could do...we didn’t believe it.

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Front view of two W 80's mounted on optional base
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After all, isn't that what the celebration is all about?
Recharting the Muddied Waters of Swan Lake

by R. D. Darrell

NOT UNLIKE the variously equalitarian pigs in George Orwell's Animal Farm, some complete recordings are more complete than others.

The most notorious examples, outside the world of opera at least, long have been the multiple versions of Tchaikovsky's first great ballet, Swan Lake: the recorded performances differ madly, not only in length but also in the selection and sequence of materials included. Even the generally accepted first recording to warrant the accolade of "complete" (the famous 1955 mono version by Dorati) lacks four selections comprising an Act III Pas de deux, rescued from the 1877 original production of the ballet, while all two-disc versions, including several that claim to be complete and are so listed in the Schwann catalogue, lack not only these pieces but a good many others (see the accompanying chart for specifics).

Happily, the proud claim on the handsomely illustrated box cover of the latest set seems to be quite legitimate: "The first stereo recording of all the music from the original production of Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake." It is notable too for Rozhdestvensky's invigoratingly dynamic reading; the extremely powerful, open, and stereoistic engineering; and not least for the notes (by James Lyons) which helpfully clear up many of the mysteries and misconceptions that have shrouded the original 1877 production of the ballet, as well as the differences between the original score and the one used in the Petipa/Drigo revival of 1895 which made the work world-famous. The accompanying leaflet is also admirable for giving full details of the musical contents and specific credits to the important soloists: Mikhail Chernyakhovsky (violin), Olga Erdeli (harp), Viktor Simon (cello), and Suren Gevorkian (trumpet).

There are of course minor reservations to my general acclamation: the orchestra here—particularly the rather coarse brass section—is scarcely a match for some of those to be heard in far less complete versions, such as the excerpts offered by Ormandy's Philadelphians, Stokowski's New Philharmonia, and Ansermet's Suisse Romande, for examples. And one must grant that Rozhdestvensky's uninhibited energy sometimes verges on the slapdash and that he seldom approaches the grace and subtlety of Ansermet or Monteux. But one can't have everything. Over-all, this must rank as the Swan Lake for Tchaikovsky connoisseurs.

Indeed, each of the other five charted here has its individual attractions. The Fayer/MK version—still listed in Schwann's supplementary catalogue—in particular deserves credit as the first to use the new 1957 Russian score, including the rediscovered Act III Pas de deux (Insert A in the chart); for that matter, it is essentially identical in content with the new release. What handicaps the performance is its mono recording, which now sounds unpleasantly hard and cold, and a reading that is not especially distinctive. The sonic brilliance of Dorati's once deservedly acclaimed version now shows its age, but still remains exciting as well as historically important. I could commend this reprocessed edition with more fervor,
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<td>1 (1) Opening Scene: Allegro</td>
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<td>2 (4) Valse (Corps de Ballet)</td>
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<td>3 (3) Scene: Allegro moderato</td>
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<td>4 (2) Pas de trois</td>
<td>a) Intrada: Allegro moderato</td>
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<td>b) Var. i: Andante sostenuto</td>
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<td>c) Var. ii: Allegro semplice</td>
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<td>d) Var. iii: Moderato</td>
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<td>e) Var. iv: Allegro</td>
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<td>f) Coda: Allegro vivace</td>
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<td>5 (29) Pas de deux</td>
<td>a) Intrada: Tempo di valse</td>
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<td>b) Var. i: Allegro; Molto più mosso</td>
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<td>c) Var. ii: Tempo di valse</td>
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<td>d) Coda: Allegro molto vivace</td>
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<td><strong>Act II</strong></td>
<td>6 (5) Pas d'action: Andantino</td>
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<td>7 (6) Scene (Sujet) (Dusk falls)</td>
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<td>8 (7) Danse des coups (Polacca)</td>
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<td>9 (8) Finale Act I: Andante</td>
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<td><strong>Act III</strong></td>
<td>10 (9) Scene: Moderato</td>
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<td>11 (10) Scene: Allegro moderato</td>
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<td>12 (11) Scene: Allegro</td>
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<td>13 (11) Dance of the Swans</td>
<td>a) Tempo di valse</td>
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<td>b) Scene: Moderato assai</td>
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<td>c) Tempo di valse (pas)</td>
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<td>d) Allegro moderato</td>
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<td>e) Pas d'action: Andante;</td>
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<td>f) Allegro</td>
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<td>14b</td>
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<td>g) Danse générale (Valse)</td>
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<td>h) Coda: Allegro vivace</td>
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<td>14 (18) Finale Act II: Moderato</td>
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<td><strong>Act IV</strong></td>
<td>15 (19) Scene: Allegro giusto</td>
<td>16</td>
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<td>16 (20) Danses du corps de ballet et des nains</td>
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<td>17 (21) Scene (Fanfaras &amp; Valse)</td>
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<td>18 (22) Scene: Allegro; Allegro giusto</td>
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<td>19 (23) Pas de six</td>
<td>a) Intrada: Moderato assai</td>
<td>20a</td>
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<td>b) Var. i: Allegro</td>
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<td>b) — Andante con moto</td>
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<td>c) Var. ii: Moderato</td>
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<td>d) Var. iii: Allegro</td>
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<td>e) Var. iv: Moderato, Allegro</td>
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<td>f) Coda: Allegro molto</td>
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<td>--- (--) Insert: Pas de deux (MS)</td>
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<td>a) Intrada: Moderato assai</td>
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<td>c) Var. ii</td>
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<td>d) Coda</td>
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<td>20 (27) Danse Hongroise (Csardas)</td>
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<td>21 (25) Danse espagnole</td>
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<td>22 (26) Danse polonaise</td>
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<td>23 (28) Mazurka</td>
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<td>24 (31) Scene: Allegro; Valse</td>
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<td><strong>Act V</strong></td>
<td>25 (32) Entr'acte: Moderato</td>
<td>28</td>
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<td>26 (33) Scene: Allegro non troppo</td>
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<td>27 (34) Danses des petits cygnes</td>
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<tr>
<td>28 (35) Scene: Allegro agitato</td>
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<td>29 (36) Final Scene: Andante;</td>
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<td>Allegro agitato</td>
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<td>24 (24) Danse russe</td>
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This chart has been modeled — with considerable reworking as well as updating — from that in the Clough and Cuming The World Encyclopedia of Recorded Music, Supplement III 1953-55. Since the Russian orchestral score of 1953 is not yet available in the US, the numbering is that of the 1956 Jurgenson orchestral score (a more recent American one by Brinque Bros. is quite similar) and the "complete piano score edition" piano score published by the Tchaikovsky Foundation of New York in 1949. The recording sequences shown are those of (from left to right) the new Melodiya/Angel three-disc stereo set under recorded by Yuri Fayer (released in 1961), the Dorati performance originally released by Mercury in a three-disc mono set in 1955 — currently available only in a "stereo reprocessing" in the six-disc Mercury set, SR 69014 (1963-64), which also includes Cuming's complete Stepping Stones and Butterfly Ballets; the two-disc stereo Angel set SB 3706 of the Unitel Film Soundtrack conducted by John Ainsley (1967), the two-disc stereo Vanguard-Evergreen set, S 2234/4, conducted by Maurice Abravanel (1967); and the two-disc stereo London set, CSA 2334, conducted by Ernest Ansermet (1959).

It might be added, for the benefit of those following the performances from the Tchaikovsky Founation's mono piano score, that two or more items appear there in versions which omit some of the rearrangements, repetitions, and extensions of the same materials in the orchestral score.

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though, if only it were made available at a bargain price. A budget tariff and a warmly engaging performance and recording are the prime attractions of the Vanguard-Everyman entry in the incomplete lists. Angel’s soundtrack of a Viennese film starring Fonteyn and Nureyev may well appeal to balletomanes, since it is the only performance that has actually served for dancers. But perhaps for that very reason the late John Lanchbery’s tempos often seem too slow and his reading lacks zip and lift. And while he includes the Insert A Pas de deux pieces, they—like many of the other more familiar selections—are played out of order and out of proper context. The London set stands up well despite its age, thanks to Ansermet’s gracious, resplendent performance and to the recording itself, which still retains warmth and expansiveness. And its labeling is more honest than that of most incomplete versions: the omissions are clearly indicated.

Some mysteries still remain, among them the one that puzzles me most: the relationship between the item 5b Allegro addition to the Andante violin solo (Var. i) in the Act I Pas de deux, and the Petipa/Drigo production’s Interpolation IV. The latter is noted in the piano score as “not by Tchaikovsky . . . attributed to Drigo.” But to my ears, this printed piece seems to be a shortened and much simplified version of the 5b Allegro, which presumably is by Tchaikovsky.

For the most part, however, the long-muddied Swan Lake waters at last have been clarified and helpfully recharted. In particular, the new set’s notes correct a misconception that many of us had long accepted: evidently a large amount of Tchaikovsky’s original material actually was jettisoned—and presumably lost forever—from the 1895 Petipa/Drigo production. Apparently there will be no further rediscoveries after the delectable Insert A Pas de deux. So we can relish with sharpened satisfaction what now must be acknowledged as the truly complete Swan Lake. The thirty-six-year-old Tchaikovsky’s infinitely imaginative adventure into the world of ballet that he was later to conquer and rule so gloriously.


The Piano Music of Mozart and Debussy

by Harris Goldsmith

It has often been said that when a performing musician dies, his recordings die with him. The public seems more interested in recorded souvenirs of personalities they can hear live in the concert hall; unfortunately, few collectors wish to own the work (however supreme) of artists no longer active. The only exception, so far as I can see, is Enrico Caruso, dead for nearly half a century but whose records are still in demand. Artur Schnabel almost made it several years ago when Angel released his Beethoven sonata cycle and found themselves with an unexpected best-seller on their hands. Toscanini, Rachmaninoff, Kreisler, Furtwängler, and Bruno Walter all continue to have a sparse but loyal following, yet their reputations have fallen off alarmingly.

Now Angel Seraphim and Columbia-Odyssey are resurrecting the legacy of Walter Gieseking (1895–1956), one of the pianistic giants of his day. Gieseking was born in Lyons, of German parents, studied piano with Karl Leimer at Hannover, and became famous for his performances of the German masters and the French impressionists. The pianist’s American career nearly separates into two parts. The great dividing line, of course, is World War II. Gieseking’s unsavory activities during this period nearly finished him with the American public. Picketing caused his withdrawal from the domestic circuit in 1948–49, and even when he did finally reappear at Carnegie Hall in 1953, there were demonstrations all down 57th Street. Though Gieseking was a prolific recording artist all during the blitz years, the fruits of his wartime sessions (for German Columbia and Electrola) have never been released here. Aside from the two or three wartime broadcasts issued by Urania (without Gieseking’s approval), the pianist’s best-known recorded work in this country divides itself into his pre-war 78-rpm discs made in the studios of American and
Mozart and Debussy

British Columbia, and post-1950 efforts, which appeared on domestic LPs first on Columbia, later on Angel. Earlier in his career, Gieseking was a larger, more hard-hitting player and his repertoire went as far afield as the difficult Concerto of Goffredo Petrassi (which Gieseking learned on a two-day journey by train). I have heard a marvelous Gieseking Rachmaninoff Second Concerto with Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw, well preserved by the Netherlands Radio. Were that performance made available we could hear facets of Gieseking hardly suggested by his limited, strictly kosher postwar repertory.

Gieseking's technique is reputed to have declined alarmingly during his years of absence from American concert halls, but records do not support this assertion. The virtuosity one hears from his 1953 discs is quite as breathtaking as that from his 1938 releases—and there are a few wrong notes both! The German pianist was also supposed to favor a precious, mincing, under-vitalized approach to Mozart—and the recorded evidence refutes these suspicions. Seraphim's 1959 LP of the complete solo piano music gives us an excellent opportunity to reassess an important and much maligned segment of recorded lore. The first thing one notices about these recordings is that they are very well reproduced. The mono piano tone is clean and strong—a bit perhaps, but eminently well suited to Gieseking's refined, rather objective classical approach. Next, one observes the remarkably poised beauty of Gieseking's pianism: limpid ornaments, bejeweled symmetry, almost superhuman composure. No other Mozart piano recordings known to me display such remarkable and consistent balance between the two hands. Gieseking had the ability to hold a mercilessly brisk basic tempo, and he negotiates countless treacherously difficult passages with ease and perfection. Gieseking's Mozart has been accused of coldness (according to contemporary accounts. Mozart himself was similarly faulted for lack of feeling!). Such an indictment is really unsupported, but not surprising: I suppose blood, sweat, and tears will always have more universal appeal than the kind of god-like perfection that both Mozart and Gieseking display.

It is also not surprising to find that Gieseking plays some pieces of Mozart better than he plays others. Such a vast lexicon of expression is too multifaceted to be entirely grasped by any single personality. I felt that he missed the point completely in the A minor Rondo, K. 511 which, though exquisitely well played, is alarmingly flippant and arbitrary. Similarly, I found Gieseking to be less than inspired in the D major Rondo, K. 485, the first movements of the A major Sonata, K. 331, the F major, K. 451, and throughout all of the sonatas K. 330 and K. 545. The K. 331 Variations are rather archly and insidiously re-created. But all of his interpretations in these works are both a trifle rigorous and inexpressive. On the other hand, Gieseking is remarkably effective in the great C minor Fantasy-Sonata, K. 475/457. His broad, singing delivery of the K. 570's first movement is marvelously satisfying, and the F major Sonata, K. 332 is quite simply the finest presentation I have ever heard. It has a wide dynamic range, hard-hitting tempos, with equal and complementary portions of immense refinement and high animal spirit. Gieseking uses the sustaining pedal rather sparingly, and his touch has a dry, sometimes supercilious, austerity. Yet, if you bear in mind that his performances demand that you go to them (Lili Kraus's equally perceptive but completely dissimilar Mozart comes to you), you will discover a great deal of backbone, expressive point, and rhythmic freedom.

Despite his severity, Gieseking almost always differentiates between soft and loud passages, and his sforzandos are ruggedly intense, and best of all, there is virtually none of that cherubic lingering and sentimentality sometimes indulged in by even so fine an artist as Walter Klien (Vox). In the great A minor Sonata, K. 310, you will note that Gieseking ends the first and third movements with nary a hint of a ritard! I rather like this sort of terse directness. On the other hand, the delicious series of German Dances, and the long sequence of Minuets with Trios are full of pliancy, charm, grace, and humor.

Gieseking approaches the childhood works (K. 1 through K. 5) with beguiling simplicity. He certainly doesn't make the mistake of becoming wistful or excessively precious (eight-year-olds, after all, are not especially given to sentimentality). Nor is Gieseking ever pretentious with the mature works, even though he plays them with increased nuance and sensitivity. In the wonderful F major Sonata, K. 533/494, he shifts the value considerably by giving the first movement a weighty, almost Beethovenian firmness rather than the usual subdued melancholy. The many sets of variations are played with sharp, clear, gallant sparkle and—where necessary—poignant, intense artistry. Gieseking's K. 397 Fantasy is a D minor is delicately rather than thunderously drawn, but it has proportion and a goodly ration of drama. The delectably chromatic D major Minuet, K. 355, is supremely supple in Gieseking's insinuating reading, and the startling, unfinished Suite, K. 399 is, for all its occasional digital desperation, potent and well conceived. In the curious little Gigue, K. 574, Gieseking wisely refrains from clarifying the enigmatic rhythm. His shifting accentuation brings out all of Mozart's harmonically accented upbeats with telling sophistication.

Seraphim retains the identical format of the original full-priced Angel edition. The first four records appear in Vol. I, the second four in Vol. 2, while Vol. 3 contains the ninth, tenth, and eleventh discs of the cycle. The contents of each box are fully noted on the cover, and inside you will find excellent annotations on each work by William Glock. The high spots are evenly distributed throughout the three albums, and I would urge any collector to take them all.

The other Gieseking memorial comes from Odyssey. It is a three-disc box containing Debussy's Children's Corner Suite and Suite Bergamasque, and both books of the Preludes. These are not the performances that appeared in Gieseking's complete Debussy piano cycle on Angel, but are taken from earlier postwar discs. When I wrote my Debussy discography (High Fidelity, October 1962), I found the older Children's Corner/ Suite Bergamasque coupling preferable to the newer, slightly less flexible Angel versions. My preference still holds, and with improved sound and reduced price, the Odyssey entry is a stronger competitor than ever. In the Preludes, though, candor compels me to do a complete volte-face: in 1962 I found both Gieseking versions of the Preludes virtually identical as performances and both Angel discs considerably superior to their older Columbia counterparts in terms of sonic clarity. The Columbia edition of Book II, in particular, was flat in pitch, and afflicted with distortion and excessive background noise. I find now that the sonic discrepancies, while still discernible, are less obvious, and that the sound of Odyssey's reissued Book II is squarely in pitch and agreeably undistorted (and, thankfully, in unadulterated mono).
Looking Past the Beatles
by John Gabree

In the "Letters" column of this issue, I am taken to task by a reader for giving the Beatles' "Abbey Road" short shrift in the January "In Brief" section. Besides being yet another instance of a phenomenon that I have noted in these pages before—namely, that Beatles' fans and admirers make an unusual and disproportionate identification with the fortunes of their heroes—the letter also suggested a misunderstanding of the role of critics, especially those who write about pop music.

It is a common complaint among "serious" music listeners that we pop critics are better sociologists than musicologists. Perhaps there's a good deal of truth in this charge—if there is, I think the reasons lie less with the commentator than with the subject. The truth is that most pop music is just not worth talking about in musical terms. Much of the Beatles' work—and they are certainly among the best groups—is quite ordinary: on their last three albums the songwriting, their strongest point, has seemed half finished. As I have pointed out repeatedly in these pages and elsewhere, there are a number of creators of pop music who are more inventive musicians than the Beatles.

To the sociologist (or perhaps, more correctly, the political scientist) the Beatles have always been a sub-

They offer a refreshingly different facet of Gieseking's impressionistic mastery.

MOZART: Complete Music for Piano Solo. Walter Gieseking, piano. Seraphim ID 6047, $9.92 (four discs, mono only); ID 6048, $9.92 (four discs, mono only); IC 6049, $6.47 (three discs, mono only).

DEBUSSY: Preludes, Books I and II; Suite Bergamasque; Children's Corner Suite. Walter Gieseking, piano. Odyssey 32 36 0021, $3.94 (three discs, mono only).
the record all the space it deserved, I find myself un-

speaking bored with the Beatles after having written

about them extensively in these columns, in Down Beat,

and in Cheetaah, as well as having talked about them

endlessly after the publication of my book on rock. The

only interesting new fact, and I didn't know it at the
time, is that Capitol Records set a list price of $6.98 on

"Abbey Road," which says a great deal about the state
of both the Beatles and the record industry.

All of which leads to three flawed but enjoyable al-

bums to which I would like to draw your considera-
tion. I have complained a lot about the Rascals in the past
and most of those criticisms—especially that they are
far too imitative of black groups and are as profound
as the Lennon Sisters—still hold. But their strengths—
careful musicianship, good melodies, exquisite produc-
tion—make "See," at least, a pleasure to hear. The
lyrics, which sound as though they had been written at
an Urban Coalition day-care center, would make even
the Archies gag, but fortunately you can usually manage
to ignore them in the rush of beautifully produced rock.

Incidentally, the Rascals have added a Jimi Hendrix
imitation that works marvelously well in the context of
Motown-type soul; maybe Hendrix himself ought to try
this format. I had a fleeting thought that the Tempta-
tion's 'Bout to Get Me might be about a vengeful attack
by the Motown group of the same name. It's not.

Although in general I have an aversion to blues imita-
ing in any form, I have found myself enjoying the
McKenna Mendelson Mainline, so I pass that informa-
tion along for whatever it's worth. There is nothing very
original here (as a matter of fact, I can't say there's
anything original in any of it), but Mike McKenna's
guitar and Joe Mendelson's singing are pleasant enough,
and the whole album is unpretentious and unforced.
Actually, don't give it a second thought unless you are
gauged over white blues or have money to burn; if the
truth be told, it is neither stronger nor more significant
than "Abbey Road." But it is cheaper.

The best and most important of these three discs is
the new Quicksilver album, "Shady Grove," which seems
to have been designed for Nicky Hopkins' devotees.
Hopskin's claim to fame, other than his work with Quick-
silver, is some exceptional rock piano on the last several
Rolling Stones albums. He is an unusually dynamic and
inventive player, and there have been few if any rock
pianists as consistently interesting in either a solo or
supporting role. The rest of the group is nearly as
capable, though none can really compete with Hopkins'
presence. The band's sound is a cross between the
Sisters and Neil Young with a lot of Byrds thrown in
for good measure. That's pretty heavy company to be
in, but Quicksilver holds its own and the album can
be listened to frequently without its growing tiresome.

**RASCALS:** See. Rascals, hard rock quartet. (I'd Like
to Take You Home; Remember Me; I'm Blue; Stop and
Think; Nubia; six more.) Atlantic 8246, $4.98. Tape:
8XP 391, $6.98; 4XP 391, $6.98.

**MCKENNA MENDELSON MAINLINE:** Stink. McKenna
Mendelson Mainline, white blues quartet. (One Way
Ticket; She's Alright; Beitmaker; Mainline; Drive You;
five more.) United Artists 8246, $4.98.

**QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE:** Shady Grove.
Gregory Elmore, drums; John Cipollina, guitar and vo-
cals; Nicky Hopkins, keyboards; David Freiberg, viola,
bass, guitar, and vocals. (Flute Song; Too Far; Holy
Moly; Joseph's Coat; five more.) Capitol SKAO 391.
$4.98. Tape: 8XP 391, $6.98; 4XP 391, $6.98.

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BACH: Brandenburg Concertos (6), S. 1046/51. The English Chamber Orchestra, Benjamin Britten, cond. London CSA 2225, $11.96 (two discs).

My unqualified enthusiasm for this set of Brandenburgs from Benjamin Britten and the English Chamber Orchestra—with a largish band, modern instruments, fat and luscious sound—may come as a surprise to regular readers of these pages, who might expect me to reserve my highest praise for the so-called “authentic” performances of the Collegium Aureum (Victrola) and the Concentus Musicus (Telefunken). While those readings display an up-to-date awareness of the latest Bach research and attempt (successfully, to my mind) to re-create the sounds Bach wanted to hear, Britten gives us a timeless kind of performance, with so many musical virtues that such niceties as authentic instrumentation and the like seem relatively unimportant.

The ECO plays with a rich, full-blooded, and romantically expressive tone that seems even larger in the warm, resonant acoustic of the Maltins Concert Hall. I can only speculate on the actual number of players involved, but this is definitely a large chamber orchestra, especially in No. 1. The Third Concerto is the only one in which Britten has cut back to one player per part, but in No. 6 he alternates between solo and ripieno passages quite effectively.

In spite of the large numbers of players and the plump orchestral sound, London has given us one of its cleanest engineering jobs; even the viola part is always clearly in evidence, and the horns in No. 1, while more prominent than usual, never muddy the texture. The recording is also very kind to the harpsichord, which can be distinctly heard at all times; but, conversely, in the solo cadenza of No. 5, it remains in proper perspective without becoming larger than life. Philip Ledger deserves no less, for his is the finest continuo harpsichord playing I’ve heard in these concertos. With impeccable taste (his or Britten’s?) he adds scales, ornaments, or little echo passages throughout that are perfectly delightful. Every aspiring young continuo player should hear this.

The other soloists are all equally deserving of praise. Only in the First Concerto the violino piccolo occasionally has some slight intonation problems, but otherwise plays with swashbuckling flair. (The Collegium Aureum recording, incidentally, is the only one in which this florid part seems to be completely under control.) The high trumpet in the Second Concerto is nothing short of brilliant, though I feel it dominates the flute, oboe, and violin too prominently: here the purists win a point—Bach’s clarin trumpet does balance with the recorder, baroque oboe, and violin. Now that that nit has been picked, I can say this is one of the most irresistibly exciting performances of the set. The middle movement is gentle and delicate: all three soloists play together in true chamber music fashion, with perfect ensemble and complete agreement on ornamentation and phrasing. This is also true in the slow movements of Nos. 5 and 6—one feels here that Britten put down his baton and simply let the instrumentalists play chamber music together.

Britten’s “Romanticism” is most obvious in the way he molds line and phrase with delicate and subtle dynamism. Tempos tend to be on the brisk side, especially the last movement of No. 3, but in the last movement of No. 6, he opts for an unusually slow and heavily accented tempo that is very attractive. No matter what label you apply, the results are wonderfully warm and human, and all six performances are also fitted for and with just plain fun. Mind you, I’m not about to give away my Collegium Aureum or my Concentus Musicus sets (or, for that matter, Richter on Archive or Ristenpart on Nonesuch), but Britten’s efforts win my wholehearted recommendation. C.F.G.


These two records represent part of the Hungaroton's projected complete recorded edition of Bartok's music. The present discs contain piano music from the years 1908-10 and three orchestral pieces from a period approximately ten years later. The piano pieces make a curious set. Except for the two dances (which take up only a small portion of the total time), everything moves at an incredibly slow pace. One expects this, of course, in the case of dirges and elegies, but the sketches are equally lugubrious. As a result, the listener can't help but be affected by the turpid, downcast character of the whole and begins to long for a breath of fresh air. Besides, none of these pieces ranks with Bartok's better music for piano. For the Bartok student, however, the record will be welcome, as all of this music was previously unavailable on a single disc.

The orchestral pieces, on the other hand, include one of Bartok's masterpieces: the music for the pantomime The Miraculous Mandarin. The other two works show two sides of the composer's preoccupation with folk music: the Dance Suite is completely original with strong folk overtones, while the Hungarian Peasant Songs consist of fifteen orchestrated folksong arrangements first written for

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Friedrich Gulda recorded frequently for London in the early days of LP, and among his discs for that label were large segments of the Beethoven sonata cycle. A few discs for Deutsche Grammophon (including the complete Beethoven cello/piano canon with Pierre Fournier), and one or two scattered items for Vanguard and Mace. There was also an RCA record entitled "Gulda at Birdland" documenting the pianist's alter ego as a jazz musician. For the most part, however, Gulda is a forgotten man in America: he has not appeared here for several years and most of his prior recorded output has fallen victim to Schwann's black diamonds. Now this weighty undertaking, taped in 1967 by Austria's Amadeo label, brings Gulda to the attention of record buyers once again.

The initial impression to be gained from these performances is that Gulda is a changed pianist. A careful side-by-side comparison with his earlier performances, though, shows that the shift of the style is actually subtler than one might at first suspect. The illusion of greater force and precision here is undoubtedly due partially to the performances themselves: but a good deal of the difference must also be attributed to the close-up, phono sound than on the distant, roomier mellowness of the older London. Always a fine technician, Gulda remains one here: he is, however, much more willing to take calculated risks—even to the point where he will pass a few passages of imperfection in the interest of a more intense entity.

Textually, Gulda favors the Uri text but he is not a slavish disciple of this school. Most of his few departures are limited to octave doublings in the bass in order to lend greater amplitude to a climax. Such augmentation can be rationalized by the argument that Beethoven's keyboard didn't extend down as far as our own, and that the composer would certainly have used the modern range were it available to him—a reasonable, but not irrefutable conjecture. With a single exception in Op. 10, No. 2, Gulda faithfully observes all the repeats. As to Beethoven's controversial fast metronome markings, Gulda is apt to be a mite inconsistent. More often than not, though, he is more pro than con. In general, the playing is architecturally clear, rather objective, and often quite astonishing in its uncomplicated directness. Those who favor tremendous coloristic variety and metaphysical philosophizing had best look elsewhere: such listeners are apt to find Gulda's Beeethoven interpretations a little callow and exotic—indeed, sometimes even downright brutal and aggressive. But this magnificent music can withstand any number of approaches, and Gulda's musicianly way demands, at the very least, respectful attention.

The eleven discs are available separately. For those who want some but not all of them, here is a brief rundown of their content and a few notes about the performances:

Vol. 1. A firm, conventional Op. 2, No. 1: a slightly substandard Op. 2, No. 2, and an interesting Op. 26. Sonata No. 1 receives a brisk, classical reading. Tempos are impetuous throughout, dynamics varied and robust with nary a dainty forte-piano effects (e.g., Kempff's) or oversized romantic languishings (Barenboin). Surprisingly, Op. 2, No. 2 was better on the old London. Here the first movement is a bit untested rhythmically and the crowding of three sonatas onto one disc impairs the sound (the pre-echoes are annoying). Op. 26 is amusingly fast and the variations are treated too objectively. The sparse pedalings in the Marche finale suggest muted trombones rather than reastringing strings. The scherzo and finale are romping and playful.

Vol. 2. Op. 2, No. 3 is more intense than on the older London, but still rather cool and brainy, though not as good as before, but the soft playing is more inflected. Op. 7 is similarly more personal than before, with little swells and stresses that give character and forward impetus. The third and fourth movements receive a much more scherzando treatment than before. Good readings both, but perhaps not Gulda at his most distinguished.

Vol. 3. All three of the Op. 10 sonatas are crammed onto one disc and as a result the sound is little mushy and overcrowded. The Adagio of Op. 10, No. 1 presses forward more than on Gulda's London version, and is a bit more romanticized and less cool. The prestissimo finale is more exciting, less precise than of yore. Op. 10, No. 2 is brisker, more excitable than previously: the Allegretto is now very fast, while the third movement, dogged and stodgy on London, is a real presto. Op. 10, No. 3 is also a couple of notches up in tempo. The erstwhile too slow first movement now just about qualifies as a presto (which is advantageous), while the slow movement loses some of its previous serenity (which is not). All three performances are solid and dependable, but lacking the last ounce of executant or interpretive refinement. None is representative of Gulda's best efforts.

Vol. 4. Here, by contrast to the foregoing, is a disc to acquire. Gulda's Festa is in orthodoxy in the Schwebel manner, with a slow introduction, a rapid allegro, and plenty of romantic emphasis. Curiously, though the pianist's rhythm is very good for the most part, the long rests at the end of the first movement are foreshortened (interference from the editors?). Fluent, natural readings of both Op. 14 sonatas, with very fast second movements in each. Op. 54 gets a superbly coloristic performance displaying a lyrical streak unusual for Gulda. Here the tempo of the last disc is particularly full throughout.

Vol. 5. Here is another of the series' more arresting installments. All three of these sonatas (Op. 31, Nos. 1 and 2, and Op. 90) are fiery, thoroughly Beethovenian, and scrupulous to the texts without being in the least unimaginative. Fast tempos are employed throughout, and the harmonic pointing plus the speed produce an intriguing angularity. Op. 90 is sanguine rather than linear—in the last movement, almost impatient. All three readings—Op. 90 especially—are very close to Schnabel's individualistic, intellectualized interpretations.
In his native land, Shostakovich's Thirteenth Symphony, "Babi Yar," with texts by the outspoken poet, Yevtushenko, lies silent—banned, damned and unpublished—an uncomfortable reminder to the Soviets of the bloody slaughter in the pogroms.

We are pleased to present the first American recording of "Babi Yar," a document of protest.

"Capacity audiences first in Philadelphia, then in Manhattan, roared approval of Shostakovich's grim, powerful music and offered special bravos to Ormandy and the black, Slavic sound of Finnish baritone, Tom Krause."

Time, February 2, 1970

Perhaps the most important piano concerto of the last 30 years, here is Bartok's Concerto No. 2. The music demands the technical skill of a young Horowitz and the musicianship of a Paderewski. Weissenberg brings to it "all his technique, inner excitement and sense of drama."

Performed by Bream and Pears, you will find this recording of lute songs from the "Golden Age" of English poetry and music irresistible.
Vol. 6. An exciting and shapely performance of the Pastoral Sonata, but not always ideally warm or limpid. If you acquire this disc, it will be for the Op. 31, No. 3. Gulda's temperament here is truly terrific and the notes virtuosi-ously fly from the pianist's fingers. Some may compare Gulda, like Schnabel before him, misses out on this Sonata's charm, but the dynamic vigor is tremendous, almost overpowering.

Vol. 7. Two of these performances are supremely good, and the third might well beatory reading of the whole Gulda project. The first move-ment of Op. 22 is full of scintillating humor and bril-liantly effective, but its feasible approach is not really palatable here in the brilli-antly spiky, virtuoso reading of the first movement. Gulda's conceptions of this Sonata—his is, alas, not always ideally warm but merely dazzling. The pianist races through the work as if beneathing; many players take the opening allegro assai too slowly and change tempos entirely too much. Gulda's anteromantic overreaction transforms this section into a prelude and has its effects on the second movement. I rather like this treatment, but it takes some getting used to.

Vol. 8. Op. 49, No. 1 is similar to Gulda's London version in tempo and stress, but seems a bit more dramatic and bold in performance. The second movement is taken more vigorously here but remains deficient in warmth and charm. Op. 49, No. 2's first movement is faster and more explosive than on Gulda's earlier entry, but the tempo di menuetto still has that inanily exaggerated left-hand staccato from before. Op. 78 is a bit unsmil-ing and careful, while Op. 79 is unconven-tionally big and serious here—perhaps even a little high nosed in its accent Corpo. Op. 101 benefits from the cerebral, strait-laced authority of Gulda's impla-cable fingers—this is, after all, a very objective piece.

Vol. 9. Save for a convincingly played Les Adieux, this is not a disc I'd recom-mend. The opening of Op. 27, No. 1 is both fast and patient, but the first explosion sounds too careful and mea-sured to suggest (as it must) Beethoven furiously scribbling in his notebook. The scherzo is fleet, with beautifully played trills in the trio section, the slow move-ment lacks repose, and the brisk finale—which could break free even more— is just a shade too reserved. But I simply can't buy what Gulda does with the Waldstein. He plays the Sonata for tech-nical effect, but his feasible approach is not really palatable here in the brilli-antly spiky, virtuoso reading of the first movement. Gulda's conceptions of this Sonata—as Gulda conceives it—is disastrously wrongheaded. Many fail to take the in-troduction at the requisite adagio molto, but Gulda's treatment isn't even a bland anade... it's an aggravated allegretto!

Vol. 10. Gulda's old Hammersklavier (which I haven't heard for years) struck me as being uncommonly for-merly well. His new one is equally impressive. Gulda's first movement is just a notch slower than Schnabel, Webster, and Rosen (who follow Bee-thoven's own tempo, but the effect is the same: tremendous forward impetus rather than grandiloquent ex-pense. Sometimes Gulda's fingering betrays the basic impossibility of the writing in the fugue but on the whole his virtuoso skills are unassailable. The Allegro assai is rather brisk, but the reading holds its shape and yields a lot of poetry (albeit of a coolly detached sort). I am not quite convinced by Gulda's decision to take the slow movement of Op. 106 in essentially the same tempo as the first: it sounds constricted rather than cohesive. The last movement is strongly played: the theme has lots of rubato but scrupulously maintains a true molto andante without dragging. Tempo re-lationships between the variations are convincing and the textures are impressively clear throughout. The pedal is used for gentle color only, not as tech-nical camouflage.

Vol. 11. Op. 110 is strongly con-sidered and well played, but curiously strenuous and unsatisfying: Gulda's unorthodox sequence consists of a blunt first movement; a very fast Scherzo; a febrile, tense Recitative; a stormy, ex-terriorized Fugue; a very fast Fuga that continues in the same tempo (now much too slow); a matter-of-fact understatement of the repeated G major chords; and inversion of the Fuga which slows down in a riteno and then shoots off like a bat out of hell. For all its wrongheaded, arbitrary detail, credit Gulda for turning in an amazingly original interpretation. Op. 111 begins massively and solidly. The introduction moves forward with measured stride, erupting explosively in the Allegro which is steady and detailed. The slow move-ment is well structured albeit a trifle prosaic in the vapid trills of the finale. This intelligent and immediate performance makes more of an appeal to you than my personal tour de force-duets, yet says more than any more virtuoso reading.


It is striking that the Symphonie funèbre et triomphale should have been so neglected in recent years, for it was one of Berlioz' most immediately successful works, and its final movement became something of a cheval de bataille on the conductor's concert tours. However, the nature of its scoring—for an immense symphonic band, plus optional strings and chorus—militates against performance in the context of contemporary concert life; only on very special occasions would the requisite groups of perhaps one hundred or more first-class professional brass and wind players be feasible.

In his preface to the recently published new edition of the Symphonic, Hugh Macdonald calls attention to the fact that the piece "belongs strictly to the corpus of nineteenth-century military music rather than to the symphonic tradition," and the home listener should bear this in mind as well, especially with respect to the first movement. This is not quite the same kind of stylized funeral march one encounters in the sonatas and symphonies of the nine-teenth century, or in operatic situations; it was written for a specific ceremony, a procession during which it was played a number of times through the streets of Paris. For this purpose, Berlioz wrote one of the simplest of his "architectural" works, one that relies on a sonically varied repetition of its long and solemn tunes than on the violent contrasts that characterize the Requiem and the Te Deum. And although the melodies are typically flexible, the square march rhythms are always there in the back-ground. It is a slow-moving piece, not merely in tempo but also in terms of the rate at which the musical events are ar-ticulated.

The second movement is an impressive "recitative and aria" for tenor trombone, after which a brilliant fanfare ushers in the rousing triumphal-march finale, during which the strings and later the chorus enter to good effect (these latter elements were added to the score two years after the premiere).

This is, then, a special kind of piece, not exactly for ordinary concert use, let alone home listening—but nevertheless we have long needed a well-played performance on records. Now at last we have one. I don't know how large were the forces Colin Davis directs; in his edition, Macdonald tabulates all the infor-mation's about Berlioz' intentions and actual performances, which seem to have ranged in strength between 173 (the version without chorus and strings) and 863 (projected for an 1844 performance at Lyon). The basic re-quirements for a good performance are that all the parts be covered, and that Berlioz' proportions be retained, so that his bal-ances of sound aren't altered. What is more, everything is audible: there is a good deal of doubling in the score, but imitation and ensemble are impressive
Dear David,

Your spirit is strong here in Struggle Mountain. It seems that keeping us apart is much harder than letting them sink around me. The Arizona sky breathes over your head, sucking all the life away to Struggle Mountain. You are free. We are bracket in the sun. I even think I see The Birth of a Dead Revolution. If our weapon remains the power of love... and if we keep doing it one day at a time...

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---

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clean throughout. Tempos are well chosen, and the sound as recorded is generally full and clear, save for a slight tubby effect in the timpani.

The "fillers" are equally valuable, for many of them have been available in some time. The Funeral March for the Last Scene of Hamlet is the third of the pieces published under the title Tristan (Davis conducts the other two on Osca-Lyce S10, 304), and makes an interesting pendant to the Symphony's first movement, for it is an exploration of the same vein, at once more concise and more elaborate. The differences between the two pieces correspond to their different functions, the one ceremonial, the other dramatic and stylized. Harmonically and texturally it is one of the composer's greatest works, its military overtones suggested by Fortinbras last speech in the play, which is printed on an epigraph.

The Prelude to Les Troyens a Carthage was Berlioz' last composition, written to precede the last three acts of Les Troyens when he was forced to divide his opera into two evenings, presumably it will not be included in Davis complete recording, as it has no function within the five-act version. A solemn work, deriving its material from the first act of La Prise de Troie, it is noteworthy for the imposingly warm sound that Heifitz evokes from his brass choir on the main melody—and makes one increasingly impatient for the entire opera.

D.H.

BIZET-SCHEDRIN: The Carmen Ballet. Everett Firth, timpani; Charles Smith, Arthur Press, Thomas Gauger, Frank Epstein, percussion; Strings of the Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3129, $5.95; RBS 1141, $6.95; RK 1023, $6.95.

One of my immediate reactions on first hearing Rodion Schedrin's naughty but highly ingenious metamorphoses of Carmen themes (which I reviewed in its debut recording by Rozhdestvensky for Melodiya/Angel in the December 1968 issue) was, "What a hit this divertissement will be at Pop Concerts!" Arthur Fiedler must have reacted similarly, for he lost little time in recording it—on May 16, 1969, to be exact. A spectacular vehicle for massed strings and a wide variety of percussion instruments (some forty-five in all), this score was originally devised as a ballet starring the composer's wife, Bolshoi prima ballerina Maya Plisetskaya. But surely the work has an even more promising future as a light symphonic novelty, a certain favorite of both live Pops audiences and the immense public for Fiedler's recordings. The Boston Pops maestro plays the work with obvious relish, much more incisively than Rozhdestvensky, often faster and with more vehement dramatic impact—characteristics which are enhanced by crisper, more vividly powerful stereo sound than that of the Russian engineers. In particular, the imaginative variety of percussion details is revealed more transparently, although it's my guess that the composer may have intended them to blend more unobtrusively with the string sonorities. And the present robust sonic punch is achieved at the cost of some of the warmth of the less tense, if more opaque, Melodiya/Angel sound.

The earlier release will may be preferred by some listeners, but it is the even more exciting new one which is more likely to become a best-seller. And of course there will still be a good many listeners of conservative tastes for whom any such disarrangement of their beloved Bizet melodies will be anathema. But if this is indeed musical treason. Schedrin certainly has made the most of it! R.D.D.


In its original form for viola and piano, this Suite has long been regarded as one of Bloch's stronger compositions, and this version for cello in no way diminishes the work's stature. Composed in 1919, it does not belong to the group of "Jewish" works with which Bloch first achieved renown. It reflects what he liked to refer to as his "classical" side and his admiration for the music of Bach and Beethoven. Nevertheless, as Bloch himself admitted, the Suite retains something of the exoticism of his "Jewish" style, if only because both the Jew and the classicist were inextricably bound, if not always reconciled, in this composer. Writing of the Suite, Bloch mentioned that a vision of the Far East had inspired him, though this vision Long-shaped, L-shaped, and odd-shaped rooms used to be a hang-up for stereo speaker placement, but not any more. Scott now offers three Quadrant speaker systems* to fill every nook and cranny of any shaped room with perfect stereo.

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The B minor Scherzo which concludes this Chopin recital is the selfsame performance that appeared on Moravec's debut record back in 1963. Considered on its own, it was, and is, an impressively played piece of work; but its most worthy function here is to serve as a kind of yardstick with which one can assess how very far the Czech pianist's artistry has progressed in six years. Perhaps some of the improved nuance derives from the superbly responsive Bösendorfer concert grand used for the more recent items recorded in Vienna as opposed to the flatter albeit perfectly good sound of the American instrument heard in the Scherzo (presumably recorded sometime in 1962). Even allowing for acoustical and instrumental differences, however, this juxtaposition of Moravec-past with Moravec-present makes it pretty inconceivable that a very fine artist has developed into a supremely great one.

I have always preferred Chopin's Bar...
Dvořák's level-headed musical response to the Requiem text is typical of this most even-tempered and affirmative of composers. One can see why Victorian England, with its thriving choral tradition, showered such enthusiastic approval on the work when it was premiered at the Birmingham Music Festival in 1891: Dvořák's vision of the last trump contains little of Berlin's unsettling cosmic cataclysms, Verdi's "vulgar" operatic drama, or Fauré's self-effacing resignation. Here instead is a Requiem that consoles the ear and the mind by keeping death in a healthy perspective as a natural conclusion to life's activities, to be accepted gracefully and devoutly—an attitude well calculated to please the prevailing optimistic Victorian spirit.

Fortunately, Dvořák was a composer of genius who could carry off this approach with a minimum of cozy smugness, and his Requiem is as eloquent and moving as any in the literature. Written between the Eighth and Ninth symphonies, this music's spontaneous melodic invention and individually fresh harmonic style show Dvořák at the height of his powers. Structurally too the work presents a most satisfying entity, cunningly unified by a chromatic four-note motto (F, G flat, E, F) that appears in various disguises throughout the thirteen sections. Not only does this sequence suggest all sorts of harmonic and thematic possibilities (which the composer exploits with resourceful thoroughness), but carries further emotional significance with its close relationship to the opening plainchant of the Missa pro Defunctis. While the over-all tone is one of devout restraint, each portion of the Mass returns its personal character and Dvořák balances his solo, choral, and orchestral forces with an unerring sense of musical contrast and variety.

London's recording is an excellent one: four first-rate soloists, a superbly trained chorus and orchestra, and a conductor who controls and shapes a performance with a sure, sympathetic hand. Dvořák always seems to elicit a sensitive response from Kertész, and the Requiem makes a fine sequel to his splendid integral set of the nine symphonies. His alert, fervent direction goes right to the heart of the suavely lyrical "Recordare," the biting anguish of the "Lacrymosa," and the pounding "Dies irae"—even the less inspired pages, such as the spun-out "Quam olim Abrahae" fugue, sound convincing when projected with such vitality.

There are no extended "arias" here as in the Verdi Requiem, for instead of acting out a personal part in this liturgical drama, the four soloists serve a rather more abstract musical function as a dynamic contrast to the massed choral forces. Despite the lack of "show-off" material, this Requiem must possess a major voice, and that is precisely what we have here. I especially enjoyed Pilar Lorengar's appealing soprano, which opens up beautifully and soars effortlessly over her colleagues during ensemble passages, and Tom Krause, whose voice seems to be darkening into a bass-baritone of genuine substance. The engineering easily handles the big climaxes—in fact, the growling cellos, basses, and brass at the opening of the "Dies irae" creates a spine-tingling impact—and all the elements have been impeccably balanced.

DVOŘÁK: Requiem, Op. 89. Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Erzsébet Komóssy, mezzo; Robert Ilosfalvy, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone; Ambrosian Singers; London Symphony Orchestra, István Kertész cond. London OSA 1281, $11.96 (two discs).

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

A Requiem of Consolation
by Peter G. Davis

Carolle done in straight, lyrical fashion (as on Dinu Lipatti's classical version). Moravec's way is considerably more subjective: the essence of the music is strongly filtered through the pianist's personal reactions to it. Yet, this reading rivals the supreme Lipatti accomplishment for manliness and cohesiveness. Moravec does not inject an alien febrile quality into the dramatic passages (as Horowitz did), nor does he allow the writing to ramble into discursive bits and pieces, to wilt on the vine (e.g., Rubinstein and Guiomar Novaes, for all their undoubted quality). Moravec has the note patterns perfectly in hand at all times, builds steadily, and lets you hear the structural as well as poetic mastery of one of Chopin's last and most daring creations. The pianist's ability to mold and shape a harmonic progression with an almost unceaseably tense yet elastic melodic line makes his performance of the difficult slow C sharp minor Etude a shattering, emotionally draining experience. Would that we had a complete set of the Etudes from Moravec. The series of Mazurkas are delectably done: the rubatos are consummate, the interpretations—deceptively simple and underdone but ever so subtle—are a joy.

In sum, then, I eagerly anticipate Moravec-future. Let's have more, Composers Society, lots more.... H.G.

DEBUSSY: Preludes, Books I and II; Suite Bergamasque; Children's Corner Suite. Walter Gieseking, piano. For a feature review of these recordings, see page 81.

HAYDN: Quartets for Strings, Op. 76: No. 1, in G; No. 2, in D ("Quinten"); No. 3, in C ("Emperor"); No. 4, in B flat ("Sunrise"); No. 5, in D; No. 6, in E flat. Fine Arts Quartet. Vox SVBX 596. $9.95 (three discs).

This is the eighth volume in the Vox complete edition of the Haydn quartet literature (two more are planned to finish the job). The Fine Arts, which replaced the Delaney Quartet in Vol. 7, here plays with clarity, energy, and taste, but without the expressive range of the old Budapest edition which may someday return on an Odyssey reprint.

Haydn's Op. 76 brings us to the peak of his quartet writing, and the popularity of these works is reflected by the fact that half of them have names. We are thus dealing with the chamber music counterpart of the Salomon symphonies—music always better than it ever can be played (to evoke the Schnabel dictum), and hence a test for everyone concerned.

In this Vox set the engineers have done their job well, offering bright, well-balanced stereo quality and a fine sense of space. In the classical state of the catalogue, the Fine Arts have little real competition. Note that the recording of the Quinten included here uses the present quartet personnel and is not a reissue of the performance on Concert Disc 229.
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Karajan's Modest Creation
by Shirley Fleming

"Modest" is not a word one expects to spring to mind in describing the conductorial image of Herbert von Karajan, but there must be a first time for everything. So here, possibly, is the modesty that has to be cast in column K—with, let me add, a qualification. We are in a peculiar predicament in regard to Creation recordings, for about two years ago Leonard Bernstein produced for Columbia the brilliantly imaginative version that made the first vote for Karajan.

One would have to spring to mind the soloists which was released in August 1968). Karajan is modest, then, beside Bernstein: his is a Creation that at least lends itself to comparison with others, and one that turns the listener's attention to the soloists with which the performance will stand or fall.

It stands, needless to say, Gundula Janowitz, as both Gabriel and Eve, is full and rich-voiced after getting off to a strangely pinched, buy-soprano beginning in "Mit Sträuchern steigt das Wunderwerk" (No. 5). Her rather mature approach fits well with Karajan's solid, nonpressured orchestral accompaniments which, are, to my surprise, somewhat less resilient and forward-moving than with Münchinger's, though often practically the same in choice of tempos. Still, Janowitz does not banish from my ear the Gabriel of Elly Ameling (with Münchinger), which had a brightness, flexibility, and thrust that made the role something special. She does, however, outmatch the Eve of that recording (taken by a different soprano), with the exception of two or three bad moments in the brief coloratura embellishments in "Die Sterne hellster, o wie schön" (No. 29). One can forgive all, however, in view of the cohesion—the quality, even, of magnetism—which she creates with the Adam of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; the two singers engage in some recitative so slowly paced that if it were not so perfect it would fall apart.

Fischer-Dieskau, in his turn, is probably the most vibrant, persuasive Adam on record. His "Heldmeister," a summon to no woman in her right mind would ignore and the Adam/Eve duets provide notable examples of the way in which two vocalists of stature can keep a musical line aloft at a tempo slow enough to prove hazardous to lesser artists. Münchinger, as so often through the work, maintains more momentum, but Karajan's soloists make you forget that this could have been a doleful sequence. Instead, Janowitz and Fischer-Dieskau create a kind of hushed splendor wonderfully expressive of the text.

Admirers of Fritz Wunderlich, who died of an accident in 1966 at the age of thirty-six, will find this recording a new cause for lamenting his loss. He had completed the Uriel arias at the time of his death, and in the opinion of Karajan and DGG officials they were too fine to be discarded. They were kept, and justifiably so: they have a ring, a rhythmic lift, a jubilation, and an utter sweetness of tone that make them unforgettable. No mean task, then, for the tenor summoned to take up the thread. The choice was Werner Krenn, and he meets the challenge superbly. The juxtaposition of voices is scarcely noticeable. Krenn's experience as the Uriel in the Münchinger recording stands him in good stead. He was good then and he is even better now.

This formidable roster of male soloists is completed by Walter Berry, who provides a Raphael of force and presence. His delivery is straightforward, smoothly phrased, and wins more on vocal accomplishment than on any exceptional dramatic punctuation. It is understatement to say that it wears well.

The mystery appearance of the year is that of Christa Ludwig whose voice, if you have X-ray ears, you may detect in the five or six seconds of solo alto work with the chorus in its final number. According to the gentleman at QVC, she dropped in at the studio, presumably to offer Walter Berry a lift home, and stayed to do her bit in the "Amen."

As for chorus and orchestra, they are full-blooded and responsive, with the Berlin first-chair men making some excellent contributions in the all-important solo passages.

A quite matchless set of men, then, is the principal adornment of Karajan's Creation. It has none of Bernstein's glitter and not all of Münchinger's momentum. But it is strong enough and beautiful enough to invite you to accept it on its own serious terms, and this I have no trouble doing.

Comparison of those two records gives the key to the present state of the quartet. Its sound is somewhat warmer now, with finer distinctions in tonal shading and a lighter touch. This is what it takes to make Haydn glow, and the admirable qualities of the present album are thus no surprise.

R.C.M.

MAHLER: Des Knaben Wunderhorn (two versions), Christa Ludwig, mezzo; Christa Ludwig, soprano; John Berry, baritone; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, piano and cond. Columbia KS 7395. $6.98 (two discs).

This two-record set contains the thirteen Knaben Wunderhorn songs recorded with orchestra in Philharmonic Hall during sessions in 1967 and 1969 and a live performance of the same material with Bernstein at the piano made in Vienna during April 1968. For those primarily interested in the singers, the bonus record is the real attraction here: not for Bernstein's pianism, which is in something less than the Gerald Moore category, but because the voices stand out better against the lighter background texture and the artistry of a singer is more apparent.

I suspect that the performers might well have preferred to do a second take on some passages (you can note differences in the orchestral disc which, of course, second takes were possible), but the impressive thing about the recital disc is its high level of success. Given only one try, these artists offer a refined and finished product that symbolizes professionalism. And the spirit of the performances, the sense of spontaneity and joy, is marvelous. So this is a record any serious Mahler collector will want to have, since there is nothing else quite like it in the catalogue.

When we come to the orchestral settings of the songs there is inevitable comparison with the Schwarzkopf/Fischer-Dieskau/Szell edition from Angel, one of the finest Mahler records, and filled with gorgeous things. But, on the other hand, it omits one song, Urlicht (presumably because it reappears in the Second Symphony), and Ludwig's singing of this text with the Philharmonic is certainly as fabulous as anything in the Angel collection.

So let's put it this way. The two orchestral records really do not duplicate each other and each has its own assets. Bernstein's approach is amiable and fair that makes his version of the cuckoo nightingale competition direct and funny in a way quite different from Schwarzkopf's achievement, and I prefer Berry to Fischer-Dieskau in the brief dialogue in "Von fremden Milch. On the other hand, Fischer-Dieskau surpasses Berry in the dramatic songs such as "Der Tambourin," the text with the Philharmonic, and the way Ludwig's voice registers in the Chicago studio, though it is not quite so fine as the Deutsche Grammophon version. Still, Ludwig's voice is quite different from that of the Berlin edition, and her approach differs greatly from the Berlin's. In other words, this album offers some of the songs that Fischer-Dieskau offers in the Angel collection; each of these fine musicians finds remarkable things in the composer's work.
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In short, if you want to learn more about the expressive range and musical significance of Mahler's *Knaben Wunderhorn* songs, no single record will suffice. Any of these three is a fine start.

R.C.M.

MENDELSSOHN, Elijah, Op. 70 (sung in German). Elly Ameling, Renate Kramer, and Adele Stolte, soprano; Anneliese Burmeister and Gesela Schröter, alto; Peter Schreier and Hans-Joachim Rotzsch, tenor; Theo Adam and Hermann-Christian Polster, bass; Leipzig Radio Chorus; Gewandhaus Orchestra, Wolfgang Sawallisch, cond. Philips SAL 3730/2, $17.94 (three discs).

For all its flaws as a dramatic entity, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is hard to resist as a piece of musical craftsmanship, especially in a performance of such solid virtues as this one. Last summer we had an "all-star" version in English from Frühbeck de Burgos (Angel), of which I complained that the aural perspective and musical pliability combined to minimize the work's many strengths of detail. Sawallisch's performance is a considerable improvement. The straightforwardly sung, played, and recorded—is a thoroughly musically job.

Of course the use of the German text may constitute a drawback for some listeners. *Elijah* is a rare case of a legitimately bilingual work (the English version was prepared along with the German, and was in fact used for the first performance, which took place in Birmingham), and it would be nice to be able to take advantage of this circumstance. However, the quality of the new recording is such that I urge you not to let linguistic considerations stand in the way of at least hearing it: this is one of the most satisfactory presentations of a large-scale musical work that has come my way in a long time.

Its basic virtues stem from Sawallisch's approach, for he takes the music at face value, without trying to impose superficial "dramatic" values at points where there are none to begin with. This is particularly beneficial to the second half, which is musically the most consistent; the major choruses here form the pivotal points of a long formal arch, rather than seeming to interrupt a somewhat vague action.

The Leipzig orchestra plays splendidly, with fine ensemble, forceful accents where needed, and delectable solo work from the winds. They form a firm foundation for the excellent chorus, whose clarity of diction is something close to spectacular. Throughout the performance, Mendelssohn's many wonderful details of doubling, chording, and counterpoint are given full value, none of the superficially pretty but musically debilitating over-the-hill-and-far-away effect that marks the Frühbeck recording.

Although the soloists are not comparable to legendary voices in their rebutts, Elly Ameling is her usual lovely self; and Peter Schreier phrases very elegantly. Best of all, we have a really suitable voice for Elijah: Theo Adam has a slight vibrato, but he pitches very well and can muster all the vocal force that the role demands, as well as a good deal of subtle musicianship. Note that Mendelssohn's specifications for at least two soloists in every vocal range are carefully observed, obviating such dubious traditions as the use of a chorus instead of the requested double quartet in "For He shall give His angels ..."

The recorded sound is firm, clear, and well balanced, except for a slight over-resonance in the lower registers. I presume a translation will be included (the review copy came in the original European packaging). If you must have *Elijah* in English, there is yet another version in the offing (Ormandy, on RCA)—but it will have to be pretty extraordinary to match Sawallisch's really outstanding achievement here.

D.H.

MOSCHELES: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in G minor, Op. 58; Etudes, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 9. Michael Ponti, piano; Philharmonia Hungarica, Othmar Maga, cond. Condine CE 31010, $3.98.

Recently Vox/Candid restored the fading reputations of two once popular Romantic composers, John Field and Adolf von Henselt. Those one-disc testimonials were similar to this in format: one side devoted to a concerto and Side 2 to solo keyboard sonatas. Although those three discs proved interesting enough, Ignaz Moscheles' music is the most worthy of resurrection. Moscheles—who was Mendelssohn's teacher and among the first to perform the Beethoven sonatas in public—was one of the finest musicians of his era. His G minor Concerto is a pretty substantial affair—well wrought both harmonically and melodically, structurally cohesive but not oppressive, and quite receptive to the burgeoning romanticism of the day. What writing might be taken for Weber or Chopin is, and really very beautiful—and beautifully played here by the talented young American pianist Michael Ponti. The orchestral forces sound a bit wan and understaffed, but Maga conducts with musical point.

The Etudes on Side 2 gave me real pleasure. Those of Op. 70 are aimed at solving specific technical difficulties, while the pianistic problems of Op. 95 call for more interpretive musicianship. Ponti solves all the hurdles brilliantly. He has immensely fluent fingers, and strong rhythmic propulsion. While he favors a bright, pristine, unadorned type of keyboard sonority, he modulates his tone, and brings out inner-voice details in a way that could never be called percussive. Ponti is also blessed with temperament and a sense of communicative humor. In short, this is a delightful anthology by a composer that you should, but are unlikely to, encounter in the concert hall. Crystaline, finely centered reproduction.

H.G.
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Martirano's L's GA—
The Composer as "Politico"
by Jack Hiemenz

Early in his career, the American composer Lou Harrison wrote serial music, distinguished himself in this genre, but then gave himself up entirely to the free-styled, more immediately charming music for which he has become famous. Serialism was not for him a point of arrival, as it was with Stravinsky. Salvatore Martirano, a professor of music at the University of Illinois, also started off in what the liner notes refer to as the "total serial box," and one of his works in this style is included here—Octet, written in 1963. The wild-and-woolly liner commentary is disarmingly frank about how the work came to fruition:

"By all means see and/or hear COCKTAIL MUSIC for piano (1962); with deadline for a work commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation at hand, the D. Scarlatti-Art Tatumesque virtuoso keyboard concoction is metaphorized into OCTET, and becomes the last of the completely full 'classical notated' compositions to be purchased at the SamMart.

Well, that's life. There's the old Broadway quip: "Good plays are never written—they are rewritten." If playwrights can do it, so can musicians. I guess—although revamping a solo piano work and coming up with an Octet for strings, winds, a marimba, and celeste might seem extravagant even by baroque transcription practices. In this case, believe it or not, it works. And the result is a very Webernesque esque piece, similar to Webern and worthy of Webern—and proof that serialism, for some composers, can serve as a viable and rewarding modus operandi.

L's GA is a twenty-four-minute, mixed-media work for gassed-masked politico, helium bomb, and two-channel tape. I attended its West Coast premiere performance at the UCLA Contemporary Music Festival last year. Frankly, it was not a happy experience. Los Angeles had been inundated for weeks by torrential rains, and many of those who attended the concert had difficulty in getting to the hall. The evening's program was a mixture of acoustic chamber music and mixed-media creations—a mixture that never jelled. The other mixed-media work proved an out and out fiasco; by the time the Martirano work was presented, the audience was bored and irritated. Nor were they cheered by the sight of Mr. Martirano's difficulties in assembling the production. The helium bomb could not be made to function, and as time dragged on, the members of the audience became vocal in their impatience. In frustration, the harassed composer snarled back:

(The electronic music on the record, I should mention, is quite different from the ear-splitting cacophony I remember from the UCLA performance: it is here far more refined in tone, and better organized.)

After the performance, a friend who until then had always seemed thoroughly level-headed had a very curious reaction to the work. "I wonder," he said, in all seriousness, "whether it's a communist plot." Who knows?—was my reaction. If that's the best the communists can come up with, our capitalist society may yet make it.

It wasn't until recently, when I heard the recorded version, that I began to see—or more accurately, to feel—what my friend had been driving at. So much of the work—the entire visual aspect—is, of course, lost by merely hearing it; but perhaps it was this very restriction to the aural aspect that has made me feel more responsive to L's GA's intent. In the performance, a single live performer (poet Michael Holloway, who also performs on the recording) came on stage wearing a white crash helmet, a black leather jacket, and a gas mask into which (or so it was made to seem) gas was pumped, which distorted the "Politico's" voice. This, along with the taped electronic sound, takes place against a background of projections depicting, in frenzied disorder, scenes of rather gruesome sexuality, and the kind of Vietnam atrocity shots one inevitably sees on display at peace marches. Obviously the "Politico" is a representative citizen of a country that spends its wealth on lunatic warfare and its imagination upon strident, sterile prurience.

Throughout the work he declaims, in his desperation, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address (whose initials give the piece its title), and it is Martirano's handling of it, I think, that gave rise to my friend's misgivings. Considered simply as an emotion-patriotism is rather beautiful—an immense assurance that one belongs to a worthy, morally excellent society. Now one does not have to be of any particular political bent to recognize that many Americans are finding it difficult to admire their country in its present state. That these Americans are experiencing this difficulty, however, does not mean they are devoid of patriotic sentiment, or that they do not at least aspire to it. Their problem, then, is to find an acceptable formulation of patriotism. The rhetoric of today's politicians and military men seems, at least from their jaded points of view, to exist solely as subjects for satire, as raw material for next Monday's Laugh-In. The last patriotic exhortation to make a national splash was President Kennedy's "Ask not what your country can do for you" inaugural peroration—but the satirists were onto that soon enough. One must therefore search through yesterday's rhetoric; and there one finds the Gettysburg Address, the one statement of our country's aspirations the satirists have not yet touched.

But Martirano will not let us have even that. He takes his COW and rends and rents it, reducing to outbursts of sheer madness, transmuting it from an impassioned prayer for national decency into a diatribe of total disgust, a message of hatred and virtual apotheosis of un-Americanism. Against the electronic music, the "Politico" begins the speech with zombielike inexpressiveness. This total lack of inflection then changes to a pronounced Southern accent, dwey with country-boy naivete; then changes to the shrill ferocity of Nazi oratory; and ends finally in an outright despairing, lung-tearing screaming. With the final line, each of the phrases "of the people, by the people, for the people." is followed by a Bronx cheer, or some other wordless expression of contempt.

Perhaps no one except an American—one who, as a child, was made to feel the fever of Lincoln's great message—can fully feel the anguish and loathing invoked by this work. Most likely it is not a communist plot—but it certainly prepares me for a little easygoing Social-ist realism. It belongs to a new genre of music, which we might provisionally entitle "Music of Pain." The passion music of a composer like Bach does not belong to it, for although dealing with Christ's agony, Bach's music is always pleasant listening. L's GA is not. Nor is the Penderecki St. Luke's Passion—a much celebrated example of "Music of Pain." At the end of L's GA, an organ blares forth with "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix" from Saint-SAëNS's Samson et Dalila. It would take an extremely clever and ill-disposed critic to find up with a more grisly irony. L's GA, I guarantee, will open no hearts. It too is Passion music, but the "Politico," for all his suffering, is no redeemer. For him, as the representative of a society beyond redemption, the message of Lincoln has gone sour. Hence his ultimate recognition, thrice uttered: "If it sounds, throw it out!"

MARTIRANO: L's GA, for Gassed-Masked Politico, Helium Bomb, and Two Channel Tape; Ballad;Octet. Michael Holloway, Politico (in L's GA). Donald Smith, singer; Ronald Dewar, tenor sax; John Garvey, viola; Thomas Howell, flute; Thomas Fredrickson, bass; Morgan Powell, trombone; Charles Braugham, percussion; Rick Kvistad, percussion (in the Ballad); Thomas Howell, flute; Howard Smith, 5-string bass clarinet; Howard Smith, contralto clarinet; Arthur Maddox, celeste; Rick Kvistad, marimba; Dorothy Martirano, violin; Lee Ducksle, cello; Thomas Fredrickson, bass; Salvatore Martirano, cond. (in the Octet). Polydor 24-5001, $4.98.
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MOZART: Complete Music for Piano
Solo. Walter Gieseking, piano. For a
feature review of these recordings, see
page 81.

MOZART: Fantasia in C minor, K. 475;
Fantasia in D minor, K. 397—See
Schubert: "Grazer" Fantasia; Ländler
und Deutscher Tanz.

MOZART: Lucio Silla, K. 135. Dora Gatt-
a (s), Giulia; Renata Gary Falachi (s),
Celia; Fiorenza Cossotto (ms), Cecilio;
Anna Maria Rota (ms), Cinna; Ferrando
Ferrari (t). Lucio Silla; Luigi Pontiggia
(t). Audifio: Polyphonic Chorus of Milan;
Angelicum Chamber Orchestra, Carlo
Felice Cillario, cond. RCA Victrola VICS
6117, $8.94 (three discs).

Lucio Silla, Mozart's last opera written
for Italy, was begun in Salzburg in Oc-
tober 1772 and finished in Milan in De-
cember. The librettist, Giovannii da Can-
era, one of those uncles of a fortune, could
casually be nominated for the title of worst librettist in a
time that abounded in bad ones. He
himself had misgivings about his hand-
work, and after sending it off to Mozart
consulted the venerable high priest of
the opera libretto, Metastasio, who changed
it quite a bit; but even his magic could
not cure this silly farrago. When Mozart
arrived in Milan to compose the arias,
which the prevailing practice required
to be tailor-made on the spot with the
advice and consent of the singers, he
was compelled to rework the recitatives
already composed in Salzburg on the first
version of the libretto. Sizing up his
singers, he found two of them to his lik-
ing. Rauzzini, the castrato, was not only
a celebrated singer and pianist, but a
recognized composer, while the prima
donna, Maria de Amicis, "sang like an
angel" (Leopold Mozart). The principal
tenor, also a respected performer, had
unfortunately been taken ill and been
replaced by an inexperienced church
singer. Accordingly, the first two of the
trio were given spectacularly demanding
music, with many dizzying coloraturas,
while Silla's part, sung by the substi-
tute tenor, was tame and routine. These
were the conditions under which Mozart
went to work on the opera, closely shep-
hered by his father. So big a success in Milan
would be decisive for the future of his son.

Lucio Silla is of extraordinary inter-
est in Mozart's development, an interest
that exceeds its intrinsic value—though
in some of the numbers this is consider-
able. What older historians wrote about
this subject, and which is still reflected in
the literature on opera, is now invalid-
ded. They simply did not know enough
about eighteenth-century Italian opera
(we are not very far ahead of them ei-
ther) and considered works like Silla
either insignificant or far superior to any-
things composed in those days with the
exception of the operas of Gluck. To be
sure, the opera was given several times by that time in a
full decline, but some great masters still
cultivated it. While perhaps few of those
works would stand up today in their en-
tirety as do some of Gluck's operas,
there are individual arias, scenes, even
whole acts, that rise above the opera-
ation, musical inventiveness, and orchestral technique.
Mozart was well acquainted with this Italian opera, liked it,
and his melodic style was formed on what he learned from
Piccinni, Paisiello, Galuppi, but especially from D'Is-
Majo and the completely Italianized Christian Bach.

Up to this point—and in many a num-
ber in Lucio Silla itself—the boy com-
poser had merely tried to write music
as attractive as he was capable of; there
could be no question of a fifteen-
or sixteen-year-old dealing with heroism
and passionate love. He knew the aria
types and the standard formulas and
melodies, turned his hand to imitate
them, and with his extraordinary musical-
ity and ability for assimilation, was able
to turn out operatic works. But
the great Italians he could not yet touch.
His vocal line was tinged with instru-
mental characteristics, he did not under-
stand the use of the coloratura as a dra-
ic agent, and the specific operatic
relationship between orchestra and voice,
as exemplified by Piccinni and others,
cluded him. But now with Lucio Silla,
something startling happens, so startling
that one is at a loss to explain it.
The adolescent suddenly discovers the deeper
recesses of human nature, there are stir-
ings in his own soul, an agitation and
elegant sorrow that not only foreshows
the future dramatist but finds remark-
able mature expression right here, in
the work of a youth still short of seventeen.

For the first time, Mozart grasped the
character of a woman deeply in love,
so much so that her music is passionate
even where the text does not call for it.
The movement in his own soul is well
reflected in the accompanied recitatives,
and there are more such passages in Silla
than in any other of his operas. They
are, without exception, pulsating with life,
and some so powerful and so rich in mu-
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sical ideas that they could be placed
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in one of the great mature operas. So while in technique and vocal writing he could not yet equal the Italians, in dramatic scene and power he had already achieved his highest triumphs. A scene in the seventh act of the First Act, with its magnificent combination of solo and chorus, is so vehemently dramatic that, though paupily modeled on the somber scene at the opening of Gluck's Orfeo, it surpasses the modified intensity of many modern, bald, and more propulsive forms. The other choral scenes are all as fine. Most of the arias are routine, and the arias are uneven. Silla's part (for the late church tenor) is impersonal and conventional, but there are a few great arias. Mozart almost always achieves the heroic tone of Don Giovanni; only the too lavish and unmitigated use of coloratura hurts the unity of these arias. Giunia's fine aria, "Ahi se il crudel", always remained one of Mozart's favorites. The instrumental ritornelli are weighty and extended and, on the whole, the orchestra is well used if still somewhat in the German symphonic vein rather than in the Italian operatic tradition of which he later became the greatest exponent.

In sum, the recording of this opera was a brave and worthwhile undertaking that should interest many a lover of Mozart. Unfortunately, the score is badly emasculated. Here they cut a couple of measures, there a couple of dozen, then again a whole section of an aria. Following the recording with the score, one must suffer frantically to catch up with Maestro Cillario's lively hop, skip, and jump. Cuts are legitimate in such a "documentary" and quite understandable is the omission of some fearfully difficult coloratura passages (as in the Giunia/Cecilio duet): they are extraneous appendages and could lead to serious derailments, but abbreviating arias, ritornelli—even cadences—is butchery. It would be better to amputate some of the routine arias in toto rather than snap off fingers and toes from perfectly sound limbs. Of the performers, Fiorezza Cossotto, who sings the taxing role of the principal ingenue, is outstanding. As mezzo, she can climb as high as any soprano and her sense of pitch is unerring. She has a good voice and lots of temperament. Dora Gatta (Giunia) communicates well, but in the higher regions her voice is edgy, and her staccato in the coloraturas are funny little bleats. She does well in the quieter passages. Anna Maria Rota and Ferrando Ferrari are adequate, the tiny-voiced tenor Pontiggia struggles a little, but Rina Gary Falaschi, a soubrette-coloratura, is appealing, secure, and mobile. Too bad that her great aria is mutilated. Orchestra and chorus are above average, the sound is acceptable, though there is an echo, and the microphone is at times ambulatory. Cillario keeps an evenly house and the ensemble is well disciplined, but he is not an imaginative conductor and his final cadences are pasteurized and wrapped in cheesecloth. Though listenable, this is not an altogether satisfactory Lucia Silla—also this is all we've got, so let's cherish it until something better turns up.


If Stokowski didn't exist—today more vigorous and eloquent than ever—it surely would have been necessary to invent him. But who could invent so fabulous a re-creative musician, a conductor with such an unlimited repertory, or one who has recorded with so many different orchestras? Now he's heard with Ernest Ansermet's Suisse Romande Orchestra, recorded in the Geneva Opera House, and in a program of Russian music such as his late colleague so often specialized in,

Believe it or not, Stokowski was the first conductor to bring Tchaikovsky's warhorse, Romeo and Juliet, to records, all the way back in April 1929. That was with the Philadelphians on 78-rpm discs, and he recorded it again, for both 78s and LP, with the New York Philharmonic Symphony in 1950. I haven't been able to trace a later Stokowski version until this one, which is apparently his first in stereo. The current release also includes the conductor's first stereo version of his own "symphonic synthesis" of scenes from Boris Godunov (based on the original, not the Rimsky-Korsakov edition), which attracted so much attention in its earlier, 78-rpm appearances: first with the Philadelphia Orchestra for RCA Victor in 1937 (later transferred for a time to a Camden LP); and then with the All-American Youth Orchestra for Columbia in 1942.

There probably are those who will insist that the Stokowskian tone palette distorts Mussorgsky's intentions as much as Rimsky's editing. And quite possibly the atmospheric evocation and emotion-alism of both Stokowski's scoring and his spellbinding interpretation may be too rich for ascetic listeners. But the performances here must, momentarily at least, magically suspend all disbelief. One thing is sure: the color and sonority potentials of this synthesized tone poem are given full justice for the first time on records. Arthur Lilley's engineering achieves a truly spectacular crispness of detail and steepness of transient wave fronts without the loss of sonic blend and warmth sometimes characteristic of the Phase-4 multichannel technology.

RAVEL: Cinq mélodies populaires grecques; Épigrammes de Clément Marot; Histoires naturelles; Chansons madécasses. Don Quichotte à Dulcinée. Gérard Souzay baritone; Maxence Lerrieu, flute, and Pierre Degenne, cello (in Chansons madécasses); Dalton Baldwin, piano. Phillips 839733 LY, $5.98. All three aspects of Ravel's songwriting are represented on this record, which seems to be the only current disc devoted exclusively to his songs: the folk arrangements (Greek and Hebrew), the vocal chamber works (the setting of Evariste Parry's translations from the poetry of Madagascar), and the original songs with piano (to Jules Renard's witty animal texts, the Marot settings, and the other songs written in— the Chalipin Don Quijote film).

Not all of this music lies ideally for the baritone voice of Gérard Souzay; Madeleine Grey, for example, was the original and preferred interpreter of the Chansons madécasses and the Mélodies hébraïques, while the setting of the texts would seem to prefer a male protagonist (her performances of the Chansons, with the composer conducting, can still be obtained on Turnabout 4256: they are occasionally undisciplined, but wonderfully flavorful). However, Souzay makes a very impressive effect with some of these songs, and is well supported by Dalton Baldwin. The Histoires naturelles, with their emphasis on text delivery, are almost more for the doyen than the conductor, and his elegance of diction and fine sense of timing achieve excellent results. The fourth of the Greek songs is a superb piece of sustained singing, one of those very special tracks that linger in the memory long after the end of the record.

On balance, even though the pseudo-archaicism of the Marot settings and the pallor of the Don Quichotte cycle (at least without the orchestral trappings that Ravel also provided) seem to me wasted effort, this is a desirable record, and should join the Madeleine Grey performances and Pierre Bernac's Histoires naturelles as a basic item in the recorded Ravel repertory. (The European packaging submitted for review included an insert with only the French texts, if you require translations, make sure they are included in the U.S. edition.) D.H.

Leopold Stokowski—first stereo recordings of two old Stokowskian specialties.

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SALZMAN: The Nude Paper Sermon, Tropes for Actor, Renaissance Consort, Chorus, and Electronics, Stanley Kent, actor; members of the New York Metop Singers; Nonesuch Consort, Joshua Rifkin, cond. Nonesuch H 71231, $2.98.

In his book, *Penser la musique aujourd'hui*, Pierre Boulez compares some composers to certain primitive tribes that adopt an idol, and when it fails to render service, simply destroy it and create another in the hope that the new one will be more beneficial. The composers in question he refers to as a "collectivity of epigones"—take up in a similar fashion the current compositional fad (be it serial, spatial, aleatory, or whatever), work with it until the shock value is lost, and then move on to another.

The current compositional "in-school" is the multimedia, multidimensional "musical environment," and Eric Salzman is one of the composers riding its present wave of popularity. This new work, commissioned by Nonesuch specifically for the record medium, has all the hallmarks of the approach. Although necessarily limited to one medium—that of the disc (there is, however, a live theater version which was performed in New York in the spring—it presents a bewildering variety of auditory experiences, often simultaneously superimposed through the multitrack wonders of stereophonic sound. The piece, according to the composer, is about "the end of the Renaissance" (a phrase borrowed from an article by Leonard Meyer) "... the end of one era and the beginning of another." Thus it incorporates various "traditional" musical styles (particularly that of the Renaissance madrigal, but there are also suggestions of jazz, chant, Stockhausen, etc.) attempting to place them in new contexts through radical juxtapositions.

For example, the piece opens with a "babbled" crescendo of human voices that sounds like a time-lapse recording of a cocktail party slowly getting out of hand—which suddenly breaks off, giving way to (again quoting the composer) "a kind of Renaissance ruin—real fake Renaissance music... over-laid with electronic graffiti." The choice of instruments—real Renaissance in this case—is also supposed to suggest the past. The work as a whole is a kind of montage of vocal-instrumental-electronic snips, all held together (if that is the right phrase) by the narrator of an extended text, which goes on more or less continuously throughout the entire piece. This spoken text, however, provides little sense of true continuity (in the old-fashioned linear sense, at any rate); it consists mainly of fragments of verbal "garbage": "that endless language stream of all those who use words to manipulate others." Nor is the narration even comprehensible in a more literal sense, much of it being purposely obscured, barely audible over the barrage of other sonic events, or else obliterated by the sheer speed of the recitation.

What is all this, you ask? Why, it's the auditory environment of the New generation, that's what—all the things we hear (or are subjected to) in the age of mass media where "multilayer experience" is the norm (again Salzman). Such a work is almost completely resistant to criticism since it makes no pretense of being anything other than "environment"—and the composer can say that he had no choices to make because everything was simply there. Salzman even states that his piece is "post-style," by which I take him to mean that such a work, by the nature of its approach, makes no attempt to establish a consistent style of its own and is thus "styleless." Perhaps, what would be a better term, "multistyled." So one cannot even point out how monumentally derivative the work is (although I am strongly tempted to make a list, which might well run on for pages). One cannot even say that The Nude Paper Sermon is a piece of musical junk; that's exactly what it's intended to be.

But one can question the intention. The only possible point, it seems to me, would be propagandistic, but that is not the intention here: this is not so much a statement about an environment as simply a presentation of it. (Compare, however, Salzman's impressive tape-collage for the "Can Man Survive" exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History—propagandistic admittedly so and effectively so.)

Finally, though, it is the absence of an over-all controlling imagination that is most telling. The work fails to set up a consistent universe (environment?) of its own to give meaning to the manifold of the diverse elements making up its content. Thus Salzman must rely on such clichés as Renaissance "ruins" (i.e., the fake madrigal, which, however, lacks all the "authenticity" of the real thing) and electronic "graffiti" (note the use of the catchword to dress up what are in actuality very ordinary electronic overlays, combined with the madrigal in an apparent attempt to "distance" it—or perhaps, in this case, to make it more "present"). Ultimately, however, it all adds up to just another spice of life.

The performance seems to be excellent and special credit should go to Stacy Keach (lately of *Indians*), who gives a dazzling rendering of the actor's monologue.

R.F.M.

**SCHUBERT: "Grazer" Fantasia; Ländler, D. 366, Nos. 1-6, 15: Deutscher Tanz, D. 974, No. 7, MOZART: Fantasia in C minor, K. 475; Fantasia in D minor, K. 397, Lili Kraus, piano. Odyssey 32 16 0380, $2.98.**

Considering the number of absolutely first-rate Schubert songs that haven't even been recorded, I think the fuss over this Fantasia in C major for piano may be a bit extreme. But since the media will have their little excitement, the so-called Grazer Fantasia made front page news in the New York post, which when it was discovered, and received its American premiere on CBS television—although hot, to be sure, in prime evening time, merely during the Sunday-morning "cultural ghetto." The pianist on that occasion was Lili Kraus, who now gives us the very first recording of the Fantasia discovery.

A work of 1818 (according to the informed guesses of the scholars preparing the new edition of Schubert's music), the *Grazer Fantasia* is not a work on the ambitious scale of its later successor in the same key, the *Wanderer*. The formal layout is fairly straightforward, with a basic theme appearing three times in varying treatments, separated by episodes of more lively character. The theme itself is perhaps the most endeavoring aspect of the piece, for it is one of those Schubertian inspirations that conjure up a melody from shadowy veiling of harmony, and indeed throughout the entire Fantasia there are beguiling turns between major and minor. Certainly not a work of fundamental importance in the Schubertian canon, but one that will please listeners and delight pianists.

Lili Kraus's performance seems very sound (a score was not yet available in New York before the review deadline), if slightly mannered in some rhythmic details (I find the rubato of the introductory accomplishment figure a bit extreme). From the standpoint of sheer musicianship, it is actually the little selection of songs that impresses me the most. For, Kraus has a real gift for underlining the particular rhythmic detail in each of these brief works that will bring out its character and avoid the dangers of monotony inherent in a sequence of metrically identical and formally simple movements.

The Mozart works, on the other hand, suffer rather more from Minne. Kraus's rhythmic fussiness—for example, her insistence on a *Luftpause* before every downbeat on the first page of K. 475; the magpie accent is all very well, but here she applies it both stiffly and indiscriminately.

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CIRCLE 22 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Seiji Ozawa is especially eloquent in music. Which explains how he won the 1959 International Competition of Orchestral Conductors in the strange world of Europe.

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When reviewing Mischa Dichter’s debut recording of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1, I raised the possibility that the young pianist was really a classicist who was basically uncomfortable in so splashy and bravura a work. This newest Dichter release supports my suspicion; he certainly sounds far better suited to the lapidarian task of creating Prismatic nuances than to hurling Jovian octave roulades. Dichter is particularly delicate in the Beethoven piece (originally the slow movement of the Waldstein Sonata). He is a most polished pianist, and in so basically lyric an utterance, his inclination to insinuate rather than to declare is a welcome asset. One literally luxuriates in the beautiful pastel colors Dichter produces, while the musical argument flows ahead in limpid, beautifully proportioned, completely natural fashion.

In the big Schubert Sonata, Dichter’s amazingly accurate, smoothly patrician execution helps to realize his elegant, rather understated “classical” conception of this enigmatic work. His rhythms are completely straightforward—triplets in the left hand sound utterly natural rather than like catalytic heavings and tuggings. In other words, Dichter is a complete conserving when it comes to harmonic “pointing”: unlike Schnabel, Lili Kraus, Rudolf Serkin, and other recognized Schubert specialists of an older generation, he does not distort a rhythmic figuration even slightly to achieve a given stress on a chord progression or significant modulation. For me, music of such stark originality and emotional turbulence needs the exaggerated stress, and consequently, Dichter’s reading strikes me as a bit bland and underdone. But there can be no denying that on its own terms this is distinguished playing, agreeably reproduced.

H.G.


Miss Du Pré has said that she does not like to practice extensively, arguing that the technical benefits gained therefrom are achieved at the expense of spontaneity. She would rather run the risk of a few sour notes than to produce performances of cold virtuosity. The test of such an argument is not found in verbal rebuttal but in the reality of her playing. Perhaps she should reconsider her thoughts on the subject.

These performances are assuredly spontaneous; they also contain an undue measure of sour notes. But it is not technical inexactitude that detracts from her effectiveness: rather, it is a tendency to hold nothing in check, a predilection toward free expression that is positively aggressive and overbearing. One senses tremendous energy in her playing, but it never seems to be going anywhere. Barenboim is similarly inclined to “let it all hang out,” and I must say that the two partners effectively rip asunder whatever cohesiveness is in Schumann’s Concerto. Saint-Saëns fares no better; indeed there are moments of such ragged ensemble that one wonders how Angel could have issued the disc in this form.

It is instructive to compare these raucous performances to an earlier Angel recording with Starker and Giulini (and the “old” Philharmonia). That cellist’s virtuosic wizardry is wedded to a conception that is both urgent and poetic. In both works Starker and Giulini keep a firm grasp on the musical line, yet produce anything but cold performances. Sonically, the new Angel is not sufficiently better than the old (which still sounds fine) to warrant a recommendation on that point.

S.I.


for the purpose. Schubertians, at any rate, will not want to miss this record. D.H.


Scriabin wrote his First Symphony in 1900 at the age of twenty-eight. Like many young, forward-looking composers of his day, he proudly wore the mantle of both Wagner and Franck, and like many of his contemporaries, Scriabin—in his orchestral music at least—was unable either to assimilate or transcend these twin influences. Not surprisingly, the First Symphony betrays many of the weaknesses that were also to invade the composer's other two symphonies: the prevalence of triple meter, causing rhythmic monotony; an inability to sustain long tempos, which all too often slump into slow, enervating lyrical moods; thick, string-heavy orchestration, causing aural fatigue; and an overall grandiosity that borders on pomposity.

If I paint a rather bleak picture of these works, it is certainly not to damn them completely. Indeed, there are many delectable moments here. The First starts with an exquisite Lento, no less beautiful for having been lifted from Franck's Psiche. Following this is a rather embarassing acrostic Allegra, balanced by a voluptuous Lento of impressive quality. It's straight downhill for the last three movements, however, with a brief stop along the way for an infectious, mildly amusing Scherzo. One would expect some fun from the choral Finale, but it is as boring as it is banal—certainly the low point of the work. Melodiya's performance is disappointing too, largely due to Svetlanov's tampering with the score. The ad libitum of cymbals and crashes, aside from being stylistically inappropriate, only makes it sound more opaque. Could this dressing-up be a cover for the conductor's lack of conviction or affection for the score? At any rate, I am unconvinced.

The Second Symphony of 1901 is, to my mind, a far superior work. Here, in its opening pair of movements (Andante/Allegra) we find a fully realized symphonic argument, satisfying in form as well as in content. Written after the failure of the First Symphony's première performance, these brooding and defiant movements give the feeling that for the first time Scriabin, the spoiled dilettante, is revealing himself rather than striking a pose. The rest of the piece is, unfortunately, not on this level. The gossipy Andante which follows, wears out its welcome long before its fifteen-minute duration has elapsed. A promising Tempestoso suggests Alberich slapping on the rocks, but it too comes to nothing. The Mause- toso Finale is repetitive and banal. Both performances leave little to be desired, but Columbia's engineers have given Semykov a washy, almost bloodless ambience on Side 2—in order to avoid distortion in loud passages I suspect. Melodiya has avoided the problem by splitting the long middle movement over two sides, and the sound is fine. If you must have a recording of this work, I would recommend Svetlanov's more committed performance. (Once again, he adds cymbals and a gong to the score, but here it works well.)

The Symphony No. 3 (Divine Poem) is burdened with a bizarre philosophical program: the three movements represent most graphically man's struggle with God, his wallowing in worldly pleasures, and (get this) his final inevitable victory and joy in untrammeled creativity. By this time (1905) Scriabin was well on the way to mental illness, and his megalomaniacal mind really had fun with this one. Decadence of this sort could easily be not at all to your liking, but there are some gorgeous moments nonetheless and I say try it anyway. Svetlanov's performance is good enough, however, other conductors—Konstantin Ivanon on MK, especially—have brought a greater sense of urgency to the music. Melodiya's sound is good, and I recommend the disc—except for an unforgivable blunder by the tape editor who has inadvertently cut off the Symphony's last note, a sustained C unison. As it now stands, the ending makes no sense at all.

R.W.S.

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CIRCLE 62 ON READER SERVICE CARD

April 1970

Shostakovich’s Fifth Symphony has often been regarded as representative of the violent swing toward conservatism in the composer’s musical style, a change supposedly brought on by governmental criticism. Yet Shostakovich had abandoned his truly avant-garde techniques (those of the Second Symphony and his first opera, The Nose, for example) well before his music was blasted by Pravda in 1936. And if one examines the works that were the primary target of the Pravda attacks, Shostakovich’s ballet, The Limpid Stream, and his second opera, Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk, one finds that in Lady Macbeth the musical language is scarcely more advanced than that of the Fifth Symphony, and that in The Limpid Stream (much of whose music appears in the three Ballet Suites), the style is so incredibly banal that the Fifth Symphony seems radical in comparison.

Nothing could be more typical of Shostakovich’s style than the angular, wide-interval figure that is played in stretto by the strings at the beginning of the Fifth Symphony’s first movement. The way in which a conductor takes these opening bars is usually a good indication of how good or bad a certain performance is going to be. The opening figure is, in fact, infinitely more important as a rhythmic motive than as a theme. Yet most conductors, including Ormandy on this disc, tend to treat it as a melody, and the effect is usually quite sing-songy. This sort of error comes, I think, from a tendency to treat Shostakovich like Mahler. For while there are certain parallels—most of them superficial—to be drawn between the two composers, Shostakovich’s symphonic music is essentially nonlyrical and therefore, almost by necessity, much less romantic than most people seem to feel.

Considering the excellence of Ormandy’s version of Shostakovich’s Fourth Symphony, his rather matter-of-fact, heavy-handed treatment of the Fifth comes as a disappointment. Ormandy is at his best in the slow movement, in which he manages to obtain some almost mystical effects in the pianissimo passages. On the other hand, he has a tendency, in the other movements, to sacrifice the essential horizontal momentum of the Symphony to more instantaneouseffects, so that the delicate balance between Shostakovich’s evasive melodic language and the rest of the musical elements is often destroyed. The recorded sound is also disappointing and tends to be particularly harsh in the strings, thus partially negating one of the Philadelphia Orchestra’s strongest assets. Ormandy and Columbia are obviously capable of much better, and perhaps the forthcoming reissue of the Shostakovich Tenth Symphony will make up for this mediocrit \n

TCHAIKOVSKY: Swan Lake, Op. 20. Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, cond. For a feature review of this recording, see page 79.

recitals & miscellany


Biggs has been recording many of the world's historic organs for Columbia (earlier releases in this current series include Switzerland and Spain), and his travels have now taken him to Italy. The development of organ building has, of course, always run parallel to the development of organ music. The Protestant countries in the north of Europe required and encouraged production of both the music and the instruments far more than the Catholic south, where music in the church service was the only less important—Germany has given us a Bach and a Schnitger; Italy has given us very little organ music and, as evidenced by this record, no great organists.

The typical Italian organ consists of only one manual and (when included at all) a pedal division of one or two stops. This manual division, which is often divided between treble and bass, invariably contains an exceptionally complete principal chorus with every pitch of the harmonic series represented from 16 feet up to ½ or even ⅓ of a foot. These light and bright principals are augmented by a couple of flute stops and occasionally a reed. There’s not much tonal variety available and in spite of Biggs’s considerable pains to vary the registrations, both the music and the organs tend to blur in the memory into one basic cool and bright and not terribly attractive sound. As for the music, Biggs has carefully chosen each piece to suit the respective instruments. A few gems have been included: the Gesualdo Gagliarda with its

the joy of breathless purity
the drama of majestic power

We could say much more about the new DC300 “breakthrough” amplifier, but High Fidelity has already said it in its March equipment report (based on CBS Labs test data): “a stereo amplifier that shatters all previous performance records. Its performance is so good, it seems to mock the measuring equipment used for evaluating it. Distortion... is more of a theoretical ‘must be there’ concept than an actual measurable phenomenon. Response is literally a ruler-flat line.” Their final conclusion? This “sonic Samson” delivers “in sum the highest performance yet uncountered in an amplifier.”

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starting chromatic harmonies, both Gabrieli works, and the Marcello Psalm, which here receives the slowest and dull-est reading I've heard. The rest of the performances are accurate, though sometimes clumsy and rather dry. The recorded sound is acceptable, but the action noises suggest that microphone placement may have been too close to give a truly accurate account of the instruments in their natural habitat. Jacket notes give the complete specifications, a few facts about each instrument, and additional information about the music. C.F.G.


Bitetti is an Argentinian guitarist who proves that the refinements of his trade—a light touch, an easy way with rhythm, a sense of line and color—are by no means confined to Spanish and English music. Difficulties seem to melt before him, and he adds an extra degree of bravura flair which is just the right thing to put across works like Tansman's colorful dance suite and the fast-as-lightning Las Abejas by Barrios. The "contemporary" label means no more than that the composers survived at least to the mid-point of this century; the spirit of all of these works is totally traditional, and the most modern sounding is heard is that of Villa Lobos' 1939 Estudio No. 11. S.F.


Lucky London, a city that can boast two string orchestras capable of such first-rate performances of Elgar's Introduction and Allegro, and itself a masterpiece of invention and scoring; last year the Academy of St.-Martin-in-the-Fields (Argo ZRG 573, with other Elgar string music), and now the English Chamber Orchestra. I would grant a few superiorities of detail to the new Britten-directed recording, such as a slightly more precise distinction between staccato and tenuto in the articulation of the repeated-note second subject, but there isn't a great deal in it either way; let the coupling guide your choice.

There are other desirable things on this new London disc, of course, especially the superb Purcell Chacony and Frank Bridge's artful (if sometimes too airy) arrangement of Sir Roger de Coverley, which introduces and near the end, a strain of Auld Lang Syne—now definitely revealed, by the way, as the theme used in Elgar's Enigma Variations.

The Delius Aquarelles are arrangements of choral pieces; I should like to hear the originals, for I suspect that the coloring provided by text would clothe the attractive harmonic details in a five-voice, picturesque framework. And, for the complete Brittenite, here at last is the composer's own version of the Simple Symphony, a work that is skillfully scored but a bit square and strenuous in its development of themes from the composer's youth.

Everything is impeccably played and warmly recorded in the lamented (but soon-to-be-rebuilt) Maltings. Let us hope that London will give us many more "Britten-conducts-other-people" recordings to follow this one. D.H.


"She looked perhaps a little less cubic than Tetrazzini," recalls an Italian friend who saw them both, "but her voice was unforgettable: miraculously clear, bright, and flexible."

The five-by-five figure of Toti dal Monte has not been seen on an operatic stage for twenty years or more but the lady herself (now in her seventies) is still well and busy teaching in Italy. Her voice too has recently been absent from the Schwann catalogue, ever since the deletion a few years ago of the historic 1939 Butterfly (long available as a COLH reissue) in which she co-starred with Beniamino Gigli. Although that Cio-Cio-San was not to everybody's taste, it was a distinctively sung and shrewd character portrayal, one whose appeal increased with repeated hearings.

So it is agreeable to be able to welcome Toti dal Monte's very special voice and style back to the catalogue, in this latest of Rococco's venturesome explorations of historic vocal recordings. One might have wished for a broader range in the choice of operatic roles and perhaps something more representative of her work as a lyric soprano: almost everything here emphasizes her dexterity with coloratura, which was considerable—though she herself scorned the reputation of a canary chick and insisted that this talent was subsidiary to her gifts as an interpreter.

It was as Gilda that she scored her first great triumph, under Toscanini, at La Scala in December of 1921. In the next two decades she was in high demand on Italian and Latin American stages. She sang at the Metropolitan and in Chicago in the mid-Twenties but her success in this country was a limited one—perhaps (or so she believed) because management.

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CIRCLE 1 ON READER-SERVICE CARD


and audience wanted to turn her into a coloratura attraction, like Hempel or Tattazzini.

The best example of her less showy gifts is contained in the William Tell aria, a beautifully shaped and sensitively conceived version of Mathilde's cavatina. Lucia's Mad Scene (a childhood favorite of mine, this) shows the voice taking on an almost metallic brightness above the stave, but the notes are hit plumb center and the line is admirable. The Regimento showpiece is taken with boldness and verve, yet there is all the delicacy and subtlety you could ask for.

Toti dal Monte is Venetian and some of the canzone are from or about the sea-girt city; not all of them are really worth reviving, but the lady's way with them makes you forget that.

The notes (by one Luciano di Cave) are ebulliently enthusiastic but not sufficiently informative about dates and circumstances of recordings. Dal Monte made two versions each of the Lucia Mad Scene and Benedetto's Venetian Carnival; we are here given the first (pre-electric) version of these. Mr. Di Cave maintains that none of the present selections has previously appeared on LP.

Some of Roccoco's 78-rpm source pressings were fairly scratchy, but these can easily be cleared up with the help of filter or treble controls: this is by far preferable to excessive filtering at the dubbing or mastering stage. At least this way you have it all, to do with as you wish.

G.M.


Despite the surge of interest in baroque music over the past decade or so, very little attention has been paid to Spain. Archive now rectifies the oversight with a sampling of organ and sacred choral music ranging from late sixteenth to mid-eighteenth centuries. It may come as a surprise that Spanish composers were really very much in the main stream of continental European music-making at that time, although they do retain an unmistakably nationalistic flavor. This is particularly apparent in the choral pieces included here.

The vocal side of the disc contains two works by Diego Durón, a hitherto unknown brother of Sebastián Durón. The carol La rara peregrina sus velas is scored for two choirs, one vocal and the other instrumental: baroque oboes and a continuo consisting of sackbut, baroque bassoon, harp, and violone. It is a charming and thoroughly delightful work—perhaps the best of the set. The choir of the monas-

tery in Montserrat is made up of boys and men who sing with precision and much feeling, but they do not quite match the caliber of the best European ensembles.

The organ side of the disc is certainly less compelling. Senor Llovera has selected a rather unistinguished group of pieces which he plays slowly, accurately, and academically. The organs included are the famous Emperor's Organ in Toledo, the organ of the royal chapel in Madrid, and the organ of the S. T. M. B. de La Seo in Zaragoza. These historic Spanish instruments are chiefly interesting for their brilliant and fiery collection of reeds, but Llovera employs them only once in a short piece played on the Toledo instrument. E. Power Biggs gives a far more spectacular demonstration on his recent Columbia album "Historic Organs of Spain" (MS 7109). No matter, the choral side alone makes the disc well worth exploring.

C.F.G.


Continued on page 117

We've added 'Roméo et Juliette' to our list of imports.

Berlioz: Roméo et Juliette
Patricia Kern, soprano;
Robert Tear, tenor;
John Shirley-Quirk, bass;
John Alldís Choir.
London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus/Davis 839.716/17

Already on our list:
Berlioz: Te Deum
Tagliavini, tenor; London Symphony Chorus & Orchestra/Davis 839.790 (SAL 3724)

Berlioz: Symphonie Funèbre et Tromphale;
Marche funèbre, Op. 18; Prelude à Les Troyens à Carthage.
London Symphony Orchestra/Davis 802.913

Berlioz: Les Nuits d'ete; 5 Songs
Armstrong, soprano; Veasey, mezzo-soprano;
Patterson, tenor; Shirley-Quirk, bass.
London Symphony Orchestra/Colin Davis 6500.009

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CIRCLE 38 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

APRIL 1970

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This collection of encore pieces is, like everything else I have ever heard Igor Kipnis play, beautifully performed and the registration in excellent taste (thank God that the sixteen-foot stop is being recognized as superfluous, unauthentic, and tiresome these days!). His ornaments for repeated sections are imaginative and impeccably stylish. The instrument he uses has a lovely, silvery tone, and the recording, very "forward," is a model of clarity.

The only thing I would say of a critical nature is that the whole idea seems a bit old-fashioned, rather like the kind of things Landowska had to record in the bad old days for RCA (the Minuet from Don Giovanni, a piece by Couperin, etc.) in order to get the harpsichord recorded at all. Do people still want this kind of anthology? Perhaps it is a useful way to introduce the instrument to younger Steinway-minded or Stockhausen-oriented friends. In any case, it is a very good anthology; and if it brings even one person nearer to Bach or Bull, I’m all for it.

H.C.R.L.}


The identity of Yannula Pappas remains a carefully guarded secret on this German import—there are brief notes (in German, French, and English) about the music, but not a word on the artists. Never mind: this is an absolutely dis-arming recital of flavorsome folk-inspired art songs performed with a fresh spontaneity that masks an underlying musical sophistication.

I would judge that Miss Pappas’ voice is on the smallish side, rather limited in its coloristic and dramatic range—in other words, hardly potential operatic material. But her fragile, shimmering mezzo is just about perfect for the music on this disc, and even without the benefit of texts and translations the effect of her singing here is spell-binding in its purity of intonation, sensitive grading of textual nuances, and appealing innocence. The Ravel songs (sung in Greek) will be familiar and a few of the Spanish items turn up on recital programs. The rest of the music is virtually terra incognita, especially the four contemporary Greek selections. Except for the intriguing lengthy mosaic by Mikis Theodorakis (born in 1925 and presently in a Greek prison for his outspoken resistance to the current regime), these songs are on the safe side of the twentieth century with their folkslike modality and occasional touches of exotic “Asia-Minor” melismas. Miss Pappas is understandably very much at home in this material, but the Spanish songs are equally delightful and idiomatic. Horst Göbel’s supple accompaniments and the warm, intimate acoustics are splendid complements to this uncommonly interesting recital.

P.G.D.


This is Gerd Zacher’s second recording of recent organ music for DG, and although he once again reveals himself to be a remarkably versatile technician and imaginative interpreter, the present disc seems much less interesting than the first, mainly due to the quality of the pieces included. Best of the group is Giuseppe Giorgio Enghert’s Vagan Anima, a humorous parody and musical kitch of the religious variety. The piece opens with a very funny Prelude of incredible pomposity, apparently built from fragments of actual pieces (arranged, however, so as to be unrecognizable). This is the only portion of the piece that is notated. The remainder consists of a tape constructed by the composer from sustained, static organ sounds, to which Zacher superimposes counterpoints fragmented quotations recalling that well-known type of church organ music in which religious character and sentiment have become stylized to the point of cliché.

Zacher’s own “Rd” is written for organ tandem as well as organist, and consists of a pedal D throughout with the addition of its harmonic and disharmonic components (Bach’s D minor Toccata makes an unexpected appearance at one point). It is an interesting idea, but one which is carried out too great a length to sustain interest here. The Feldman and Cage pieces are not so much compositions as “sets of actions” for the performer (neither was written explicitly for the organ). The results are pretty much what one would expect, although the Feldman does give vent to some very interesting sounds created by the suppression of the organ’s wind supply.

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The scores of these two ballets might well have been shelved along with their choreography—both have long since been dropped from the repertory. Carlos Surinach's piece has a certain superficial pop-concert zip in the Spanish style. It is inconceivable, however, that Souvenirs is the work of a composer as skilled and tasteful as Samuel Barber. It sounds like the work of some Russian hack. A.F.

Recorded live in the Beethovenhaus, Bonn, these performances must be admired as the work of a vigorous old man. But to hear the true Casals achievement with this music one should turn to an earlier set of recordings, the collaborations with Rudolf Serkin that are also available on a low-priced label: Odyssey 32 36 0016. The differences are not so much in interpretation as in the fine degree of control that makes the master what he is. While the Odyssey set (dating from 1951–53) cannot rival the World Series in engineering, it is musically the more valuable and remains perfectly acceptable to the critical ear. R.C.M.

This collection largely parallels Jean Casadesus's recent budget-priced Odyssey disc. Ciccolini's performances, like those of both Casadesus and Rena Kyriakou in her complete set for Vox, are thoroughly expert and appealing. He uses more pedal than Casadesus, preferring swashes of bright color to sharply focused, dry-point detail. In that respect Ciccolini's readings are more akin to Mlle. Kyriakou's, albeit with something more scope and virility. H.G.

This is fluent harpsichord playing and well recorded, but József Gát's delivery is too metronomic to allow the finesses of Couperin's style full sway. The embellishments are crowded and a little nervous because Gát makes scant use of agogic accent and sensual rubato. Qualiton does well so far as engineering is concerned, but they are faithful companions to our own manufacturers in making the harpsichord larger than life. The instrument used in this recording is not only closely miked but has an amplifying device of its own, which places the performance in double jeopardy. P.H.L.

Sure-handed and well-defined performances. Indeed, Sawallisch's textures are so clear and his tempo so firmly drawn that one occasionally misses a touch of mystery and mood. Discipline, in other words, sometimes precludes imagination and sensitivity. However, there is a welcome vigor in both works and a refreshing lack of pretense about the way Sawallisch calls it spade a spade. Superbly detailed sound in this imported Philips pressing and excellent orchestral work from the New Philharmonia. H.G.

This curious work involves a number of "mixed media" elements: a great deal of meditative strumming on a guitar, like a folk singer deciding what to do next; the singing of a Gregorian Salve Regina by a wonderful tenor; some miscellaneous sounds apparently produced on a set; and some wild and patternless electronic noises. The total effect is quite fetching and the work draws you back for repeated hearings, although it lasts twice as long as its material warrants, at least to my ears. A.F.

Sooner or later every recording conductor attempts a Strauss waltz program and, surprisingly, Bernstein has postponed the inevitable until now. The wait has been worthwhile: these readings are admirably controlled both in their lyrical expressiveness and in their animation. Bernstein's Vienna Blood is exceptional for its intoxicating blend of jaunty vivacity and poetic warmth, but all the others are impression too. The New York Philharmonic men are on their best behavior and they are powerfully, often brilliantly, recorded. R.D.D.

Repertory limitations being what they are, Zabaleta's latest solo program is predominantly devoted to stereo updatings of selections he recorded monophonically in the Fifties. These include, from the eighteenth century, the infectiously cheerful C.P.E. Bach Sonata in B minor, Wq. 139 and an engaging Air-and-Variations movement from a Krumpholz concerto; and from contemporary composers, the unexpectedly lyrical Sonata (1939) by Hindemith, Prokofiev's flowing Prelude in C, Op. 12, No. 7, Salzedo's synthetically impressionistic Chanson dans la nuit, and a Caplet Divertissement à l'espagnole. New, I believe, are a companion Caplet Divertissement à la française and a fine Viotti Sonata in B flat. Zabaleta's performances are (as always) breathtaking for their flawless deftness and magical tonal coloring, and they are given ideally gleaming, transparent sonics. R.D.D.
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Bach did not often command the attention of pianists from Backhaus' generation—except, of course, in transcriptions. The performances here do not by suggestion that Bach came naturally to Backhaus and he tends to lean rather heavily on the music. To be sure, romantic mannerisms are avoided and the discreetly pedaled textures are a model of clarity; but the big-boned tone gives us a larger-than-life picture of the music—the Prelude to the English Suite, although played straight, has all the mass and force of a Stokowski arrangement. There's a master pianist at work here, no mistake, but this is a very special brand of Bach.


There are few Brahms Seconds available at a budget price apart from complete sets of the four symphonies, so this fine recording, made during Monteux's sunny final years with the LSO, is especially timely. Even at top dollar the performance would be worth the attention of anyone shopping for the work. Monteux provides a velvety smooth orchestral texture underscored by a rippling muscular fiber that belies the music's reputation for pastoral gentility. The melodies sing as expressively for Monteux as for any conductor, but there is a strength and purpose to the reading that give it a very special quality. A bonus in the form of an enjoyable Academic Festival Overture turns an irresistible disc into an indispensable one.

CHOPIN: Sonata for Piano, No. 3, in B minor, Op. 58; Barcarolle in F sharp, Op. 60; Nocturne No. 8, in D flat, Op. 27, No. 2; Mazurka No. 32, in C sharp minor, Op. 50, No. 3. Dinu Lipatti, piano. Odyssey 32 16 0369, $2.98 (mono only) [from Columbia ML 4721, 1954, recorded in 1947/8].

It has been nearly twenty years since Dinu Lipatti died of leukemia at the age of thirty-three. He made relatively few recordings but fortunately most of them have remained in circulation and this Chopin collection is to my mind the most indispensable of the lot. Lipatti so effortlessly beguiled the ear with his poised lyricism and bejeweled tone that one sometimes forgets what a perceptive musician he was. The three items on Side 2—played with brilliantly controlled rubato, subtle harmonic pointing, and supple phrasing—serve as an eye-opening reminder, while the eloquent Sonata No. 3 is quite simply the most distinguishable I've ever heard. A treasurable disc on all counts.

GLUCK: Alceste. Kirsten Flagstad (s), Raoul Jobin (t), Alexander Young (t), Thomas Hemsley (b), et al.; Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra, Geraint Jones, cond. Richmond SRS 63512, $8.94 (three discs) [from London OSA 1403, 1958].

With all due respect to the great Kirsten Flagstad, this is not the way to win friends for Gluck. Granted, the earlier Italian edition of Alceste used here does tend to be even more statuesque and immovable than the later French revision, but such a thoroughly gratuitous approach as heard on these discs very nearly kills the opera cold. Perhaps the best way to listen to the performance is a side at a time—that way one can savor Flagstad's singing in the abstract as an experience in sheer vocal sound. The soprano was entering the last phase of her career at this point and the voice shows signs of darkening into a ripe mezzo (perhaps this accounts for the Italian version, which lies a bit lower: than the more demanding French rewrite). She sounds magnificent and that may be enough for some. The other singers offer no resistance to conductor Jones's stuffy pacing—with the exception of Raoul Jobin. He too was at the end of his career here and occasionally seems a bit worse for wear, although he does appear to be more involved than his colleagues. The sound is warm, full, and true.

HANDEL: Giulio Cesare (excerpts). Beverly Sills (s), Beverly Wolff (m), Maureen Forrester (c), Norman Treigle (b), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the New York City Opera, Julius Rudel, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3116, $5.98 [from RCA Red Seal LSC 6182, 1968].

RCA's "highlights" from its Giulio Cesare have been cleverly selected to cash in on Beverly Sills' sudden elevation from a local talent to superstardom. The entire disc is devoted to her four big arias and two duets with Caesar—all the other characters, including the admirable Norman Treigle in the title role, only play an insignificant part here during the recitatives that lead into Cleopatra's solo scenes. Had RCA dispensed with some of this filler they might have added at least one aria apiece for Caesar, Cornelia, and Sextus and given us a more representative view of the score.

As a showcase for Miss Sills, though, this album is a resounding success: not only is the voice a beguilingly warm and flexible instrument in itself, but the soprano brilliantly captures Cleopatra's voluptuousness and volatile personality. I found the live performances to be a shade more spontaneous and even more vocally assured, but there's little question that this represents Handel-singing of a very high order.


Delightful performances of these marvelous scores. The Vienna Philharmonic's famed instrumental finesse and tuneful qualities have been captured in a splendidly full-ranged, lively recording. And Krips adds a good measure of earthy wit and robust energy to his sound, perceptive leadership. Anyone coming to these symphonies for the first time should find Krips's solid, mathematician readings especially appealing.

MOZART: Die Entführung aus dem Serail. Wilma Lipp (s), Emmy Loose (s), Walther Ludwig (t), Peter Klein (t), Endre Koreh (b); Chorus of the Vienna State Opera; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Krips, cond. Richmond RS 63015, $8.94 (three discs, mono only) [from London A 4301 1950].

My introduction to Mozart's Abduction was via this recording, so rehearing it again after many years conjured up a pleasant sort of nostalgia—tempered, unfortunately, by a fresh reminder of the performance's serious liabilities. Not one of the soloists seems particularly comfortable with this difficult music. Endre Koreh's meager gifts hardly measure up to the challenge of Overture and he is swamped by both extremes of the performance.
role's wide-ranging tessitura. Walther Ludwig makes a most prosaic Belmonte, and Peter Klein's character tenor is neither suitable nor technically secure. The ladies are a bit better, but both Lipp and Loose are easily outshone in rival recordings. Since Seraphim's Abduction offers far superior vocal performances—not to mention a lower price (two discs as opposed to three) and excellent stereo sound—Richmond's reissue is definitely non-competitive.


We must wait for quadraphonic sound, I suppose, before a really effective recording of Mozart's Notturno for Four Orchestras comes to pass. This two-channel performance takes its cue from the echo pattern of the composer's overall plan: the principal orchestra is spread evenly left and right while the three 'echo' orchestras—which play overlapping repetitions of the material first stated by the main group—are firmly situated on the right (echoes one and three) and on the left (echo two). Since each echo is softer than the one that preceded it, orchestra four is virtually inaudible much of the time. Try listening over a headset and the effect becomes much clearer.

If Mozart's four-orchestra fun and games leaves you unimpressed, there is always the delectable Serenata Notturna and some engaging scraps from the composer's precocious teen-age years. Maag's readings are lithe, lyrical, and elegantly played by the Londoners.

Mussorgsky: Songs and Dances of Death. Tchaikovsky: 3 Songs from Op. 6: None but the Lonely Heart; Believe Not; My Love. Prokofiev: 5 Poems by Anna Akhmatova. Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Mstislav Rostropovich, piano. World Series PHC 9138, $2.98 [from Philips 900021, 1962].

Vishnevskaya is in magnificent form for this tasty recital of Russian songs—the stark Mussorgsky cycle makes an especially powerful impact in these vivid, dramatic performances. Death has many guises here—impersonal, seductive, sarcastic, and triumphant—and Vishnevskaya, without ever resorting to unmusical histrionics, finds precisely the right vocal inflection for each colorful portrait. Not since the old MC recording of Eugene Orgei has her voice sounded so lovely; the caressing pianissimos in the Serenade are ravishing and she opens up thrillingly on the full-throated climax of The Field Marshal.

The three Tchaikovsky songs have a depth of expression here that goes far beyond their salonlike atmosphere, and the five Prokofiev vignettes are also strongly characterized and beautifully vocalized. Rostropovich accompanies his wife discreetly but firmly. The sound is a bit too resonant and the balance between singer and pianist might have been more carefully judged—minor flaws in an otherwise treasurable disc.


A timely reissue—the composer and pianist featured here are both currently enjoying a revival of sorts. The disc gives us a useful cross view of Scriabin's piano music as it developed from the Chopinisms of the Op. 11 Preludes through the sweeping Rachmaninoff-like Fantaisie to the cryptic mysticism of the late Vers la flamme and five last Preludes. Lewenthal is just the man for this sort of thing and his larg-scale, generous approach generates plenty of excitement. The early Preludes are gracefully and poetically played, but the admittedly rather obscure Opp. 72 and 74 seem to baffle him somewhat; undoubtedly, were he to tackle it today, Lewenthal could bring more coloristic point to the dark-light imagery of Vers la flamme. The piano reproduction is serviceable, albeit a bit flat and one-dimensional. 

Peter G. Davis
Tonight with Doc Severinsen

Doc Severinsen (born Carl Severinsen in Arlington, Oregon) is, as millions upon millions of Americans know, conductor of the band on Johnny Carson's Tonight show. He has a groovy wife named Evonne (who doubles as his business manager), four kids, seven horses, and sixty-eight acres of ranch in New Jersey. And his Tonight show band is a really remarkable, virtuoso orchestra. In fact, it contains the best group of musicians of any band in the country. Each man in the trumpet section, for example, is capable of doing a first-rate job in the lead chair. Doc himself is a phenomenal lead trumpeter.

Here, I thought, I should find a happy man and a happy organization. And to a large extent, this is true. "It is a happy band," says Grady Tate, the singer, who also happens to be an excellent drummer. He alternates in the drum chair with another fine drummer, Eddie Shaughnessy. Yet the picture is not as contented as it seems.

But let's look at the band itself for a minute. A total of twenty-six men play in the Tonight show band—not all at the same time, of course. Performing strength is sixteen; the larger number is necessary to take care of days off.

The lead trumpeter is Johnny Frosk. The rest of the trumpets are Bob McCoy, Jimmy Maxwell (he's the big one with the beard), Dick Perry, Snooky Young, and Clark Terry—names familiar to any jazz fan who reads personnel lists on liner notes. Clark Terry, needless to say, is one of the great soloists in the history of jazz.

The trombones (or "bones" as musicians call them) are Bob Alexander, Sy Burger, Sonny Russo, Paul Faulice, and Dick Lieb. The saxes are Tommy Newsom (an excellent arranger, be it noted), Arnie Lawrence, Sid Cooper, Al Klink, Wally Kane, Bobby Tricarico, Harold Feldman, and Don Ashworth.

Julie Ruggerio or Bob Haggart alternate on bass. (Haggart will be remembered by older jazz fans from his days with the Bob Crosby band.) Tony Mottola or Bucky Pizzarelli play guitar. Derek Smith or Ross Tompkins is the pianist. Ross, a superb player in the same school, more or less, as Oscar Peterson is one of the most underestimated musicians in the country—although not by fellow musicians in New York.

Doc himself has been with the Tonight band as long as the show has existed. He went on the air as a member of the trumpet section when the show began, with Steve Allen, some twenty years ago. Doc was twenty-two then and Skitch Henderson was the leader. When Jack Paar took over the show, he brought in José Melis as leader. Doc survived even that change. When Carson came to the show, Skitch got his old job back. Doc left the band for a while, to play concerts around the country, returning about three years ago. Skitch was replaced by Milton De Lugg, who lasted a minute or two, and then the job fell to Doc, who had been assistant conductor under Skitch.

"Doc's a young man," says Grady Tate. "Fortunately, he's worked under some of the older guys who've had the classics under their fingers. But he's young enough to be in touch with the 'now' sound. And that makes for a broad understanding. It's a comfortable job. That's another thing that keeps so many of the cats there. It makes for security and the job doesn't take all your time. So the cats can work at studio jobs."

They certainly can. Sometimes you get the feeling that the members of the Tonight band are on half the recordings made in New York City. Snooky Young, Jimmy Maxwell, Grady himself—every time you turn around, they and their colleagues are on record dates. This is made possible by the fact that the Tonight show rehearses in the late afternoon and is taped from 6:30 to 8:00 p.m. The men are usually free to take daytime dates or those in the latter part of the evening.

Doc used to do a lot of dates himself, but the responsibilities for the show, and his concert commitments around the country, make that impossible now.

Doc is not the clown the show's audience might think. Rather quiet of manner, with a strong Western accent, he is inclined to wear dungarees in his off hours. That may have something to do with the horses. His wife explains: "We both grew up in ranching country." She adds wryly: "The horses are Doc's hobby. But the kids and I do all the work. If he has time to make three horse shows a year nowadays, he's lucky." Doc travels constantly. He is in heavy demand for concerts (many of them with symphony orchestras) and other engagements.

He rarely uses the full complement of

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THE LEES SIDE
Continued from page 122

people ask him where they can buy on records some of the kind of music he's playing. He has no answer. The record companies won't let it be recorded. With sympathetic orchestras, he performs a twenty-five minute fantasy on current pop music, using a rock rhythm section in the middle of the orchestra. In Pittsburgh recently, it brought people shooting out of their chairs in a standing ovation. Bucky was lured away by a big record company that he had a chance to be the one that he means to bring back Tommy Tucker. And who the hell wants to bring that back?'

He is of the idea, that the record business cannot be counted on to help sustain, much less restore, music to its proper stature and place in American society. Oddly enough, he has hope for television as a benefactor of music. "I'm wondering whether to put TV cable TV, and the changing trends in television entertainment, we might get some better music on television."

Doc is well aware that television is flushing off a lot of adult music, and the kids aren't much of an audience for TV: they're too busy running around in daddy-bought cars, polluting the air (while complaining about the corruption of the environment) to watch much television.

"I don't think you're ever going to get the television audience to sit and listen to some trombone player for twelve choruses. But yes, I do think it's a possibility that television will do something to improve music. It's a real possibility. When some of the good creative people decide to do something to improve it, it'll get done."

The next day, as I pondered my conversation with Doc, I had an idea. Johnny Carson appears on the Tonight show two nights a week. Friday, he's off, and a guest host fills his chair. Why not turn the show over to music on that night? Not necessarily to Doc and the band—although it wouldn't hurt to present more of them too—but to guests, good singers, and good instrumentalists. And give them enough room to do something. Traditionally, television gives an instrumentalist about two and a half minutes, and a performer can barely get into it in so short a time. Friday is a weak night for audience attention, anyway. And such a policy just might attract the adults who currently are snapping off their TV sets with a chorus of groans that can be heard across the country.

Meantime, Carson and NBC have already done something for music, if only in keeping the superb musicians of the Tonight band from quitting the music business in disgust—a feeling every honest person in the industry has these days.
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THE GRATEFUL DEAD: Live Dead. Jerry Garcia, guitar and vocals; Phil Lesh, bass guitar and vocals; Bob Weir, guitar and vocals; Mickey Hart, percussion; Bill Kreutzmann, percussion; Tom Constanten, keyboards; Pigpen, vocals, conga, and organ. (Dark Star; Saint Stephen; The Eleven; Turn on Your Love Light; Death Don't Have No Mercy; Feedback; We Bid You Good-night.) Warner Bros./7 Arts 1830, $9.96 (two discs). Tape: \( \star \) 4WA 1830, Parts I and II, $4.98 each.

The Grateful Dead were part of the first wave of the San Francisco Sound (remember that hype?) that included the Jefferson Airplane, but unlike the Airplane and many other Bay Area performers and despite several successful LPs, they have remained an “underground” group. What that means, basically, is that they have been uncom-mitting in their music—they haven’t tried to be popular—and they have always been far more turned on by a warm responsive crowd than by a cold indifferent studio.

Many people, myself included, think that the Dead match the Airplane’s talent, though until now their albums have been unremarkable enough to make it a difficult chore convincing nonbelievers. No more. With one partial exception, there is not a single cut on this “live” two-record set that is not first-rate Dead.

The Dead are the leading, and one of the very few successful, purveyors of improvisatory rock. How many rock groups can sustain interest in what are basically instrumentals lasting as long as a half hour? The most prominent assets of the group are the guitar of Jerry Garcia and the singing and personality of Pigpen. But without the foundation laid down by bassist Phil Lesh and the percussionists, Garcia would be nowhere. And Bob Weir, the other guitarist, deserves more attention than he has received.

It is ironic that a group so famous for being outrageous should produce such polite music. Most of the material is original and, like the playing, it is restrained and often quite lovely. Even the eight-plus minutes entitled Feedback can only be described as tasteful. The only reservation I have is with the r & b standard Turn on Your Love Light which sounds contrived, though it was probably tremendously exciting if you were on hand for the live performance (some of that feeling can be recaptured by turning the volume way up).

One small but highly pleasing point: everyone concerned seems to have been confident enough that the music they were presenting to omit the applause. I hope it’s a trend. J.G.

FOREVER MORE: Yours. Alan Gorrie, vocals, piano, and bass guitar; Mick Travis, vocals and guitar; Onnie Mair, guitar and bass guitar; Stuart Francis, drums; instrumental accompaniment, Simon Napier-Bell, arr. (We Sing; It’s Home; Home Country Blues; 8 O’clock and All’s Well; You Too Can Have a Body Like Mine; five more.) RCA Victor LSP 4272, $4.98. Tape: \( \star \) PBS 1558, $6.95.

Forever More is an excellent British rock quartet making its American debut with this LP. Eclectic is the word used to praise derivative performers and Forever More is derivative if it is anything. But even though many of the band’s sources are still showing—the Beatles, Lovin’ Spoonful, Rascals, among others—so much care, hard work, and musicianship went into its preparation that the album is fresh and exciting.

Almost everything works. Lead singer Alan Gorrie achieves a wide range of emotions and a variety of styles, and Mick Travis, on the two straight songs he sings (he also does two novelty numbers), has the makings of a good pop vocalist. The songs are consistently better than average with Travis and somebody named Sam Hedd each offering several fine tunes. All hands are good on their instruments—they play together beautifully, and the arranging and studio production are among the best I have heard recently on a rock album (there was some surface noise on the copy I listened to). Even the cover is well designed if somewhat bereft of hard information.

Several cuts have potential as singles (Back in the States Again, Yours, and Beautiful Afternoon) which is what most albums need to make it in the pop market. RCA doesn’t have much of a track record for developing talent, but it would be an especial shame if they blew it with Forever More. Maybe being far away in England will help. If they ever make one, their second album ought to be great.

J.G.

ENOCHE LIGHT: Spaced Out. Enoch Light and the Light Brigade. (Bond Street; Lover’s Concerto; Knowing When to Leave; My Silent Love; eight more.) Project 3 PR 5043, $5.98.

Enoch Light, a pioneer of spectacular stereosim, is still trying hard to recapture his one-time pre-eminence as the prime purveyor of audiodesiacs. Here his claims to further sonic innovations (“the first new concept since the percussion era”) are based mainly on attempts to “integrate” the Moog synthesizer “into larger ensemble contexts.” Arranger-performer
It's kind of a dumb-looking thing, but the ear is still the best listening device around. Which should tell you something about the shape of a Yamaha speaker.

True, the ear receives sound and a speaker reproduces it. But the basic principles of physics and design are essentially the same. There is a place in the middle through which the sound travels. Surrounding it are planes of varying dimensions. There is no symmetry.

This is because sound is not symmetrical. It bends. So symmetrical shapes—ears or speakers—will confine sound to an area that won't let it bend naturally. (Cup your ear and see how directional and different things sound.)

The irregular shape of a Yamaha speaker gives sound waves of different length a place to go. Long waves go to the long parts, medium waves to the medium parts and so on.

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Dick Lieb does indeed weave a wide variety of distinctive Moog strands into textures also featuring more familiar timbres, such as fuzz-guitar, vibra-slap, electronic harpsichord and organ, flugelhorn, etc. And he also contributes a fine demonstration solo. Petite Pauliette, in which five of the eight recording channels are devoted to Moog voices, and the remaining three to rhythm-section instruments.

But overall, the technology is retro-rather than pro-gressive in its return to marked left/right channel switchings and antiphonies. This is archaic, ping-pong stereo, or more accurately, when there is an effectively illusory center-fill, an effect that might be called ping-pong-pong. Innovatory pretensions aside however, this ultraestereophonic and glaringly spotlighted engineering does make the best of the Light Brigade All Stars' hard-driving virtuoso performances. These include three Bacharach tunes, three by Lennon and McCartney, and three Lieb arrangements of Bach originals (one of them the above-mentioned Petite Pauliette). The Bach pieces are obviously inspired partly by the Swingle Singers' experiments and partly by the Randall-Linzer hit metamorphosis of a Bach Minuet in G into the Lovers' Concerto, which is also included here. R.D.D.

**

GLEN CAMPBELL: Try a Little Kindness.
Glen Campbell, vocals; Al de Lory and Marty Paich, arr. and cond. (Both Sides Now; Country Girl; Love Is Not a Game; nine more) Capitol SW 389, $4.98. Tape: o o 8XT 389, $6.98; o o 4XT 389, $6.98.

Glen Campbell wears well. Here is a perfect instance of a talent that was ready to be a star, and his audiences sense his security. Campbell spent years in recording studios behind other artists before he hit. The apprenticeship served him well: there's a relaxing confidence to all his albums. Campbell must take great pains in the crucial search for new material. But unlike less knowing performers, Campbell can tell precisely what songs suit him and how they should be handled. (He's no dummy in business either. Seven of the album's songs are published by his own company, and everyone in music knows that the money is in the publishing. I suspect that Campbell has a whole stable of people on retainers writing just for him.)

Much of Campbell's consistency has to do with his continuing association with arranger/producer Al de Lory. They've been together from the beginning, and they read each other: well.

With all the freaks around, it's gratifying to watch a sane, intelligently handled, healthy career. Bravo to aayer. M.A.

GOGI GRANT: The Way a Woman Feels.
Gogi Grant, vocals; Jimmie Haskell, arr. and cond. (Your Words; Joshua; Yesterday When I Was Young; seven more) Pete S 1111, $4.98.

The trouble is that there is no further market for Nice Singers. This is not the 50s or even the 60s. Many a hard-won recording career is being cruelly clipped before its time. Ask Vic Damone. Ask Jack Jones. If they're in trouble, what chance has Gogi Grant at a revival? On the other hand, there are exceptions. Frankie Laine has made a comeback. But look at the garbage he had to sing in order to make it.

Miss Grant comes from the '50s, when women had to sing pretty, with a catty edge. I suppose she has a nice sound, except that she has acquired an unpleasant edge in her top register which makes one wish she had keyd down in many places (The Way a Woman Feels, for instance).

Blessings on Miss Grant, but one can't help wondering where her perceptions lie, as she places this album in the same store whose windows and racks feature the wildly successful world of Janis Joplin and Laura Nyro. M.A.

GUESS WHO: American Woman. Guess Who, vocals and instrumentals. (Talisman; Proper Stranger; When Friends Fall Out; six more) RCA Victor LSP 4266, $4.98. Tape: o o TP3 1036, $6.95; o o PBS 1518, $6.95; o o PK 1518, $6.95.

There is a difference between songwriter and people who write song-type things.
Nine out of ten "writers" are accidentmakers who get lucky. Those who appreciate real music have always been concerned with the tenth. This rule applies in rock—however much that may dismay you.

Canada’s Guess Who has in its four-man ranks a pair of true songwriters (Bachman and Cummings). Since nearly all rock writing is image-laden, the song/nonsong distinction is subtle, yet the traditional rules apply: if at the end of a track you feel that you have heard a completed statement, then it’s a song. One further guideline: rock groups which make it tend to use real songs; groups who bump out tend not to. The Guess Who is riding a single hit from this album, No Time, but there are some other interesting tracks: Tallisman (a wordy ballad), but the words have genuine meaning, 8/15, and New Mother Nature.

Like the majority of successful rock groups these days, the Guess Who is musical and broad-ranged. They are vocally adept, though I’m not crazy about their vocal blend.

I do not say that the Guess Who is the Great Discovery of rock. But with a fresh, clean release heard this month, this was one of the very few worth listening to. Take note. M.A.

**MIKE MELVOIN:** The Plastic Cow Goes Moooooog, Mike Melvoin, Moog synthesizer; Paul Humphrey, Colin Bailey, or Earl Palmer, drums; Dennis Budimir, guitar. (Spinning Wheel; Lady Jane; Born To Be Wild; nine more.) Dot DLP 25961, $4.98.

The likable title of this album brings up a subtle attitude toward the Moog synthesizer, an electronic “instrument” devised by Robert Moog. Now every one in the record business knows that Moog rumbles with vogue. And they all go on saying Moog as in this album title. So much for the quiet resentment of musicians toward certain electronic noninstruments with which they must deal more than they might choose.

The Moog can do anything, in its Moogish way. What pianist/arranger Mike Melvoin has tried to do here is emphasize the Moog’s musical rather than its freakish acoustic possibilities.

What’s more, he’s done it. The Moog is like the guitar in one way: both are easy to play badly. It takes a musician both highly fluent and imaginative to pull this much music out of a machine. No one else could have done it so well as Melvoin. He’s even found places to blow “great and greasy” — to quote producer Tom Mack — all within the context of the project.

That context is “titles,” or chart hits. It was done so that the album would sell and Melvoin could make another one with more freedom. Ironically enough, many good musicians fall apart when they “try to be commercial.” Not Melvoin, one of the most gifted and busiest pianist/arrangers in town. He is able to face squarely (also hiply) whatever song is at hand and make music out of it, as in Bob Dylan’s Lay Lady Lay, or Paul McCartney’s bomb-melody, Ballad of John and Yoko.

Few people were involved here besides Melvoin and a superb engineer named Hank Cicale. The basic rhythm tracks used drums, guitar, and Melvoin playing “bass” on Moog. Later, on all but three tracks, they wiped out the guitar, whose function had been only to hold the rhythm section together. Melvoin then “built” an orchestra with the Moog, layers of melody line, harmonic rhythm, fills, and occasional blowing.

Unsurprisingly, the best tracks are Melvoin originals. The Plastic Cow and One Man, One Volt, both apparently designed for the Moog but in no way dependent upon it. This Melvoin is a fox. If this album succeeds, no one will be sure how much his originals had to do with it. So he’ll get away with putting more of them in the next time around. This is a fascinating album, but it’s the next one I really want.

M.A.

**VINC E GUARALDI:** Alma-Ville. Vince Guaraldi, piano; rhythm accompaniment (Detained in San Ysidro; Rio From the Air; Watch What Happens; six more.) Warner Bros./7 Arts 1828, $4.98.

People keep forgetting about pianist Vince Guaraldi except when they catch the Peanuts specials on TV. Apparently...

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Guaraldi is not thrilled at the relentless Peanuts (more specifically, Shroeder) association, as mention of it is noticeably lacking in the otherwise informative liner notes. Very well. Balance the point with the firm fact that Guaraldi was well into big-league musicianship before Peanuts ever hit the tube. The second thing people remember about Guaraldi is his once-gigantic, now-standardized hit tune, Cast Your Fate to the Wind.

I've never heard a Vince Guaraldi album that didn't make me smile. Put him anywhere with a piano and something charming will get out. In this case, with Warners and Sherry Rogers, he had no discernible interference. Six of the tunes are Guaraldi originals and several are set in Latin rhythms at which Guaraldi has always excelled. On Uno Y Uno, Guaraldi plays some noteworthy guitar.

The world of music has its fascinating dark side, and a great deal of fascinating talent lives there. But there is much to be said for the sunny, well-executed, and free-flowing musical sphere of Mill Valley's Pride, Vince Guaraldi. M.A.

DAVID FYRE: I am the President. David Fyre, speaker. Elektra EKS 75006, $4.98.

Although David Fyre's imitations of the voices and speaking styles of such current political figures as Nixon, Humphrey, Johnson, and Rockefeller and public personalities like Bill Buckley and Henry Fonda are uncanny in their accuracy, "I am the President" fails as serious political satire for a simple reason: it is devoid of politics. Fyre manages to capture a lot—Johnson's piousness, Nixon's vapidness, and insecurity, Humphrey's hysteria—without ever touching the underlying structures of their politics or their personalities.

In fact, for the most part, what Fyre has produced here is not satire, which is usually intended to illustrate a political or philosophical point, but simply parody, a much more debased form of commentary. And some of Fyre's shots miss entirely. Vice-President Agnew may be a lot of things, but he is not childish as he is depicted here—learning to count and recognize colors. On the other hand, it may not be Fyre's fault: it's possible that the comedy in this case is as deep as its subjects. J.G.


MCKENNA MENDELSON MAINLINE: Stink. McKenna Mendelson Mainline, white blues quartet. United Artists 6729, $4.98.


For a review of these recordings, see page 83.
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And they're unimpressed by novelty for novelty's sake. They've got to hear that engineering breakthrough, not just read about it.

These people are invariably reduced to a choice of no more than six or seven models, out of literally hundreds. Three or four of this ridiculously small group of neutral-sounding, transparent speakers are full-range electrostatics. Which means that they're huge, awkward to place, murderously expensive and far from indestructible. Which, in turn, leaves only three, as we said:

The Rectilinear III, a classic after less than three years, acclaimed by every reviewer under the sun as the floor-standing monitor speaker without equal; four-way with six drivers, $279.00.

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The Rectilinear X, "the world's fastest bookshelf speaker," with unprecedentedly low time delay distortion; three-way with three drivers (including our new high excursion 10-inch woofer), $199.00.

Of course, in the real world out there, everyone is not an expert, so there'll be many speakers left on the market.

But there seem to be enough experts around to keep one company very happy.
(For more information, see your audio dealer or write to Rectilinear Research Corp., 30 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201. Canada: H. Roy Gray Co. Ltd., 14 Laidlaw Blvd., Markham, Ont. Overseas: Royal Sound Co., 409 North Main St., Freeport, N. Y. 11520.)
**jazz**

* MARIAN McPARTLAND: Interplay. Marian McPartland, piano; Linc Milliman, acoustic bass. (Milestones; Twilight World; By the Time I Get to Phoenix; six more.) Halcyon 100, $4.98.

Some months ago I reviewed an album on Dot featuring pianist Marian McPartland. This review is not so much a mate to the first as an apology for it. For the Dot album turned Miss McPartland into Miss Peppermint Stick. She played the part so well that I ignored the blandness of the album.

This one is another story. This is Miss McP saying, "Get out of my way and let me play." And the real Miss McPartland is no gentleman. She's a gutsy lady who likes to dig deep into music and come up strong and joyful. Her work is harmonically vast, technically fluid, and womanly. One hears no apings, but instinctive correspondences with our best jazz pianists. Men in music rarely take female colleagues seriously (nor should they, as a rule). It cannot have been an easy career for an exception such as this lady.

Miss McPartland is accompanied by bassist Linc Milliman. He never loses her, but he overplays slightly for my tastes, and the bass was pushed a little too far up front in the mix.

This is the kind of album you play to death. No attempt was made to make it commercial—though it is, in a funny way, in terms of directness.

I suggest that when you buy it, you transfer it to tape at once, so you won't be stuck when your copy wears out, M.A.

* KENNY CLARKE/FRANCY BOLAND BIG BAND: Fire, Heat, Soul and Guts! Benny Bailey, Idrees Sulieman, and Jimmy Deuchar, trumpet; Shake Keane, trompet and flugelhorn; Ake Persson, Nat Peck, and Eric von Lier, trombone; Derek Humble, alto saxophone; Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Cari Drevu, Johnny Griffin, and Ronnie Scott, tenor saxophone; Sahib Shihab, baritone saxophone; Francy Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Fats Sadi, bongos; Kenny Clarke, drums. (New Box; Lockjaw Blues; The Turk; five more.) Prestige 7634, $4.98.

Americans are now beginning to find out how European jazz fans must have felt through most of jazz history—dependent on records alone to hear the pace-setting musicians. As American big jazz bands have disappeared and the few remaining full-time bands in this country dilute their arrangements or programming in an attempt to appeal to the broadest, least demanding audience, the big band banner is being carried to an increasing extent by European ensembles, primarily those associated with radio and television networks which can maintain a steady personnel.

The Kenny Clarke/Francy Boland Band has no network behind it, only the enthusiasm of its all-star, international personnel and the persistence of its two leaders and Cologne cafe owner Gigi Campi who helped to bring the band together in 1960 and has been recording it ever since. Today this is one of the few bands in the great tradition, a band with its own book written for its own personnel and a permanent complement of musicians who shine in every department. Yet it has never been heard in the United States—only on records. And this disc is enough to make any American jazz fan's mouth water—a set of beautifully crafted Francy Boland arrangements that allow for adequate (but not pointlessly extended) solos along with superior ensemble writing played with the crisp impact of musicians who are sensitive to the over-all effect.

There is a leaning toward saxophones in this set—Eddie Davis and Johnny Griffin are the two particular stars, and the reed section cuts brilliant ensemble passages on So No End and Gregg's Groove. Derek Humble on alto and Sahib Shihab on baritone also have their moments. Behind it all is Clarke's vital, lifting drumming and the uncluttered, imaginative writing of Boland. None of that impersonal studio sound that colors even the best efforts to make a big band record with an ad hoc group cloudbust this disc. This is a band of strong, individual personalities who swing together beautifully.

J.S.W.

**MASTER JAZZ PIANO: Volume 1.** Earl Hines (1 Got Rhythm; Feelin' Fine Blues); Claude Hopkins (57th St. Blues; Anything for You); Cliff Jackson (Memphis Blues; Squeeze Me); Sonny White (Blues for Betty C; I Want a Little Girl); Jay McShann (Friday Strut; Lady Be Good). MJR 8105, $5.00. Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.

Given a set of unaccompanied piano solos by Earl Hines, Jay McShann, Cliff Jackson, Sonny White, and Claude Hopkins, you know who's going to cut everybody else. Or do you? For me, this collection of beautifully recorded, well-played solos, is Sonny White's record, not only because of his sensitive, relaxed playing on Blues for Betty C and I Want a Little Girl but also because it is a long-deserved breakthrough from the obscurity in which he has worked almost all of his career.

White has been around for thirty years, with Benny Carter's band, in a long stint at Cafe Society when he recorded the piano introduction on Billie Holiday's Strange Fruit, and more recently with Jonah Jones. It is incredible that a pianist who could create such a brilliant gem of reflective, after-hours piano as Blues for Betty C should have gone practically unrecognized all these years.

Claude Hopkins' 57th St. Blues, in a somewhat similar style, is almost as good and almost as surprising because Hopkins is known primarily for a brighter, stride-derived attack. Hines is low-keyed and...
ruminative on Feelin' Fine Blues, bright and full of his customary gristle on I Got Rhythm. Cliff Jackson gives clean, effective readings of two standards, Memphis Blues and Squeeze Me, while Jay McShann builds some Kansas City bumptiousness into Lady Be Good. The disc, billed as Volume 1 in a series of piano solos projected by Master Jazz Recordings, sets a high standard for future issues.

J.S.W.

GEORGE BENSON: Tell It Like It Is. Lew Soloff, trumpet; Arthur Clarke, Joe Farrell, Sonny Fortune, Joe Henderson, Hubert Laws, Bob Porcelli, and Jerome Richardson, saxophones; Jerry Dodgion, flute; Rodgers Grant or Richard Tee, piano; George Benson, guitar; Bob Buniell and Jim Fielder or Gerry Jeffmott, bass; Leo Morris, drums; Paul Alcia, Angel Allende, and Johnny Pacheco, percussion. (Soul Limbo, Are You Happy? Tell It Like It Is.) A & T 3020, $5.79. Tape: ** OR 3020, 7½ ips, $7.98; ** 4T 3020, $5.95; ** 8T 3020, $6.98; ** CS 3020, $6.98.

Since the history of Wes Montgomery demonstrated that it is not possible nowadays to sell a good jazz guitarist simply on his merits, it's not surprising that even as effective a guitarist as George Benson has been subjected to a variety of hopeful recording experiments. In a recording career that has shifted from Columbia to Verve to A & M, he has been offered both as a blues guitarist and as a successor to Wes Montgomery.

Now, however, producer Creed Taylor has hit on something that does not violate the individual talent more than the string and woodwind backgrounds harmed Montgomery's talent—but which gives him a distinctive commercial base of operations. The key appears to be the man who arranged and conducted this session, Marty Sheller, once a cracking trumpet with Mongo Santamaria. His arrangements have all the driving sock and arrogantly brassy strut of Mongo's performances. Benson's guitar often serves as a strong, vital voice, matching tempests with leathery alto solos by Sonny Fortune and Bob Porcelli. For balance, there are bluesy pieces, such as Ma cherie amie, in which Benson can indulge his soulful side; a couple of contemporary ballads which he sings with intimate effectiveness; and an echo-filled mod resurrection of an old torch song, Out in the Cold Again. This number may well exercises a strangely appealing affect to old ears, although I can't imagine what a young listener might make of it.

J.S.W.

THE VIOLIN SUMMIT. Stuff Smith, Jean-Luc Ponty, Stephane Grappelly, and Svend Asmussen, violin; Kenny Drew, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Alex Riehli, drums. (Summit Soul; Pentup House; Timme's Blues; four more.) Prestige 7631, $4.98.

An extraordinary concert at Basel, Switzerland, in September 1966, brought together most of the best jazz violinists then living—Stuff Smith, who died a year later, Jean-Luc Ponty, Svend Asmussen, and Stephane Grappelly. The only missing members of the jazz violin uppercrust were Joe Venni and Ray Nance, although one might consider Mike White and Richard Green as candidates. This disc is made up of excerpts from that concert—selections that bring the violinists together in a variety of combinations: for-some (It Don't Mean a Thing), a<br>

three (Grappelly, Ponty, Asmussen on Summit Soul and Hot Todds), duet (Grappelly and Ponty on Penny House, Asmussen and Smith on Timme's Blues), and solos (Grappelly on Pennies from Heaven, Smith on Only Time Will Tell). It is a fascinating program not only because of the opportunity it affords to hear four star violinists in close juxtaposition but because all four are by and large in excellent form.

Pony, the brilliant young Frenchman, shows his remarkably ability to take the violin into some of jazz' new directions without allowing himself to be overawed by them. Grappelly, who has too often been taken for granted as an an impression to Django Reinhardt, reveals a strong, vitally swinging attack, while Asmussen, the most conservative of the four, holds up his end capably. Smith is, for him, relatively subdued, but he quietly vitalizes every piece on which he is heard and adds flavor to the concert with his grave-voiced comments and singing. An important ingredient here is the sound and solid rhythm section, particularly Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, the brilliant Danish bassist whose support and solos are always of outstanding interest to the work of the four fiddlers.

J.S.W.

QUINTET OF THE HOT CLUB OF FRANCE: First Recordings. Django Reinhardt, clarinet, Robert Velter, Pierre Ferret, and Joseph Reinhardt, guitar; Stephane Grappelly, violin and piano; Louis Vola, bass; Arthur Briggs, Alphonse Cox, and Pierre Allier, trumpet; Eugene d'Hellinemmes, trombone; Aila Combelle, tenor saxophone; Jean-Marc Labat, alto (Donah; Lady Be Good; Blue Drag; nine more.) Prestige 7614, $4.98.

Fresh as a breeze come these recordings, made in 1934 and 1935, which introduced the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, Tiger Rae, the second tune the group attempted and the lead piece on this disc, is a fascinating indication of things to come—a breakneck rendition played with almost casual ease, with utmost clarity and cleanliness, and spiced by the virtuosity of Django Reinhardt's guitar.

It is interesting to find that these first recordings often have a fresher, more venturesome quality than some of the Quintet's later performances when the formula had been settled on. Three of the twelve selections, when the quintet adds horns to its personnel, the distinctive qualities of the group are diluted. But the remaining nine pieces are exquisite jazz performances of a type that has never been matched in the thirty-five years since they were recorded.

J.S.W.
in brief

JAN DAVIS: Flamenco Funk. Uni 73070, $4.98. I find Jan Davis’ guitar about as funky as the better grades of Muzak, and nearly as regimented. As for the flamenco part, good luck with your olé. M.A.

TOMMY ROE: Greatest Hits. ABC 700, $4.98. Tape: £ 700, 3 3/4 ips, $5.95; £ 8700, $6.95; £ 5700, $6.95. You probably don’t think of Tommy Roe as a rock heavy. In fact, if you haven’t followed rock closely, you probably don’t think of him at all. But over the last seven years (!) he has written and sung some of the biggest hits—from Sheila, an embarrassingly derivative minor classic, through Sweet Pea, Honkey for Hazel, Heather Honey, Dizzy, and a half dozen more to the recent parabubblegum hit Jam Up and Jelly Tight (sort of a pornographic Sugar Sugar). Not every oldie is a goldie. J.G.

JOE SOUTH: Don’t It Make You Want to Go Home? Capitol ST 392, $4.98. Tape: £ 8X 392, $6.98; £ 4XT 392, $6.95. Twenty-six-year-old South is a warm and satisfying country singer of the grease and grits variety. He’s a fine songwriter, too. The album includes two single hits, the title tune and Walk a Mile in My Shoes. He gets a straightforward honest sound. M.A.

FAME GANG: Solid Gold from Muscle Shoals. Fame SKAO 4200, $4.98. The Fame Gang is an eight-man band out of Muscle Shoals, Alabama, which usually works as a back-up for such soul singers as Aretha Franklin and Wilson Pickett. While this is little more than a cover album of other people’s hits, the group gets into a tight, beautiful, funky groove. You can tell they’re not New York or Hollywood musicians: the playing is smooth but not slick. Delightful album. M.A.

SEBASTIAN TEMPLE: The Universe Is Singing, GIA 118, $4.98. Poor Socrates. The best he could do was to turn on Plato, a nice enough man but, so far as we know, just incapable of writing folk songs or playing the guitar. But Teilhard de Chardin, lucky little philosopher that he was, will suffer no such fate, for along has come Sebastian Temple, plugging enlightenment. My fave is Sing a Song of Teilhard, but it only wins by a monad over Cosmic Christ. J.G.

LINK DAVIS: Cajun Crawdaddy. Mercury SR 61243, $4.98. Link Davis—vocalist, fiddler, songwriter—performs his Cajun music here with several Texas c & w studio men in a much more commercial style than Clifton Chenier, the black accordionist usually associated with the bayou. The playing is solid. The songs are good (although some are quite similar to tunes credited to others; it might be interesting to know who heard whom first). And Davis sings like Doug Sahm of the Sir Douglas Quintet (so we discover another source of contemporary rock). J.G.

THE PLASTIC ONO BAND: Live Peace in Toronto. Apple SW 3362, $4.98. Tape: £ 8XT 3362, $6.98; £ 4XT 3362, $6.98. More shock from John and Yoko as they continue to expose themselves in public. Side 1 is the better—Blue Suede Shoes, Money, Cold Turkey, etc. Lennon knows how to sing rock and guitarist Eric Clapton is more articulate than usual, though also more out of tune. Side 2 belongs to Yoko; she’s been worse. J.G.

KATHE GREEN: Run the Length of Your Wildness. Deram DES 18026, $4.98. A debut album from the singer-songwriter daughter of Johnny Green. She’s inherited her father’s musicality and has a charm that’s all her own. M.A.

JOE TEX: Buying a Book. Atlantic SD 8231, $4.98. Tape £ X 8231, 3 3/4 ips, $5.95; £ 8 X 48231, $5.95; £ M 88231, $6.95; £ 8 X 58231, $5.95. Joe Tex is probably the greatest singer of soul; he is also probably soul’s most maudlin songwriter. He has made only one mediocre album among more than half a dozen and Buying a Book still makes it as one of the best. J.G.

THE ASSOCIATION. Warner Bros./7 Arts 1800, $4.98. Tape: £ WST 1800, 3 3/4 ips, $6.95; £ 8 WM 1800, $6.95; £ X 1800, $5.95. Another satisfying album from a vocal group with one of the best sounds in all of rock music. The album is as good as the last, and the one before. M.A.

BIG MAMA THORNTON: Stronger Than Dirt. Mercury SR 61225, $4.98. Except for confusing her with Bold detergent, this is a fine tribute to the mother of Elvis Presley, Janis Joplin, and us all. Included are Hound Dog, Ball and Chain, and Muddy Waters’ Rollin’ Stone. J.G.

HERE COME THE HARDY BOYS. RCA Victor LSP 4217, $4.98. Tape: £ TP3 1029, 3 3/4 ips, $6.95; £ P8S 1491, $6.95. The Hardy Boys sound like your grandfather’s idea of what the young whippersnappers are up to today. It’s not the music that’s out of date; it’s the minds that conceived the project. Strictly Lester Lamin rock, fashioned to accompany an animated TV series about a rock group. Like The Monkees, this campaign has nothing to do with music, but rather money. They’ll probably make a dreadful bundle of it too. M.A.

THE DYNAMICS: First Landing. Cotillion SD 9009, $4.98. Tape: £ M 89009, $6.95. A surprisingly strong debut for a new r & b quartet with sort of a raunchy Motown sound. The better of the two lead singers is Isaac Harris, especially on I Don’t Want Nobody to Lead Me On and Too Proud to Change. J.G.

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