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THE FISHER PHILOSOPHY OF EQUIPMENT DESIGN. PART 3.

THE FISHER PERSONALITY IN AMPLIFIERS.
This is the third of a new series of ads about the major conceptual differences between Fisher components and other makes. It is not necessary to have read the first two ads before reading this one, but see footnote in italics below.

In an ideal world, the ideal amplifier would do absolutely nothing to its input except amplify it. (As long as all controls are in a neutral or "out" position.) The same criterion applies, of course, to the amplifier section of a receiver.

In real life, however, amplifiers not only amplify their input but also change it. They add harmonic and intermodulation products, they slow down the transients, they create new transients, they fill in the background with hum and hiss. Today's highly perfected amplifiers do these non-functional things ever so slightly, certainly to a lesser degree than even the finest pickups, tape recorders or loudspeakers. But that does not mean the design approach to amplifiers can be more casual now than to other components.

In fact, amplifier design has become such an exact science that the leading manufacturers are all using state-of-the-art circuitry, so that quality differences in a given price range are the result of rather sophisticated engineering details. That is where the Fisher philosophy of the "balanced component" comes in.

Fig. 1. Block diagram of the circuit stages in a Fisher amplifier channel.
(Multiply by two for stereo, by four for 4-channel.)

A balanced component, as engineered by Fisher, is one in which all design elements affecting basic listening quality are treated without the slightest compromise, even at the lowest price. The negotiable performance factors and convenience features, on the other hand, are maximized in proportion to the price, each to the proper degree, neglecting none and overemphasizing none.

In the case of amplifiers and the amplifier section of receivers, only power output and control versatility are negotiable. Freedom from audible distortions and noise is a non-negotiable requirement, regardless of price.

Fig. 1 shows the four basic stages of an amplifier circuit. Since controls, switches, equalizers, filters, etc., will be the subject of the next ad in this series, let us consider each of these stages from the point of view of amplification alone.

1. The preamplifier stage takes an input of a few millivolts (from a phono cartridge) and brings it up to a level of about one volt. That means a gain of roughly 50 dB, which is a lot. High gain is always accompanied by the danger of excessive background noise, so there is very little room for tolerance in the noise level of the input transistor and its associated network. On the other hand, the next transistor in the circuit must handle all that signal without overload, so it must be operated at sufficiently high voltage. Unlike some other manufacturers, Fisher is uncompromising on these points even in bottom-of-the-line components. A noisy preamp or a preamp that can be overloaded by a high-output cartridge does not belong in high fidelity equipment.

2. The tone control stage, considered purely as a stage of amplification, presents relatively few problems from the point of view of noise or distortion, since it has only a few dB of gain. The important engineering decisions are related to the design of the control networks.

3. The volume control, which controls the amount of amplification, can be placed almost anywhere between the output of the preamp stage and the speaker, and this is one of the major areas of disagreement among competing makers. Fisher firmly believes in placing it just ahead of the power amplifier stage. Placing it further up toward the speaker could result in overload of the power amplifier circuit by the unattenuated input signal. Placing further back toward the preamp would allow more circuits to run at full gain at all times, resulting in higher residual noise level at normal listening volumes.

4. The power amplifier stage must, to begin with, be able to take any input passed on to it by the volume control without overload of its first transistor, the so-called predriver. That means the predriver must be operated at sufficiently high voltage, a point sometimes overlooked by amplifier designers. The rest of the power amplifier stage is largely dictated by the maximum power output aimed for, which of course is where price becomes an important factor. Heavy-duty output transistors and power supplies cost money. However, even the least powerful Fisher amplifier circuit performs just as perfectly within its rated power as the most powerful. There is only one standard of Fisher amplifier performance.

It must be added that all Fisher amplifier designs use large amounts of feedback without the slightest instability, resulting in outstandingly wide frequency range and power bandwidth (see Fig. 3).

These are the major design considerations that give a Fisher amplifier circuit its individual personality. In most other respects Fisher simply follows the best standard practice to produce a balanced component.

Fig. 2. The new Fisher TX-2000 stereo amplifier, incorporating the most powerful of all Fisher amplifier circuits: 50 watts continuous power (rms) per channel or 75 watts music power per channel.

Fig. 3. Square wave response at 10 kHz of a typical Fisher amplifier circuit. The square corners and flat top indicate virtually perfect response to at least 60 kHz.

The next ad in this series will explore in detail how the Fisher design philosophy applies to controls, filters and switches. Others will follow.

Don't miss any of them. But just in case you do, you may want to get on the mailing list for a free reprint of the entire series. To obtain this valuable booklet, or to receive free technical literature on any of nearly a hundred Fisher products, write to Fisher Radio. Dept. HF-3, 11-44 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
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March 1972

VOL. 22 NO. 3

music and musicians
Edward Greenfield THE PRIME MINISTER AS MUSICIAN 25
Behind the scenes in London
Michael Ponti A "NEW" TCHAIKOVSKY PIANO CONCERTO 14
George R. Marek THE "TOSCANINI NINTH" 58
The twentieth anniversary of a legendary recording
Charles and Mary Jane Matz VERDI'S REVENGE 62
Was Traviata's premiere really a fiasco?
Dale Harris THE SILLS TRAVIATA 66

audio and video
TOO HOT TO HANDLE 20
NEWS AND VIEWS 28
What happened to Hi-Fi Music Shows?
EQUIPMENT IN THE NEWS 30
EQUIPMENT REPORTS 39
Ampex AX 300 tape deck . . . Sony STR-6045 receiver
ADC 303B speaker system . . . Teac AN-80 & AN-50 Dolby units
Crown D-150 power amplifier
Herbert Friedman CARTRIDGES AND CASSETTES—TRIUMPH OF UPGRADING 48
Herbert Friedman NEW CASSETTE TAPES, KEY TO BETTER PERFORMANCE 50
TOP CASSETTE AND CARTRIDGE EQUIPMENT 54
A picture gallery

recordings
FEATURE REVIEWS 69
Michael Ponti: ten pianists in one 20th-century masterpieces from Vienna
The complete Bach cantatas, Vols. 1 and 2
CLASSICAL REVIEWS 76
Karajan's Boris . . . A Cliburn festival
POP REVIEWS 108
Alice Cooper . . . The Doors . . . Bob Dylan hits
JAZZ REVIEWS 114
Count Basie . . . Stan Kenton . . . Gary Burton
TAPE DECK 118
Czech delicacies . . . Strauss blockbusters

etc.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 4
Bartók, antifascist . . . Scriabin and the mystics
THOSE WERE THE DAYS 16
A nostalgic romp through our old issues
PRODUCT INFORMATION 35
An "at home" shopping service
ADVERTISING INDEX 84

VERDI vs. Venice. See page 62.
letters

Bartók and the Anti-Fascists

Leonard Marcus' diary in the December issue ["Journey to Judgment"] was fascinating and frustrating. About Bartók's early anti-Fascist activities—more detail, please.

Garry Margolis
Los Angeles, Calif.

One such example of Bartók's disgust with Fascist tactics is shown in his defense of Toscanini after the conductor had been physically attacked by Fascist youths in Bologna on May 15, 1931 (see "Those Were the Days," November 1971). The following is a resolution drafted by Bartók for the UMZE (New Hungarian Music Society) as translated by Joseph Szögér: "The UMZE is deeply shocked and roused to indignation by the news of the grave assault that has been made on Arturo Toscanini. The UMZE views with concern the ever more numerous brutal intrusions into artistic life by factors that have nothing to do with the domain of art. These intrusions don't make a half even before the worldwide authority of a Toscanini. Therefore the UMZE considers it timely to give thought to the problem of defensive action. Accordingly the Society will address a circular letter to every member of the ISCM (International Society for Contemporary Music) and will urge them to work out propositions tending to defend the integrity and autonomy of the arts and to present these for discussion at the July meeting in Oxford."

Record Cleaning Solution

We at Discwasher, Inc. were gratified to see a report on our new record cleaning product in your December issue. This review, however, quoted a chemist as saying that Discwasher fluid contains silicons. There is no form of silicone compounds in our fluid.

We do not doubt the integrity of High Fidelity's Magazine, but we must suggest that your chemist has guessed at—not studied—the composition of the fluid. Silicons are not used in it because they are counter-productive to long-term record care. With the cleaning system we manufacture, Discwasher fluid can be used repeatedly with total safety to the record surface. Scrubbing across the grooves is not recommended because (as you pointed out) the Discwasher's bristles are somewhat hard and may damage the surface. In proper use (with, rather than across, the grooves) the lateral and vertical compliance of the backing allows the bristles to "track" the grooves, and disc wear ceases to be a consideration.

Bruce R. Maier, Ph. D.
Discwasher, Inc.
Columbus, Mo.

The chemist in question has a varied back-

ground in laboratory work and for the last few years has been involved specifically in the identification of trace impurities—often including silicones—in his particular work. We therefore accepted his statement that silicons, which are often used as an antistatic agent, can easily be identified without formal analysis and that they are in fact present in the Discwasher fluid. In the face of Dr. Maier's letter, however, we admit that he may have been overhasty. The identification of silicons would not appear to be as simple a matter as we had been led to believe. As we said in the review, the solution leaves only the slightest residue—much less than tap water for example—and we're satisfied that it poses no threat to records.

Scriabin and the Critics

How gratifying of Royal S. Brown in the November issue to attack viciously Faustian Bowers' jacket notes to Ruth Laredo's new Scriabin recording. Having read Bowers' notes, which I consider extremely well written, I fail to see any example of "dime-store" mysticism as Brown charges.

Bowers simply states facts in his notes—that Scriabin was born on Christmas day (by the Russian calendar of the time) and died at Easter. The resurgence of a Scriabin trend in the West today after a long period of disinterest was just another point of fact noted by Bowers. What then is Brown's reason for getting so upset and unnecessarily nasty? It seems to me that he is displaying some sort of personal prejudice which has absolutely no place in a serious review.

I also object to Brown's inadequate, see-saw criticisms of both the Laredo and Szidon recordings of the Scriabin sonatas. Brown's style, it seems, stems from his own singularly "precious" idea which combine (usually in the same sentence) with any first thoughts of harsh criticism that might cross his mind. For example, he says that Roberto Szidon's movement "arises particularly from his unанныy comprehension of Scriabin's interlacing and interlocking formal patterns and thematic ideas." He then continues by saying that Szidon is "jerky, overemphatic, and rather artificial." I'd like to know then how is it possible to "interface" formal patterns with thematic material if one is rhythmically out of order?

In the same paragraph, Brown says that Miss Laredo, while "tending to drown the themes and lose sight of the over-all conception... marvelously captures the inherent rhythmic movement of Scriabin's compositions. She also brings out subtle harmonic shifts..." Just what is it that Brown implies here, considering that in the previous paragraph he mentioned that Miss Laredo "occasionally tends to hammer a melodic line to death, without integrating the theme into the over-all work..."? How can Brown possibly say that Miss Laredo brings out "subtle harmonic shifts" and has "inherent rhythmic movement" if she "loses" the conception of the piece as a whole? After all, rhythmic movement would bind the work together very well if it is well done as Brown claims it is.

Brown, in my opinion, lets his reader know...
We enjoy telling you how each aspect of the 12 year basic research program on sound reproduction contributed to the unconventional features found in the Bose 901 and 501 DIRECT/REFLECTING® loudspeakers.* We also take pride in quoting from the unprecedented series of rave reviews because to us they are like awards won for the best design.t

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* Copies of the Audio Engineering Society paper, ‘ON THE DESIGN, MEASUREMENT AND EVALUATION OF LOUDSPEAKERS’, by Dr. A. G. Bose, are available from the Bose Corp. for fifty cents.

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March 1972
practically nothing about these two excellent and important recordings; he could learn a lot about writing himself from someone like Faustion Bowers.

Whitney Phoenix
Oberlin, Ohio

Mr. Phoenix replies: Faustion Bowers is not simply "stating facts" in his notes, since he specifically says, unless the copy on my record jacket is different from that on Mr. Phoenix's, that "our present decade has seen a resurrection that is not exactly incommensurate with the odd fact that Scriabin was born on Christmas and died on Easter." That sentence is charged with loaded words: "resurrection," "odd fact," and "died on Easter." That sentence is charged with the odd fact that Scriabin was born on Christmas and died on Easter.

As for Mr. Phoenix's complaint of my "see-saw" criticisms, I will fully admit that my view was a see-saw, and that precisely reflects my reaction. Although I was quite annoyed by what I considered flaws on both recordings, I found many assets in each pianist's approach. Mr. Phoenix has a talent for interpreting a writer according to his own lights: Whereas he praises Bowers for simply stating facts, he takes me to task for saying that Szidon is "headstrong in places; this does not in the least prevent the pianist from communicating, in an intangible way that depends on a lot more than projecting rhythmic detail, the formal intricacies of Scriabin's music. The same holds true for my comments on Laredo's playing: The fact that she does not reveal the thematic structure as well as Szidon in no way hampers her perfect understanding and performance of Scriabin's rhythmic patterns and harmonic configurations. Needless to say, rhythmic movement does indeed bind the work together very well in Laredo's performances; but her readings lack the additional, and essential, unity that Szidon is able to create within the thematic structure. I am sorry if Mr. Phoenix feels that music criticism must be either black and white—or, as with Bowers, rainbow oriented; to me, there are occasions when gray is not only permissible, but unavoidably appropriate.

Bernard Herrmann and His Reviewer

Hats off for the intelligence you showed in using a "classical" ("modern," actually) reviewer for the recent Bernard Herrmann disc ["Music from Great Film Classics," November 1971]. I don't wish to put down your pop staff, but merely to show my gratitude that the classical listener, seeing their friend R.S.B.'s byline in the "Lighter Side" section, will read it and perhaps be curious enough to buy the Herrmann disc.

Royal S. Brown has impressed me more and more since he joined High Fidelity a few years ago. Here, at last, is a writer on contemporary serious music who judges according to how original and inventive a work is and not according to how up-to-the-minute it sounds. Here is a critic intelligent enough to see that a Shostakovich, conservative as his vocabulary may be, reflects his time (and transcends it) as vividly as a Stravinsky. In short, here is a reviewer who knows what every critic should know (but rarely does): It's not how old the composer's techniques are that matters, but how he makes these techniques his own. Any Poulenc lover will tell you that.

Music is "dated" only when no one wants to hear it again. Which is by way of saying that I'm not the only listener who derives pleasure from repeated hearings of minor masters like Herrmann. Not only do I have Mr. Brown on my side, but quite a few friends of both "pop" and "classical" persuasion.

I disagree with Mr. Brown on only one point. He disliked the earlier Phase 4 disc of Herrmann's film music because of its "clausrophobic sound quality." Actually I find the dryer acoustic quite appropriate for the tauter Hitchcock scores, while the greater resonance of the newer release is perfect for the more lushly scored Jane Eyre and Kilimanjaro music.

More Herrmann would be welcome. How about the music from The Ghost and Mrs. Muir, Hangover Square, Fahrenheit 451, The Man Who Knew Too Much, and The Bride of Shrouds?
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Mr. Marsh replies: When I first heard the K樽bekt set of the Ninth, I wondered if this change of text was one of the corrections promised us in the society edition of the score (reduced to fix hundreds of old errors), but apparently it was simply a slip in editing and the version on hand from the complete edition appears to reinstate the passage in accord with the new text. If that sounds vague, it's because I am still obliged to use the Universal Edition score. I lack the new material at the moment.

Aida and the Canal

In the December 1971 issue Dr. E. W. Biles comments on George Monahan's review of RCA's new Aida recording. He states that Verdi's Aida was commissioned for its inauguration (1871). The passage in Grove's is corrected in the supplementary volume where on page 120 it says that "Verdi's Aida was commissioned for its inauguration (1871), but the house was actually opened with Meyerbeer's Les Huguenots." This is still not right: for although Aida was commissioned for the new theater and was produced there in 1871, it was never intended for its inauguration. The Cairo Opera House opened on 5 November, 1869 with Rigoletto; the first performance there of Les Huguenots was some time in 1870: and the Suez Canal opened on 16 November, 1869."

William S. and Irma Hillman
San Diego, Calif.

Klose in America

In his review of the Preiser Lohengrin recording [December 1971], Conrad L. Osborne refers to mezzo Margarete Klose as a strictly European artist, known only to record collectors here. Actually she sang Brangane (Tristan und Isolde) and Fricka (Die Walküre) in both San Francisco and Los Angeles in 1953.

Stephen Eriksen
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Versions of Tannhäuser

Though I share Peter G. Davis' enthusiasm for the Solti Tannhäuser [December 1971], especially in the long-awaited "Paris" version, I feel a few words should be added to his explanation of the version (or versions) used in the new recording.

As the late Herbert Weinstock pointed out in his notes to the London album, the Paris version as we know it is actually the Vienna version of 1872, in which Wagner connected the Overture with the Venusberg Ballet and touched up several other spots in the score. The Vienna version is used in Solti's performance except for the sizable chunk of the Act II finale beginning with Tannhäuser's "Zum Heil den Sündigen zu führen" (page 25 of the B & H piano score of the revised version). Here the conductor chooses the Dresden version of the ensemble, in which the tenor solo is fully supported by soloists and chorus. It is interesting to note that whatever version the Metropolitan Opera elected to do in the past forty years, this passage was always performed in the (for one) simpler Paris edition without chorus.

However, all the published editions of Act III that I have seen are always Parisian. Toscanini once performed the Dresden Act III Prelude with the NBC Orchestra (a longer and more dramatic version), but this music has not found its way into contemporary scores, nor, for that matter, has the original
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of the rest of the act. Wagner's additions—for instance the bass clarinet solo in Elisabeth's Prayer and the revised stage-hand music (to say nothing of the choral finale, which more than one astute Wagner scholar insists was completely rewritten)—exist both in the published Dresden and Paris versions of Act III. The strange metamorphosis of the Tannhäuser scores over the years would indeed be a fascinating study. Only Messiah sports comparable Urtext problems.

Williams Zakariasen
San Francisco, Calif.

Gilels Vendetta
I can contain myself no longer! For years I have put up with Harris Goldsmith's sneers at that great pianist Emil Gilels. I have taken it as a matter of course that since Mr. Goldsmith is your pianistic pundit Gilels' solo records will never receive a fair review in your magazine.

Now Mr. Goldsmith has even got his hands on a Gilels chamber music recording. His remarks on the Gilels/Amadeus rendering of Brahms's G minor Piano Quartet [October 1971] take his absurd vendetta against Gilels one step further. I read that Gilels' phrasing is "sober, slightly archaic . . ." as well as "still and careful . . ." Apparently he exhibits a "hard, flinty sonority . . ." Apart from being poppycock, all the foregoing is an insult to those who revere Gilels. Am I to understand that since I can find no fault in Gilels' playing, I am an ignoramus who needs to be corrected by Mr. Goldsmith?

Mr. Goldsmith is entitled to his views, but when he puts them in a critique he should surely remember that as a journalist he is writing for all his readers—not just for those who agree with him. He should surely judge a performance by the standards of what the artist was trying to do—he should not expect an artist to change his performing style just to suit one critic! The readers who generally like Gilels' approach should be told whether, taking that approach into consideration, Gilels has given a good performance.

I can usually see what Mr. Goldsmith is getting at when he praises the musical extravagances of such pianists as Hoffmann and Rachmanninoff. To me, there are good points to every great pianist, though my own taste veers towards Gilels, Serkin, Lipatti, Edwin Fischer, and Clara Haskil. I cannot for the life of me think where Mr. Goldsmith gets some of his ideas about Gilels' hard, flinty sonority? Mr. Goldsmith must be thinking of the sound he himself makes when his embittered fingers bite into the keys of his typewriter en route to another anti-Gilels diatribe.

Tully Potter
Basingdon, Essex, England

Szigeti Tribute
Ronald C. MacDonald ["Letters," November 1971] has voiced the sentiments of many Joseph Szigeti admirers. Szigeti's impeccable intonations were beyond compare compared to the technical pyrotechnics and the hitting of notes, but an insight and intensity of interpretation that probed the depths of the composers' thoughts. To have heard him in the 1920s and early 1930s when he was in his prime was an unforgettable experience.

I have felt for some time that it is a tragedy that the record companies have not reissued the Brahms concerto with Hamilton Harty conducting the Halle Orchestra, as well as the Bach unaccompanied sonatas and partitas.

Oscar J. Potter
Brooklyn, N.Y.
We doubt that anyone will be overly surprised to learn that our newest loudspeaker sounds terrific. Most people really expect KLH to make terrific sounding things. But at $62.50 a piece, our new Model Thirty-Eight delivers an amount and quality of sound that we think will astonish even our most avid fans. The bass response is absolutely staggering; the transient response is flawless; and the Thirty-Eight's overall smoothness matches anything we've ever heard. Most important, you can use a pair of Thirty-Eights with virtually any modestly priced receiver. (What good is an inexpensive pair of loudspeakers that need a $400 receiver to effectively drive them?)

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A “New” Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto

by Michael Ponti

A BIT MORE than three years ago, when I signed a contract to record for Vox records, one of the projects I agreed to undertake was the recording of Tchaikovsky's complete piano music. I thought I knew what Tchaikovsky had written for piano and orchestra: three concertos—the Third a one-movement piece—and the Concert Fantasy, Op. 56. But I didn't know all of the solo piano music and wanted to be sure that I didn't overlook anything. I began a little research on my own. I was shocked at how much music for solo piano I found in musical encyclopedias that I hadn't known of before. I was also surprised to find, while casually making lists of solo works, a reference to Tchaikovsky's Andante and Finale, Op. 79. Although I had never played the one-movement concerto, Op. 75, the closeness of the opus numbers made me wonder, especially since the later Andante and Finale could serve as the two final movements to the Third Concerto. It also seemed strange to me that Tchaikovsky would write two three-movement concertos and then, for no apparent reason, turn out a one-movement concerto. The single-movement concerto is not that much of a rarity now (Scriabin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Bartók's First), but there were few pieces in Tchaikovsky's time that he might have had in mind as precedents. I wondered about this for a while, but I couldn't find a score anywhere and gradually I gave up the pursuit—at least temporarily.

Then about a year later I was in Munich playing the Scriabin Concerto with Kirill Kondrashin when he mentioned, over lunch, that he thought the Tchaikovsky Third Concerto, in its three-movement form, was even better than the Second. I remember getting quite excited and asking him if he would send me a score from the Soviet Union. He said he would—but I never received it.

After a time, not having heard from Kondrashin, I mentioned the work to a young editor and writer in New York, Donald Garvelman. Garvelman is a wonder at finding forgotten Romantic works. We had already established contact by mail with regard to other Romantic projects I had either already undertaken or had planned to undertake. He had helped me find many of Scriabin's early and unpublished pieces as well as works by Henselt, Thalberg, and Moscheles. Somehow he found a score of Op. 79 and sent it to me, and finally I had a chance to look at the Andante and Finale firsthand. As soon as I had studied the work, my earlier suspicions about its relationship to Op. 75 were confirmed: I now was convinced that the two additional movements were intended to complete the Third Concerto.

I wouldn't necessarily agree with Kondrashin that the Third Concerto is better than the Second, but it is certainly a more effective audience piece. In Seoul, Korea I recently performed both works at the same concert and while the Second was well received the audience tore the place apart at the end of the Third.

As to the relationship of the Third Concerto to the so-called “Seventh Symphony,” it seems as though Tchaikovsky couldn't decide for a time whether he wanted to compose another symphony or finish another concerto. What he finally did decide, I believe, was that he didn't want to do a seventh symphony. Then he probably couldn't decide whether to leave the Third Concerto as a one-movement piece or to complete it with the two additional movements he had already drafted.

Apparently, he wasn't quite satisfied with the second and third movements and allowed the work to be performed only as a one-movement piece. But as far as I am concerned, this work, which Tchaikovsky himself was not completely satisfied with, is still more important than many of the completed works of lesser composers.

The Seventh Symphony is really the same work, except of course for the omission of the piano. However, it also contains an added scherzo movement which is a transcription of the Scherzo Fantasy, Op. 72, No. 10. (I happen to think the Scherzo Fantasy is much better in its original solo piano version anyway.)

Our performance in Seoul (with the Seoul Philharmonic Orchestra under David Epstein) must be one of the first that the piece has had; it was my first, at least, and I would be interested to know if someone has heard of other specific performances. The only other time I played the work was for the recording sessions with the Luxembourg Radio Orchestra under Louis de Froment. There, without an audience, at least the orchestra loved it. [To find out how our reviewer H.G. liked it, see page 76.—Ed.]
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those were the days

A nostalgic romp through the pages of High Fidelity and Musical America

60 YEARS AGO

The Boston Opera's performance of Il Trovatore on March 18 was delayed for fifty minutes because of the "methodical and relentless descent of the asbestos fire curtain in the middle of an act. . . . Few will forget that slow descent, while the singers tried their best to keep on singing . . . . The cause of all this was the leaking in a valve in the high pressure water pipe under the stage. This pipe is so connected with the fire curtain that if owing to any sudden flame the pipe commences to give its water the curtain will at the same moment automatically descend. The curtain obeyed. The leak was not large enough to make it descend quickly . . . . it took between five and ten minutes to arrive at the bottom. Laughter commenced to sweep over the house and there was a roar as the curtain landed."

At a recent New York performance of Madama Butterfly, pianist Wilhelm Backhaus was asked how he enjoyed the work of the popular Italian composer. "I like it very much," said the great Beethovenian virtuoso, "but I admire his Fanciulla del West much more." When asked whether he took Puccini seriously, the pianist seemed surprised and answered that of course he took Puccini seriously!

40 YEARS AGO

On March 16 the Philharmonic-Symphony presented the world premiere of Respighi's "concert tryptich" Maria Egeria, conducted by the composer and starring Nelson Eddy in two roles with Charlotte Boerner as Maria. Respighi has written "page upon page that are musical dramatic writing of a high order . . . far more so than in those of his stage works with which we are acquainted."

On March 2 the Metropolitan Opera staged a "Grand Operatic Surprise Party," enlisting the services of virtually the entire company. The "party" was given for the benefit of the Musicians Emergency Aid and reportedly raised $28,000. The first part of the program consisted of a number of ensembles taken from works in the current repertoire. The second part of the program (the "surprise party") opened with an "International Overture," which included "familiar strains of at least four operas and The Star-Spangled Banner, conducted simultaneously by eight maestros." In scene two, the Gallic contingent of the roster presented "A Bootlegging of French Champagne" during which a box purportedly containing bottles of champagne opened and out came Lily Pons singing the "Bell Song." Next, a brass band, led by Kapellmeister Michael Bohnen flourishing a red umbrella, marched down the aisle followed by a dancing bull—later disclosed to be Lohengrin's swan—and led by Lauritz Melchior dressed in Alpine togs and asserting that he was Tannhäuser! And finally, Beniamino Gigli, dressed as Carmen, sang the Habanera, amid much glee.

20 YEARS AGO

The Voice of America has recorded the first complete performance of Schoneberg's Gurrelieder to be given in the western hemisphere. In this gala event, Belgian soprano Suzanne Danco made her first appearance with an American orchestra. The presentation, led by Thor Johnson, was "a musically magnificent and a historically important event for Cincinnati — where it was brilliantly played by the Cincinnati Symphony augmented by students from the Cincinnati Conservatory and College of Music.

With the reissuing of the historic Felix Weingartner recordings of the nine Beethoven symphonies, originally produced in connection with the Beethoven anniversary year in 1927. Columbia Records is celebrating the rounding out of a quarter-century in the record industry. After twenty-five years, the record industry "has attained full maturity." Today, it is perhaps "healthier than it has ever been before. In addition to such large corporations as Columbia and RCA Victor, half a hundred smaller companies are issuing a flood of recordings covering almost every phase of both familiar and unfamiliar music. Contemporary music is finally obtaining a hearing on records." Twenty-five years ago, the epoch-making experiment of placing all the Beethoven symphonies on the market (soon followed by the four Brahms symphonies, also conducted by Weingartner) coincided with the development of electrical recording, which provided for the first time "a means of capturing relatively undistorted orchestral tone."
Mr. Hirsch goes on to say:

"The FM tuner section of the AR-1500 was outstandingly sensitive. We measured the IHF sensitivity at 1.4 microvolts, and the limiting curve was the steepest we have ever measured. The FM frequency response was literally perfectly flat from 30 to 15,000 Hz. Image rejection was over 100 dB (our measurement limit).

"The AM tuner was a pleasant surprise... It sounded very much like the FM tuner, with distinct sibilants and a quiet background, and was easily the best-sounding AM tuner we have had the pleasure of using...

"...all input levels can be matched and set for the most effective use of the loudness compensation. This valuable feature is rarely found on high-fidelity receivers and amplifiers.

"The phono equalization was perfectly accurate (within our measuring tolerances)... The magnetic phono-input sensitivity was adjustable from 0.62 millivolt to about 4.5 millivolts, with a noise level of -66 dB, which is very low... When properly set up, it would be impossible to overload the phono inputs of the AR-1500 with any magnetic cartridge...

"...it significantly bettered Heath's conservative specifications.

"At 8-ohm loads, with both channels driven, the continuous power at clipping level was 81.5 watts per channel. Into 4-ohms it was 133 watts per channel, and even with 16-ohms loads the receiver delivered 46.5 watts per channel. Needless to say, the AR-1500 can drive any speaker we know of, and with power to spare...

"At 1,000 Hz, harmonic distortion was well under 0.05 per cent from 1 to 75 watts per channel... The IM distortion was under 0.05 per cent at a level of a couple of watts or less, and gradually increased from 0.09 per cent at 10 watts to 0.16 per cent at 75 watts... The heavy power transformer is evidence that there was no skimping in the power supply of the AR-1500, and its performance at the low-frequency extremes clearly sets it apart from most receivers...

"Virtually all the circuit boards plug into sockets, which are hinged so that boards can be swung out for testing or servicing without shutting off the receiver. An 'extender' cable permits any part of the receiver to be operated 'in the clear' — even the entire power-transistor and heat-sink assembly! The 245-page manual has extensive tests charts that show all voltage and resistance measurements in key circuits as they should appear on the receiver's built-in test meter...

"With their well-known thoroughness, Heath has left little to the builder's imagination, and has assumed no electronic training or knowledge on his part. The separate packaging of all parts for each circuit board subassembly is a major boon...

"In sound quality and ease of operation, and in overall suitability for its intended use, one could not expect more from any high-fidelity component."

From the pages of Audio Magazine: "...the AR-1500 outperforms the near-perfect AR-15 in almost every important specification..." The FM front end features six tuned circuits and utilizes three FETS, while the AM RF section has two dual-gate MOSFETs (for RF and mixer stages) and an FET oscillator stage. The AM IF section features a 12-pole LC filter and a broad band detector. The FM IF section is worthy of special comment. Three IC stages are used and there are two 5-pole LC filters...

"...IFH FM sensitivity... turned out to be 1.5 uV as opposed to the 1.8 uV claimed. Furthermore, it was identical at 90 MHz and 106 MHz (the IFH spec requires a statement only for IFH sensitivity at 98 MHz but we always measure this important spec at three points on the dial). Notice that at just over 2 microvolts of input signal S/N has already reached 50 dB. Ultimate S/N measured was 66 dB and consisted of small hum components rather than any residual noise. THD in mono measured 0.25%, exactly twice as good as claimed! Stereo THD was identical, at 0.25% which is quite a feat...

"...the separation of the multiplex section of the AR-1500 reaches about 45 dB at mid-band and is still 32 dB at 50 Hz and 25 dB at 10 kHz (Can your phono cartridge do as well?)...

"The real surprise came when we spent some time listening to AM... This new AM design is superb... We still have one classical music station that has some simultaneous broadcasting on its AM and FM outlets and that gave us a good opportunity to A-B between the AM and FM performance of the AR-1500. There was some high-frequency roll-off to be sure, but BOTH signals were virtually noise-free and we were hard pressed to detect more THD from the AM than from the FM equivalent. Given AM circuits like this (and a bit of care on the part of broadcasters), AM may not be as dead as FM advocates would have us believe!...

"Rated distortion [0.24%] is reached at a [continuous] power output of 77.5 watts per channel with 8 ohm loads (both channels driven). At rated output (60 watts per channel) THD was a mere 0.1% and at lower power levels there was never a tendency for the THD to 'creep up' again, which indicates the virtually complete absence of any 'crossover distortion' components. No so-called 'transistor sound' from this receiver, you can be sure. We tried to measure IM distortion but kept getting readings of 0.05% no matter what we did. Since that happens to be the 'limit' of our test equipment and since the rated IM stated by Heath is 'less than 0.1% at all power levels up to rated power output' there isn't much more we can say except that, again, the unit is better than the specification — we just don't know how much better...

"As for the amplifiers and preamplifier sections, we just couldn't hear them — and that's a commendation. All we heard was program material (plus some speaker coloration, regrettably) unencumbered by audible distortion, noise, hum or any other of the multitude of afflictions which beset some high fidelity stereo installations...

"As always, construction instructions are lucid enough for the inexperienced kit-builder and there is enough technical and theoretical information to satisfy even the most knowledgeable audio/RF engineer.

The Heathkit AR-1500...its performance speaks louder than words. Order yours now.

Kit AR-1500, less cabinet, 53 lbs. 349.95*
ARA-1500-1, walnut cabinet, 8 lbs. 249.95*

See and hear the new AR-1500 at your nearest Heathkit Electronic Center... order direct from the coupon below... or send for your free Heathkit catalog.
How would the rumble level of the Sony TTS-3000, which you measured at -77 dB by the RRLL method in 1967, compare with turntables you have measured more recently by the ARLL method—specifically the Thoren TD-125 (-62 dB) and the Empire 598 (-63 dB)? What is the difference between the two measurement techniques?

—William D. Gray, Valley Center, Calif.

None—except the name. RRLL stood for Relative Rumble Loudness Level and raised the question: relative to what? To answer that question, CBS Labs altered the term to ARLL for Audible Rumble Loudness Level. In other words, the "weighting" of the data is on the basis of (that is, relative to) audibility factors, the lowest frequencies being less audible than those a bit higher in pitch. Therefore you can compare our 1967 figures directly with those for current models.

I have just purchased a $500 receiver, a $500 open-reel tape deck, and an Advocate 101 Dolby noise-reduction unit. All the equipment is hooked up, calibrated, and ready to go. But I can't find any open-reel Dolbyized recorded tapes to play on my system. You've mentioned Dolbyized cassettes from Ampex and others; how about open-reel users?—F. J. Casey, Youngstown, Ohio

Yours is one of several letters we've received recently bewailing the lack of open-reel recorded tapes of one sort or another. And it looks as though you're out of luck. The tape duplicators show less interest in open-reel issues all the time and none at all in Dolby for this purpose. Apparently the Dolby open-reel system (and there are two decks now available with built-in Dolby circuits) is to be a home-recording medium only if things continue as they now are going, and you'll just have to live with the hiss on the dwindling assortment of recorded tapes that you can still buy.

In comparing receivers, is there any way to convert IHF power output figures to rms values?—Gary Mattson, Owatonna, Minn. No. An amplifier (including one built into a receiver) that has a really fine power supply can produce very similar results under either test procedure—though IHF power output normally is expressed as the sum of the two channels, while "rms" or continuous power output most commonly is expressed as a per-channel figure. When the power supply section is not so good, the difference between the two power measurements can be considerable. The loading resistors used during the test can alter results too. Continuous power normally is measured into an 8-ohm load; IHF power often is measured at 4 ohms if that load will produce a higher reading. (Sometimes it won't.) And IHF power usually is measured with only one channel driven, the resulting per-channel reading being doubled mathematically to derive the total power rating; continuous power ratings may be measured with only one channel driven or, most stringently, both driven simultaneously.

I've been considering buying a Teac or a Revox A-77 open-reel deck. I called both companies to find out what tape their products work best with and they both said Scotch 203. Now I'm confused about Scotch 207. What is the difference between these two tapes and which one is better for these recorders?—Paul Agbadian, Los Angeles, Calif.

When the 3M Company introduced its 207 it said that this new tape would match any other reel set up for 203, but do a better job than 203. More recently, however, it has allowed that still better performance (though only slightly better) can be obtained with 207 if the equipment is optimized specifically for it. So while those Revox and Teac products that are set up for 203 should perform even better with 207, strictly speaking they are not optimized for 207. Both Teac and Revox have told us, however, that you can order their open-reel products optimized for any tape you like. If you want to get maximum advantage from 207 (or any other tape), that's the way to go about it.

I'm planning to convert my stereo system to four channels and would appreciate some help in choosing the components I will need. First, do you think I will be better off getting a good stereo deck and picking up a decoder (E-V Stereo-4, for instance), or should I buy a four-channel deck? Eventually I'd like to record in four channels. If I have a stereo deck I could use something like the Kenwood processor so that I could make my own matrixed tapes on a stereo recorder. Also, I'm looking for a quality automatic turntable. The Garrard Zero 100 is said to have almost no tracking error. Does this make it the best choice for quadraphonic records?—Nicholas R. Oshana, Ft. Gordon, Ga.

These are real toughies, and any decision you make now could prove to be the wrong one in a few years—or even months. The problem revolves around program material. You can now buy some discrete (not matrixed) four-channel eight-track cartridges, and discs matrixed by a number of different systems: CBS, E-V, and Sansui. Discrete four-channel discs (JVC CD-4 system) may be on the market later this year, but nobody's making any promises. A few discrete open-reel tapes have been offered, but the supply is extremely limited and no new titles have been added recently. You would need different equipment to play each of these types of recordings. FM stations occasionally broadcast some of them or special material (such as the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts) matrixed in one way or another. The technology of quadraphonics is young, and the young are subject to unpredictable changes. Until four-channel sound has achieved more maturity you should be prepared to make corresponding changes in any quadraphonic system you put together. For one thing, time may demonstrate that minimum horizontal tracking error is particularly important in playing quadraphonic discs; at present we know of no specific evidence to indicate that it is.

I have a stereo system now, based on the Harman-Kardon 520 receiver. I plan to convert to four-channel sound, using Citation Eleven and Citation Twelve as the extra preamp and amplifier. What tuner would be most suitable for use with these components? I'm not looking for a bargain tuner, but I'm also not interested in unnecessary features, such as a variety of tuning methods.—William F. Bennett, Trumbull, Conn.

Since nobody now knows what direction the FCC and the broadcasters may take in this respect, we'd advise against allowing your choice to be seriously swayed by models that claim to be "four-channel-ready." At the present time, four-channel broadcasts may be made by a station using some type of matrix or by two stations transmitting simultaneously on two different carrier frequencies. The former method requires not another tuner, but a suitable decoder at the output of your present tuner. The latter method is strictly experimental and temporary. But if you want to sample it, any competent basic stereo-FM tuner will do the job. The AR tuner, for one, would be a fine choice. Or, if you prefer an all-H-K system, you might wait for the Citation tuner we're told is in preparation.

I've been told in looking for a high-quality portable stereo FM/AM radio/cassette recorder that I shouldn't expect to find one with built-in Dolby circuits at this time. Is this so?—Frank H. Gravel, Long Island City, N.Y.

Yes. In fact we don't even know of a battery-powered Dolby unit that could conveniently be used as an add-on with such a portable.
**True Tangent Tracking**

First time in an automatic turntable!

The diagram over the photograph shows how the tone arm articulates, constantly adjusting the angle of the cartridge, and keeping the stylus perpendicularly tangent to the grooves throughout the record. Space-age pivotry and computerized design have made it possible to play the record at exactly the same angle as it was cut. Reproduction is truer, distortion sharply reduced, record life lengthened.

Consider that there are 3,600 seconds of arc in a degree—and that a conventional tone arm will produce up to 4 degrees tracking error—or 14,400 seconds at full playing radius. Compare this to the Zero 100 tracking error, calculated to measure a remarkable 90 seconds (160 times lower!) and you will see why this Garrard development obsoletes the arm geometry of every other automatic turntable.

Test reports by some of the industry's most respected reviewers have already appeared, expressing their enthusiasm. These reports are now available with a 12-page brochure on the Zero 100 at your dealer's. Or, you can write to British Industries Company, Dept. C-22, Westbury, New York 11590.

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**GARRARD ZERO 100**

Garrard's newest model, is the only automatic turntable achieving zero tracking error. Modestly priced at $189.50, this most advanced record playing unit is a fabulous array of imaginative, responsible innovations: Variable speed control; illuminated strobe; magnetic anti-skating (an entirely new principle); viscous-damped cueing; 15° vertical tracking adjustment; the patented Synchro-Lab synchronous motor; and Garrard's exclusive two-point record support. An engineering triumph, the articulating tone arm, is demonstrated below.
Wednesday for piano.
Thursday for horns.

Close your eyes.
Lou Rawls is singing. He says, "Believe in me." And you do.

An acoustic guitar, way off to the left somewhere, scratches the back of your ear. Trap drums hug the bass guitar in the center of the sound. Strings, woodwinds, percussion, trombones, fourteen different pieces of pure sound come together.

And you're there with them—hearing, sharing, capturing a moment that never happened.

They don't make records like they used to.

Until very, very recently the goal of any musical recording was to recreate an event that had happened somewhere. The "live" performance was perfection; the only purpose of recording was to record.

It's not that way any more. Not with the new music.

The control room looks like a control room. Lots of dials, buttons, lights. The sound engineer works at a console controlling all the same things your sound system controls: Bass, treble, volume, balance, etcetera. The only difference between your system and this one is a little more sensitivity, capacity, precision and maybe two or three hundred thousand dollars.

The control room and the studio are acoustically isolated. Very important. The only way sound can come out of that studio is through a speaker in the control room. See those beauties all in a row? JBL speakers, thank you.

Out in the studio, there are yards and yards of cloth hung here and there between musicians, over instruments and next to microphones. The cloth dampens sound. It keeps each instrument's sound near the microphone assigned to it. That's important. Musical instrument microphones are very precise and very literal and can pick up the wrong sound just as efficiently as they can the right one.

Wednesday.

The bass guitar, the acoustic guitar, the piano, drums, percussion and Lou Rawls worked the same session.

The tambourines start in the big studio but are banished to the isolation booth because their sound is leaking into other microphones.

Look at the five microphones on the drums; three for the traps and two for the bass drums. Each is there to retrieve a particular tonal quality.

See the mike inside the piano, under the top, over the sound? If you really want to hear good piano, that's the place.

Thursday.

Horns, woodwinds, strings—each takes his turn until all have had their say.

Finally, fourteen channels are filled, each with a component of the total sound, ready to be blended.

Monday.

The mix-down begins. Fourteen tracks heading toward two.

Each monitor speaker holds a separate sound. And now each is heard in turn, solo and then in unison.

The sound engineer steps to the podium and brings up the bass guitar for rhythm. It goes in the center of the stereo perspective. He tightens it slightly, adding equalization at 50 Hz.
L100 CENTURY
A runaway best seller. The beautiful twin of JBL’s compact professional studio monitor. Now the mightiest bookshelf ever produced. Easily handles 50 watts of continuous program material, although it takes only 1 watt to produce 78db sound pressure level at 5 feet. Oiled walnut enclosure and a new dimensional grille that’s more acoustically transparent than cloth and happens in colors like Ultra Blue, Burnt Orange or Russet Brown. 14”x24”x14”. $273.

L200 STUDIO MASTER
Just like JBL’s professional studio monitor only more so. High acoustic output, uniform spatial distribution, smooth frequency response and the extraordinary capability of handling a full 100 watts of continuous program material, yet produces 80db sound pressure level at 15 feet with only 1 watt input. Graceful tapered form, oiled walnut enclosure and sculptured Crendex grille in Smoke or Raven or Aegean or Burgundy. 33”x24”x21”. $597.

Guitars over there. Woodwinds here. How do they do that? Besides the left-channel and right-channel placements, the sound engineer uses tiny delays in sound and drops in volume to place the sound “away” from you or “near” you. Your brain does the rest, putting each sound in stereo perspective.

Traps left and traps right. A little equalization to brighten them; some echo to give them depth.

Now the bass drum, then the acoustic guitar on the left with the piano on the right to balance it.

Wednesday, again.

The tambourine comes into the center with a bit of echo to make it fuller. French horns left and right and the sweetening process: Bass trombones for resonance. An oboe solo for delicacy and a room full of strings — violins, cello, viola — to make the whole thing smooth and round.

And, finally, all monitor speakers are in agreement. One last button is pushed, and the master recording is made.

That’s all there is to it.

The art of recording is changing. The business is changing. More creative scope, more ideas, more discipline. A whole new incredibly complex art form has emerged.

We’re glad to be a part of it. In fact, most major recording studios in the world produce their records mastered on JBL monitors.

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Our thanks to Lou Rawls and MGM Records for allowing us to document the recording, mixing and mastering of the title song from the MGM movie, Believe in Me.
The new ADC-XLM

Superb performance. Lowest mass. Unbeatable price. And it's guaranteed for 10 years.

If you're like most audiophiles, you've probably spent a great deal of time, effort and money looking for the "perfect" cartridge.

We know what you've been through. After all, we've been through it ourselves.

That's why we're especially enthusiastic about our newest cartridge, the ADC-XLM. It does everything a well designed cartridge should do. It may not be perfect, but we don't know of any that are better, and few that even come close.

Now, we'd like to tell you why.

The lighter, the better.

To begin with, it is generally agreed that the first consideration in choosing a cartridge should be low mass. And as you may have guessed by now, the LM in our model designation stands for low mass.

Not only is the overall weight of the ADC-XLM extremely low, but the mass of the all-important moving system (the stylus assembly) is lower than that of any other cartridge.

Translated into performance, this means effortless tracking at lighter pressures with less distortion.

In fact, used in a well designed, low mass tone arm, the XLM will track better at 0.4 gram than most cartridges at one gram or more.

A new solution for an old problem.

One of the thorniest problems confronting a cartridge designer is how to get rid of the high frequency resonances common to all cartridge systems.

Over the years, various remedies have been tried with only moderate success. Often the cure was worse than the disease.

Now thanks to a little bit of original thinking, ADC has come up with a very effective solution to the problem. We use the electromagnetic forces generated within the cartridge itself to damp out these troublesome resonances. We call this self-correcting process, "Controlled Electrodynamic Damping," or C.E.D. for short.

And if it seems a little complicated, just think of C.E.D. as a more effective way of achieving lower distortion and superior tracking, as well as extending frequency response.

Naturally, there's much more to the new ADC-XLM, like our unique induced magnet system, but let's save that for later.

Guaranteed reliability plus.

At ADC we've always felt that reliability was just as important as any technical specification.

That's why we now guarantee every ADC-XLM, exclusive of stylus, for a full ten years.

But this unprecedented guarantee involves something more than just an assurance of quality. It is also an expression of our conviction that the performance of this cartridge is so outstanding that it is not likely to be surpassed within the foreseeable future.

And something more.

In addition to the superb ADC-XLM, there is also a new low mass ADC-VLM, which is recommended for use in record players requiring tracking pressures of more than one gram. The cartridge body is identical for both units, and so is the guarantee. Only the stylus assemblies are different. Thus you can start out modestly and move up to the finest and still protect your investment.

And that brings us to the important question of price, which we are happy to say is significantly lower than what you might reasonably expect to pay for the finest. The suggested list price for the incomparable ADC-XLM is $550 and the runner-up ADC-VLM is only $540.

But no matter which low mass ADC you choose, you can be certain that they share the same outstanding characteristics... superb tracking, very low distortion and exceptionally smooth and extended frequency response.

*We guarantee (to the original purchaser) this ADC cartridge, exclusive of stylus assembly, to be free of manufacturing defects for a ten year period from the date of factory shipment. During that time, should a defect occur, the unit will be repaired or replaced (at our option) without cost. The enclosed guarantee card must be filled out and returned to us within ten days of purchase, otherwise this guarantee will not apply. The guarantee does not cover damage caused by accident or mishandling. To obtain service under the guarantee, simply mail the unit to our Customer Service Department.

Audio Dynamics Corporation
Pickett District Road, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

CIRCLE 8 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

High Fidelity Magazine
“Where’s your assistant conductor?” I asked André Previn at a recent session in EMI’s studio. Previn and the London Symphony Orchestra were there to provide in double quick time a coupling for the most exclusive record of the season, Elgar’s Cockaigne Overture conducted by Her Majesty’s Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, Rt. Hon. Edward Heath. I assumed that Previn’s “assistant conductor” was at a cabinet meeting.

The story of how Edward Heath came to conduct the London Symphony at its gala concert in the Royal Festival Hall last November was something I followed keenly from the start. During the LSO’s tour of Russia and the Far East, when as attendant music critic I had every chance over the weeks to talk with Previn, the conductor casually remarked how professional he felt Heath’s musicianship was. He and Mia Farrow had on a number of occasions been guests of the Prime Minister both at Downing Street and at the official country home, Chequers. He had had a chance to discuss music with Heath in more than dinner-table terms and was convinced that the Prime Minister would make an excellent job of conducting the orchestra. Would it be feasible, he wondered, to have him conduct at the gala? I certainly thought so. Knowing the PM from my political journalist days (when, incidentally, he used to quote my own record reviews at me without attribution), I was confident he would rise to the challenge. He was after all of two minds at Oxford whether to make music or politics his career.

Rise to the challenge he did, and on November 25 he appeared on the rostrum of the Royal Festival Hall, pink-faced and a little more tense than when speaking in the House of Commons. Elaborate security arrangements surrounded the occasion. Not even reporters were allowed in as the Prime Minister wanted merely “the usual press facilities” meaning critics only (in fact I had to double on both jobs). The first test came in bar three when there is a tricky pause to negotiate, and though his head was down in the score Heath managed it well. This is one of the most difficult overtures in the repertory because almost every page brings a modification of tempo in a sequence of sharply contrasted sections. Though we were all aware of the PM’s tension, it was plain that this was no mere run-through and that he was putting over a very positive interpretation. It was like Elgar of Barbirolli rather than of Boult, warm and expressive and luxuriating—surprising from the rather chill character that Heath presents to the political world. The performance was recorded in stereo by the BBC, and EMI planned to put it on one side of a gala LSO disc with Previn and the orchestra in three “lollipops” on the other side. That was where the rapidly arranged Previn session came in, and the pieces chosen included—to my personal delight—two of the regular encores that the orchestra had used on the Russia/Far East tour. Already I had found myself incapable of hearing Leonard Bernstein’s overture to Candide or the Vaughan Williams Greensleeves Fantasia without feeling nostalgic.

But before those two comparatively brief pieces Previn recorded a work that he had led with tremendous success on television a month or so earlier—Enesco’s Rumanian Rhapsody No. 1. The first run-through was rather stiff and one could hardly escape the fact. At the playback Gervase de Peyer, the LSO’s distinguished first clarinet and himself a conductor, came into the control room and whispered to me that he himself had been conducting the same piece in Norwich only three days earlier. He knew how he liked it to go. We didn’t tell Previn, but Previn himself had ideas, and in the following two complete takes (all that was needed to complete the recording) we noticed the places where—as Previn himself put it—he was “doing a Zorba the Greek,” edging into an oomph rhythm or squeezing a tempo. By the end the LSO might have passed as Rumanian trained except that I doubt if Bucharest has ever heard a native orchestra as brilliant as this.

It was an exhilarating session with
Previn and the EMI recording manager, Christopher Bishop, doing their usual double act of sharp American wit against feignedly bored British comment. The Bernstein overture has now become one of the orchestra's favorite party pieces, scintillatingly brilliant, and I was worried that the Prime Minister's highly creditable effort on the reverse side might seem less than sparkling by contrast. What the final verdict will be I can only leave to critics and public, but two days later (and only a week before the disc was available in the shops for Christmas) I heard the BBC tape as tailored by EMI. To my amazement the PM's Elgar performance sounded better than in the hall, even more emotional, and a tremendous credit not only to the conductor (even his political opponents reluctantly agreed) but particularly to the LSO.

EMI had wondered whether it would be best to have Previn's well-chosen words of introduction as a preface to the performance ("It is untrue that I am now aiming to be Prime Minister for fifteen minutes"), but the PM decided otherwise. He wanted the performance judged on its merits, and not for curiosity value—and who can blame him?

Edward Greenfield

Other Musical Politicians

New York City's Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, another conductor/politician, rehearses the National Symphony for a 1941 Washington performance of the National Anthem and two Sousa marches.

The young man with violin is Richard Nixon.
Could it have been Anne Boleyn's talent with a lute that composer Henry VIII found so irresistible?

Il Duce Benito Mussolini was another notorious Roman fiddler.

Soprano Margaret Truman greets her pianist father after one of her recitals.

Former Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas—also a violinist.

Frederick the Great of Prussia was a composer and flutist but "the Great" refers to other exploits.
High Fidelity
Music Shows—Again

Not so many years ago, the event of the high fidelity season was "the hi-fi show" in midtown Manhattan, usually in early fall. No longer. Last fall came and went with no really major show anywhere in the country. (The biggest was in Montreal.)

Things are beginning to pick up again, however. Anaheim, California had its Fifth Regional Hi-Fi Show late in January. Mrs. Teresa Rogers, best known for her Washington and Philadelphia shows in alternate years through much of the Sixties, has planned one to take place in Atlanta just after this issue appears. It will run February 18 through 21 at the Merchandise Mart. And during the first week in March New Yorkers will have a chance to hear a special collection of quadraphonic sound systems at the SEE 70 exhibition at 443 Park Avenue South.

Other shows in other cities now are in the planning stage. There even has been some speculation about the possible revival of the major-metropolis gala by extending the CES (Consumer Electronics Show—presently open only to the trade) so that the public can have a day or two to view the goodies. The next CES is scheduled for Chicago in June, but so far the public days are no more than talk.

In Search of Specifics

One of our readers wrote recently to complain about our advertisers. He is disgruntled, he says, because of the vague and/or inflated statements that they make about the output power of their amplifiers, and he is frustrated by their omission of selling prices.

The first of these complaints seems justified to us—as we've said so often over the years. It's hard to understand why a company will coo about "150 watts of thrilling power" when it knows that our test report will rate the unit at 40 watts per channel (or less) under standard test conditions. And the practice is even harder to understand now that the Federal Trade Commission has made it clear that exaggerated claims no longer will be tolerated.

The FTC ax will be slow to fall, however. Its proposed rules for stating output-power claims are not expected to make themselves felt until late 1972 or even early 1973. By that time power not only will have to be tested on a continuous basis—rather than under one of the "music-power" systems only—but it must be referred to bandwidth. Meaningless 1-kHz output figures (and the even more nonsensical "peak-power" ratings used in the stereo console industry) will be banned.

On the subject of prices we find it easier to sympathize with the advertisers. A magazine doesn't get thrown together overnight; ads are produced months in advance of the on-sale date. At a time when currency revaluation is very much in the air but its effect on prices impossible to predict with any certainty, advertisers—and especially importers—can't afford to state a price that may be impossible to meet by the time the ad is read. All of the ads our correspondent singled out featured imported products, and there are others he might have mentioned. Even domestic manufacturers don't know which way to turn if their products are designed around imported parts.

Oh yes—there was one other complaint in the letter. Our reader pointed out that one ad made no mention at all of power output. A fine paradox! This particular advertiser has refused to get caught up in the wattage-numbers race—the race that precipitated the initial complaint—and our friend still is unhappy. While we agree with him that output power is an important piece of information, so are many other items that are seldom if ever played up in ads. How about some expression of loudspeaker efficiency, for example? If he had that specific, he'd have real use for reliable power ratings.

Unsafe at Any Frequency

A recent announcement from RCA reads like something out of Detroit, and unlike anything we have (yet) seen in the home-entertainment industry. But times are
Nobody ever made a great cassette deck by adding Dolby to an ordinary one.

One way to improve a cassette deck is by adding Dolby. A better way is to make a cassette deck that doesn’t need much help to begin with.

Take the Harman-Kardon CAD5.

Like all Dolbyized cassette decks, ours eliminates tape hiss.

But that’s only one of the reasons you should buy it.

The CAD5 was designed to give you recordings that are as good as the original program material. Wow and flutter is an extremely low 0.15%. And frequency response is an extremely wide 30 to 12,500 Hz with standard tape. (30 to 15,000 Hz with chromium dioxide tape.) So you not only hear more music, but more overtones, and, therefore, more of the music.

Of course, there are times when you can’t use Dolby. (When you play non-Dolbyized, pre-recorded tapes, for example.) But even with the noise suppressor switched off, the CAD5 has very little noise to suppress.

The signal-to-noise ratio without Dolby is 45 dB.

With Dolby, the signal-to-noise ratio is 55 dB. Which means noise is suppressed virtually to the point of non-existence.

Finally, the outside of the CAD5 is just as sophisticated as the inside. It comes with two VU meters, an overload indicator, automatic shut-off and two sliding record-level potentiometers.

In all, the only thing the CAD5 doesn’t have in common with higher-priced decks is their higher prices.

As Popular Electronics pointed out, the CAD5 is “a lot of recorder for $229.95.” Which isn’t quite correct. The CAD5 now costs only $199.95.

That’s perhaps the one CAD5 feature that isn’t very advanced.

For more information, write us: Harman-Kardon, 55 Ames Court, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.
changing. One RCA consumer model is being recalled for modification to prevent a possible hazard. According to the announcement, some 27,000 units of Model RZD-422, a $20 AM clock radio, were produced. Of that number, three suffered some damage as a result of two unrelated failures—in a capacitor and a diode respectively. Under this “extraordinary combination of circumstances” the radio can develop enough heat to burn a small hole in the plastic case, RCA says. Apparently no further damage or overt threat to the owner has been involved, but RCA is urging anyone who has that model (the number is marked on the back) to unplug it at once and to return it to the dealer or distributor for modification.

Make Your Own Matrixed Tapes

Sound Systems International—designers of the SSI wireless, straight-line tone arm—now produces the Quadrasizer, a circuit intended for home use in capturing four-channel sound on conventional stereo tape recorders. The Quadrasizer I ($59.95) has four mike inputs: left, center (front), right, and back. Left and right inputs are fed unaltered to the tape recorder’s left and right inputs respectively. The center input feeds equally and in phase to both, while the back input feeds both equally but out of phase.

Note that this microphone configuration differs from the “usual” quadraphonic arrangement, which presupposes left- and right-front and left- and right-back prime signals. In this respect the Quadrasizer is similar to the original Hafler Dynaquad setup—the so-called diamond speaker pattern. Another aspect of the Quadrasizer system also suggests Dynaquad: The dematrix circuitry—essentially a differential speaker hookup—can be put between power amplifiers and speakers, allowing use of a regular (two-channel) stereo amp. For this purpose SSI is making the Quadrasizer II ($119.95), an integrated stereo amplifier with the dematrix circuitry built in and output taps for the four speakers.

CIRCLE 159 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Gimme an F and an M . . .

What with packaged programming, mass-appeal pap, and endless replays of the Tchaikovsky First Piano Concerto, the concept of FM as a showcase for exciting sounds has become something of a bad joke over the last few years. There are oases, to be sure, but now New Yorkers have a choice of two FM programs designed to fill the void.

One is “Adventures in Sound” on WQXR-FM, hosted by Larry Zide—often a contributor to HIGH FIDELITY. The other is “Experiments in Sound” on WNYC-FM. Harry Maynard, its co-producer (with Jack Garner), also presents “Men of Hi-Fi,” an interview program that has featured important sound demonstrations over the years and is currently heard on WNYC-FM.

Using demonstrations of such audio phenomena as Dolby noise reduction (the feature of the debut broadcast of “Adventures in Sound” in October) and quadraphonics (a favorite subject of Mr. Maynard’s), these programs are making a bid to re-establish audio quality on the airwaves. More power to them.

equipment in the news

Unconventional speaker system from ESS

Electrostatic Sound Systems’ Trans-Static I is a three-way loudspeaker with an electrostatic tweeter, plastic-diaphragm cone mid-range driver, and a flat, aluminum-stressed plastic-diaphragm woofer. The crossover is equipped with midrange and treble controls, and it has provision for bi- or tri-amplification. The transmission-line baffling is said to make the system’s response unusually flat and wide-range—from woofer resonance at below 15 Hz to beyond 32 kHz. List price per pair is $1,095 in oiled walnut or $1,135 in rosewood.

CIRCLE NO. 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Kenwood upgrades its top receiver

The Kenwood KR-7070A retains many of the features of the KR-7070. Its bidirectional remote tuning control now includes a volume-control knob. Other unusual controls include switching for three pairs of speakers, monitor switching for two tape recorders (one can be plugged into a front-panel jack), a presence control, a three-position loudness control, and a three-position phono sensitivity switch. Continuous power is rated at 65 watts per channel into 8 ohms with both channels driven. List price is approximately $550, subject to revaluation charges.

CIRCLE NO. 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Think of everything you've ever wanted in a stereo receiver.

The new SX-E28 and SX-727 are Pioneer's top two entries in a new, dynamic lineup of four AM/FM stereo receivers with increased performance, greater power, unsurpassed precision and a wide range of features for total versatility.

If you lust for power, here it is - to spare. SX-E28, 270 watts IHF; SX-727, 195 watts IHF. Employing direct-coupled amplifiers and dual power supplies, you'll hear improved bass while transient, damping and frequency responses are greatly enhanced. Distortion is infinitesimal.

Whichever model you select, advanced FM sensitivity deftly plucks out those stations a hairline away from each other on the dial, and excellent selectivity zeros in on your program choice.

At Pioneer, we believe our engineers have really outdone themselves by designing features like: a new and exclusive circuit that protects your speakers against damage and DC leakage, ultra wide linear dial scale, loudness contour, FM muting, more lights, click-step tone controls, high & low filters, dual tuning meters, eucie muting, plus a full range of connections for turntables, tape decks, headphones, microphones, speakers — and even 4-channel connections, when you're ready.

To top this total combination are Pioneer's sensible prices — SX-E28, $423.95; SX-727, $343.95, including walnut cabinet. If all this doesn't impress you, I'm reverting to them will. See and hear these magnificent new receivers, as well as the new moderately priced SX-626 and SX-325, at your local Pioneer dealer.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Road, Carstadt, New Jersey 07072

PIONEER®
when you want something better

Pioneer has more of everything.
Lafayette stereo/quadruphonic receiver/recorder

In one unit the Lafayette LRK-855 combines a low-power stereo FM/AM receiver, an eight-track stereo cartridge recorder/player with front-panel mike inputs, an "adapter" circuit to derive quadruphonic effects (via an extra pair of speakers) from stereo program sources, and a "composer" circuit to derive or decode four-channel effects (via an extra stereo power amplifier and pair of speakers) from stereo or matrixed quadruphonic program sources. The eight-track recorder stops automatically when the last pair of tracks on the cartridge has been recorded. The LRK-855 costs $219.95.

CIRCLE NO. 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Two Farnsworth speaker systems

Marice Stith Recording Services of Ithaca, New York has announced two floor-standing loudspeakers: the Farnsworth Model 12, 24 1/4 inches high, on the left; and the Model 15, 29 3/4 inches high. The cabinets are made of dense particle board finished with a walnut laminate and walnut-veneer edge trim. Both are rated by the manufacturer for response to 22 kHz; low-end response is said to extend to 20 Hz in the smaller model, to 15 Hz in the larger. The per-pair prices are $395 for the Model 12, $495 for the Model 15.

CIRCLE NO. 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

New Pioneer integrated amplifier

As a possible companion piece to its recently announced TX-800 tuner, Pioneer offers the SA-800 integrated amplifier, rated at 34 watts per channel continuous power into 8 ohms with both channels driven, for less than 0.5% THD. Among its features are monitor switching for two tape decks, dual phono inputs (one switchable for either moving-magnet or moving-coil cartridges, preamp/amp jumpers, three-second muting when the power is turned on (to eliminate turn-on noise and protect speakers), a "muting" switch that decreases output by 20 dB, and a front-panel mike input. The SA-800 lists at $259.99.

CIRCLE NO. 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

New record-care kits from Robins

Robins Industries has introduced the PK-9 kit, with Touch of Velvet applicator and cleaning mitt, antistatic cleaning solution, the Robins tone arm brush and finger lift (a single assembly that attaches to the cartridge shell), and a fixed-mount stylus brush. The kit sells for $5.00. The simpler PK-2, containing only a velvet wiping cloth and a bottle of the cleaning fluid, lists at $2.00.

CIRCLE NO. 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Remote control for Panasonic cassette deck

An accessory normally found only with some relatively elaborate solenoid-operated open-reel decks now is available for Panasonic's top-of-the-line RS-275 cassette deck. It is the RP-9275 remote-control unit, with buttons for recording interlock, rewind, fast forward, stop, play/record, and pause. Its 12-foot interconnect cable plugs directly into the RS-275 and requires no modification of the deck. The remote unit is priced at $34.95.

CIRCLE NO. 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
After the monthly breakthroughs and revolutions in speaker design, how come the Rectilinear III still sounds better?

Figure it out for yourself.

More than five years ago, without much fanfare, we came out with a very carefully engineered but basically quite straightforward floor-standing speaker system. It consisted of six cone speakers and a crossover network in a tuned enclosure; its dimensions were 35” by 18” by 12” deep; its oiled walnut cabinet was handsome but quite simple.

That was the original Rectilinear III, which we are still selling, to this day, for $279.

Within a year, virtually every hi-fi editor and equipment reviewer went on record to the effect that the Rectilinear III was unsurpassed by any other speaker system, regardless of type, size or price. (Reprints still available.)

Then came about forty-seven different breakthroughs and revolutions in the course of the years, while we kept the Rectilinear III unchanged. We thought it sounded a lot more natural than the breakthrough stuff, but of course we were prejudiced.

Finally, last year, we started to make a lowboy version of the Rectilinear III. It was purely a cosmetic change, since the two versions are electrically and acoustically identical. But the new lowboy is wider, lower and more sumptuous, with a very impressive fretwork grille. It measures 28” by 22” by 12 1/4” deep (same internal volume) and is priced $20 higher at $299.

The new version gave Stereo Review the opportunity to test the Rectilinear III again after a lapse of almost five years. And, lo and behold, the test report said that “the system did an essentially perfect job of duplicating our “live music” and that both the original and the lowboy version “are among the best-sounding and most ‘natural’ speakers we have heard.” (Reprints on request.)

So, what we would like you to figure out is this:

What was the real breakthrough and who made it?

For more information, including detailed literature see your audio dealer or write to Rectilinear Research Corp., 107 Bruckner Blvd., Bronx, N. Y. 10454.
How far ahead is the Beomaster 3000-2?

Three Years? Five Years?

When do you think you'll see another receiver with such sophisticated styling and so many functions (and not a single knob)?

The Beomaster 3000-2 gives you less than .6% total harmonic distortion at full power (40/40 RMS into 4 ohms). Tuner features varactor diodes for pre-select tuning of 6 FM stations (each covers the full band). Field effect transistors (FET), ceramic filters and integrated circuits combine with slide rule tuning for supercritical station selection.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration. Push the buttons; slide the controls . . . and listen. Then you'll know the feel of quality as well as the sound. Or write today for complete details.

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Judy Collins uses AR-4x speaker systems in her home. Their smoothness and uncolored musical quality make them an excellent choice.

Folk singer Judy Collins's performances in concert and on Elektra Records are widely known and highly praised. The cabinet in the background contains her AR-4x speaker systems. Although the AR-4x is the least expensive speaker system offered by Acoustic Research, it is nonetheless built and tested to the same strict standards of craftsmanship and accuracy as apply to other AR speaker systems.

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Please send me a free copy of your illustrated catalog, as well as technical specifications and measured performance data for the AR-4x speaker systems.

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CIRCLE 1 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
All cartridges are different. Empire cartridges are more different than others! Take a technical look for yourself.

How it works.
If you know how moving magnetic cartridges are made, you can see right away how different an Empire variable reluctance cartridge is. With others, a magnet is attached directly to the stylus, so that all the extra weight rests on your record. With Empire's construction (unique of its type), the stylus floats free of its three magnets. So naturally, it imposes much less weight on the record surface.

Less record wear.
Empire's light-weight tracking ability means less wear on the stylus, and less wear on your records. Laboratory measurements show that an Empire cartridge can give as much as 50 times the number of plays you’d get from an ordinary cartridge without any measurable record wear! HI-FI SOUND MAGAZINE summed it up very well by calling the Empire cartridge “a real hi-fi masterpiece ... A remarkable cartridge unlikely to wear out discs any more rapidly than a feather held lightly against the spinning groove.”

Superb performance.
The light-weight Empire cartridge picks up the sound from the record groove with amazing accuracy. Distortion is minimal. (None at all could be measured at normal sound levels with Empire's 1000ZE/X and 999VE/X.) AUDIO MAGAZINE said of the Empire cartridge “outstanding square waves ... tops in separation.” HIGH FIDELITY noted “... the sound is superb. The performance data is among the very best.” While STEREO REVIEW, who tested 13 different cartridges, rated the Empire tops of all in light-weight tracking.

X Designates newest improved version.

World Famous Long Playing Cartridges

For further details write: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530.

CIRCLE 30 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Best Yet from Ampex

The Equipment: Ampex AX-300, an automatic-reverse open-reel three-speed (7 1/2, 3 3/4, 1 1/2 ips) stereo tape deck, including recording and playback preamps. Dimensions: 16 1/2 by 15 by 8 1/2 inches. Price: less than $650 with wood case. (Optional RC-204, a remote-control unit with 10-foot interconnect cable for the AX-300 or similarly equipped decks. Dimensions: 6 1/4 by 2 1/4 by 1 1/4 inches. Price: $39.95.) Manufacturer: Ampex Corporation, 2201 Estes Ave., Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007.

Comment: This is the most impressive recorder we have yet seen from the Consumer Products group of Ampex. It is unequivocally a consumer product, yet it includes so many features adapted from professional equipment that, despite the convenience of automatic reversing, it can be taken seriously as a hobbyist recorder. In concept and appearance the AX-300 is radically different from anything that has come out of Elk Grove Village in the last few years.

The automatic threading system and dual capstan drive of the earlier premium models has been abandoned along with the styling. The AX-300 has a central capstan flanked by the three heads for forward tape motion (to its left) and those for reverse motion (to the right) which permit monitored recording in both directions. All the controls are on the front panels or sides below the head cover (assuming vertical use of the deck, for which rubber reel holdowns are supplied). Just below the tape-loading slot are the counter, speed-change switch, recording interlock button, and the main solenoid controls: pause, fast reverse, reverse play/record, stop, forward play/record, and fast forward.

Across the bottom of the panel are the mike and headphone jacks, dual sliders for the mike/aux inputs, and those for the line inputs (also used for sound-on-sound and tape echo). Line inputs can be mixed with mike or aux. Next come the VU meters, a five-position mode switch (which includes special positions for sound-on-sound recording), and a continuously variable noise filter calibrated at 16, 10, 6, and 3 kHz—representing in each case the frequency at which high-end playback response is rolled off by 3 dB. (Lab tests proved these indications to be very near exact, with typical slopes above the 3-dB points of about 12 dB per octave). Below the last two knobs are a series of switches: output and meter monitoring (source/tape), echo, sound-with-sound/sound-on-sound, reversing signal, automatic operation (out-and-back/continuous), and AC power.

In a well at the left of the deck are screwdriver controls for bias adjustment, in a similar well at the right are those for meter adjustment. On the back are pairs of phono jacks for the inputs and outputs: aux input with screwdriver level controls, line input, tape/source monitor output (depending on the position of the front-panel monitor switch position), and tape-only monitor. Next to this last pair of jacks is a switch that will convert the meters to read source only, regardless of the front-panel monitor-switch position.

The full ramifications of all these controls cannot be dealt with in detail here. Note, however, that the echo circuit can be applied independently to either or both channels of a stereo input arriving via the mike or aux connections; also the sound-with-sound feature does not provide precise syncing (it is intended for language—lab use rather than music) though recording and playback heads are so close together that the lag is barely audible at 7 1/2 ips. The unusually thorough instruction manual provides a number of alternate hookup schemes and explains the relevance of the various control possibilities to each. At first it takes a good deal of thought and care to master the more intricate configurations, but most users will want to standardize on a single basic hookup. Once that is done the controls are relatively easy to use by comparison to those on some multi-feature decks.

So is the remote-control unit, which plugs into a
jacks on the back panel (or another beneath the solenoid control panel, as we shall explain) and duplicates all the solenoids: pause through fast-forward. These controls handle smoothly and are unusually sophisticated in design for a home unit. The deck includes a memory circuit that operates in combination with a motion sensor on the righthand reel turntable. Let's say you are winding into the tape and want to find a passage on the second side. You press the reverse play button. First the reel brakes are applied; but until tape motion stops altogether the play mode will not be activated. Then the tape lifters and pinch roller push forward and playback begins.

The pinch roller is held in a pivoted mount so that it is self-aligning when it is pressed against the tape and capstan. (The usual arrangement, with a rigidly aligned pinch-roller mount, may not press both edges of the tape with equal firmness, according to Ampex, and can cause problems in using triple- and quadruple-play tapes.)

In the pause mode the capstan continues to turn (aiding fast start-up, which we found unusually smooth for a solenoid-operated deck) and the tape lifters do not retract. As a result the tape can be cued and edited (mechanically or by re-recording) easily either direction of tape motion. As a further aid to such undertakings, the entire head cover slips off (exposing the clearly marked gap-position indices on the six heads), and by slipping the speed-change knob off its switch shank the entire upper section of the control panel can be removed, leaving ample room around the heads for marking edit points on the tape itself. This is practical only if you have bought the remote-control unit, however, because you otherwise have no way of starting and stopping the tape. The remote unit can be attached to a socket from which you have unplugged the normal control panel in removing it.

The automatic reversing system is the only one in which the AX-300 retains a recognizable feature of previous Ampex home models—the subaudible 20-Hz cue tone. It can be recorded onto any tape by using the spring-loaded button on the front panel. This tone already is recorded on all Ampex Stereo Tapes, of course, which therefore will reverse (or even repeat) automatically on this unit.

CBS Labs' data show the AX-300 to perform unusually well for a home deck, and exceptionally well for one with the automatic-reverse feature. The separate, fixed heads for each direction of tape travel undoubtedly contribute to this excellence. Performance in the two directions is virtually indistinguishable, so we have included graphs and figures only for the forward direction.

Note that the playback curves are for the EIA equalization rather than the NAB specification that we normally use. The two actually are identical except in the extreme bass; at 3½ ips they differ by only 3 dB at 100 Hz, while the difference is even less at 3½ ips. The AX-300 (and many other new units) appears to be designed to the EIA specification, which presently looks as though it will replace the NAB specification in home equipment. The curves appear to reflect Ampex's "controlled bandwidth" philosophy that response should be as flat as possible, without arbitrary attempts to extend response upward at the expense of over-all linearity, distortion, and noise factors. The AX-300 curves show unusually little tendency to peak at the high end, and they drop off rapidly above maximum useful response.

Considering both features and performance, the new model is among the most exciting to be offered for the open-reel enthusiast in some time. While it makes no attempt at the ultimate in either ruggedness or simplicity of operation, its finish and general construction are good for a home unit and its controls are not difficult to use. At long last it looks as though Ampex has a winner for the serious recordist.

**Ampex AX-300 Tape Deck Additional Data**

| Speed accuracy | 7½ ips | 105 VAC: 0.23% fast |
|               | 7½ ips | 120 VAC: 0.23% fast |
|               | 7½ ips | 127 VAC: 0.23% fast |
|               | 3½ ips | 105 VAC: 0.53% fast |
|               | 3½ ips | 120 VAC: 0.53% fast |
|               | 3½ ips | 127 VAC: 0.53% fast |
|               | 1½ ips | 105 VAC: 0.40% fast |
|               | 1½ ips | 120 VAC: 0.40% fast |
|               | 1½ ips | 127 VAC: 0.40% fast |
| Wow and flutter | 7½ ips | playback: 0.07% |
|                 | 3½ ips | playback: 0.08% |
|                 | 1½ ips | playback: 0.17% |
| Rewind time, 7-in. 1200-ft. reel | 1 min. 6 sec. |
| Fast forward time, same reel | 1 min. 6 sec. |
| S/N ratio (ref. 0 VU): playback | L ch: 52.5 dB R ch: 54.0 dB |
|                        | record/playback: L ch: 50.5 dB R ch: 51.5 dB |
| Erasure (400 Hz at normal level) | 55 dB |
| Crosstalk (at 400 Hz) | record left, playback right | 54.0 dB |
|                        | record right, playback left | 52.5 dB |
| Sensitivity (tor 0-VU recording level) | line input: L ch: 51.0 mV R ch: 51.0 mV |
|                        | aux input: L ch: 14.0 mV R ch: 16.0 mV |
|                        | mike input: L ch: 0.43 mV R ch: 0.43 mV |
| Accuracy, built-in meters | externally adjustable |
| IM distortion (record/play. -10 VU) | 7½ ips: L ch: 2.3% R ch: 2.0% |
|                        | 3½ ips: L ch: 3.5% R ch: 3.0% |
|                        | 1½ ips: L ch: 4.0% R ch: 4.0% |
| Maximum output (preamp or line, 0-VU) | L ch: 0.6 V R ch: 0.6 V |
Excellent Value in Sony Receiver

**The Equipment:** Sony STR-6045, a stereo FM/AM receiver. Dimensions: 15¾ by 5¾ by 11¼ inches. Price: $237.50. Manufacturer: Sony Corporation, Japan; U.S. distributor: Sony Corp. of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

**Comment:** The Sony STR-6045 is impressive—one of the best receivers we have seen in the under-$250 bracket. The finish of the front panel and knobs is appealingly suggestive of careful manufacture, while measured performance confirms that the appeal is more than skin deep.

A double, clutched volume/balance knob and the tuning knob flank the AM/FM dial with its single (signal-strength) tuning meter and stereo indicator. Below these elements are the power switch, headphone jack (live at all times), speaker switch, loudness and high-filter switches, bass and treble controls, mode and monitor switches, and the rather complex selector group: a knob for automatic-stereo FM, mono FM, and AM, and a three-position switch to select either the tuner (via the knob control), phono, or aux.

On the back panel are thumbscrew terminals for 300-ohm FM antenna lead, long-wire AM antenna, and ground. Screwdriver terminals are used for the output to two pairs of speakers. The front-panel switching permits the two pairs to be used simultaneously, individually, or not at all—as in headphone listening. There are phono inputs for magnetic phono, aux, and tape monitor, and similar connections for the output to a tape recorder. There also is an unswitched AC convenience outlet.

So far the 6045 is fairly Spartan. Almost all of its features are virtual necessities in most stereo systems, but all the important controls are there (unless you consider a center-of-channel FM tuning meter to be particularly important).

The amplifier section, at an honest 25 watts per channel, has more muscle than you would expect in a budget receiver these days and certainly is adequate for almost any pair of moderate-priced speakers in most rooms. When this power rating is compared to distortion figures, however, we are reminded of more expensive equipment. Both IM and THD run under 0.5%—often well under 0.5%—over most of the unit's operating range. Power bandwidth is excellent; frequency response is not ruler-flat, but its variations across the audible range can hardly be considered excessive. S/N ratios—in both amplifier and tuner sections—are more than adequate. Full-range THD figures are < 0.41% (< 0.35%
in the right channel) at 25 watts, <0.19% (<0.16% in the right channel) at half power.

It is in the tuner section, particularly, that the Sony behaves like a more expensive unit. The quieting curve descends unusually steeply, dropping below the 44-dB point (maximum quieting on many budget units) before input has reached 10 microvolts. Beyond 10.5 microvolts the quieting is at least 45 dB and reaches maximum at 47 dB in a broad input range centered around 1,000 microvolts. Sensitivity is excellent, for the price, at 2.3 microvolts; capture ratio, at less than 2 dB, is excellent for any price class.

The FM response curves are particularly unusual. Not only are they very flat, but the stereo response in the two channels is so close that the two curves cannot be distinguished. Even the separation curves are almost identical. This matching of the two channels, while not particularly important in itself, again suggests a care in manufacture that we seldom encounter even in relatively expensive equipment.

Our FM cable tests demonstrate the importance of the 6045's steep quieting curve. We received about forty stations, which is close to par; but 31 of them were judged appropriate for long-term listening or recording—an unusually narrow spread. All things considered, the STR-6045 must be rated as a top receiver in the moderate-cost field, and one that should be considered carefully even by purchasers who can afford to spend more.

**Sony STR-6045 Receiver** Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tuner Section</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alternate-channel selectivity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80 Hz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kHz pilot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amplifier Section</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Damping factor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Input characteristics (for 25 watts output)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensitivity</td>
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<tr>
<td>phono</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Reports in Progress**

Sherwood SEL-300 tuner
Harman-Kardon CAD-5 cassette deck
Marantz 2270 receiver
If you're getting into 8-track this Wollensak 2/4 channel deck deserves your stereo system

All four channels of the new Wollensak will help keep your stereo system as updated tomorrow as it is today.

True quadrasonic sound coming right at you and all around you through your 4-channel system.

If you're already into 8-track with a unit in your car, this Wollensak 8054 pre-amp deck also plays your present 2-channel stereo cartridges. Either way, its precise engineering and component design make it a perfect match for your stereo system. And a sound 4-channel investment for its future.

With the Wollensak 8054's fast-forward control, you can quickly find the selection you want to hear. This deck also features a special channel selector key, automatic programming for 2-channel or 4-channel playback, illuminated program and track indicators and special long life high torque AC motor. Full frequency response is rated at 30-15,000 Hz with a truly outstanding signal-to-noise ratio of 52 db.

Sound expensive? Not at all. This 4-channel deck is so reasonably priced, you won't have to wait any longer to enjoy true quadrasonic sound.

Nobody knows more about sound-on-tape or has more experience in tape recording than 3M Company.

So, make tracks to your nearest dealer and hear why the Wollensak 8054 deserves your stereo system.
ADC Modifies Its
303 Speaker System


Comment: Sometimes it seems as if speaker manufacturers have more fun than anybody. They can take drivers and crossovers and experiment with them in various configurations and in different sizes and styles of enclosure, a kind of audio-exploratory activity plainly beyond the ability of most of us plain mortals. By way of which, here is ADC's new bookshelf speaker system, the model 303B, which employs the same elements as the earlier model 303AX (see HF test report, March 1970) but in a slightly smaller cabinet and minus the tweeter level control. The result is a price reduction of $20 (the 303AX now costs $100) and a slight reduction in output of the extreme bass.

Supplied in an oiled-walnut sealed enclosure, the 303B is an air-suspension system using a high-compliance woofer nominally 10 inches in diameter. This unit is crossed over gradually via an internal network (nominal dividing frequency is 1,500 Hz) to a small cone tweeter, the latter element being viscous-impregnated and having an effective radiating surface of 1 1/2 inches. Rated input impedance is 8 ohms, and recommended power is at least 10 watts (sine-wave power) per channel. The 303B, which weighs about 33 pounds, may be positioned horizontally or vertically.

Frequency response data taken at CBS Labs shows an average omnidirectional response within plus or minus 6.5 dB from 40 Hz to 17,000 Hz, which is a very good mark for a speaker in the $80 price class. On audible test tones we detected some doubling at about 75 Hz, a bit more at 50 Hz, and then a gradual rolloff in level to just about 35 Hz. Obviously, the useful response of the 303B does indeed make the 40 Hz claimed for it by the manufacturer. The upper midrange sounds relatively bright but with good transient definition. Moderately directional effects do not become evident until above 8,000 Hz, and they do not become more pronounced as you up the scale; tones out to 12,000 Hz remain clearly audible well off-axis; tones above this frequency sound stronger more on axis, with an obvious slope to inaudibility beginning at just above 16,000 Hz. White noise response is generally smooth, with a trace of midrange emphasis and some directivity.

A fairly efficient speaker, the 303B needed only 3.5 watts to produce an output level of 94 dB, and it could take steady-state power inputs up to 100 watts without buzzing or distorting excessively. At the 100-watt input level, it produced an output of 105 dB. This data indicates the 303B's ability to work well with the great majority of amplifiers and receivers on the market; it also testifies to a good dynamic range. Pulse tests at both low and high frequencies show excellent transient response except for a slight ringing at 3,000 Hz which doubtless contributes to the brightness sensed in the upper midrange. The loudspeaker's impedance curve averages slightly higher than 8 ohms across the audio band, with the characteristic low-frequency dip occurring at 6.4 ohms. On the basis of this data, plus actual use-tests, we would say that the 303B is safe for hook-ups with other similar impedance loudspeakers in multiple arrays driven from the same solid-state amplifier or receiver.

All told, the 303B is a generally smooth, well-balanced, uncolored reproducer that is very reminiscent of the 303AX except for the few bass tones in the 35 to 40 Hz region that the 303AX projects more forcefully. A pair of 303Bs, on stereo or mono, can fill an average-size room with very listenable sound, and their relatively compact size and moderate weight should enable them to be positioned in any number of possible locations.

ADC 303B Harmonic Distortion

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Output Level (dB)</th>
<th>80 Hz % 2nd</th>
<th>80 Hz % 3rd</th>
<th>300 Hz % 2nd</th>
<th>300 Hz % 3rd</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>0.17</td>
<td>0.25</td>
<td>0.10</td>
<td>0.17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>0.26</td>
<td>0.40</td>
<td>0.17</td>
<td>0.18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>0.43</td>
<td>0.62</td>
<td>0.75</td>
<td>0.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>0.67</td>
<td>1.10</td>
<td>0.45</td>
<td>0.52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>0.95</td>
<td>1.70</td>
<td>0.85</td>
<td>0.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>1.50</td>
<td>2.70</td>
<td>1.30</td>
<td>0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>3.50</td>
<td>4.50</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td>0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>105</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>3.50</td>
<td>0.65</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Distortion data is taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds 10 per cent level, or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.*
Dolby by Teac


Comment: The Dolby "B" circuit (as we all know—or should know—by now) reduces tape hiss and other high-frequency noise by compressing dynamic range in the upper frequencies during recording and re-expanding it during playback. It may be used in making and reproducing one's own Dolby tapes or in playing commercially produced Dolby cassettes. It also can be used to "decode" Dolby-processed FM broadcasts, though few stations have adopted the Dolby broadcast technique so far and then only on an experimental basis.

The AN-80 and AN-50 each contains a pair of Dolby circuits, one per channel. The units have a no-nonsense appearance, with black front panels and metal cases. The controls on the AN-80 are divided into several groups. On the left are the recording level controls (one for each channel), then the recording calibration controls: a spring-loaded pushbutton to trigger the 400-Hz test tone, and screwdriver level adjustments for each channel. Next are four switches: left-channel play/record, right-channel play/record, Dolby on/off, and meter signal selector (left/right). Since the meter, which is to the right of these switches, is used only for calibration purposes, no simultaneous left-plus-right metering is necessary. After the meter comes a recording-check pushbutton, then the playback-calibration screwdriver adjustments for each channel, and finally the power on/off switch.

The recording-check button allows you to make use of the monitor head if the recorder you are using has one. During recording, with your amplifier or receiver switched to tape monitor, you normally will hear the incoming signal fed back to the monitor connections by the AN-80. When you press the spring-loaded recording-check button the output of the playback head will be heard instead. But since the mode switches on the AN-80 will be set for recording, the Dolby action will be effective in the recording—rather than the monitor—circuit, so the playback output you hear will not be Dolby-corrected. As a result, tonal balance cannot be checked with this switch, though you will be able to tell if there is a serious malfunction in the recording.

The AN-80 has no provision for mike inputs. Since mike connections on the recorder will bypass the Dolby circuitry, live sounds fed to the AN-80 for Dolby processing must come via your stereo system's amplifier or receiver.

The AN-50 is very similar, eliminating all features of the AN-80 that are unnecessary when used with Teac's own non-Dolby cassette decks. Its controls are in two groups—record-level knobs for each channel on the left and on the right—a group of switches: record calibrate on/off, mode (record/play), Dolby on/off—and power on/off. On the back there is another switch, matching the level of the deck to be used (high for the A-23, low for the A-24) to the Dolby operating level of the AN-50.

The basic circuitry of the AN-80 and AN-50 being alike, we used only the AN-80 for our lab tests. A Dolby-level signal proved to be 0.46 volts at the AN-80's line connections—a comfortable figure with most tape equipment. The frequency-response curves show the effect of 19-kHz filtering to keep any FM pilot signal at that frequency from being audible and interfering with the level-sensitive Dolby circuit. Some units include a filter that is switched in only while recording from FM; the AN-80 has a fixed filter for this purpose. It reduces response at the pilot frequency by some 10 dB, but also decreases a 15-kHz audio signal (the top frequency of merit in FM broadcasting and indeed the top limit of hearing in most adults) by about 1.5 dB. Therefore while the curves are not as flat as one would desire in, say, a preamplifier, they are close to flat and excellent for Dolby purposes. And—except at the extreme top-expansion during playback comes within 1 dB of matching compression during recording.

Harmonic distortion in the AN-80 runs lower than that to be expected even in a first-class tape recorder. CBS Labs measured it at less than 0.7% in the upper midrange, with average values of around 0.4% above and below that range. Channel separation and overall S/N ratio both are more than adequate.

The AN-80—e even used with a tape deck having a monitor head—will do almost everything that a full Dolby unit (one with simultaneous Dolby monitoring) will do, but at a somewhat lower price. (Teac's AN-180, with provision for Dolby monitoring, costs about $320.) The AN-80 will do an admirable job of adding Dolby processing. So will the AN-50, buy only for those who plan to use it with Teac's non-Dolby cassette decks of course.

Teac AN-80 Dolby Processor Additional Data

| Sensitivity (record Mode): 400 Hz at Dolby level | L ch: 28.5 mV | R ch: 28.5 mV |
| Output (400 Hz at Dolby level) | L ch: 0.46 V | R ch: 0.46 V |
| S/N ratio (ref. Dolby level) | 67 dB |
| Max. noise reduction (record/playback, -40 VU) at 1 kHz | 5.5 dB |
| at 10 kHz | 11 dB |
| Channel separation | 55 dB |
Crown’s Latest Superamplifier

The Equipment: Crown International D-150, a stereo power amplifier. Dimensions: 16 1/2 by 5 by 8 inches. Price: $399; optional decorative front panel, $30; optional wood case, $33; rack-mount panel also available. Manufacturer: Crown International (Div. of International Radio & Electronics Corp.), Box 1000, Elkhart, Ind. 46514.

Comment: Whether one should consider Crown International to be a manufacturer of consumer equipment that meets or surpasses professional standards, or as a professional-equipment manufacturer that is yet willing to cater to the more demanding portion of the consumer market, is a moot point. Once again the company has given us a unit that will be of intense interest to private users whose prime concern is the best possible reproduction of music in the home.

The basic amplifier looks formidable when you first unpack it: an irregular black hulk with only four rubber feet to tell you which side is supposed to be the bottom. It can be connected and hidden away without further embellishment or it can be dressed more formally in its wood case and tailored faceplate, which is styled to match the appearance of Crown's IC-150 preamplifier (HF test reports, December 1971). There are no controls or connections on the faceplate. At the back are two phone jacks for the inputs (each coupled to a screwdriver level control) and a set of output connections that can be used as binding posts but will also accept single or double banana plugs. Accessory fuse-holders also are supplied, together with complete instructions for fusing the speaker leads—a setup recommended by Crown and highly desirable in view of the D-150's high power capability. The fusing and the input level controls work together to protect the speakers.

As in testing the IC-150 CBS Labs found itself working close to the limits of its test equipment. Every harmonic distortion measurement the lab made—even those for extremely low output power—was below 0.05%. Were the figures ten times as high we would still consider them to be excellent in most equipment. At half power most of the figures are below 0.02%.

In measuring IM distortion, many readings fell below the 0.01% limit of the test equipment. The curve for 8-ohm loads is particularly spectacular, staying below 0.02% everywhere from the milliwatt output range right up to the limits of power output at 104 watts. And although the curve takes off steeply from that point, IM distortion at 113.4 watts still is under 0.1%—again no more than a tenth of the values one would expect in terms of normal "excellence." In order to represent these figures graphically we had to expand the vertical IM scale (otherwise the curves would have been squeezed against the bottom of the graph) and compress the horizontal power scale (which normally runs only to 100 watts). The finely dotted portions of the curves indicate the borderline areas where the test equipment is close to its limits; where the curves are discontinuous, the values are immeasurably low.

In all respects this is an amplifier that beggars the usual terms of reference in home equipment; a superlative achievement.

Crown D-150 Amplifier Additional Data

Damping factor: more than 100
Input characteristics (for 75 watts output):
Sensitivity: 1.2 V
S/N ratio: 103 dB
It really comes alive...

It would be silly to ask if you dig real live sound. Of course you do. The same holds true for quality — for things that are really made, and really perform.

Our objective in developing the B-301 (Tempo 1) was to give you the best, most lifelike sound obtainable, in a well-engineered, well-constructed bookshelf system. The fact that performance fully met expectations, and that we could furnish full-fledged BOZAK construction quality for a modest price, were the real measures of its success.

The BOZAK B-301 is a three-way system based on a long-throw, high-compliance bass driver with a solid low-bass response. The high-compliance midrange unit with its well-damped aluminum cone was developed especially for this loudspeaker system: its clear definition, or transient response, is remarkable and we know of no other that can equal it. The latest version of the BOZAK high-frequency driver, originally introduced over twenty years ago, is highly regarded for its wide dispersion and silky-smooth response. All three drivers are of standard BOZAK quality — sturdily constructed, with generous magnet structures and unique BOZAK-made cones assembled on solid cast frames.

You will have to compare this speaker system to really appreciate it. And its price is very modest — especially for a real BOZAK!

**the facts:**

**Bass Speaker:** 12" high-compliance, long-throw
**Midrange:** 4½", with 2½" damped aluminum cone on high-compliance suspension
**Treble:** 2", with foam-damped diaphragm and wide dispersion
**Crossovers:** 1200 and 3600 Hz
**Frequency Response:** 40-20,000 Hz
**Impedance:** 8 Ohms
**Power Handling:** 40 Watts

Program average

**Acoustical-Environmental Switch:**

3-position
**Enclosure:** oiled walnut, 14½" x 23½" x 11½" deep
**Grille:** snap-out
**Weight:** 40 pounds.

BOZAK, Darien, Connecticut, 06820
Overseas Export by Elpa Marketing Industries Inc., New Hyde Park, New York, 11040, USA
What's Wrong with Tape Cartridges and Cassettes?

Their basic principles may have been faulty from a high fidelity viewpoint, but the defects have now been engineered out of them.

by Herbert Friedman

When the editors of High Fidelity asked me to write an article about all that's wrong, technically speaking, with the convenience tape formats—meaning endless-loop cartridges and cassettes—I jumped at the idea. It seemed to give me carte blanche to poke holes in a couple of sacred cows (assuming that commercial success bestows sanctity), and each of us likes to think he has a little of the matador in him.

In the quiet of my workshop the project started to look a little different, however. It's true that I've seen a lot of cassette and cartridge equipment that I would recommend only as a form of revenge: but going over the samples of the latest and the best on my workbench I found it impossible to make a case against the formats, as formats, stick. For every shortcoming there was at least one exception. And the more I considered, the more I became convinced that we really are faced with a state of the art in which cassette and cartridge equipment can be called high fidelity without qualification or reservation. The real story, then, is not what's wrong with convenience tape formats, but what's right with them.

It's difficult to imagine really good performance from the convenience formats because both started out as compromise designs far removed from any thought of use in really high-quality sound systems. The eight-track cartridge, the most difficult to bring up to high fidelity standards of wow and flutter, originated as a cheap imitation of the broadcaster's cartridge system. The tape drive mechanism was intended for automobile installation at prices well under $100. Hence it was stripped down to the bare essentials: a head, a capstan drive, and some means to move the head from track to track. The capstan pinch roller was placed inside the cartridge itself to avoid a complex mechanism of the older pop-up roller, and the entire drive system depended on a small spring that forced the cartridge forward, pressing the pinch roller against the capstan. The idea of depending on the cartridge itself to provide proper pinch-roller pressure is something of a mechanical disaster: under best-case conditions the eight-track cartridge produced around 0.3% wow and flutter.

The mechanically similar broadcast cartridge system, using the best available lubricated tape and rather expensive electronics, provided some 50 dB of signal-to-noise ratio even on the equivalent of four tracks. Dividing down to eight tracks on cheaper tape, and cutting a few dollars off the cost of the electronics resulted in a best-case signal-to-noise ratio of 35 dB—a value unacceptable for critical listening (though it might be satisfactory in a moving vehicle where the ambient noise level is almost a roar).

The cassette system fared even worse from the high-fidelity viewpoint because it was never intended for the recording of music. It started out as a portable mono system with wow-and-flutter and frequency-response standards appropriate only for speech use. The low tape speed of 1/2 ips, the reduced width of the tape, and the lack of a supply-reel holdback seemed to put a very low ceiling on further development, limiting quality and promising frequent sound dropouts and tape alignment problems. Also, the mechanical motion needed to get heads and pinch roller into position once the cassette had been dropped into the machine ran exactly counter to the basic tenet of recorder design: Make everything rock-steady at the heads, then align the rest of the system to suit.

Unfortunately for the sales of reel machines, the public was ready to buy convenience even without high fidelity: but it also seemed stereo crazy. One of the hottest selling consumer items became the automobile eight-track stereo system, for which an enormous catalogue of pops and light music was created. Once motorists had a substantial invest-
ment in eight-track cartridges, the next logical purchase was a device that could play the cartridges through a "console hi-fi" or a component system. But though second-class sound could be tolerated in a car, it could not through $500 worth of stereo gear.

Meanwhile the younger set was having a ball with the $29.95 cassette player: and like cartridges, cassettes created their own demand for quality home equipment—both for playback and for recording. The cassette system faced a more difficult upgrading task than eight-track.

**Upgrading eight-track**

The basic problem of the eight-track cartridge—the pinch roller built into the cartridge—cannot be mitigated: therefore the only way to hold wow and flutter to acceptable limits is to beef up the capstan drive so that it, at least, does not add to the problem. This is easily accomplished through an induction or hysteresis motor and a relatively heavy flywheel. The fact is, a modern eight-track or Q-8 machine can hold wow and flutter to 0.25% (assuming the cartridge isn't damaged), and 0.25% is an acceptable value for many a good automatic turntable.

Frequency response is not a major problem. Fairly good response has been available at 3½ ips for a long time: all it takes is good electronics. The remaining problems are signal-to-noise ratio and tape skewing. Improved electronics and tapes have made their contribution toward improved S/N ratios. Noise is easily handled by Dolby processing, of course, and while the technique is not presently employed in eight-track cartridges, it would be no more difficult to do so than it would in cassettes. Considering the large number of eight-track receivers scheduled for introduction this year it would be unwise to assume that Dolby circuitry, whose manufacturing cost is being reduced by the use of integrated circuits, will not be used in the near future.

The skewing of eight-track tape is due primarily to the cartridge design. As the tape feeds out of the cartridge there is plenty of room for it to twist and slip out of the ideal path. The result is that the tape skews across the head causing frequencies from about 8,000 Hz up to drift in and out of alignment and producing a sort of sh-oo-shing sound. Skewing has been eliminated in broadcast cartridge systems through the use of tape guides at the head, and you now can find even moderate-cost eight-track cartridge mechanisms with guides that protrude into the cartridge itself.

Many eight-track cartridge players and recorders deliver response to 12,000 Hz: reaching 15,000 Hz is simply a matter of a good playback head and precise tape guides. Thus, since it had the inherent capacity for high fidelity recording and reproduction, the eight-track cartridge has evolved from a "cheapie" source of prerecorded music for the motorist into a home music system featuring full frequency response, acceptable wow and flutter, and a signal-to-noise ratio equal to or approaching that of most home reel recorders.

**Cassettes were a headache, but . . .**

The original cassette player had nothing going for it as a hi-fi component. Primarily, I think, the problem was caused by the Philips specifications, which left little room for modifications. (Philips—represented by Norelco in this country—invented the cassette, licenses all manufacturers of cassettes and cassette equipment, and understandably insists on uniformity and interchangeability of the products manufactured under that license.)

The first major overhaul of the cassette system was the motor drive. Early cassette recorders used battery-powered DC motors. Usually an optional AC power supply was available, one that plugged into a wall outlet and into a jack built into the recorder; but even with a good regulated power supply, it was still the same lightweight DC motor.

Early so-called hi-fi cassette recorders employed the same basic drive system and simply improved the electronics. This arrangement was used as late as 1971, and though it worked, the slightest extra tape tension—due, typically, to binding of the tape within the cassette—was sufficient to change the drive speed. Simply upgrading the cassette's drive motor to an induction or hysteresis type was enough to insure a constant drive speed—say, 0.2% to 0.25% wow and flutter, an acceptable value. A relatively large flywheel could also be used to bring tape-motion specifications up into the high fidelity range. In some late-model cassette recorders a beefed-up motor and/or flywheel puts the wow and flutter in the 0.15-to-0.2% range, and that's high fidelity by any standards.

For the true perfectionist there is the closed-loop or dual-capstan drive adapted from high-performance data processing tape equipment, with wow and flutter in the 0.1-to-0.15% range. The extra capstan, which is slightly smaller (and therefore drives the tape a shade slower) than the main capstan is positioned on the opposite side of the record/play head, which therefore is flanked by the two capstans. Sony/Superscope and Ampex both offer units of this type at present. Aside from providing a steadier tape drive than conventional designs, it causes a tight wrap around the record/play head, producing sharply reduced sound dropouts and less tape skewing, which in turn increases the potential for extended high-frequency response.

Unfortunately the basic cassette drive is a total mechanical system that is prone to wear. Even a machine that is well above average when it's new...
can produce intolerable speed variation after a few months of heavy use. To avoid wear problems, the best of the new high fidelity models now employ a heavier deck, solenoid operation, and even multi-motor drive systems. The Panasonic RS-275US, for example, has a brushless DC capstan motor plus a separate hub-drive motor. None of these factors contribute much to improved performance; they rather insure that the performance level will remain constant even under heavy use.

Getting the electrical performance of cassette equipment up to high fidelity standards was the same as starting from scratch because there was no foundation on which to build. First there was the inherent limitation imposed by the tape speed. In spite of a few noble attempts in rather expensive reel recorders, 1 7/8 ips could not be considered potentially a high fidelity medium with available tape. Top frequency response (at the -3-dB point) fell somewhere in the 5,000-to-8,000-Hz range. More important, noise levels were typically 35 dB below 0 VU, which is only 25 dB below average sound levels: a very loud hiss indeed. Finally, there

Continued on page 52

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**The New Cassette Tapes**

*Key to Performance in the New Recorders*

While I was working on the accompanying article, a terrific new piece of test equipment came my way—a sweep generator and oscilloscope system that allows me to run off the whole audio-frequency spectrum on a sample of tape and observe the results, comparing one setup directly with another. Don’t get me wrong: This method won’t give you comparable tape tests. There’s too much that it doesn’t show—distortion and S/N in particular. But what it does show it shows clearly, and it demonstrates a number of points made in the article.

Here’s the basic “scope” grid pattern marked off to help you “read” the scope pictures that will follow. Frequency check points below 1.3 kHz are accurate to within 50 Hz; those above 1.3 kHz, to within 300 Hz. The photograph next to the grid drawing is the basic sweep-generator signal before it is recorded on tape.
This group of photographs shows the performance of several different tapes, all recorded on a Teac 350 at -20 VU with the Dolby circuit turned off. The playback was adjusted so that the midband output of the TDK SD sample provided the reference level. Notice that although all the samples are roughly comparable in the midrange, they differ considerably at the high end—in both response levels and in -3-dB frequency limits. All of the major-brand tapes easily reach 12 kHz; the Keystone tape (sold in camera stores) barely makes it to 8 kHz. Dropouts show up as "niches" at the edges of the sweep envelope, though they are somewhat blurred due to the fact that I photographed two successive sweeps in each case in order to get a good, strong image. Remember that each picture represents only one small portion of a single cassette. Results can vary from one part of a cassette to another or from one batch to another of the same brand and type. The better the tape, the smaller the variations; but that's something a single picture can't document. The point here is if you choose the right tape for your machine you can get response that is both wide-range and flat; another equally "good" type can play tricks on you.

Those tricks will depend on the bias setting and equalization of the recorder, among other things. This set of pictures, made with the same tapes as before and at the same level, but on a Sony TC-160, helps to show what I mean. The traces in this group are somewhat smeared by noise and extraneous oscillation in my test hookup; the rough edges are not dropouts and are totally unrelated to the performance of the Sony. Here I set the reference level to the midband of the Maxell UD. Notice particularly that although the Maxell and Lafayette traces were almost identical on the Teac they are quite different on the Sony. With this recorder the Lafayette has 6 dB more output in the midband and flatter response.

This time I used a Wollensak 4750 with the TDK and Maxell samples, again setting recording levels at -20 VU. With both the Teac and the Sony, the TDK showed a flatter response than the Maxell. Now the traces are almost identical.
Here I took the same three recorders and ran the Maxell UD sample through again at 0 VU instead of -20 VU, adjusting the scope for equal midband response in each case. Now we begin to see how tape saturation limits frequency response at high recording levels. At the bass end of the Teac trace we also see the distortion (as "spiked" wave forms) due to the high recording level. At the high end, the trace for the Wollensak is the most linear; it shows very little saturation, indicating considerable headroom above the usual 0-VU indication. Notice the lack of dropouts with the Teac and Sony—an other evidence of saturation, since it tends (like a limiter) to even out response variations. The reason that saturation affects the top frequencies more than the midband or bass is of course because of treble pre-emphasis in the recording equalization. That's one reason the equalization (as well as the bias) of the recorder influences the results you can get from any tape. And it further illustrates the point that modern cassette equipment is as good as it is only because—and to the extent that—the engineering accomplishments embodied in the tape and those built into the recorder are made to complement each other and work together precisely.

Continued from page 50

was the recording head—not necessarily noted for constant specifications from unit to unit. Yet the cassette's slow speed requires almost a precision bias value, something difficult to obtain without simultaneous playback. A minute change in bias current—which can go unnoticed in the factory, where bias levels are checked with a simple voltage measurement—can destroy a tape's high-frequency performance. It can produce considerable distortion as well, though high-frequency losses are more apparent. Since the cassette system is locked into the 1/2 ips tape speed, all electronic improvements had to come about primarily through the recording tape and head.

Cassette tape is a notable triumph of engineering. When open-reel recorders still ruled the tape roost, there was little pressure for manufacturers to make really substantial improvements. But cassette tape response has zoomed from an 8,000-Hz high end to 15,000 Hz in less than a year. Chromium-dioxide tape, which was touted as the savior of the cassette system for high fidelity use, initially suffered from the bugs to be expected in any new technology. By the time it could exterminate them there were at least fifteen brands of ferric tape that could get out to 13,000 or 15,000 Hz with "standard" bias.

The new ferric-oxide tape also improved the cassette system's signal-to-noise ratio, bringing it into the 48-to-51-dB range—very close to that of many home open-reel recorders. The final step to true high fidelity signal-to-noise ratios—that is, in the 60-dB range—is easily taken care of with Dolby electronics.

A minor problem to some (and a major concern to Philips) is that Dolby tapes have unnaturally bright highs when played on a non-Dolby machine. To maintain the basic cassette playback equalization standards so that any cassette tape can be played on any machine, Philips has introduced the DNL—basically a dynamic noise suppression system. DNL (and similar dynamic noise suppressors from other companies) allows all frequencies to pass when the signal level is high; at low signal levels, where the ratio between sound and hiss becomes annoying, the highs are attenuated. In short, the listener is presented with hi-fi at high volume levels and medium-fi at low volume levels. In actual practice the high-frequency attenuation may be noticeable only to the most critical listeners; and while it is no Dolby, this type of noise suppressor does allow interchange of cassettes recorded on all standard recorders. So does a straight noise filter. While some companies have adopted this approach, it has the even more severe shortcoming of cutting high-frequency response no matter what the program material is doing, limiting fidelity even in high-level passages.

With low wow and flutter, broad frequency response, and a good signal-to-noise ratio, all the cassette system requires for true high fidelity capacity is a combination of record head and bias circuit that can be factory-set (or better yet, user-set) for optimum performance. While it is true that the
newest heads are precision devices, the slight variation in characteristics that does remain from unit to unit is enough to alter effective bias, causing a recorder designed for response to 14,000 Hz, say, to come off the production line with a 12,000-Hz top.

If all cassette equipment had separate heads for recording and playback the optimum bias adjustment could be obtained as it is on professional open-reel equipment by checking the output during recording. While there is no room in the cassette itself for an extra head, Ampex has introduced a single head that provides individual gaps for erase, record and play, and comparable heads have been designed by other companies.

And, of course, the tape

If the separate playback gap does indeed make it easier to get precise matching between tape and recorder, it will be a welcome improvement. I've already mentioned the startling advances that have been made in cassette tapes in the recent past. The question is whether we really are making the best possible use of those advances.

Both cassettes and cartridges represent a complete system in which neither tape nor recorder can be considered alone—mechanically, magnetically, or electrically. Tape and machine must work together if either is to work at all. That's where budget cassettes and cartridges generally fall down. The tape is too inconsistent magnetically—having too many dropouts and requiring varying bias from batch to batch—to allow the recorder to perform as it ought to. And by cutting corners in mechanical design the cheap tape product sets up the user for problems with wow, jammed tapes, and broken leader. To prevent those problems, even with the best tape products, the recorder must walk a narrow line between being too rough and being too gentle; with substandard cassettes and cartridges the line can be nonexistent, and no recorder will be able to handle them.

The good tape products do work. Manufacturers have spilled a lot of ink in the last year trying to tell you why their tape products behave as they should and why other brands don't. Frankly I can't get very excited about the design of the tape guides inside a cassette, for instance, because I've used many different "good" brands with different types of guides and got good results with a wide variety of recorders.

The magnetic coating on the tape is something else again. Philips' specifications were written with what we still call "standard" tape in mind. Then came low-noise tapes. Actually the coating on standard cassettes in many cases is what we would expect to find on low-noise open-reel tapes, and many of the low-noise cassettes are more like the low-noise, high-output open-reel tapes, so terminology gets imprecise when you try to describe a given tape. And the emphasis, particularly in cassettes as opposed to cartridges, has been on the most recent premium formulations like IDK's SD, Maxell's UD, 3M's High Energy and so on. Fortunately bias requirements in this group of tapes are similar, generally falling within a few dB of each other, so that a machine set for one of them usually will do well with any.

Seeing the potential of these recent formulations, recorder manufacturers have begun adding bias switches to their products, allowing you to optimize either for standard or for premium. This is fine as long as the bias is exact; again, it may not be even when the recorder is new, and it can change as the recorder ages. That's why some means of checking bias is important if the convenience formats are to continue to improve.

Bias is not the only consideration in getting the best out of the new tapes—premium ferric oxide and chromium dioxide alike. Equalization too must be considered; and there is some evidence that recorder manufacturers are fudging equalization to try for best performance with premium tapes. That is, the equalization they build into their machines may no longer match strict Philips specs. Perhaps the time has come to reconsider what is to be "standard" in cassettes (and cartridges for that matter) and rethink the whole subject from the ground up.

Where does chromium-dioxide tape fit into this rethinking? It does offer some increase in frequency response over ferric-oxide tapes; but at present, and based on average performance among the better brands on the market, I'm not convinced that chromium-dioxide tape is worth the extra money. Perhaps it can be developed to the point where it will be, but ferric oxide seems to be improving more rapidly than chromium dioxide.

Summing up

We're now at the point where eight-track cartridges are potentially a high fidelity medium (though much of the less expensive equipment on the market has yet to catch up with the fact), while the best cassette equipment already has achieved that status—with certain possible, but easily avoided, reservations. Assuming a drive system that is state-of-the-art, excellent electronics, Dolby circuitry, and careful adjustment of bias and equalization, cassettes can be made to match the standards of open-reel. We're now seeing cassette equipment that keeps wow and flutter to 0.25% or less, is flat within 3 dB to 12 or 13 kHz, and has a signal-to-noise ratio of 58 dB or better; and that's true high fidelity.
A Gallery of Top Cassette and Cartridge Equipment

The features, the performance, and even the styling of the not-so-tightly-knit family of recording equipment presented here would have been almost unthinkable a few years back when most cassette recorders (cartridge recorders were in extremely short supply) cost less than $100. Some shadier cousins linger on, to be sure; but until recently the clan had few members it really could look up to.

Our gallery emphasizes the more distinguished models from manufacturers in the components field—models embodying the features that set this generation apart. And since this is a *nouveau-riche* bunch, we’ll have no qualms about mentioning prices: round-number approximations of suggested list, excluding currency revaluation adjustments.

Hysteresis synchronous motors have made their appearance in many of the better cassette models now on the market—some at fairly moderate prices. The Kenwood KX-7010A and Pioneer T-3300, shown here, both sell for about $150 and claim wow-and-flutter ratings of 0.2% or better. Kenwood offers a dual-position bias adjustment and high (hiss) filter, while Pioneer’s unit comes with an automatic stop-and-eject system.

A two-motor drive system that includes a direct-coupled brushless DC capstan motor is built into the Panasonic RS-275US cassette deck ($250). The bias switch matches either low-noise or standard ferric-oxide tapes. Among the unit’s unusual features is a “memory rewind” that will return the tape to a preselected point. The built-in noise-reduction system is Panasonic’s own (non-Dolby) design.

Sony’s Superscope’s state-of-the-art dual-capstan cassette recorder is the $260 Model 165. It records and plays back automatically in either direction. A built-in peak limiter avoids overload while recording, and there’s an automatic shutoff system. The similar Model 160, which does not include the reversing feature, costs $200.
Opposing views of noise reduction are taken by Harman-Kardon in the CAD-5 ($230) and Norelco in the 2100 ($220). The former embodies Dolby circuits, which operate in recording as well as in playback; the Norelco DNL (Dynamic Noise Limitation) circuit is used in playback only. The CAD-5 has a two-position bias adjustment switch (for ferric-oxide or chromium-dioxide tapes); the Norelco 2100 has a three-position bias switch (standard ferric oxide, low-noise ferric oxide, and chromium dioxide).

The Standard Radio SD/NS noise-suppression system is built into the company’s $190 PRO 3000 cassette deck (also called the SR-T180DK). Other switches on the top plate are for an automatic level control system (on/off) and bias adjustment (normal/chromium dioxide). The unit has a hysteresis drive motor, an automatic shut-off system, and a hot-pressed ferrite record/play head.

These two Dolby-circuit cassette decks look similar because both are based on the same Wollensak transport. Wollensak’s own version is the Model 4760 ($300); Advent’s is the Model 201 ($280). Each has a two-position bias switch. That on the Wollensak selects regular or high-performance iron oxide; that on the Advent is for iron oxide or chromium dioxide. The extra switch on the Advent controls the signal to be monitored by the unit’s single VU meter.

The 1660-2 ($120) is JVC’s first model for the cassette enthusiast. It incorporates JVC’s own noise-suppression system, of the dynamic type that is used in playback only. The deck will eject the cassette automatically at the end of play.
Among the first wave of Dolby-circuit cassette decks to appear on the U.S. market was the Fisher RC-80. The latest version is the RC-80B ($230), which adds to the features of the original model a bias switch (regular ferric oxide or chromium dioxide) to take advantage of the newer tape type. Microphones are not included in the price of the RC-80B.

A synchronous capstan motor plus two tape-wind motors, all controlled by a solenoid operation system, power the Astrocom Model 307 ($500). It has a two-position bias switch, plays or records in either direction, and is equipped with an automatic-reverse system. Its most unusual feature: It can record on all four tracks of the cassette simultaneously. You thus can use it to make your own quadraphonic recordings, the first model with this capability to be marketed to date.

One of the most unusual cassette decks to appear recently is the Concord Mark IX (under $300). In addition to dual (ferric oxide/chromium dioxide) bias switching, automatic stop and shutoff, and a narrow-gap head, it features Dolby noise-reduction circuitry, pop-up illuminated VU meters, and a three-mike mixing system.

The Pilot PDT-100 (shown here) and PDT-100A are equipped with automatic shutoff and a recording system with both manual and automatic level controls. Either version costs $170. The PDT-100 offers output level controls for playback; the PDT-100A has a three-position bias switch for normal or low-noise iron oxide or chromium dioxide.

Two major approaches to the automatic changing of cassettes are embodied in the vertical feed system of the Benjamin/Lenco RAC-10 ($300) and the horizontal drop of the Akai CC-60, ($315). Both units have hysteresis drive motors. Belgian inventor Theo Staar developed the "Staar system" slot-load, automatic-reverse tape mechanism on which the Lenco design is based. The entire cassette tray lifts out and can be replaced with another, much like magazines of photographic slides in an automatic projector. Cassettes are stacked in the center well of the Akai, which turns over the entire cassette (rather than reversing the capstan drive) to play the second side.
This Staar-type automatic-reversing cassette deck from Ampex is the first to combine all four playback elements for stereo forward and reverse operation in a single record/playback head. Since erase gaps also are provided on this head, the Micro 155 uses the space normally reserved for a separate erase head to house a second capstan drive. Other features include sound mixing and bias adjustment for chromium-dioxide tapes. The Micro 155 costs $300.

A pioneer among component-quality eight-track cartridge recorders is the Telex (originally Viking) 811-R ($190). The deck incorporates a "logic" system in both recording and playback to determine automatic stop, repeat, or advance when the head reaches the end of one "program" (or pair of tracks).

This quartet of cartridge recorders includes the Akai CR-80 ($190), Mikado HZ8000 ($130), Sony/Superscope TC-228 ($170), and Wollensak 8050 ($150). The Wollensak and Sony models offer front-panel microphone inputs and stereo headphone outputs. The Akai also has a headphone jack plus provision for continuous play. The Wollensak will repeat either a single program or the entire cartridge. It and the Sony are equipped with a pause control; all but the Mikado have a fast-forward control.
Toscanini was nervous of course, very nervous. The greater the artist, the wider his vision, the deeper his imagination, the more—never the less—nervous he becomes when faced with his task. Technical security only heightens tension; the artist knows all the things that can go wrong, and he sees the distance between what he wants and what he can produce. If that is true of a performance it is doubly true of a recording session; such a session carries it a feeling of now or never—"this is for keeps." Imagine then Toscanini's state of mind on that day twenty years ago when he decided to record Beethoven's Ninth—that brontosaur of a symphony, perhaps music's most difficult challenge to interpretation. He had, of course, conducted the symphony many times in his career, which then spanned more than half a century, but he had never before attempted to record it, having acknowledged how formidable were the obstacles. He said, "The Ninth is difficult. Sometimes the orchestra is stupid; sometimes the chorus is stupid; sometimes the soloists are stupid; and sometimes I am stupid."

The recording dates were Monday, March 31, and Tuesday, April 1, 1952. He was to record the symphony in two sessions, but as it turned out, overtime was required, so that total recording time was nine hours for the one hour and five minutes of the symphony's duration. The recording had preceded the day before by a broadcast performance which those of us who heard it felt was exceptionally inspired, even for Toscanini. Memories of performances are always faulty, being highly subjective. I for one had heard Toscanini conduct the Ninth with the NBC Symphony Orchestra in 1948, and before that in 1945, 1942, 1939, and 1938; and with the New York Philharmonic in 1936 and 1934. Yet it seemed to me that he had infused the 1952 performance with a new conviction, a new Dionysian inebriation—what Shelley called "drunk with divine enthusiasm." Toscanini, however, was not satisfied, and he went home grumbling and cursing, and refused to listen to the off-the-air tapes of the broadcast.

When he appeared for the recording, dressed as usual in his black alpaca rehearsal jacket, head bowed, oblivious of the technical staff around him, and jumping onto the podium, he plunged once more into a re-rehearsal of the first movement. He went over the beginning five or six times, and he took an hour and a half to go over various expressive details of that movement; for example, at the very beginning he wanted the chord for the horn sufficiently "mysterious," the crescendo which follows soon thereafter sufficiently marked to prepare for the fortissimo entrance of the full orchestra at bar 16. In a passage of the development (bar 171 on) he stopped to say, "I am never satisfied with that passage," and rehearsed the lower strings separately, then all the strings separately, then the whole orchestra, in an effort to achieve clarity. Then he said, "That's not bad." At the ritardando cadenza he rehearsed the woodwinds seven times; he told them to play "stanco" (tired). All of his remarks were sparse and technical; he sang and he marked the rhythm and he shouted "piano" into the music, but only three times during the entire first movement did he allow himself verbal elaboration or simile. Once he said, "How beautiful this is," as if he were hearing the passage for the first time, and at the beginning of the great coda which rises murmuring from the lower depths he said, "Play it like the sea." The entire coda, he said, was like Dante, and quoted some of the poet's lines from memory: Io ritornai dalla santissim' onda/ Rifatto si come piante novelle./Rinnovellate di
He did not entirely succeed in getting what he wanted, and there were occasional cries of rage as spontaneous and elemental as the cries of an offended child. "Poltroni (sluggards)," he called them, and "Go to the Hell," and to a woodwind player, "I am astonished; I thought you were an artist," and to another musician, "Go and play someplace else—you don't play for me." Yet in spite of these outcries, which perhaps should not be cited out of context and which each musician understood and which none took amiss because of the love they bore him, it was a fairly calm session. Toscanini was not temperamental in the ordinary sense; he was both patient and reasonable when he felt that everybody was attempting his utmost. The sessions were particularly difficult because in those days recording was still done in separate, comparatively short, takes—each lasting about seven or eight minutes. During the playback the orchestra would sit and rest, but Toscanini would conduct all over again, comparing what he heard coming out of the loudspeaker to what he was trying to achieve.

The Scherzo went comparatively easily, except that the drummer did not play "savagely" enough. The third movement, surely one of the most beautiful lyric discourses conceived in music, was done with the tenderness that a father summons. Toscanini watched particularly for the alternation between the adagio and the andante, the flow of the music to be continuous. In the 12/8 section (Lo stesso tempo) he rehearsed the violins alone to play "all the notes precisely" and "sweetly," (it is marked dolce) and a few bars afterwards he exhorted them to play "elegant and light."

The finale was tackled the next day, a Tuesday morning. As expected, it presented the greatest difficulty, yet it brought out new resources of patience on Toscanini's part. There were no tantrums, but his insistence on getting what he wanted, particularly in the statement of the "Freude" melody. To the double basses he said, "Sing, sing, sing together." It reminded me of an entry by Schindler in one of Beethoven's Conversation Books. Schindler helped to rehearse the sections of the orchestra for the first performance of the Ninth. He wrote:

"The recitatives for the double basses are enormously difficult. ... They cannot execute them in tempo. You can play them with twenty [musicians] but not the way you want.

"How many double basses are to play the recitatives?

"Is it possible? All! In strict tempo that would cause no difficulty. But to play them in a singing style will cost great patience at the rehearsals. If the old Kraus were still living, one would not need to worry, because he was able to conduct twelve basses and they had to do what he wanted."

Beethoven then proposed to explain to the double-bass players the poetic meaning of the text in order to guide their phrasing. Schindler: "As if the words were written underneath?" Beethoven must have replied, "Exactly so." Schindler: "If necessary I will write the words into the parts so that they can learn to 'sing.'"

Robert Shaw's chorus was well-nigh perfect, but Toscanini rehearsed the soloists eight times, until finally Eileen Farrell's voice gave out. Then he let them go, and the chorus gave them a round of applause.

In the half-hour intermissions Toscanini would march up to his dressing room, doff his perspiration-soaked jacket, and don a terry cloth bathrobe. He drank a little orange juice and chewed his favorite hard candy, imported from Italy. At the last intermission, ten-thirty Tuesday night, he remained on the podium, passed out hard candy to the orchestra, and swapped stories with the violinists who crowded around him. The technical crew was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. At this moment Toscanini decided to make that finale of the first movement once more. It was done—and everybody heaved a sigh of relief. Too soon. He then repeated the first two takes of the final movement up to the entrance of the bass. He left at midnight. I had the impression that he would have liked to do the whole thing over again, and had enough stamina left to do so. (He was then eighty-five years old.) Nevertheless, he did say, "This time I am almost satisfied," a sentence which was later used in the advertising.

The reviews were for the most part ecstatic, though of course there were one or two critics who felt it was too Italian, whatever that may mean. John M. Conly wrote an article about the recording session for the Atlantic Monthly (October 1952) which was reprinted in the Readers Digest. That helped firm the fame of the recording.

The sound on the recording has obviously become obsolete; there are seventeen subsequent stereo versions available. Yet in its way the recording remains, after twenty years, a unique achievement, a testimony to a great conductor's great accomplishment. About a million copies of the recording have been sold, which means, I suppose, that some four or five million people have heard it (not counting those who heard it on the radio). These days new recordings have a way of appearing quickly—and dying just as quickly. After twenty years this recording of the Ninth Symphony still lives. The word "unique," too often and too carelessly applied, may be used here.
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Why a modern opera, with a controversial and money-making theme, in a dead or dying city like Venice?

Verdi knew. He had chosen the city himself.
He came up from Rome, fresh from the success of Il Trovatore at the Teatro Apollo there. And it was midwinter in Venice, long days of thick fog. Rehearsals had begun, for the singers at least, some weeks before. Verdi was still working on the orchestration, spending a large part of each day in his little apartment at the Hotel Europa. Right down to the dress rehearsal. That had been two days ago. Today was Sunday, March 6, 1853. Clear and cold, and the premiere of La Traviata was ready.

So thought Carlo Marzari, president of the Gran Teatro La Fenice. Verdi did not think so. He had told everyone he knew that the company of singers put at his service was unfit for a great opera theater like La Fenice. But as everyone in the theater world knew, Verdi was difficult. The foremost composer in Europe, he demanded fat fees and got them; he required special conditions for the choice of singers and usually got them; he stipulated the number of rehearsals, the possession of the manuscript score, and the ownership of the work. His popularity—the very times were Verdi—an made it impossible for theaters to refuse. But—and there were so many buts on this day.

Venice was a dead city. Old, paper-shuffling archivist Emanuele Cicogna scribbled in his diary that hundreds of political activists had been exiled to the Piedmont. Or jailed by the Austrian authorities who governed the city. The port had died too. Only a few ships came and went. One of the reasons that Venice was dead was this Austrian government. The Austrians had returned after having been thrown out during the risings of 1848 and the brief Manin Republic, so very brief, in 1849. Now Daniele Manin was in exile in Paris, where he would die. After its thousand years of history, Venice was rotting.

What a city for the premiere of any opera! And certainly an irony for this new work of Verdi's. Modern. Verdi had written Giovanni Ricordi, his publisher in Milan, that he had something “new and good” to present. Then he wrote to his friend and librettist Francesco Maria Piave—Big Tomcat, Lion Cat, Big Devil Piave, Venetian—that with a little effort (“Get your legs moving,” Verdi said) an arrangement could be made with the management of the Teatro La Fenice. No other theater, Verdi said, had co-operated with him as La Fenice had for the Rigoletto premiere. This, then, was one of the main reasons for Verdi’s return to Venice. Piave was the other.

Verdi, in the years before 1853, had taken on far more work than he could handle: too many contracts for too many operas. He thought of himself as a galley slave, a prisoner serving a term, and had to lean on others in order to meet his obligations. Among the men who had helped Verdi most was Piave, the poet-journalist who had first worked for the composer as librettist on Ernani.

Piave was a versatile fellow. And a friend, a good friend. Verdi had no other close friend then. Piave could organize, could choose settings and costumes, could versify, could be a good patriot (patriotism sometimes disrupted the careers of composers and librettists who got caught in the maelstrom of revo-
lution). As a general legman, entrepreneur, and stage director, Piave had become very valuable to Verdi.

With his help, contract and libretto and opera were all finally realized. Amore e morte, Piave called the work. Love and death. Violetta, said Verdi; but he had to choose another title because another composer's Violetta had been given in Naples the year before. So the work became La Traviata. But it remained for the dynamic conductor Angelo Mariani, "beautiful angel of the huge dark eyes," to give the opera a true baptism: Il Traviatissimo. What Mariani meant was this: Composer, production, and singers all seemed to have lost their way somewhere on the road to success. Everything, it seemed, had gone wrong.

Verdi had had misgivings about La Traviata long before his own arrival in Venice. Friends who often sent him reports on various singers had warned him about the cast he would be working with. Especially about the soprano hired for the season: portly Fanny Salvini-Donatelli, wrong in every way for the role of Violetta. The crux of the matter was that she was an old-style soprano, what was known as an "aria-and-cabaletta" singer, accustomed to the rigid, closed musical forms of Verdi's predecessors. Verdi was groping toward a new kind of musical drama, one which would flow continuously, one which would not be broken by full-orchestra chord-stops and applause. More, he wanted to create a total theater, where all the elements worked in perfect harmony.

For Violetta, he said, "I want a woman with a good figure, elegant, young, and capable of singing passionately." This to Piave and to the management of La Fenice. Instead he had to face "La Salvini," as Verdi called her, who was incapable of understanding his new approach to opera.

For this La Traviata is not Verdi's first venture in contemporary drama. Three years ago, in the nearby city of Trieste, Verdi and Piave gave Stiffelio, a pre-Ibsenesque problem play, in contemporary dress. Its theme was modern morality, with divorce and adultery the keystone of its action. Like La Traviata, a domestic drama. The poor reception given Stiffelio (for the Italian, Catholic audience in Trieste could never have understood an opera about a German Lutheran minister who forgives his wife her adultery and guides her hand while she signs a decree of divorce) did not discourage Verdi from an equally difficult subject: middle-class morality and the crucifixion of Violetta, whom he called "The Woman Who Has Lost Her Way."

Here is Verdi caught between his aspirations and his reality. Not only "La Salvini," with her lack of comprehension; but a baritone who despises his role and a tenor in poor voice, who also is unsympathetic to what Verdi needs. Felice Varesi, who will sing Germont, has known Verdi for years. Both Rigoletto and Macbeth were, in fact, written for him. But now Varesi is finished—or so Verdi has heard. Even before coming to Venice, Verdi has tried to get another baritone. What about the tenor then? Lodovico Graziani. "Marmoreal," rages Verdi, "like a figure carved from stone. This is Alfredo?"

For nearly three weeks now, Verdi's grimness has persisted. He is nearly mad with pain from his rheumatism. How can a man of thirty-nine suffer so? Only a month ago he could not even write letters. The rehearsals have gone badly, for the singers, according to Verdi, are absolutely incompetent. This is not true, of course; the soprano Salvini is a great artist. Her silvery voice and her agility in the rapid, difficult coloratura passages have aroused the admiration of everyone in the theater. And while it is true that Varesi feels cheated—relegated to second place as Father Germont—he at least makes an attempt to present himself with dignity and style. How could a veteran of so many performances do less? But no matter how much they have done, these singers, Verdi has continued to reproach them for not doing enough.

He sits in the cafes with his friends, discussing his problems, whenever he has a free moment. Piave, who is never far away, always takes part in the discussions. The other members of Verdi's circle in Venice are a doctor, Cesare Vigna, specialist in mental disorders; a music shop owner, Antonio Gallo—"Sior Toni," they all call him—who also produces opera at the Teatro San Benedetto. In the weeks of rehearsal they have spent most of their coffee hours in Florian's in Piazza San Marco. Talking, talking, sometimes about books, plays, poetry. Right now, the talk of Venice is Uncle Tom's Cabin, which is running as a serial on the front page of the Gazzetta Uffiziale. Little Eva's death is imminent. It will, in fact, come in the Monday installment, where the Gazzetta's readers will also see the review of Verdi's new opera.

What will happen to it? The performances of Ernani given at La Fenice to warm up the public for La Traviata have proved a failure. Not even the voice of Salvini could save the work, which had been written for this same public, this same theater, in 1844. "We didn't remember it as being this bad!" snapped the critic Tommaso Locatelli. "Verdi may be a great cook, but the salt and pepper are missing." Verdi, as usual, blamed the singers and the theater.

When would he get what he wanted? When would anyone ever understand what he was trying to do? The Italian theater was a shambles, he railed
at Piave. It needed valid modern dramas, a new approach to music, and most of all, a complete renovation of acting and production techniques. A labor roughly comparable to the cleaning of the Augean stables. Piave promised, he always promised, to do what he could, then complained in turn to Marzari that Verdi was in a hellish bad humor. Marzari didn't need to be told. But Piave was easy-going and Verdi impossible to satisfy.

How many times in these last weeks had Verdi refused to go on with La Traviata? First, there was his disappointment over the settings and costumes. The composer wanted the opera set in contemporary dress, with all the trappings of the midnineteenth century. But La Fenice had pasted together a production which is (according to the posters announcing La Traviata) in the "period of Louis XIV of France, about 1700." Marzari of La Fenice and his Secretary, Guglielmo Brenna, are congratulating themselves right now on having saved money and preserved the dignity of the theater as well. Who ever heard of an opera in contemporary dress? Historical and Biblical settings are the best, they say.

As if this disappointment were not enough, Verdi has had to face, daily, for the last ten days, something far worse: A smart impresario at the Teatro Apollo, only a five-minute walk from La Fenice, has put on Dumas' La Dame aux camélias in an Italian translation. What does this mean? Someone has stolen Verdi's thunder and robbed him of what he prizes most highly: his right to be first on the stage with a given idea. Nothing is more dear to Verdi, the Bear of Busseto, this irascible genius, than his originality.

Now his whole dream has been blasted apart: He will not be first on the scene with the drama of Marguerite-Violetta and Armand-Alfredo; he will not be able to give it in contemporary dress, as he wishes; and he will not have singers who are, as he says, "worthy" of his musical drama. Yet he has stuck with the production, instead of taking back his score and leaving Venice. No opera he has ever written has meant so much to him as this one. For many reasons. One of them, his involvement with Peppina Strepponi, his mistress, who has lived with him since 1847. The story of La Traviata is like the story of Peppina, former operatic soprano, mistress of several men before Verdi, mother of three or more illegitimate children, who was redeemed by love, as Dumas' Marguerite and Verdi's Violetta were redeemed. "I don't like to see whores portrayed on the stage," Verdi had confided to a friend some ten years ago. But now he has changed his mind, and has written an opera about a woman who thought herself dammed, yet lived long enough to discover that even the damned can find salvation in love.

This is Peppina's drama, certainly; but she is not here. Verdi has left her behind, at his new country house, at Sant' Agata near Cremona. "Mixed up," she calls herself, and "Pest," and she is ill now. But even if she had been well, Verdi would not have brought her here. She had begged him to let her come to Rome for the world premiere of II Trovatore, two months ago.

"No," Verdi had said.

Peppina pleaded. "But everyone thinks I am there with you anyway. Isn't that true?"

It was true. Everyone knew that Verdi was living with "La Strepponi," as she was called in the opera world; but still he would not take her with him. She is apprehensive, and imagines the worst. Piave will lead Verdi astray. "Don't play panderer to Verdi," she warns the librettist in a letter. And to Verdi: "I kiss you on your pure heart, which, I hope, is mine forever; as for the rest of your body, I wouldn't swear to anything, not even as I write this—not with Piave at your side."

Peppina could be helping Verdi now. He is, for the first time in his life, thinking about letting someone write a biography of him. Luzzati, the Venetian printer, an acquaintance of Piave's, has asked for the honor.

"He can do it if he wants," Verdi has told Piave. "Just let him print the truth. Tutta la verità. The whole truth. I want him to include all the praise and honor due my father-in-law, and a blast at those coglioni of priests who didn't want me to be the music teacher here." Verdi's whole preoccupation in this matter is with the bitter disappointments suffered in his early years, when the Catholic hierarchy of his home town repeatedly kept him from getting jobs he badly wanted and needed.

All these details could be smoothed out by Peppina, who is a secretary par excellence. But Verdi, when he most needs her, does not have her. He often punishes himself this way, uselessly. And as his frustration feeds upon itself he lashes out at others, punishing them too. The chief targets of his rage, his singers, will suffer even after this premiere is over. Verdi has already decided to get back at them for what he sees as their massacre of his opera. He has his revenge all plotted out. If the final rehearsals had gone better he might have changed his mind, but the last rehearsals have been for Verdi the ultimate disappointment. He has kept the theater closed for several days, rehearsing day and night, as he did in Florence six years ago when he put on Macbeth. But he is still not satisfied.

And it is the evening of the premiere. Piave has called for Verdi at the Europa and the two men walk along Calle Delle Veste toward the theater. Sunday. Bad luck, Sunday. Dead Domenega in Venice, when the city sleeps off Saturday's wine. Saturday night audiences are better, and Verdi had hoped to go onstage yesterday but was not able to get his company in shape in time.

The stage door of the Gran Teatro La Fenice. Shabby. The theater needs renovating. That will come next year. Right now a committee is meeting
MARCH 1972

Giuseppina Strepponi—Verdi’s Peppina. Their relationship gave La Traviata a special meaning for its composer.

to discuss the renovation. So much of Venice is crumbling; at least La Fenice will be rebuilt. In fact, it will be closed as soon as the run of La Traviata ends, for the Carnival-Lent season is almost over; Verdi’s opera is the last production on the calendar. It is the fourth time that Verdi has put on a world premiere in Venice in March. But he has never been as unhappy as tonight.

He is sharp with the stage-door porter, shorter still with Piave. Even in his best moments Verdi is often curt. After twenty years of being obedient son and protege to father and patrons, years of applying rigid control to his feelings, Verdi has finally begun to be himself. Now rich and famous, he says just about what he thinks, all the time.

He and Piave are backstage, among the flats and props, waiting for eight o’clock and the beginning of the performance. Verdi looks out front. A good house. But he cannot forget the Dumas play at the Apollo. Probably everyone here tonight knows what Verdi wants tonight. He says just about what he thinks, all the time.

The prelude begins. A tissue of spinning gold in the strings, those perfectly tuned strings of La Fenice. The audience sits in silence, ravished with the beauty of the piece. At the end, a roar of enthusiasm.

"Bravo! Maestro! We want the composer! Verdi! Verdi!"

But although Verdi comes before the curtain, which he does not always do, he is not happy. The whole of La Traviata lies ahead, and Verdi is never reassured by applause which comes early in the performance.

Now the orchestra breaks into the party music of the first act. The curtain goes up: a Louis XIV setting. Nothing here to shock anyone into thinking about the moral problems posed by La Traviata—about the destruction of a woman by respectable hypocrites. This is the problem Verdi lives with at home: the crucifixion of Peppina by middle-class friends and relatives.

Although the tenor is hoarse, he begins the Drinking Song with a flourish. He passes the melody to the soprano, who carries it triumphantly. She is in fine voice tonight, and wants to prove to Verdi that she can live up to his expectations. She and the tenor touch glasses.

Again an ovation from the audience and Verdi has to come out once more, this time on the open stage. Following the operatic tradition which demands the composer’s presence among his singers if a certain piece of music pleases the public. He acknowledges the applause with a faint, ironic smile, but he will not accept it as sufficient salve for his injuries. He will extract his own satisfaction.

The duet between soprano and tenor causes a furor, for both Salvini and Graziani have risen to the occasion, and Verdi has to show himself again. Backstage, and in their boxes, the men who own and run La Fenice ask themselves why Verdi has been so dissatisfied. This looks like a success.

Now Fanny Salvini is face to face with her great scene, the “E strano” and “Sempre libera.” It has been whispered around the theater that Verdi actually wrote this music for her, but he has not admitted it.

She sings the scene matchlessly. "Marvelous," says the critic Locatelli, who heard her two days ago in the dress rehearsal and knows what she can do. "A miracle."

The public goes mad over her, and wants Verdi again. He comes out from the wings and puts his slender hand in her plump one and bows with her. Not even he could withhold his admiration for such a performance.

If the second act could only go as well as this one, Verdi thinks.

But of all the singers, baritone Felice Varesi is the one Verdi mistrusts the most. And the second act is sustained by him. Although he is singing well enough, he understands little of what Verdi expects from him in terms of style. The old bombast, that is Varesi’s technique: kings, corsairs. Verdi got him through Rigoletto, true. But Varesi has drawn the line at being a middle-class father onstage. Never before, and never again. By accident (he says) or by design (Verdi says) Varesi wrecks one phrase of the second act. Verdi, backstage, explodes. But the audience doesn’t notice, and Varesi is applauded.

Two men in the theater, though, are not applauding. One is the impresario-music dealer Antonio Gallo, who is thinking that he could stage this opera with more style—more Verdian style, especially—than La Fenice. The other is the physician Cesare Vigna who, perhaps more than anyone else, knows
The SillsTraviata

Verdi's indestructible score once again eludes the perfect recording.

ON THE SUBJECT of La Traviata, time, as Charles and Mary Jane Matz aptly put in their adjoining article, has told. Despite Verdi's initial uncertainty the opera has proved indestructible; the work lays hold of our emotions at every performance. It's hardly possible to imagine a production of Traviata that wouldn't move us—and this despite the overfamiliarity of the score. Recordings, however, are a different matter. What comes easily in the theater sometimes proves elusive in the studio, however. are a different matter. What comes easily in the theater sometimes proves elusive in the studio, where satisfaction, a sense of fulfillment, is harder to achieve. It may be simply that without the empathy induced by live performers our purely musical demands are increased. Certainly, something more than adequacy is called for in order to bring such well-known music to life on records.

Traviata has been recorded often and never with real success. Every performance seems to have had a fatal flaw: a droopy heroine (Sutherland, who sounds fatally ill from the start), a weak supporting cast (Carlo Del Monte and Mario Sereni on Angel), an undiomatic approach (Lorenzang and Fischer-Dieskau on London). Usually, though, the conductor is the culprit. On RCA, Prêtre's eccentric tempos undermine the fine work of the admirables Bergonzi, and Milnes. On London, Maazel keeps the adrenaline flowing too unremittingly. On Angel, Serafin takes everything too benignly. And now here she can do little because she has to contend with Ceccato's plodding gait and insensitively balanced accompaniments. But even where Sills is most at ease in "Dite alla giovine," the voice is never quite attractive enough: The upper reaches are tonally impure and a persistent slow quaver mars much of her sustained singing.

Nicola Gedda, on the other hand, is in full command of his role both vocally and interpretively. Though the voice is no longer always mellifluous, he sings with so much elegance that he creates an impression of beauty. Gedda pays scrupulous attention to musical niceties; every detail is in place, dynamics are finely adjusted. He makes "De' miei bollenti spiriti" more interesting than it deserves, and he projects the cabaletta, "Oh, mio rimorso," with masterful elan. Despite the competition of the admirable Bergonz this is now the most musical Alfredo on discs.

Panerai's Germont seems insensitive by comparison. Though unlike Merrill he avoids blandness, he falls into bluster. The scale of his performance is too large, at least initially. His entrance in Act II is unnecessarily strenuous, more like an Ernani than a bourgeois father. In "Dite alla giovine" he hectors Violetta unmercifully. He does better with the opening of "Di proverba," though it soon deteriorates into a braying session. Germont is clearly not a role in which this usually enjoyable artist can find much sympathy.

The chorus and the supporting artists are thoroughly competent. Among the latter there is a striking young bass voice, that of Robert Lloyd who sings the role of the Doctor.

In sum, a wonderful Alfredo, and a recording that Sills fans will doubtless find irresistible.
what Verdi is trying to do with this La Traviata. He is perfectly equipped, as scientist, psychiatrist, musician, and littérateur, to recognize and appreciate what Verdi has done.

First, Verdi has taken a difficult subject and has put it on the opera stage, where realism has never had a toe hold. More, Verdi has captured the essence of the drama by subtly altering Dumas' statement, by strengthening the piece. For neither in Dumas' book nor in his play is there an overriding statement as there is in this music. That's it, Vigna thinks. The music is the statement. That rise of emotion, that flux of sound and tension all reflect the agony of a woman whose body has been sold, whose beauty is the staple of her business. Now she has found love. Hope and redemption through selfless love. Yes, Vigna thinks. Hope and damned redemption. She pays the price, not of love, but of being in the nineteenth century. As Peppina Strepponi pays the price in Verdi's home town. She will ruin him, people say. His family. Think of them. This Violetta, Vigna thinks, has found the man who understands her—Verdi.

Peppina writes from Sant' Agata—she sitting alone with her pets in the cold house, with snow lying over the garden outside the French windows; she, like Violetta, an outcast: "O mio redentore! My savior, my redeemer!" Violetta has no such luck. She cannot be permitted to love her savior, to be with him. That is the rush of the strings, the poised sweetness of the sustained phrase, rush and suspension, rush and suspension, rush and stop. Damned genius, he gets to you. Vigna sits back in his chair.

Now for the confrontation between Violetta and Alfredo's middle-class father.

"You do not know what you are asking me to do," she insists. "I love only him. I am dying. I have only a few months left. . . ." She thinks that Germont does not understand.

But he does understand, "A great sacrifice," he says. "Yes, I know." He is always full of platitudes.

And worse. Rotten with immorality. "You are still young and beautiful. Give yourself time. . . ." She does not let him finish the phrase "... to get back into your profession."

Violetta understands all too well. "Don't say any more," she interrupts him. "But it is impossible for me to sleep with other men, for I love only Alfredo."

But Germont does not give up. He keeps after her and, finally, "Do with me what you will."

The drama is there, but Verdi, behind the scenery, is enraged. What the devil is Varesi thinking about? He isn't even trying to give the lines any meaning. Germont is a pious villain. Hypocrite. Destroyer of love and life.

The last act opens with another prelude, so magnificently played that the whole audience comes to its feet, clapping, roaring, shouting its joy. Once more, Verdi is summoned for solo bows. But this, for him, is small compensation for what he considers the slaughter of his opera. Not even the applause given Varesi at the end of the aria "Di Provenza il mar" placates the composer. Indeed, he considers it a kind of betrayal. And the reception given the final act is a complete rout. One person laughed, one single titter, which Verdi will never forget. He cannot bear to be laughed at.

All over now, with Violetta dead and Alfredo saved, the pure boy and his father properly grieving in the accepted nineteenth-century manner. Family honor saved, too. All the décor of the century is missing, but not the spirit.

"Well, it might have gone better, but on the whole it was not too bad," Marzari says to Brenna. "At least the censor gave us no trouble. And we saved money. That is the best thing. We did save money."

Brenna replies: "Singers were passable, at least."

"Of course. Composers are never satisfied. Especially Verdi." Marzari and Brenna have stayed on at the theater to watch the performance of the ballet La lucerna maravigliosa which follows La Traviata. Later they are invited to a party at Palazzo Mocenigo.

Verdi walks back to his hotel. To his revenge. He sits at his piano, then moves nervously to his writing stand. Letters. Letters planned some time before. Letters to be passed among friends. One which he wants to be published in a theatrical journal, though Verdi has never gone into print before.

"La Traviata, fiasco. Is it my fault or that of the singers? Time will tell." This to the conductor Emanuele Muzio.

"La Traviata was a fiasco. Let us not seek the causes. That is the story." To the publisher Ricordi.

"Complete fiasco. Fiascone, monster fiasco. And worse, they laughed," Verdi wrote to Angelo Mariani, who replied giving Verdi what he wanted to hear. Pity. Compassion. Understanding of the composer's plight. Il Traviatissimo, Mariani said, that should be the name of the opera.

Was the failure of La Traviata a fantasy of its composer? Revenge taken on a stingy and uncooperative management, on singers and public not up to his challenge, on fate which brought the Dumas play to Venice just as Verdi arrived score in hand?

"Time will tell," said Verdi. The Monday reviews were very, very good. Mariani and Gallo vied with each other for the right to stage the work next. Fiasco? Time has told.

The sweetest satisfaction, sweeter perhaps than Verdi's own, came to Cesare Vigna. When the published score came out, when the packets of bound volumes were unwrapped in the back room of Gallo's music shop in Piazza San Marco, the physician saw that Verdi had dedicated La Traviata to him.

Yes, of course.

For he alone had understood.
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Ten Pianists in One

Michael Ponti’s burgeoning discography inspires a bit of pontification.

For the past year or so, it would almost seem that one out of two new piano records featured a young American named Michael Ponti. Many of these discs have been reviewed in High Fidelity; now, on the occasion of Ponti’s New York debut this month (it turns out that he is but one pianist even though he does the work of ten), the editor has asked me to pass judgment on the balance of this artist’s unreviewed discography, to bring it all together and (forgive the pun) to pontificate a little.

It strikes me as a little odd to assess a pianist’s work without hearing him play Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann (Robert, that is). Nor have there been Ponti recordings of Liszt or Brahms. Bartók or Prokofiev. About the closest Ponti has come to “standard” repertoire is Rachmaninoff (and that, interestingly enough, is probably his least convincing effort to date). So while one can agree with Vox’s blurb that “it is Michael Ponti’s all-encompassing repertory which makes him unique among the pianists of his generation,” we must accept on faith that “it covers the whole spectrum of piano literature from pre-Bach to the most recent contemporary compositions.” In the main, I would say that the biggest question mark is his musical probity and ability as a classicist, for I would generally be willing to give him the nod vis-à-vis Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt on the basis of his admirable work in dealing with the substantially similar phrases and configurations found in the music of Henselt, Alkan, Moszkowski, Tausig, and the like.

Ponti is obviously a big technician. Generally, he espouses the modern, no-nonsense school of pianism, although his phrasing is often marked by a vein of pleasing nuance and flexible lyricism. His ability as a colorist is a bit harder to pinpoint: While a great deal of his work is indeed full of delicacy and refinement, it can at times verge on tanklike stolidity and plangent, metallic percussiveness. It is difficult to ascertain how much of that brittleness is attributable to Ponti and how much is simply the unfortunate result of tactless, unsympathetic recorded sound. On the whole there is enough truly overpedaling. Even if Ponti has yet to “prove” himself in standard works, never does he seem to be hiding faulty wares behind the anonymity of unknown music.

The newest and most ambitious of the new Ponti projects are his complete cycle of the Scriabin sonatas and his completion of the Tchaikovsky piano music (Vol. I of which was reviewed by Peter G. Davis in these pages a year ago). The Scriabin marathons comes hard on the heels of Connoisseur Society’s cycle with Ruth Laredo, and Roberto Szidon’s substantially complete effort for Deutsche Grammophon. As a matter of fact, followers of transatlantic recording activity will know that HMV/EMI have released the ten sonatas with John Ogdon, and these too might very well make their appearance on the domestic Angel label. With but one installment of the Laredo cycle at hand, with few scores and only real familiarity with the sonatas 3, 5, 9, and 10, I would not do Ponti justice by hastily reviewing his album. More detailed comparison reviews of this set will be forthcoming from my colleague Royal S. Brown, who knows this literature inside out and has all the competing recordings at his disposal. For now, let it be said that Ponti has a big, muscular way with this music, that he does more than most to bring out the structural qualities, and that his playing sometimes has a great deal of exciting bravura thrust. At the same time, I thought his tone rather threadbare and hard to take (Miss Laredo gets far plusher, more resonantly mellow sound), and I also found his reading of the Ninth Sonata somewhat stolid, angular, and metronomic. These are not, for all their earnest musicianship, readings that will make me willingly part with my treasured accounts of Horowitz, Richter, and (in No. 3) Glenn Gould. Ponti’s biggest plus here, it seems to me, is his inclusion of two early, posthumously published sonatas not contained in the competing sets.

The Tchaikovsky box gave me real pleasure. Ponti plays the student sonata posthumously published as Op. 80; the cycle known alternately as The Seasons or (more accurately, since it contains twelve movements) The Months; the Children’s Album, Op. 39; Six Pieces, Op. 51; another five (which have no opus numbers assigned to them); and the eighteen pieces of Op. 72 which were composed, along with the Pathétique Symphony in the last year of Tchaikovsky’s life. These last are truly exquisite works; Ponti’s performances of them leave no
The third movement with its fearsome slurred note figurations especially gains from Ponti's more painstaking treatment. A similar contrast between Ponti and Lewenthal in the Aesop fables, however, leaves the latter still an undefeated champion. Here Ponti's neat, precise, well-regulated work by no means captures the grotesquerie and pre-Mahleresque irony as well as Lewenthal's more fiercely blocked-out effort to stride the colossus. In the remaining pieces—most particularly in the first etude which is marked "like the wind—as fast as possible," Ponti leaves little or nothing to be desired.

The Scharwenka collection is highly recommended. The B flat minor Concerto (No. 2) here is far preferable to the earlier No. 1 which Earl Wild recorded for RCA, if only because it lacks that other work's abysmally banal chromatic first theme. Here the writing is plant, very virtuosic, and somewhat reminiscent in its sunny folksiness to Dvořák's G minor Piano Concerto (though the last movement's theme is obviously derived from Chopin's E minor). The various solo pieces overside are certainly derivative, but just as certainly charming and worth hearing. Scharwenka, of course, was a virtuoso pianist like most of the forgotten nineteenth-century romantics, and that fact is thoroughly documented by the technically complex, even ornate, style of the keyboard writing. The recorded sound here is a bit tacky and the orchestration, in the concerto, makes rather scratchy, disreputable sounds (though the conductor seems to know what he is about).

Another startling discovery is the piano music of Carl Tausig. We all know that this arranger of songs was a brilliant pianist and one of Liszt's most inspired students (alas, he died—the victim of typhus—in his thirtieth year). Two of the works Ponti revives here, the Ballade in A minor (entitled The Ghost Ship) and the Halka Fantasy have striking originality. These works exude a brooding power and intensity which bring to mind the menacing turmoil of Wagner's Fliegende Holländer Overture. The piano writing is more Wagnerian than Lisztian. If you understand the fine distinction I am attempting to make, with a richness and pathos that are utterly compelling. The transcription of the Strauss waltz One Lives but Once is well enough known (Rachmaninoff once recorded it), but the other caprice waltzes after Strauss are welcome revivals. The two etudes, Op. 1 are more academic but thoroughly exhaustive of keyboard potential. As for the song Hope, Op. 3 and the longer Hungarian Gypsy Melodies, both are rather conventional examples of Lisztiana but no less attractive for that. This disc is superbly reproduced, and Ponti is in particularly good form.

I'm beginning to think that Clara Schumann may have been little more than a self-appointed saint. Certainly her editorial suggestions on behalf of her late husband's music are an abomination. And of late I have come upon some rather unfattering comments about her playing from those who heard her. One thing is certain—she was no composer! Rarely have I heard such watery stuff: The harmonic progressions are conventional and lacking direction, the melodies—if you can call them that—are undistinguished. The orchestration (in the concerto) is inept, and worst of all an unpleasant clattering kitsch element runs through all of her music on this record like treacle. Ponti plays it well, but he can't make the music any less depressing.

After this debacle, it was quite refreshing to discover...
the concentrated ideas and skilful writing in the concertos of Joachim Raff and Ferdinand Hiller. Since all that I previously knew of Hiller was woefully linked to a dreadfully long-winded set of variations by Max Reger, I found special delight in his Op. 69 in F sharp minor and especially its passionate first movement and its finale with a second theme midway between Franck's Symphonic Variations and Happy Birthday to You. The Raff C minor would have come out as well but for the orchestra (once again the Hamburg Symphony) which is distinctly less adroit than the Luxembourg Radio Orchestra under Louis de Froment which performs in the Hiller.

H.G.

**ALKAN: Etudes, Op. 39: No. 1 (Comme le vent); No. 2 (En rythme molosique); No. 3 (Scherzo diabolico); No. 12 (Le Festin d'Esope), Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 (Symphony). Michael Ponti, piano. Candide CE 31045, $3.98.**


**SCIÀBINA: Sonatas for Piano (12). Michael Ponti, piano. Vox SVBX 5461, $9.95 (three discs).**

**TAUSIG: Two Concert Etudes, Op. 1; Ballade in A minor (Ghost Ship); Hope, Op. 3; Caprice Waltz after Johann Strauss (One Lives but Once); Hungarian Gypsy Melodies; Caprice Waltzes on Themes of Johann Strauss; Fantasy on Themes From Moniuszko's Halka. Michael Ponti, piano. Candide CE 31031, $3.98.**


Twentieth-Century Masterpieces from Vienna

A flurry of recordings featuring seminal works by Schoenberg, Berg, Webern

**D major String Quartet from 1897, and that the Fischer-Dieskau record of songs by the same trio of composers also contains some first recordings of Schoenberg, reminds us that important works by this towering figure of twentieth-century music still await recording. Let us hope that by the time the Schoenberg centenary rolls around in 1974, these remaining gaps will be filled, and that works not adequately represented at present (most notably the opera Moses und Aron) will be made available in first-rate modern recordings.**

by David Hamilton

The LaSalle Quartet—remarkable renditions of Schoenberg's early works.

MARCH 1972
The D major Quartet is the earliest substantial work of Schoenberg's to survive. It predates the well-known *Verklärte Rache* by two years—years that will be perceived by the listener to have been marked by a remarkable growth, for the 1897 work is very much in the Brahms-Dvořák orbit, quite removed from the Wagnerianisms of the sextet. The string writing is already very skillful, with some exceptionally delicate touches of instrumentation in the second movement (labeled "Intermezzo"). a typically Brahmsian harmonic plan in the first movement, and a concern with two-against-three rhythmic relationships altogether characteristic of the older Viennese composer.

Two years later comes the first of the songs on the Dieskau record, and we hear a new kind of harmonic treatment altogether, with a strikingly chromatically altered chord assuming a major role in the texture. Here and in the songs from Opps. 3 and 6, the style of declamation and piano writing owes a good deal to Richard Strauss, but by September 1905, when the first of the canonical four quartets was finished, the idiom is entirely personal and developed to an intensity of compositional development that makes greater demands on the auditor. It was the opening of this quartet, in fact, that Berg discussed in his famous essays, *Who is Schoenberg's Music so Difficult to Understand* (which I gather is reprinted in the booklet that accompanies the DGG album). Not only the concentration of detail, but also the elaborate four-movement-in-one form, make this quartet one of the "largest" works in the composer's catalogue, calling for the longest span of unbroken attention; only the 1903 tone poem *Pelleas and Melisande*, with its still greater elaboration of orchestral counterpoint, makes greater demands. But the same sonic imagination that distinguishes *Verklärte Rache* is still very much in evidence indeed, it remained so throughout Schoenberg's career, and the fluency and color of the writing provides a firm handle to grasp while one is sorting out the thematic and structural threads.

Before the remarkable turning point of the Second Quartet, the two songs from Opps. 12 and 14 show the continuing direction of Schoenberg's thought, weaving together the extension of post-Brahmsian phrase irregularities and post-Wagnerian chromaticism. The Second Quartet, completed in 1908, itself incorporates two songs, settings of Stefan George, and in its final movement reaches out into tonally indeterminate regions, with the soprano uttering the famous line, "Ich fahle Luft von anderm Planeten" ("I feel air from another planet"). And the next year, with the piano pieces of Op. 11, the borderline is crossed altogether, to a music where every piece makes its own harmonic rules without reference to any external context.

Schoenberg did not return to the string-quartet medium again until 1927, when the twelve-tone technique of organization had been thoroughly worked out. In the interim, the solo piano pieces embody significant turning points. The Six Little Pieces, Op. 19, are the closest that he came to Webernian compression; the Op. 23 pieces are studies for the new technique (No. 5 of this set was the first piece to use a "row" of twelve tones); and Op. 25 is the first full-length work to use a row throughout—while at the same time reverting, for the first time in many years, to "classical" forms (in this case, as with much of Stravinsky's contemporary "neo-classical" music, actually baroque forms).

The two remaining quartets, written in 1927 and 1936, respectively, represent major attempts to re-establish links with the great Viennese musical tradition. The effort is quite opposite in direction from Stravinsky's at the same time: Whereas the latter is purposefully exploiting the dichotomy between traditional forms and contemporary materials, Schoenberg is trying to paper over the differences—to write, in some sense, the same kind of music as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. The tension is much subtler and under the surface (with Stravinsky, it is always right up on top), and one frequently feels that these pieces hold together almost in spite of the technique's harmonic imperatives, willed by Schoenberg's powerful command of phrase structure and articulative sensitivity. The tensions that underlie the forms of the classical quartet are not operative under the twelve-tone discipline, and although the melodic-contrapuntal unities imposed by the row fulfill a very significant structural role here, the massive effort to overcome the centrifugal force of the rotating vertical sonorities is what makes these pieces so gripping both intellectually and emotionally—in significant respects a parallel with Beethoven's enormous struggles with form in his last quartets. The intervening Op. 33 piano pieces, on the other hand, are freely shaped and owe more to the row structure.

The achievement of the LaSalle Quartet in these five works is something truly remarkable, for their command of shape and color, their ability to project at once the individual lines and the total texture, their ability to sustain the long-range line of every piece, all bespeak profound study and understanding. If the intonation, particularly of the first violin, is occasionally suspect, this seems a very minor flaw in the context of the above-mentioned virtues: these readings do far more for Schoenberg than any since the Juilliard versions, and are far more comfortable to hear. The acoustic ambience is, happily, not a sparsely overresonant one, and I find it more than satisfactory for home listening—which is what records are for, after all. One minor quibble is with the balancing of the voice in the Second Quartet: as usual, DGG overemphasizes the voice. Margaret Price is splendidly sure-throated if a shade bland in tone.

When we come to the piano music, the news is less good. The Turnabout disc will pass muster as a bargain-basement account of the complete solo piano music, in which the only current competition is Glenn Gould's much more actively mannered disc (Columbia MS 7069). But Vintzinger is not a strong performer, except perhaps in the miniatures of Op. 19. He is, at least, better recorded than Miss Chamberlain, whose left hand sounds distant and fuzzy, nor does she project with much confidence. In this literature I still return to Edward Steckermann's out-of-print Columbia disc, and perhaps Odyssey will some day oblige us with a reissue. In the meantime, *Dover* 7285 contains Beveridge Webster's solid readings of Opps. 11, 19, and 23. The verso of Miss Chamberlain's record is valuable for its presentation of three pieces by Stefan Wolpe, among which is a surprisingly Gallic *Pastoral* dating from 1939. The 1939 *Form* is altogether more characteristic of Wolpe's recent style, although it never develops the momentum and variety of some other pieces. The other two composers on this disc are associates of Wolpe at C. W. Post College: their pieces are more conventionally knotty and not without a certain rather opaque force.

Turning now to Fischer-Dieskau's record, we find not...
only the early Schoenberg songs mentioned above, but also two from the 1933 group of three that was published only much later, under the misleading opus number 48. They are his only twelve-tone songs, with a spare contrapuntally oriented piano accompaniment. In general on this record, the singer sounds most comfortable in the early material, although throughout his voice is in typical current condition, somewhat dry and hard, especially in the upper register where a certain amount of pitchless shouting sometimes obtrudes. With the exception of Op. 2, No. 1, none of these Schoenberg songs are otherwise currently available (and that one only in an unintentional arrangement for soprano, whiskey tenor, and piano, with Glenn Gould taking both latter parts). All the Webern songs listed without opus numbers are also "firsts" from the recently discovered corpus of early material: nice late-Romantic stuff, but unexceptional. The Berg Op. 2 songs are the best performances of the lot, but Heather Harper generates a still stronger sense of line (Angel 36480). (Incidentally, this is the first time a male singer has recorded any of these songs.) I have left myself no space to consider the Berg and Webern chamber works that fill out the LaSalle Quartet set, but they have been more widely and satisfactorily disseminated on records. They are all admirably performed, and I prefer these readings of the Webern to the recent Quartetto Italiano disc even though that included one other early work, the not-very-interesting *Langsamer Satz*. The Juilliard Quartet has also recorded most of this music, and theirs are the versions to go for if you don't want to invest in the Schoenberg—but I think you should, and you will not be disappointed by the other discs in the set.


**SCHOENBERG:** Three Piano Pieces, Op. 11; Six Little Piano Pieces, Op. 19; Piano Piece, Op. 33a; **WOLPE:** Pastorale; Presto Agitato. **ROVICS:** Three Studies for Piano. **PLESKOW:** Piece for Piano, Ann Chamberlain, piano. Ars Nova Ars Antiqua AN 1007. $4.98.

by Clifford F. Gilmore

A Massive Long-Range Recording Project

Telefunken's ten-year plan to record all the Bach cantatas makes an auspicious beginning.

**IN ALL OF WESTERN MUSIC** is there another body of works so universally regarded as masterpieces yet still so sparsely represented in the record catalogues as the cantatas of Bach? Well over 200 of them have come down to us intact, yet the current issue of Schwann lists only eighty-six titles. The Musical Heritage Society (which is not listed in Schwann because of its strictly mail-order policy) has hitherto been a prime source for collectors: its current catalogue lists fifty-five titles, twenty-two of which cannot be found in Schwann (MHS also hopes to have a complete set ready in due course). If we include European companies and go back to the advent of the LP (I haven't attempted to research anything before that), we still find that about a third of the extant cantatas have never been commercially recorded. Clearly here's a wonderful opportunity for someone to make phonographic history, and Telefunken has just taken up the gauntlet. The two boxes at hand are labeled Vols. 1 and 2 of "The Complete Cantatas." Of the eight cantatas in this first

![Image of the Concentus Musicus—starting something big.](MARCH 1972)
release, three represent first recordings anywhere, and four titles make their debut in Schwann.

It is roughly estimated that the project will take about ten years to complete at the rate of about twenty cantatas per year. DGG (and many other companies as well) honored Beethoven's 200th birthday by filling in many discographic gaps, and now Bach is assured of the same honor by his 300th birthday in 1985.

Any number of systems could have been devised to bring order to a recording project of this size, and Telefunken has made what at first seems to be a logical choice; namely to record the cantatas in numerical sequence. This first release therefore consists of Nos. 1 through 8. The numerical sequence was not established however until more than a hundred years after Bach's death and represents nothing more than the random order in which the cantatas were first published by the Bach-Gesellschaft beginning in 1851. Now, a great deal has happened since the Bach-Gesellschaft completed its historic project in 1899. Because so much new information has come to light, a new collected edition of Bach's works was begun in 1954—the Neue Bach Ausgabe sämtlicher Werke, edited by the Bach Institute in Gottingen and the Bach Archive in Leipzig. At present only about half the cantatas have been published in the new edition, and these in a totally different sequence from the Bach-Gesellschaft. This means that following the Gesellschaft sequence Telefunken will have access only to the older edition in many cases. (Of these first eight cantatas, only No. 6, Bleib' bei uns, has been newly published.) Of course these musicologist/performers will have access to many of the same sources as the Neue Ausgabe editors, so serious discrepancies are unlikely, but how much nicer it would be if Telefunken had co-ordinated its efforts with the edition in progress. Telefunken, by the way, has included in these two boxes (and hopefully will in the future) photographic reproductions of the Gesellschaft scores for these eight cantatas. The print is small—about 25% smaller than the Kalmus or Lea pocket scores which are also photo copies of the Gesellschaft—but easily legible.

Though many of us have long lamented the large gaps in the cantata discography, now that this project is under way I am forced to the realization that it really couldn't have begun until now. Only in the last few years have enough of the conditions been met to make possible performances as historically accurate and thoroughly satisfying as we have here. Many factors are involved: accurate performing editions, proper instruments (and players to play them!), an understanding of the performance style appropriate to this music, and of course experience. Until recently no record company had under contract a group of musicians who not only possessed all this "textbook" knowledge and technical facility but had also the ability to communicate these ideas in vivid, expressive, and meaningful performances. There are now two such groups: Both are recorded exclusively by Telefunken and both are participating in this mammoth venture. The Vienna Concentus Musicus has earned the larger reputation at this point for their earlier successful recordings of the St. Matthew and St. John Passions, the B minor Mass, the Brandenburgs, orchestral suites, and several other orchestral or chamber works, as well as two discs of five cantatas. The other group hails from Amsterdam, and is comprised of outstanding "baroque specialists" gathered around harpsichordist Gustav Leonhardt. The two choirs involved in the current release are the Vienna Choir Boys and the Choir of King's College, Cambridge. Both are among the best ensembles of their kind, and both have participated in earlier Bach recordings with the Concentus Musicus. Hopefully they will be retained for the entire project.

The Amsterdam and Vienna groups approach their task with identical intentions, but of course each achieves a very different end result. The Concentus Musicus is based in Vienna, and the city's long string-playing tradition, rich and very expressive, is emphasized by Harmonicourt's musicians. In the north, on the other hand, there exists a stronger keyboard tradition. The finest organs and harpsichords ever constructed are by Dutch and North German builders. Leonhardt and his players reflect this sternier, more austere keyboard orientation. In an age of superinternationalism it is gratifying to see signs that some of these historic national individualities are still present. None of this is intended as a qualitative comparison of the two groups; I find it impossible to prefer one to the other, and fortunately in a project of this magnitude we will have both viewpoints. There are of course many other superb cantata recordings (from Karl Richter, to mention only one of my favorites), but these are all in a very different category and cannot really be compared with the Telefunken project.

On the matter of soloists, little need be said: In my opinion a casting director has finally achieved perfection. Equiluz and Van Egmond have appeared on most of these groups' earlier vocal recordings and I know of no one better equipped to handle this music vocally or interpretively. It's a small point, actually, but I can't resist mentioning that Van Egmond is the only singer of my acquaintance to sing all the low Es in the bass aria of No. 4, Chris ist lag in Todesbanden (including the spectacular five-note final cadence spanning two octaves) and still handle the upper baritone range with ease. Alto arias are sung magnificently by counter-tenor Paul Esswood, who first appeared on the Concentus Musicus' recent St. Matthew Passion. On earlier recordings the group had employed both boy altos and adult female altos, but Esswood's cool, pure tone and mature musicianship now represent the ideal solution. Soprano arias are taken by unnamed boys from the Vienna Choir Boys and the Regensburger Domspatzen. The one from the Vienna group who appears in Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6 sounds to me like the same boy who heart-meltingly sang the Coro l' arias in the same recent St. Matthew recording. We can only hope that this ideal ensemble of soloists will also be retained as long as possible.

While I am always wary of the word "definitive," the performances we have in this initial release are about as close to it as we're ever likely to come.

**BACH:** "The Complete Cantatas, Vols. 1 and 2": No. 1, Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern; No. 2, Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh darein; No. 3, Ach Gott, wie manches Herzfei; No. 4, Christ lag in Todesbanden (on SKW 1); No. 5, Wo soll ich fliehen hin?; No. 6, Bleib' bei uns, denn es will Abend werden; No. 7, Christ unser Herr zum Jordan kam; No. 8, Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben? (on SKW 2). Paul Esswood, counter-tenor; Kurt Equiluz, tenor; Max van Egmond, bass; Vienna Choir Boys; Chorus Vienense (in Nos. 1-6), King's College Choir, Cambridge (in Nos. 7 and 8); Vienna Concentus Musicus, Nikolaus Harmonicourt, dir. (in Nos. 1-6); Leonhardt Consort, Gustav Leonhardt, dir. (in Nos. 7 and 8). Telefunken SKW 1 /2, $11.96 each (four discs).
Mr. Horowitz has just recorded an album of particular interest to lovers of Chopin and collectors of truly unique performances.

Any new Horowitz recording is something of an event. But this one is a special event for a number of reasons.

It's the first all-Chopin recording by Horowitz in a number of years.

It's got a performance of the "Polonaise in A-Flat Major" that will make you think you're hearing it for the first time—incredible!

And it includes Horowitz performances of the great "Polonaise Fantaisie" and a much-neglected Chopin gem: "Introduction and Rondo, Op. 16."

Altogether a brilliant record.

On Columbia Records and Tapes
MARRINER'S OBOES-

These suites were among the very last recordings made by harpsichordist/musicologist Thurston Dart before his untimely death in 1976. As a British colleague said of Dart's participation in any performance: "His very presence was like a Seal of Good Housekeeping." Dart was always a controversial musicologist, partly because in the final analysis he refused to allow dogma to stand in the way of an "enjoyable" performance. In his excellent jacket notes accompanying this Argo release, he suggests the possibility that the First Suite was written for a court ball at Cothen and that the Second Suite-if indeed an authority is needed—is the fact that the suite exists in an earlier version scored for strings, oboes, bassoon, and continuo without the trumpets or drums. Matters of ornamentation, double-dotting, and the like are handled with excellent taste throughout, and Marriner consistently observes the first repeat in each of the overtures but not the second. Of course all the repeats in the dance movements are taken.

Actually, these performances are very similar to those by Raymond Leppard with the English Chamber Orchestra on Philips (reviewed in the September 1970 issue). Bach frequently has his oboes playing in unison with the violins for the particular color produced by that combination. Leppard's recorded balance always permits the oboe color to be heard along with the strings, whereas Marriner's oboes are usually inaudible in tutti passages. Dart's imaginative harpsicord continuo playing is also too often obscured while Leppard's even more elaborate filigree work is always nicely balanced. The famous Air from the Third Suite is the movement I like least in the Marriner set and the very one I like best in Leppard's version. Marriner heavies up and adds grandioso crescendos and decrescendos in the style we expect from Klemperer. Leppard treats it much more delicately, and for the repeats a solo violin plays a beautiful and elaborately embellished version of the tune.

In general, though, I rather prefer Marriner's performances, largely because of the crisp and buoyant tempos and energetic spirit, though Leppard's are never slack and he does score more highly on several details. My favorite recording of the suites is one of the most remarkably fine recordings of the decade—the original-instrument version by the Concertus Musicus on Telefunken. Not only do they play the old instruments superbly and handle all the stylistic details with authority, but they also manage to turn in enthusiastically exciting performances.

BACH: C.P.E.: Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra, in F, Wq. 49; Sonatinas: for Piano and Orchestra, in D minor, Wq. 107; for Two Pianos and Orchestra, in D, Wq. 109. Ingeborg and Reiner Kuchar, pianos; Capella Academica Wien, Eduard Melkus, cond. Argo 2FG 247, $11.96 (two discs).

These suites were among the very last recordings made by harpsichordist/musicologist Thurston Dart before his untimely death in March 1971, and his name on the jacket automatically lends an air of authority to the set. As a British colleague said of Dart's participation in any performance: "His very presence was like a Seal of Good Housekeeping." Dart was always a controversial musicologist, partly because in the final analysis he refused to allow dogma to stand in the way of an "enjoyable" performance. In his excellent jacket notes accompanying this Argo release, he suggests the possibility that the First Suite was written for a court ball at Cothen and that the dance movements were actually danced to. Hence his insistence on good, quick, buoyant dance tempos. Marriner and his St. Martin-in-the-Fields group collaborate willingly and capably, and the result is a collection of vivid, sharply focused, and energetic performances that are simply irresistible.

Marriner, undoubtedly with Dart's approval, has handled Bach's orchestration with capably, and the result is a collection of vivid, sharply focused, and energetic performances that are simply irresistible.


Karl Böhm is one of the few surviving elder statesmen of the podium, and it is only just that he too should record all the Beethoven symphonies (even though it is highly problematic whether there is a market today for yet another set). In England the series was launched with Symphony No. 5 (gloriously reviewed in our counterpart, The Gramophone), but for some reason, DG thought it best to start with the Pastoral in this country. I must admit that the engineering is outstandingly fine here: The placement is very close and immediate, revealing all sorts of felicities in Beethoven's scoring.

Böhm eschews the lusciousness and fat often associated with the Viennese and he gets his orchestra to play with robust, linear, and slightly astringent sonority. One or two little tempo hiccups strike me as precious (not to say mannered): For example, why must so many conductors encourage those little ritardandos from the bassoon in the first movement's development section? But in all fairness, Böhm's leadership here is more often classically pure than it is self-indulgently romantic. He observes both the first-movement exposition repeat and the crucial one in the third movement; the rhythmic pulse is sturdily conveyed: and the whole reading rather reminds me of the Klemperer (albeit with much more vibrance and animation).

Those who recall the wonderfully flowing, serene simplicity that Toscanini achieved in the "Scene by the Brookside" or that conductor's winged elementalism and poise in the other movements may well find Böhm a bit dogged and insistent. His reading, nonetheless, has real quality and stature and the disc—benefitting as it does from the superlative engineering—belongs near the top of the list.

H.G.
The cycle that began in 1918.

Sir Adrian Boult met Ralph Vaughan Williams in 1918. They worked closely together until the composer's death in 1958. In the 1930s, Vaughan Williams' family chose Sir Adrian and Angel to record a wealth of his works, giving priority to the symphonies.

Now with the release of Symphony No. 2 "London," the symphonic cycle has been completed—with all nine newly recorded since 1968. Angel's detailed sound is rich, spacious, pervasive. The performances themselves glow with Vaughan Williams' peculiar vitality, with his unique blending of British tradition and radical harmonic structures.

The Sea Symphony splashes and sprawls. The Pastoral flows with serene introspection. The Sixth stuns us with all the terrors of war. The Antarctica broods with an ageless mystery.

Only a great conductor could span such extremes. Only a great conductor who had shared so much with the composer—his heritage, his musical commitment, and 40 years of friendship—could give us such a cycle as this.
by Harris Goldsmith

Van Cliburn—True to Form on Six New Releases

In one fell swoop, RCA has released six new Van Cliburn discs. In addition to the four under review, there is a coupling of sonatas by Barber and Prokofiev, reviewed in the January 1972 issue, and the inevitable excerpt collection. The emphasis on a single artist is nothing new in the record industry: Columbia has featured Rudolf Serkin in this manner at least twice, while RCA has held blasis for the prodigal Philadelphians, for Artur Rubinstein, for Toscanini, and only a few months ago for Jascha Heifetz.

Hearing so large a dose of Cliburn is not invariably flattering to his art, but most assuredly proves enlightening. To get the reservations out of the way, I find that Cliburn's prevailing relaxed, lyrical style works better in small quantities. Listened to intensively, the performances seem a bit tautic, lagging in rhythm, not sufficiently differentiated dynamically. Cliburn is not and never has been a dramaticist in the Horowitz or Rachmaninoff manner, and it is to his eternal credit that he has, despite his fervorously-quiet personality, remained true to his own best instincts. Generally, I find Cliburn to be most satisfactory in the free-wheeling Romantic literature. His Prokofiev is too mild-mannered, lacking in cantic punch; his classical music (except for a surprisingly excellent Mozart Sonata, K. 330, on LSC 2931) lacks tensile urgency and dynamic intensity. In many ways Cliburn's keyboard manner is akin to Rubinstein's. There is the same unforced tone, the same patient perfection of detail, the same down-to-earth, healthy style.

Rubinstein's Beethoven has of late grown in stature and stylistic perception. For all that, it remains an acquired rather than an innate affinity. Cliburn may similarly gain the knack of turning a briskly Beethovenian phrase sonorously, but as yet he sounds uncomfortable in the idiom.

The recording of the Third Concerto shows scrupulous attention to detail (e.g., the patiently articulated, on-the-beat treatment of the third-movement appoggiaturas could serve as a lesson for many other pianists). It boasts, moreover, a fidelity to the printed text that leaves Rubinstein (even in his reformed state) far to the rear. Yet there is an indefinably proximate quality to the performance: It's too slow and square in the first movement; the Largo's patient, and never has been a dramatist in the

The first movement of the Moonlight starts out with surprising briskness but seems to settle down as it progresses factually, though it's an illusion: Cliburn's pace for all its rubato structuring is consistent from beginning to end. The Allegretto second movement of this sonata is pleasantly genial but also rhythmically dubious. The Finale is even worse—loose and plodding; Cliburn's fingers hit all the right notes, yet sound inexplicably bumbling here. The Pathétique too often becomes a lethargic reading. It fails to cohere; the rhythmic pulse is again vague and disjoint; the dramatic episodes lack thrust; the lighter ones (e.g., the opening theme of the third-movement Rondo) lack charm. There is also a prevailing tonal grayness, a dearth of true rapt pianissimo so necessary in Beethoven to ignite the dramatic combustion of the fortissimos. I suspect that Cliburn has been playing the Appassionata longer, or at any rate more extensively, than he has the others. For whatever reason, this work gets a better performance than its disc mates. Despite this, the Rubinstein and Arrau versions are but two that heat this work gets a better performance than its disc mates. Despite this, the Rubinstein and Arrau versions are but two that heat this isn't a very prepossessing addition to the catalogue.

The Brahms disc, on the other hand, is a triumph. Cliburn not only pies into the two rhapsodies with magnificent sonority and luscious robust lyricism, he also achieves a rare refinement and whispered introspection in the gentler essays of this sonata. His account (with Artur Rubinstein's) is here subordinated to a vein of expansive solidity and warmth. One suspects that Cliburn (like Rubinstein in his earlier version with Suskind—the present Reiner-led Chicago edition is altogether brisker) regards the famous eighteenth variation as the score's focal point. He makes his view reasonably convincing, but I'll still stick with the laconic approach. The sound is clear and fairly detailed.


Van Cliburn is currently engaged in a Liszt project for Philips; Richter, of course, has already made his version available, and Philips has just reassured an unsurpassed edition in a beautifully smooth, perfectly registered though it is—is a shade heavy and long of reverberation for so crisp and hotheaded a score. Needless to say, Beethoven's own cadenza is used in the first movement and Cliburn wisely refuses to change a note of it.

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Finally, the concerto record. Cliburn's Liszt A major has a fragile freshness, lyrically. It is of a very high order with smooth chording and supplie, even trills. The performance has been well gauged with the important orchestral concertante detail always meaningful and clearly audible. Still, I have heard finer Liszt A majors from Arrau and Richter. The former will undoubtedly record the work since he is currently engaged in a Liszt project for Philips; Richter, of course, has already made his version available, and Philips has just reassured an unsurpassed edition in a beautifully smooth, perfectly registered though it is—is a shade heavy and long of reverberation for so crisp and hotheaded a score. Needless to say, Beethoven's own cadenza is used in the first movement and Cliburn wisely refuses to change a note of it.

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From Julian Hirsch’s Review of the Advent Model 201 Cassette Deck:

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We will be happy to send you a reprint of the complete review from the October issue of Stereo Review, which also compares the Model 201 favorably against the best open-reel tape machines, and a list of Advent dealers who will be happy to let you see and hear the Model 201 for yourself. Please write:

Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.
BUXTEHUDE: Prelude, Fugue, and Clavichord in C; Preludes and Fugues in G minor; in D minor; in F sharp minor; Clavichord In E minor; Suite: Auf meinem leiben Gott; Chorale Fantasy; Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern; Clavichord Preludes; Loit Gott, ihr Christen; In dulci jubilo; Puer natus in Bethlethem. Lawrence Mohr organ (D. A. Flentrop organ. St. Mark's Cathedral, Seattle, Washington). Cambridge CRS 2515. $5.98.

Here's a record I would have liked to recommend highly for its several outstanding features. To the best of my knowledge, this is the first generally available recording of the new Flentrop organ in Seattle, and a magnificent instrument it is. The Dutchman Dirk Flentrop, one of the two or three finest organ builders in the world today; perhaps his best-known instrument in this country is the one in the Busch-Reisinger Museum in Cambridge. Massachusetts that E. Power Biggs has recorded on so frequently. The four-manual instrument in Seattle is much larger, however, and if possible even more impressive. Cambridge has recorded it beautifully with what seems to me to be the ideal balance between close-up clarity and plenty of "room" sound or reverberation.

Buxtehude fans will be attracted by this recording too, since it contains a fine assortment of some of the best pieces from each of the several categories of Buxtehude's organ music. To mention only a few: the C major Prelude, Fugue, and Clavichord; the G minor Prelude and Fugue; and the E minor Clavichord are among the absolute masterpieces of "pre-Bach" organ music, and without them Bach, as we know him, could not have existed.

Lawrence Moe, however, frustrates and disappoints us on nearly every hand. To begin with, there are simply more wrong notes, fumbled runs, and awkward rhythms than Cambridge Records should have allowed out of its editing rooms. And even when he isn't having technical difficulties, Moe's playing is oftentimes just plodding and dull and utterly lacking in conviction. Both Buxtehude and Flentrop deserve better. In case you haven't encountered Fontana version.

The present collection reflects the best of the post-cinema Iturbi. A trace of percussiveness remains, but it is just enough to add a welcome snap and animating to the playing. The Chopin style he employs is the "traditional" one—e.g., with certain salon rubatos and slyly ornamented phrases—but within this style the playing is nothing short of first-class. The more brilliant waltzes and of course the A major Polonaise have breadth and passion, and in his best work Iturbi was—and is—one of the world's foremost pianists.

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At last a few interpreters are beginning to take cognizance of the fact that Debussy loathed the words "vague" and "impressionistic" when indiscriminately applied to his music. "I am trying," he wrote, "to achieve something different: the effect of reality." And on more than one occasion, the laconic composer let forth at those "imbeciles—mostly critics—who utterly misunderstand the term "impressionism". Notwithstanding all this clear evidence, people for years persisted in bracketing the works of Debussy and his strikingly dissimilar younger contemporary, Ravel, under the rubric "French Impressionism." An even greater problem—and one still very much with us—is the "traditional" (i.e., wishy-washy) approach to Debussy's music. early or late, that takes little notice of its diversity and emotional impact. At the risk of sounding overly simplistic myself, I would say that how the four very different pianists here approach the problem of "impressionism" lies at the heart of these vastly varied recorded performances. Webster is wary of the tag and generally keeps his distance, by the way of a "modern" outlook. Demus, obviously an intelligent musical connoisseur in many ways, has not in this instance acquired proper perspective and falls for the "impressionist" routine to a distressing degree. The two other pianists, as we shall see, fall somewhere between these two extremes.

When Beveridge Webster presented the Debussy cycle in 1950 at the Three New York Town Hall recitals in 1968, many were understandably surprised that this master interpreter of Schubert and Beethoven should venture into such remote territory. As the concerts (and now these subsequent recordings) proved, the American artist has some striking and valid things to say about this music. In fact, his credentials as a Debussyan are impressive and authentic, since he spent a great deal of time in Paris under the aegis of Nadia Boulanger. But even if Webster hadn't ever set foot in Debussy's native and beloved France, his acute musical intelligence would undoubtedly have saved the day. Some may feel that Webster is a trifle angular and tonally bleak for this kind of music, but I heartily disagree. Naturally any comprehensive survey will contain flaws, but one must also note that these varied recorded performances. Webster's Debussy cycle is quite good:

- Purcell: DIDO AND AENEAS
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- Beethoven: SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN E FLAT, OP. 55 "EROICA"
  * B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra/Colin Davis 6500.141

- Grieg: PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR, OP. 16; SCHUMANN: PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR, OP. 54
  * Bishop, piano; B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra/Davis 6500.166

- Beethoven: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1 IN C, OP. 15; SCHUMANN: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 5 IN C MINOR, OP. 10 NO. 1
  * Bishop, piano; B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra/Davis 6500.179

- Liszt: FANTAISY AND FUGUE ON "AD NOS, AD SALUTAREM UNDAM"
  * Weineln, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen; VARIATIONS ON BACH'S CANTATA Chorzempa, organ 6500.215

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Debussy: Estampes; Arabesques I and II; Images, Books I and II; Children's Corner Suite; Le petit nègre; Danse; La plus que lent; Estampes; Pour le piano; Reverie; Suite bergamasque; Nocturne, Page d'album. Beveridge Webster, piano. Desto DC 7111. Five discs, not available separately.

Debussy: Estudes; Books I and II; Yvonne Loriod, piano. Musical Heritage Society MHS 1063. $2.98. (Available by mail only from The Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023.)
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two most renowned Debussians of yesteryear were Corot, a Frenchman with roots in Bayreuth, and Gieseking, a German of French parentage and training. Demus, it so happens, studied a time with Gieseking. The taste and delicacy of his Debussy gives evidence of that fact. A patrician nimbleness, an exquisite touch, a certain classical reserve are definitely a legacy from the master. Demus plays impressively well in almost all the pieces and the MHS processing is superior to Desto's.

The most valuable things in his anthology (which like all the others is not really "complete") are the early, unpublished set of Images and the piano version of the projected orchestral score La Boite à joujoux, better known in its orchestration by André Caplet. The Joujoux have been done before on solo piano (very well by Peter Frankl in the Vox Box anthology), but the early Images, if I am not mistaken, make their first appearance on record.

For all its merit, though, Demus doesn't hold my interest as Webster or Gieseking did. In the Children's Corner, to cite one example, Demus has individualized his reading since it for DGG in the early Sixties, and the change, unfortunately, is for the worse. Must Dr. Gradus sound so foggy? Must the Gollwog's Cakewalk be so unlitheprim and precise? In the Images, to cite another example, Demus, like Gieseking before him, lacks the dynamic strength urgently called for by this provocative music. The discs, however, are uniformly well recorded and the MHS processing is superior to Desto's.

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The second of these, by the way, uses the same thematic material as the Sarabande from Pour le piano (the earlier piece is entitled Souvenirs de Lourdes), and is somewhat more robust than its more famous counterpart. I have the sneaking suspicion that perhaps I have done Demus an injustice by listening to his performances all at once. Whereas Webster gains as one goes from disc to disc—the individual flaws receding into unimportant flecks—Demus, a gentler player, might well be more impressive in smaller doses. Fortunately Musical Heritage has issued his discs as singles, so one can savor them one by one. Whatever my reservations, the music is never—or (recalling that study) rarely—misrepresented.

The Loriod collection of the Etudes ought to have stylistic validity since the pianist is married to Messiaen, whose own compositions (which she plays so brilliantly) are obviously descended from Debussy's keyboard style. Actually, her work is remarkable for its methodical technical ease as pianism per se, but for my taste she is just a wee bit methodical and lacks the enfolding contours which Webster brings out so convincingly. Mme. Loriod reminds me somewhat of our own Nadia Reisenberg—like that lady, she is a remarkably secure pianist but one who tends toward excessive relaxation and arm weight. She solves the digital problems brilliantly but rounds off too many of the jagged edges that give the music character. The MHS sound—originally a product of French Erato—is deep and resonant, beautifully suave and cushioned.

The Supraphon disc with Ilja Hurnik, on the other hand, is a winner in every way. His performances are wonderfully masculine and firmly contoured. He has logic, clarity, and color. Hurnik, a composer himself, treats the works with obvious reverence for their structure and content, but shows a performer's gift and potency of imagination. There is a certain straightness, let's call it a "rightness," about his Souire dans Grenade that makes me think of Riccardo Viñes' "tastefully" rhythmic reading (reissued on a special Debussy memorial record for Pathé). I also welcome the crisp snap and lift of the two arabesques, which sound far more substantial and delightful than they usually do. Supraphon's vibrantly alive piano reproduction further affirms an approach that veers more to Roualt's expressionism than to the hazy, delicate Renn tints usually deemed appropriate for this music. The fact that it works so well gives ample evidence that Debussy can often benefit from more assertive treatment.

H.G.

DONIZETTI: Maria Stuarda. Beverly Sills (s), Maria Stuarda; Eileen Farrell (s). Elisabeth; Patricia Kern (ms), Anna; Stuart Burrows (b), Leicester; Louis Quilico (b), Talbo; Christian du Plessis (b). Cecil; John Aldis Choir; London Philharmonic Orchestra. Aldo Ceccato, cond. ABC Audio Treasury ATS 20010/3, $17.94 (three discs).

This new recording of Maria Stuarda, together with the San Francisco production last fall and the New York production this spring, signifies the emergence in America of yet another of Donizetti's "lost" operas. Roberto Devereux and Anna Bolena (still to come on the stage in New York, but well known through recordings), though hardly current until recently, nevertheless did lead shadowy

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Maria Stuarda was dogged by ill luck from the very start. During the dress rehearsal at the San Carlo in 1834 Queen Christina of Naples was so overcome by emotion at Maria's confession scene that she fainted and had to be carried from the theater. Next day the King placed an embargo on all subsequent performances of the work, and the entire matter seemed to be closed. However, in line with the more casual attitudes of the time, Donizetti was persuaded to undertake a complete reworking of the opera. and in a mere few days a completely new libretto was cobbled together, set not in Elizabethan England but in Renaissance Italy. The result was presented under the title Buondelmonte, though with only moderate success. The following year (1835) the opera was given in its original form at La Scala with the celebrated Malibran who, being out of voice, incurred the displeasure of the audience. After the seventh performance the Milanese censors sought to impose alterations on the text and action: Maria's denunciation of Elisabetta as a "vil bastarda" was objected to and so was the confession scene. After the eleventh performance the opera, having been mutilated, was heard no more at La Scala. The revival in 1958 at the Bergamo Festival was the occasion for the work's return to currency in our time.

The revival of interest in bel canto operas that succeeded the phenomenon of Maria Callas has upset many of our received ideas about these works. Because of what late nineteen-century prima donnas like Melba, Sembrich, Tetrazzini, and Galvany made of this music it was easy to believe that bel canto meant nothing but vacuously beautiful vocal art. Any contemporary account of Malibran, Pasta, or Pauline Viardot, however, is enough to reveal that different standards obtained during the time when these works were being written. Then, unlike later, vocal imperfections counted for little beside truthfulness, intensity, and tragic power.

After Callas it once again became possible to appreciate the dramatic rather than pyrotechnical potentials of Donizetti's music. Lucia became reborn as drama, and gradually Anna Bolena, Roberto Devereux, Lucrezia Borgia, Il Duca d'Albe, and Maria Stuarda are being revealed as splendid vehicles for vocal actors. At this stage of Donizettian appreciation the quality of his music seems a minor consideration. Beverly Sills had an enormous success in Roberto Devereux despite the opera's serious musical deficiencies. It looks as if the same will be true of Maria Stuarda, which is like Devereux in being at the same time very uneven and very effective. Both works, in addition, provide superb opportunities for singers with dramatic talents. The long neglect of Maria Stuarda seems less a comment on its musical value than on the taste of prima donnas—who don't always know what's good for them.

In this particular case Beverly Sills clearly does. The Schillerian rewriting of British history that brings the two rival queens, Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots (Maria Stuarda), into direct stage conflict and concludes with the once-proud Maria being led repentant to the scaffold is a golden opportunity for Sills to exploit her best gifts. In this role she can depict despair, hopeless love, thwarted power, spiritual fervor, and the pathos of emotional degradation. In the long final scene with its elaborate heart- and ear-threnody she is really splendid. The words are meaningfully enunciated, the melodic line is skillfully managed and intensely phrased. Vocally, Sills is at her current best in this recording. The voice, though appealing, is not essentially a very beautiful instrument. Its total impurity is a serious impediment to one's pleasure in slow passages, especially where a clearer sound is demanded by the music. But in this Maria Stuarda she sings with greater security than she has commanded for some time. On the whole her line is fairly taut and her upper register is free and firm. After so many recent disappointments from Sills it is a pleasure to hear her intelligence once again matched by vocal control of this sort. She can here bring off nearly everything she attempts. The result is very powerful, and in the final scene, where Donizetti rises to an eloquence he cannot achieve elsewhere in the opera, she is very moving. Only in the famous confrontation of the Queens does Sills fall short. She cannot hurl the insults—"Figlia impura di Bologna... vil bastarda!"—with the requisite force. It is not a matter of acting skill. As with her Traviata Sills cannot summon up the blaze of tone to bring off highly dramatic effects that depend on vocal weight and propulsion. She is a light soprano, a creature of pathos, not a heavyweight tragedienne.

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When this concerto was six years old, Rubinstein was born. Now, with Ormandy, he gives it the performance of a lifetime.
Eileen Farrell is made of sterner stuff. She commands, even this late in her career, just the sort of vocal displacement to bring the majestic Elisabetta to convincing life. From her first recitative and aria to the ensemble that follows the confrontation with Maria, she is clearly in psychological command. At every point, even when she is racked by jealous love, she never loses her air of imperial magnificence. There is never any doubt about who is on the throne—or why. The music given to Elisabetta is not particularly distinguished. It is mostly formulaic (though with momentary exceptions) and mostly uninspired. It is well crafted, but not thrilling. Farrell creates an impression of grandeur out of musical thin air by means of personality, temperament, and (though her tone is rather frayed nowadays) vocal timbre. What she cannot do, though, is manage the awesome technique in which Elisabetta’s music has been conceived. Vocally the role makes constantly fearsome demands on the singer’s ability to throw off floriture and rapid divisions in a large-scale manner. A Norma or Donna Anna voice would be ideal for this role, and even in her prime Farrell was not the possessor of that sort of equipment. All she can do today is get through the vocal hazards as deftly and dramatically as possible. It is sad to hear Farrell sounding so hard pressed vocally when she is otherwise so much in command of the situation.

None of the other characters is as important as the two grandes dames. Leicester, the object of their rivalry in love, is hardly more than a stock figure. His music, moreover, is less ardent in actuality than in intention. At best it attains a certain gracefulness. Stuart Burrows, a young Welsh tenor of as yet limited experience, gives a promising performance. The voice is a pure high tenor, sweet in tone but somewhat lacking in body and apt to develop a whine when, as occasionally happens, the tone is insufficiently supported. Though Burrows makes a few slips in diction he tries, commendably, to throw himself into his role with suitably Italianate fervor and commitment. Unfortunately the effort results in a certain degree of sentimentality since Burrows as yet confuses feeling and tearfulness.

Louis Quinico is a forthright Talbo, here a Roman Catholic priest in disguise who confers the last rites on Maria before her execution. There isn’t much to do in the part but be dependable, though I suspect the music could yield more eloquence. Patricia Kern is a good Anna and the young Christian du Plessis makes a striking Cecil, Maria’s enemy, who ends up being impressed by her dignity at the scaffold. The London Philharmonic plays well for Aldo Ceccato, who whips up plenty of excitement though, as with the Sills Traviata, he tends to be crude in his effects. If he could only bring some elegance to the strength he finds in this music his performance would be tremendously improved.

The recording, though it sounds a bit crowded at extremes of volume and pitch, is generally good and untricky. But there was an unconscionable amount of pre-echo on my review copy.

D.S.H.

GERSHWIN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in F; Rhapsody in Blue; Variations on I Got Rhythm (arr. William C. Schoenfeld). Werner Haas, piano. Monte Carlo Opera Or-
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Concerto, it's unfortunate that they are unable recording companies demonstrating a growing interest in the music of Gershwin, particularly in his too-often underrated Piano Concerto. It's unfortunate that they are unable to profit more from studying the best American versions. The German virtuoso Haas has only the most to profit more from studying the best American versions. There is fine insouciance, verve, and fluency in the piano works as well, but for me Previn's distinctive manner sometimes verge embarrassingly on archness and seldom achieve complete dramatic conviction. His fans are sure to be completely delighted, and there is much here to please as well as interest all Gershwinians. But for myself I'll stick with the Wild/Fiedler versions for RCA. That pair's Concerto and I Got Rhythm Variations are the best I know on records, while their Rhapsody in Blue is one of the best of a list that no longer includes my personal favorite, the unpretentious but interpretatively authentic 1958 Kapp version by Roger Williams with the Symphony of the Air under Willis Page.

R.D.D.


Haydn: Five Divertimentos for Harpsichord and Strings. János Sebestyen, harpsichord; Vilmos Tátrai and György Konrád, violins; Ede Banda, cello. Hungaroton LPX 11468, $5.98.

As the world must know by now, Haydn's patron Count Miklós Esterházy was addicted to the baryton, a gambelike instrument with six or seven principal strings and a set of secondary non-bowed strings that vibrate sympathetically and can also be plucked by the player's thumb. Under firm instructions, Haydn wrote some two hundred pieces for his patron's amusement. They are modest but respectable little works, embodying considerable variety—the selection here boasts a fugue, a lovely folkish melody in one C major Adagio, a lively Polonaise, and several lusty finales. One can easily understand the Count's pleasure in them. The performances are all one could wish: skillful, shapely, and rhythmically alive. The five divertimentos for harpsichord and strings represent some of Haydn's earliest output; they date from just before and during his first years at Esterházy, where he went in 1761 at the age of twenty-nine. They are trim and accomplished. Though he was a slow bloomer, Haydn knew by his late twenties how to keep a basically thin texture from developing holes, how to manage modulations in a textbook manner, and how to handle the three strings so that they corroborate, punctuate, and in general provide a framework for the harpsichord. And he does more; for these are quite attractive pieces, with some joyous fast movements and some dark-hued turns into the minor by way of contrast. They are performed with utmost rhythmic precision and a lightness of touch that is appropriate.

S.F.
A major shortcoming of this production is the total lack of texts, either in Hungarian or English: such "An Historic Recording" deserves better treatment.

P.H.

**LISZT**: Fantasia on Hungarian Folk Tunes; Totentanz. SAINT-SAENS: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 4, in C minor, Op. 44. Michele Campanella, piano; Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra, Aldo Ceccato, cond. Philips 6500 095, $6.98.

At first glance it seemed that the manufacturers of this Liszt/Saint-Saëns collection had forgotten to identify the artist. On further scrutiny, of course, I realized that Campanella was a pianist, not one of the compositions! The twenty-four-year-old Neapolitan lives up to his name with amazingly even bell-like trills and a bright, incisive cantabile tone. He goes about these brilliant, extroverted scores with a thorough sense of relish and gusto, but for all that, he keeps his cool attractively. In the Saint-Saëns, for example, the more introspective portions (e.g., the opening of the first movement) have a beautiful crystalline reserve and an almost Mozartian elegance that keep the music shapely and cogently expressive. To be sure, there are expressive liberties but they show a certain breeding, a patrician purity.

When I heard Aldo Ceccato, son-in-law of the renowned Victor de Sabata, with the New York Philharmonic last year, he impressed me as a virtuoso conductor. That impression is revived by the evidence now at hand. Although the Monte Carlo Orchestra has a clear, professional sound, his only problem is that it lacks the adventurous spark and sparkling brilliance Ceccato's parents have shone in the modern repertoire.

The work is a choral piece employing a poem by the composer himself which contrasts light and darkness, love and hate, etc., etc., in rather crude and obvious imagery. The music is not so crude or obvious. The "luminous pillars" with which the score opens and closes have a great lift to them, not unlike that of the first movement of Ives's Third Symphony. There is a lovely episode taken right out of Hovhaness' own raindrop music for The Flowering Peach, and a war-god enters to music grotesque enough for a Mayan idol. But nothing seems to hang together very well, and there is something a little grotesque when a chorus keeps reiterating "we are dawning, we are dawning, we are dawning" to a very obvious dawncesh rhythm. The recording is not bad and the performance is apparently as good as Hovhaness could get.

A.F.

**KODALY**: Psalmus Hungaricus; Te Deum. Endre Rostor, tenor (in the Psalmus); Iren Szecsody, soprano; Magda Tislay, alto; Tibor Uvardy, tenor; András Farago, bass (in the Te Deum); Budapest Chorus; Hungarian Concert Orchestra; Zoltán Kodály, cond. Turnabout TV 4351, $2.98 (mono only).

For one once can agree with the promotional copy on the record cover. This is indeed "An Historic Recording," for it presents an important contemporary composer's interpretations of two of his finest works. In fact, the Psalmus Hungaricus and Te Deum, traditional in basic approach but highly national and individual in idiom, must rank among the best examples of choral literature this century has produced.

Kodály was a master of the chorus, a medium that engaged his best efforts as a composer and stimulated him to develop his own system of music education based on ensemble singing. The better known of these two works is the Psalmus Hungaricus, a paraphrase and commentary on the fifty-fifth Psalm for tenor chorus, and orchestra. Composed in 1923 like Bartók's Dance Suite, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the union of Buda and Pest, its first performance quite overshadowed Bartók's contribution. In later years, Bartók gradually gained greater renown than his friend and colleague primarily because of his more highly individual modernism, but Kodály's more conservative style holds up well thanks to its deep sincerity and fine craftsmanship.

Thirteen years later, Kodály wrote another major choral work of similar proportions to the traditional Roman Catholic Te Deum text. Less intensely national in text and style, the Te Deum nonetheless conveys its composer's strong Hungarian style. It too was composed for a festive occasion, the 250th anniversary of the liberation of Buda from the Turks.

Obviously neither performance is new, for Kodály died in 1967. The lack of truly high quality reproduction hampers the full impact of such massively scored music; it sounds very much as if it had been recorded in a small studio, for the sound is generally cramped and muddy. Kertész's performance of the Psalmus Hungaricus, recently issued on London, which I have not heard, doubtlessly sounds much better, but the direction of the composer himself here is of more than mere documentary value.

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rather raw sound. Ceccato gets them to perform with hair-trigger precision and fantastic controlled drive. All the accompaniments, especially that of the Saint-Saëns, are spot-on with the soloist and in addition boast wonderful detail. As the youthful maestro reveals point upon point, you realize that he too is a soloist in his own right. And happily Ceccato would seem to be one young conductor who has managed to avoid the Furtwängler virus: He isn't afraid to dig in with a sforzando blast, and there is none of that sluggish, spready sonority that is the inevitable result of always striving for "long notes." Philip's engineering and processing are of demonstration class.

H.G.


There are two sides to the Mahler coin. On one hand his music is ultraromantic, ultralush, the quintessence of mighty, full-blown orchestral sound. On the other hand it is structured with the same attention to counterpoint as a Beethoven string quartet. Lorin Maazel's interpretation puts too much emphasis on the first element and gives far too little attention to the second.

This is Mahler painted with a thick brush, or drawn with a blunt pencil. Maazel's interest is focused mainly on the high points: He is better at climaxes than at details, more at home in codas than in developments. While the recording definitely has virtues, it is marred by flaws occasionally serious and sometimes merely annoying.

One problem that crops up in each movement is a monotonous dynamic level. While the major, climactic crescendos and diminuendos are there, more subtle nuances are lacking; and one has the impression that the music stays mostly at a dull mezzo forte. The lack of attention to soft passages is especially troublesome in the slow movement. Paralleling this is a general neglect of complex contrapuntal interplay. Important lines in the woodwinds, for instance, often get lost in over-generous waves of string sound.

The first two movements lack incisiveness. The first—a gay piece set in classical sonata form with some late-romantic twists—opens with a percussive repeated figure for small bells and flute, a motive that should sound really biting. Here it is timid. Occasionally the rhythm is imprecise and entrances uncertain. The clessico Scherzo is punctuated with a violin solo, played on an instrument tuned one step higher than usual. The movement's twisted, chromatic theme, when given to the solo, should have a dance-of-death quality. Its entrances need the character of forceful intrusions, but it is too subdued here to be startling.

Maazel's control is somewhat surer in the last two movements. His tempo in the poco adagio is leisurely but moving, without the tendency to drag that can be heard in some other versions. The rich, romantic sound he elicits is pure pleasure to hear.

Miss Harper is warm and appealing in the finale, which incorporates the Wunderhorn song Das himmlische Leben. Her interpretation of the text's naive description of heaven is thoroughly charming, and technically she is excellent. The orchestra turns in a fine performance here; the playing at last achieves the sharp focus and precision that would have greatly enhanced previous movements. A.M.

MAYUZUMI: Music with Sculpture—See Pendered: Pittsburgh Overture.

MUSSORGSKY: Boris Godunov (ed. Rimsky-Korsakov). Galina Vishnevskaya (s), Marina Najedja Dobrinowa (s), Xenia, Ollevra Michajlovskie (ms), Feodor; Biserka Cvejic (ms), Prince Shusky and Simpleton; Milen Paunov (t), Misa; Zoltan Kilemen (b); Rango; Nicol Ghiaurov (bs), Boris Godunov, Martt Talvela (bs), Pimen; Anton Diakov (bs), Varlaam; Vienna Boys' Chor; Sofia Radio Chorus; Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. London OSA 1439, $23.92 (four discs).

The checkered discographic representation of Mussorgsky's masterpiece continues, if at a slower pace—when Conrad L. Osborne re-viewed Columbia's Bolshoi recording (M4S 696) in October 1964, he reported rumors of a planned Decca/London version with Ghiaurov, which has only now materialized. With all the attention that has been lavished on Rimsky-Korsakov's revision—not simply a reorchestration, it must be noted—one might hope at last for a disc version of Mussorgsky's original work (or, strictly speaking, of one of the two versions he made of it), but what London and Karajan give us here is once again essentially Rimsky (I'll explain the qualification in a minute).

Details of what Rimsky did, aside from providing a more resonant orchestral panoply, have been recited on numerous occasions, so I will not go over that ground again (Arthur Jacobs gave a good summary in Opera, May 1971), and the relevant scores are now readily available, so there is no excuse for performers to plead ignorance: Oxford University Press recently republished a vocal score of the Lamm edition, incorporating both of Mussorgsky's versions (but, alas, with only an English translation, no Russian original), and an orchestral score will be forthcoming shortly, while the second Mussorgsky version is also available in vocal score from Bessel (this has Russian, French, and German texts). For purposes of comparison, one may use the Kalmus vocal score, which represents Rimsky's second (and more complete) revision used in all the recordings; a very hand-some orchestral study score of this version was published in Moscow in 1959, also incorporating Ippolitov-Ivanov's orchestration of the scene before St. Basil's Cathedral.

That brings us back to the qualification in my description of the text used by Karajan. Like Melik-Pashayev in the Columbia recording, he incorporates the St. Basil Scene, although it is obvious that the composer never intended both it and the Krony Forest to be
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used together—they belong to different recensions of the work and utilize identical musical material: the scene of the boys teasing the Simpleton and two stanzas of the Simpleton's song. Even Rimsky realized this, after all—that's why his version of St. Basil is based on Mislawsky's version and it's how the composer of the Caucasian Sketches comes into the picture. Both conductors are sensitive enough to omit the "repetition" of the Simpleton and the boys in the Kromy Forest, but they cannot evaluate the incredible selectivity of ending two scenes (within the same act) with the Simpleton's lament for Russia. (For the record, Cluytens' Angel version omits St. Basil, and also omits the events that Melik-Pashayev makes elsewhere, he gives us Rimsky's complete, whereas Karajan presents it "too complete," as it were.)

Before passing on to the new recording as a performance, let me mention briefly the only substantial recordings using Mussorgsky's original for the benefit of those interested in a direct comparison. A deleted RCA set (LM 6063) contains two records' worth of the Karol Rathaus edition that the Metropolitan Opera favored in the early 1950s sung in English—not very impressively recorded unfortunately. Musically much more distinguished is a Eurodisc single (72765 KR), sung in German by a cast including Gottlob Frick and Martti Talvela: this is well worth picking up if you come across it.

What about the new Karajan recording? Well, I must begin by saying that it is very beautifully played, recorded, and—for the most part—sung. If surface polish were the sine qua non of operatic performance, this would win hands down. Desirable as it may be, however, that sables-and-diamonds sound is not really enough, and as with other recent Karajan recordings, there is a disturbingly static character to the proceedings here which effectively fillets out the drama. It's mostly a matter of rhythm and impetus. The phrases don't seem to be shaped with a strong sense of destination—they just lie there. Only in the Kromy Forest do things get off the ground, although the scene in Pimen's cell, where a certain repose is dramatically and musically justifiable, is very pretty to hear. With sables-and-diamonds sound, karajan makes elsewhere: he gives us Rimsky complete, whereas Karajan presents it "too complete," as it were.

One specific example: In Boris' monologue in the second act, after describing his happy children, the Tsar tells how death struck down Xenia's fiancé; at this point a menacing brass chord, marked ff and accented, replaces the gentle string accompaniment. Normally, this chord, which he introduces in a big textual disruption, but with Karajan it's smooth, subdued sound, more suitable for, say, Sieglinde's recollection of Wotan than Mussorgsky's purpose (or, rather, Rimsky's, since the chord does not exist in the original).

As I have suggested, the singing is on a high level, the only conspicuous exceptions being the two Jesuits in the last scene. However, Ghiaurov, for all his vocal clout, hardly projects the character of Boris with the vividness that Christoff commands in the Angel recording—the difference between a good singer and a good singing actor. It is an ad-

vantage, of course, to have distinct voices for Pimen and Varlaam, particularly at the point of confrontation between Pimen and Boris in Act IV—especially when they are as good as Talvela and Diakov (who was the Kargori of the Cluytens set), although the doubling of Shuisky and the Simpleton by Maslenikov involves a similar self-confrontation in the St. Basil's scene. In the Polish act, Vishnevskaya makes a very positive Marina, occasionally prone to jumbling beats (one sympathizes with her impulsion), but on occasion, notably the Schelkalouk); Spies is a fine Dimitri, vastly superior to the painful Uzunov in the Angel set.

It's disappointing that all this excellence—including superior choral singing and superb orchestral detail—should not add up to more than it does. Of course, if this recording had used Mussorgsky's original, it would have been enormously valuable despite its shortcomings. Next time, will somebody please make the effort?

D.H.


This is just about the most sentimentally perfect recording I have ever heard. Every subtlety of timbre—and subtlety of timbre is what most of this music is about—is superbly caught, and you would swear the timpani in the Penderecz were right there in the room with you.

For Penderecz uses lots of timpani in this piece; in fact, his "wind ensemble" calls for thirty-nine different percussion instruments grouped into eighteen families. It is all so cleverly done: percussion against woodwind and brass and ten-thousand varieties of color disclosed in each—that you almost forget that the music has practically no other substance. The work derives its title from the fact that it was written for the American Wind Symphony Orchestra in Pittsburgh.

Mayuyuzi's work derives its title from nothing: it is totally meaningless, but the music is very nice. The piece is extremely short, quiet, and impressionistic, as if the wind parts of La Mer or some other orchestral work of Debussy were being played without the strings.

John T. Williams' Sinfonietta is too modestly titled; it is a real symphony in size and scope—rather Hindemithian, but full of life and juice on its own. The performances of all three pieces seem to be altogether in keeping with the wonderful recording.

A.F.

PLESKOW: Piece for Piano. Anne Chamberlain, piano. For a feature review of this recording, see page 71.

ROVICS: Three Studies for Piano. Anne Chamberlain, piano. For a feature review of this recording, see page 71.

SAINT SAENS: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 4, in C minor, Op. 44—See Liszt Fantasia on Hungarian Folk Tunes.
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MARCH 1972
Schoenberg: Quartets for Strings (complete); Lieder; Piano Works. LaSalle Quartet, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Jurg von Vintschger and Anne Chamberlain, piano. For a feature review of these recordings, see page 71.

Schubert: Impromptus, D. 899: No. 1, in C minor; No. 2, in E flat; No. 3, in G flat; No. 4, in A flat; Moments Musicaux, D. 780: No. 1, in C; No. 2, in A flat; No. 3, in F minor; No. 4, in C sharp minor; No. 5, in F minor; No. 6, in A flat. Andor Foldes, piano. Odeon C 063 29037, $6.98.

Andor Foldes seems a natural for Schubert's piano music and it seems strange that he should, until now, have refrained from recording any of it. The Hungarian pianist's style has a natural sobriety, a very controlled sense of form, phrasing, and tonal weight. He uses the pedal sparingly to produce all sorts of ravishing coloristic interplay. He is aware of detail, as one must be in this precisely transparent music, but never hits you over the head with it. Some of the tempos are very leisurely and yet most of them work admirably. The C minor Impromptu, for example, builds in a cathedral-like manner, while the runs of the following one in E flat unfold with added clarity. The only place where the deliberation seems really misjudged is in the G flat Impromptu: Here the double alla breve is lost. Foldes, I hasten to point out, is never afraid to depart from his easygoing norm when he feels the music calls upon him to do so: The first Moment Musical is, if anything, on the hasty side. There are a few trivia which can be questioned throughout these respectful readings. Why, for example, the complete lack of legato in the celebrated Moment Musical No. 3? Why are the dynamic extremes so flattened out in No. 6 from that set? And isn't the version of the text which has an F flat rather than F natural in the trio of No. 4 more sensible? Foldes apparently doesn't think so.

For all that, these performances seem "right" in so many ways, and I recommend them highly. Odeon's piano sound is a pleasure: round, full, not excessively plangent nor excessively mushy. Is the piano used one of those great Hamburg Steinways? H.G.


Scriabin's Op. 8 études, composed in 1894 and 1895, offer a perfect example of finger-breaking virtuosity put to the service of pure musical expressivity. Indeed, one might say that these études represent "studies" mainly in the sense that anyone who can work them up to performance caliber is bound to be a better pianist for it. For, unlike the Chopin études written earlier, or those by Debussy composed twenty years later, the Scriabin pieces do not generally pose any specific technical difficulties, and in the abstractness of their intentions they are perhaps more akin to the various études by Liszt. Nonetheless, it is the musical language of Chopin that informs these early Scriabin works, especially in the extraordinary dynamism both composers were able to achieve from harmonic movement. Where Scriabin's musical idiom is at its most distinctive—and one might add, most Russian—is in the richness of the composer's highly developed chordal style. Chopin usually stresses melody, while Scriabin is often able to get away with pure chordal progressions that have only the feeblest thematic justification (such as in the breathtaking Etude No. 7), even so. Scriabin's lyrical gifts do appear occasionally, such as the famous "Patriotic" Etude No. 12.

What immediately strikes me about Viktor Merzhanov's performances on this new release is how the pianist's style contradicts, on at least two points, the flowery praise given the artist in Faubion Bowers' liner notes. Where Bowers talks of the "limpidity of tone [Merzhanov] brings to Scriabin," I found a harsh, percussive tone that almost always seemed too loud. Where Bowers mentions "the shadowy shadings obeyed yet still individual and original," I found a number of examples of total disregard for Scriabin's dynamic markings, not to mention rather frequent, quasi-romantic indulgences in rhythmic liberties (particularly flagrant in No. 6). Not that Merzhanov does not have his strengths—he is much better in bringing out the various thematic lines (an asset Bowers does point out) than, for instance, Morton Estrin on the only other currently available complete recording (on Connoisseur Society). Merzhanov also tends more closely to details, whereas Estrin seems to bury a good deal of his notes at times. Yet the latter more often than not creates what I would consider to be a more genuinely Scriabinian movement than his Russian counterpart, and he generally remains more faithful to the music's written indications.

Thus, in No. 4, Merzhanov plays the nasty Wow and flutter 0.1%, lowest of any stereo cassette deck at any price.

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three (or four) against five passages with much greater accuracy than Estrin; yet Estrin's lyrical quiescence strikes one as more suitable to the work's piacevole indication than Merzhanov's spasmodic rather artificial romanticism. Only in his exhilarating performance of No. 7 does Merzhanov really outdo Estrin. The latter's infinitely more skillful octave work, on the other hand, helps produce a genuinely dramatic sweep in Nos. 9 and 12, that is sadly lacking in the Merzhanov interpretation. Furthermore, the sonics on the Estrin disc are so far superior to the flat, unresonant, depthless (the stereo effect is almost nil), and often distorted sound on the Melodiya/R.S. B. A domestic transfer of the mono-only disc of Vladimir Sotronitsky's almost complete performance of the études would have been preferable. The last word on these remarkable pieces will never be said, but a few more syllables—from, say, Horowitz, Gilels, Richter, Laredo for starters—would be welcome.

Richard Strauss began his musical life with piano studies at the age of four. His father, the wire and kindly Franz, espoused all that was good (e.g., establishment) in music and saw to it that the lad's musical education consisted of nothing harder to digest than Mendelssohn, with a judicious selection of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. Inevitably, little Richard ran away from his moralistic background and fell into some "bad" company—most specifically a violinist named von Ritter who filled the boy's head with Wagner and the other demoralizing influences his father had shielded him from.

The compositions heard on this disc are from Strauss's sixteenth and nineteenth years respectively and thus antedate his coming of age. I once said of the early Violin Sonata that it sounded like Don Juan before puberty, but the even earlier sonata recorded here gives nary a hint of Strauss's future eroticism. If you want to baffle your musical friends, put on this record and ask them to guess the composer. The first movement sounds like a cross between Mendelssohn and Brahms (the former's gentility and the latter's chordal, solid textures) while the Adagio cantabile bears an uncanny resemblance to... of all things, the Fairy Queen's big number in the G&S operetta Iolanthe (which came into being at just about the same time as this juvenile opus).

The Stimmungsbilder of three years later, on the other hand, show a real advancement. Whereas the sonata is innocuous and rather academic, these short pieces have lift, grace, and touches of harmonic ingenuity. One hears more than a trace of the later Lieder. In other words, Strauss had a formidable talent, and gifts of his magnitude would inevitably show up despite imposed parental hindrances.

The performances are very serviceable. Carol Colburn is especially attractive in the Stimmungsbilder where her singing tone and gentle gracefulness are put to very agreeable advantage. In the sonata, though, a magician's rather than a pianist's hand is needed. Perhaps a bona fide soloist with flair and snap, fantastic power, imagination, and tonal variety could transform this piece of pedantry into burgeoning poetry. Miss Colburn's tasteful, flexible reading lacks that requisite daredevil brilliance, and it seems that she pulls out all her technical stops without giving the impression of having more in reserve. But she, Orion, and the Yehudi Menuhin Foundation who sponsored this unusual repertory definitely earn a round of applause for making it available to us. The sound is agreeably resonant.

Verdi: "Golden Age Rigoletto":
Ouesta o quella; Veglia; O, donna, E il sol dell' anima; Guatilia Maldö... Caro nome; Ella mi fu rapita... Parni veder; Povero Rigoletto... Corigliani; Tutte le feste; Fiangi, fanciulla; La donna è mobile; Quartet; O mia Gilda... Lassù in cielo; Amelia Galli-Curci (s), Gilda; Enrico Caruso (t, in the quartet only); Tito Schipa (t), Duke of Mantua; Giuseppe de Luca (b), Rigoletto; various choruses and orchestras. RCA Victor VIC 1633, $2.98 (mono, from originals recorded 1913-1928).

This formula for packaging gems from the old Victor catalogues is so obvious that I'm not surprised it has hardly been used before: aside from the Caruso-Farrar Faust material on an old 12 CT disc and the Farrar/Carmen disc in the Camden series, I don't recall earlier RCA collections that attempted to assemble a consistent cast in the same opera until the current space.
"Golden Age Rigoletto" is not quite as coherent as the Butterfly and Aida collections however. For one thing, the recordings shift back and forth from acoustic to electric, the difference being more one of tonal character than actual quality, since the early acoustics (the Schipa solos, the first Gilda-Rigoletto duet, and the big scene for Rigoletto) are hardly FFRR. And since Schipa never recorded the quartet, the stentorian tones of Enrico Caruso suddenly obtrude following the younger tenor's light if mannered "La donna." An alternative quartet (1927) with Galli-Curci youner tenor's light if mannered "La donna" which he never recorded for Victor.

That Enrican intrusion aside, this is decidedly a light-voiced team, but does not suffer for it; they were all singers of great accomplishment and knew how to make their points by other means than dynamics. I am most impressed by De Luca's ability to shape a legato line, carrying it to a climax and back down to almost nothing at all without ever altering the sound quality or color, the warm phrasing of his "Piangi, fanciulla" is never impeded by vocal gear-shifting, and the impact of "Cor- tigiani" is all the greater because he can give and take dynamically in what is recognizably the same voice (this track, by the way, has a chorus and subsidiary singers, including a Marullo who muffs an entry).

Galli-Curci has a few spots of poor intonation here and there, but when true the sound is very lovely; the style a bit droopy. Schipa's light elegance does not make for a vigorous gay blade of a Duke, and his "Pari siamo," which he never recorded for Victor.

An interesting—and often pleasurable—collection then, and made more desirable for the collector in that the final duet has never been previously published. In all cases but one where there is alternate material in the Victor files, the earlier take has been chosen; the exception is "Caro nome," where the recitative from Galli-Curci's first acoustic version has been tacked on to the recitative-less second version. The technical work seems competent, although I do not have originals at hand for comparison.

D.H.

VERDI: La Traviata. Beverly Sils, Nicolai Gedda, Rolando Panerai, et al.; John Alldis Choir; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Aldo Ceccato, cond. For a review of this recording, see page 66.

WEBERN: Music for String Quartet; Lieder. LaSalle Quartet; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. For a feature review of these recordings, see page 71.

WILLIAMS: Sinfonietta for Wind Ensemble—See Penderecki: Pittsburgh Overture.

WOLPE: Music for Piano. Anne Chamberlain, piano. For a feature review of this recording, see page 71.

recitals and miscellany


The title of this disc, "Americana," and its sampler motive would lead one to expect a tour of our quaint musical past by some Colonial tea-cozy collector or DAR librarian. In fact, it is full of fresh-sounding music, some of it even "modern" by 1971 standards. The program offers a neat balance: the brassy complexities of Ruggles and Ives against the sophisticated simplicities of Copland and Daniel Gregory Mason. From Ruggles, there is the low-tension Lilacs, which has had some exposure in extract form, like Mahler's Adagietto. Here, however, Lilacs is restored to its proper place at the keystone of the three-movement Men and Mountains; between the annunciantory Men, A Rhapsoodic Proclamation for Horn and Orchestra, and the finale, Marching Mountains. Foss performs Ruggles' revision, first in 1936, of the 1924 suite, so we hear the addition of great thudding drums in the first and last movements and other re-casting of parts, including the elimination of the piano. One can understand why orchestras...
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Mountains and Sun-Treader, is played here in the 1939 revision for four muted trumpets and three muted trombones (the 1921 original was for five trumpets and a bass trumpet). As in other music on the disc, the Buffalo Philharmonic brass responds reasonably well to the difficulties, though without the ultimate virtuosity and tonal beauty needed at some points.

In Ives's From the Steeples and the Mountains, the Foss interpretation tries for the moon and misses. A marvelously characteristic piece that was probably completed by 1901, though not published for more than sixty years. From the Steeples and the Mountains has been getting a modicum of attention lately. The Buffalo version is the third in the last couple of years, and it takes a radically different path from the others.

Foss, always the imaginative experimenter, begins with a genuinely Ivesian idea that, however, misfires because of practical recording and listening problems. Possibly because of his own preoccupation these days, as a composer, with barely audible or actually inaudible music, he opens From the Steeples and the Mountains with a long build-up from subliminal bell tones to a most audible clangor (if you protest that music cannot be inaudible, take that up with Mr. Foss, please). The first five measures of bells, however, before the entry of the brass, are marked (in the 1965 edition, at least) nothing more subliminal than mezzo-piano and pianissimo, and in fact the brass is asked to enter more softly than bells or chimes, in pp. Most damaging of all, Foss's bells lose out badly in the balancing, being almost buried under the brass, which takes upfront prominence until the final two measures.

The other versions of this score (by the American Brass Quintet on Nonesuch and Gunther Schuller's group on Columbia) begin quietly but definitely. The Nonesuch offers the color and range of genuine church bells (the Riverside Church carillon in New York City), while Columbia provides the richest brass-and-bell sonorities. Partly owing to Schuller's slower tempos, his performance also offers the more accurate playing.

Despite minor reservations, however, this Turnabout disc can be commended to anyone curious about the growth of an American style in music. Both Ruggles and Ives, we now can plainly hear, were after a totally different aural and emotive experience in their music from that sought by later Americans. In both these Yankee there is a fierce ecstasy to reckon with (leavened in Ives's case by humor), a grandly open gesture, an innocent bravado, and a nostalgic sadness whose greatest power often lies in its lack of calculation. These qualities, whether composed into the music or imposed on it by us, have given their music a staying power that some superficially better scores may not find. In such close contrast, Copland's Quiet City, with its expertly managed mood and scene-painting, and the Mason quartet, with its Debussyan and Dvořákian transformations of spirituals, can seem only ingratiating traveling companions for Ives and Ruggles.

D.J.H.
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MARCH 1972  105
John Sothcott" and that it is currently "directed" by Morrow and "conducted" by Beckett. No mention is made of the only other steady member and the one who gives the ensemble its curious color. Lamina Noorman is a mezzo-soprano with no voice. She has two styles of vocalism; in one she hollers a la Ethel Merman and in the other she emits a pinched bleat. She is also featured on at least half the styles of vocalism; in one she hollers a la Ethel Merman and in the other she emits a pinched bleat.

Nevertheless, the instrumental works are a lot more pleasant to listen to. paradoxically the most successful performances are of the few works on the disc not by Dufay. John Beckett's snappy organ playing is delightful especially on the base danse Collinetto, and the subtly modulated phrasing of David Morrow on the alto shawm is a joy to hear. James Tyler's elegant little stands out among the particularly fine performers of an instrumental version of Robert Morton's lovely chanson Le souvenir de vous.

S.T.S.


Although the saxophone has never been fully integrated into the standard “classical” orchestra because of its peculiar tone quality, it has added its distinctive color to chamber ensembles in works by composers from Villa Lobos to Webern. Furthermore, the melodic expressiveness of the saxophone has made it an ideal instrument for solo work in Ravel’s orchestration of Pictures at an Exhibition, for instance, and in the four works on this disc. The Ibert Concertino da Camera takes full advantage of the jazzy side of the saxophone’s nature in a lighthearted, highly syncopated work which ranges stylistically from those Bachish configurations characteristic of French composers from Michel Legrand to Pierre Boulez to an almost dance-band idiom (in the middle of the first movement). The concerto by Pierre Max Dubois (born in 1930), while displaying some of the same Gallic lightness of touch, is a more serious work. The first movement opens with an extended virtuoso cadenza (with occasional orchestral accompaniment) that is eventually followed by a dialogue between sax and strings where the modal themes and slightly cactistic wit are reminiscent of Honegger’s Concerto da Camera. Only the third movement, with its stereotypically “finale” writing, fails to convince in this otherwise brilliantly and sensitively composed concerto.

The lively rhythms and characteristically rich harmonies immediately identify Villa Lobos as the composer of the short Fantasia, while there can be no mistaking the Russian origins of the Glazunov concerto. Its mournful, recitativo-like opening theme seems to come straight out of Borodin’s G major symphony and dominates the entire work. Indeed, the Glazunov concerto, with its longer melodic lines and more romantic orientation, stands in strong contrast to the basically neoclassical leanings of the other three pieces.

Although classical saxophone playing generally differs in many ways from the “jazz” style, the works recorded here would not be unimaginable with, say, a Paul Desmond tone. Eugène Rousseau, on the other hand, seems to have made such an effort to “de-pop” his tone that he arrives at something occasionally approaching a classical style, and the somewhat harsh and strained tone he produces is a far cry from the fluid smoothness of Rousseau’s compatriot, Marcel Mule. Rousseau has a superb technique, however, and he gives extraordinary life to these works through the sheer appropriateness of his rhythmic and dynamic nuances, and he is generally well-served by Paul Kuentz’s Chamber Orchestra. The sound is excellent, save the somewhat overly reverberent recording of the saxophone, which becomes a hit too “atmospheric.” But this imaginatively produced release offers strong performances of some off-beat works that definitely merit attention.

R.S.B.

MICHAEL PONTI: Concertos and solo piano music by Alkan, Hahn, Ravel, Schumann, Clara Schumann, Scriabin, Tausig, Tchaikovsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov. For a feature review of these recordings, see page 69.
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CIRCLE 4 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
the lighter side

reviewed by
MORGAN AMES
R. D. DARRELL
HENRY EDWARDS
MIKE JAHN
JOHN S. WILSON

George Harrison and Friends: The Concert for Bengla Desh. Ravi Shankar, sitar; Ali Akbar Khan, sarod; George Harrison, vocals and guitar; Leon Russell, vocals and piano; Bob Dylan, vocals and guitar; Ringo Starr, vocals and drums; Billy Preston, vocals and organ; Eric Clapton, guitar, vocal and instrumental accompaniment. Wa-Wa; White My Guitar Gently Weeps; My Sweet Lord; Here Comes the Sun; Jumpin’ Jack Flash; Young Blood; Blowin’ in the Wind; A Hard Rain’s A-Gonna Fall; Mr. Tambourine Man; Just Like a Woman; Something; Bengla Desh; others. Apple STC 3385, $12.98 (three discs).

Since the Bengla Desh benefit concert held at New York’s Madison Square Garden last summer was of monumental proportions, any reasonably edited and engineered recording of it must be monumental as well. This three-LP set is. The “acoustic” segments are sparkling, particularly the magnificently reproduced interplay between Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan which opens the performance. Never have I heard a recording that illustrates so well the dynamics of Indian music. The second acoustic segment, George Harrison singing Here Comes the Sun followed by Bob Dylan’s reading of several familiar songs, is similarly dynamic. Dylan’s voice seems a bit odd—when doesn’t it?—but the audience was so taken with his presence that any oddities are overlooked. Appropriate to the occasion, he sang his two major protest songs, I’m a killer and I’m a clown. A Hard Rain’s A-Gonna Fall, and Blowin’ in the Wind. But the major force of the recording lies in the electric segments. Considering the presence onstage of some thirty musicians and singers, the recording is beautiful. Seldom is a lead voice buried, seldom is an important piece of instrumentation lost in the general clamor. Rock is at its best when it’s lively, when the virtuosity of the individual musicians is subservient to the spirit of the moment. This is precisely how the album sounds. Best for me are George Harrison’s My Sweet Lord and Leon Russell singing the Rolling Stone’s Jumpin’ Jack Flash mixed in with the old Leiber & Stoller hit, Young Blood. The quality of the performance and the ability of the recording to capture it are an achievement, no doubt. But more important than it all was the awesome nature—for rock—of having so many of its major figures gathered in one spot for such a cause. In social significance the Bengla Desh concert may not rival the Woodstock Festival, but in the spirit of the audience, the magnificence of the performance, and the excellence of the recording, this affair dwarfs Woodstock. The ultimate if cliché-ridden test of an LP is whether it’s one of the five albums you would take to a desert island with you. I would not leave this one behind.

Alice Cooper: Killer. Alice Cooper, vocals and harmonicas; Neal Smith, percussion; Michael Bruce, guitar, piano, and organ; Dennis Dunaway, bass; Glen Buxton, lead guitar. Under My Wheels; Be My Love; Halo of Flies; Desperado; You Drive Me Nervous; three more. Warner Bros. BS 2567, $4.98.

Who would have ever thought that Alice Cooper would have a hit single? Cooper, with his orange and black vinyl bell bottoms, black vinyl bra-like top, long, girlish hair, and heavy eye shadow and lipstick, seems to be the kind of performer that would appeal to FM freaks rather than AM adolescents. However, when the guitarist, transvestite-like star growled I’m Eighteen, he succeeded in capturing the imaginations of young adolescents, no matter what their musical tastes, all over the country. The performer not only sings about the confusion and torture that comes of being young but also looks like the most hideous visual representation of maladjusted and misunderstood youth the imagination can conjure up. He also possesses the gravelly but keen voice of an authentic rock-and-roll star, and his four-man band (also called Alice Cooper) proficiently plays the basic rock chords with plenty of flash, volume, feedback, and distortion.

“I’m a killer, and I’m a clown,” sings Cooper on his new LP. The clown is a morbid one. His fantasies are filled with his own destruction; his images deal with the destruction of others. The reasons for this morbidity are stated in You Drive Me Nervous. Here, a teenager is about to run away because he is being persecuted about his hair, clothes, and attitudes. Only in fantasy does an adolescent who feels he is being treated like human debris have moments of triumph. Under My Wheels presents a triumphant Cooper as a lady killer; Desperado and Killer illustrate Cooper’s search for an identity and his emergence as an acknowledged enemy of conventional society. Thumping march rhythms, a kaleidoscope of insane metaphors, and an eerie segueing from image to image are used by Cooper to help portray his themes.

There’s a wacky Grand Guignol quality hanging over the entire enterprise. Nervous! Alice Cooper makes his appearances twelve times at the end of You Drive Me Nervous. Mr. Cooper is living proof that we live in a nervous age. H.E.

Bonnie Raitt—purity with toughness.

Miss Bonnie Raitt has struck the music scene carrying her own special world. She is a young, white, country blues singer who plays fine slide guitar and writes strong, tight lyrics. Her light, sure voice rings with sweetness and gentle authority. One reviewer wrote, “She combines purity with a certain toughness.”

One wonders how Miss Raitt found her direction so surely and so soon in life. She is, after all, the daughter of John Raitt and must have grown up hearing dad sing Carousel and Pajama Game. Not a trace of her father’s style exists in Miss Raitt’s voice or approach—other than in her sheer professionalism. On the other hand, one must remember that at his height, John Raitt was squarely in the center of his era’s popular music. Bonnie Raitt is dead center in her era’s pop music too.

The album was recorded live on four-track in a place called Enchanted Island on a lake outside Minneapolis in a wood frame garage turned studio by Dave and Sylvia Ray, who engineered the disc. Miss Raitt used several musician friends from the area plus Junior Wells and A. C. Reed (brother of Jimmy), who drove in from Chicago. Recording was interspersed with fishing, ping pong, and hanging out. Miss Raitt writes: “We wanted a more spontaneous and natural feeling in the music—a feeling often sacrificed when the musicians know they can overdub their part on a separate track until it’s perfect. It also reflects the difference between music made among friends living together in the country and the kind squeezed out trying to beat city traffic and studio clocks.”

The group got what they went after: The album quality is sweet and easy, the level of musicianship excellent, the style authentic and heartfelt.

Miss Raitt does not imitate the great blues singers, although hearing her one thinks fondly of another era. Instead, she extends an elegant and earthy tradition into the present. Miss
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Rain sounds her age, fresh and new and ready on Stephen Stills's energetic Bluebird and her own gentle Thank You.

Welcome in, Bonnie Rain, M. A.

RITA COOLIDGE: Nice Feelin'. Rita Coolidge, vocals, instrumental accompaniment. Family Full Of Soul; You Touched Me in the Morning; Nice Feelin'; Only You Know and I Know; I'll Be Here; Lay My Burden Down; Most Likely You Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine; Journey Through the Past, two more. A & M SP 4325, $5.98.

This second LP by the lady who inspired the Leon Russell song Delta Lady is worth purchasing simply for one song: the title track, Nice Feelin'. It's a slow blues by guitarist Marc Benno, sung breathtakingly by Rita Coolidge. In all, her slow songs are best. She does things to a slow blues that can get you ten years in some states. The up-tempo songs are often a bit predictable: Only You Know and I Know is an example.

One wishes she could grab hold of the magnificent concept embodied in Nice Feelin' and extend it to encompass a variety of songs. This isn't done, but still the album rates serious consideration.

N.J.

Bob Dylan: Greatest Hits, Vol. II. Bob Dylan, vocals, guitar, and harmonica, rhythm accompaniment. Watching the River Flow; Don't Think Twice, It's All Right; Lay Lady Lay, Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again; I'll Be Your Baby Tonight, sixteen more. Columbia KG 31120, $6.98 (two discs).

Bob Dylan is the most important American pop composer and musician of the last decade. I know of no other musical personality whose work has been subjected to the same unending scrutiny. Dylan is a pop star, a poet, a moral arbiter, a consummate creator of romantic ballads. His songs have helped politicize an entire generation. "Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits, Volume II" presents a sprinkling of unreleased material, a few new versions of old tunes, and an interesting sampling of the composer-performer's work over the past eight years. Dylan scholars will have a field day. Others will get a fair idea of the provocative Dylan talent.

The selections chosen for the album include political songs, early folk rock numbers, songs that illustrate Dylan's rustic calm after his motorcycle accident and his hiatus in Woodstock, numbers that reflect Dylan's carefree vein, and the recent songs that express the star's attempt to redefine himself as a man without a message who possesses a matured vision. Dropped into the middle of the collection is A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, the searing protest song that first appeared on the second Dylan album, "Freewheelin' Bob Dylan." The next selection, If Not for You, first appeared on Dylan's most recent album, "New Morning," and is a song in which Dylan feels that it is no longer necessary to state the harshness of his former expression. These fascinating juxtapositions occur throughout the two-record set.

The new material includes the touching ballad, Tomorrow Is a Long Time. When I Paint My Masterpiece, which was featured in the Past; two more. A & M SP 4325, $5.98.

High Fidelity Magazine
The depth probing Ad-men will shudder at the use of such a title but we can think of no better description for a good loudspeaker. Character in the music; character in the instruments; character in the artist—yes, but no character in the loudspeaker, please!

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Billy Preston: I Wrote a Simple Song

Billy Preston, vocals and keyboards; vocal and rhythm accompaniment; sweetening by Quincy Jones. You Don't Got Ol' er; God Is Great; The Bus; eight more. A & M 3507. $5.98. Tape • 8T 3507. $6.95; CS 8507. $6.95.

This may be Billy Preston's moment. It deserves to be. Everyone who is into pop music knows who Preston is, and many who don't know his name have heard and reacted to him. Twenty-five-year-old Preston has toured with Mahalia Jackson, Little Richard, Ray Charles, and others. Later his music charmed the Beatles to the extent that he became the first American musician, also the first black artist, to work with them (Let It Be and Get Back).

George Harrison signed Preston to Apple and the two produced an excellent album that died in distribution and red tape. In England, Preston worked with people such as Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker.

It seems that the stars of music haven't let Billy Preston alone long enough to get rolling on his own. Back in Los Angeles, Preston has spent the last couple of years recording for such people as Quincy Jones. Carole King, Barbra Streisand, Stephen Stills, Merry Clayton, and Aretha Franklin, most of whom dislike working without him.

Preston has found a new home at A&M Records and the company is anxious to promote him as his own man. While Preston is most sought as a pianist, organist, and all-round group catalyst, he is an equally fine singer and songwriter. It all comes through on this album. Many of the songs were co-written by Preston and veteran lyricist Joe Green. Preston's impressive friends have come through for him too, including Quincy Jones, David T. Walker, George Harrison, and Merry Clayton.

Preston includes a unique version of Vincent Youmans' Without a Song, as well as a heart-felt My Country 'Tis of Thee, plus originals such as Should've Known Better and the title tune.

This is a beautiful album. It burns, as they say. And if it doesn't hit, the next one will. Billy Preston is a natural.

The Doors: Other Voices

Robby Krieger, guitars and vocals; John Densmore, drums; Ray Manzarek, keyboards and vocals; rhythm accompaniment. In the Eye of the Sun; Variety Is the Spice of Life; Ships with Sails; Tightrope; In the Eye of the Sun; Listen to My Song; Too Bad; Wonderful Life; People Are Strange; The Eyedee. Elektra EKS 75017, $4.98.

"Other Voices" is the Doors' first album since the death over a year ago, of their lead singer, rock superstar Jim Morrison. The Doors have not attempted to replace Morrison: they now rotate lead among themselves. In addition, they have amplified their famous sound through the use of a bass and a rhythm guitarist. The result is a pleasing album that captures the Doors' essential musicality while presenting them in a much more positive frame of mind. "Other Voices" is a far cry from the...
Morrison days when the band sang about lizards and blood and evil and the influences of LSD seemed to he everywhere.

Always a hypnotic sound, the Doors's use of repetitive melody is still just as fascinating. This driving repetition is evident on In the Eve of the Sun and Hang onto Your Life. The album also contains a country-and-western flavored number, Down on the Farm, and a hard rocker, Tightrope Ride. The ballad Ships with Sails is the perfect pop song. A faultless combination of perceptive lyric and sensuous melody, the song erupts into a series of brilliant percussive effects. Even a song of frustration, I'm Horny, I'm Stoned, sounds happy.

Vocally, none of the Doors's individual voices equals the compelling power of Jim Morrison at his best. Manzarek is even forced to imitate some of Morrison's more dramatic effects. The Doors, however, sing earnestly, and their vocals should improve with time. The Doors were a powerhouse operation during the Sixties. Enough of their musical drive appears on this album to enable one to foresee a happy and successful future for this still potent musical organization.

PAUL WILLIAMS: Just An Old Fashioned Love Song. Paul Williams, vocals; Tom Scott and David Spinozza, arr. Waking Up Alone; I Never Had It So Good; Gone Forever; eight more. A & M 4327, $5.98.

Paul Williams can be found nearly every day at A&M somewhere between his office and the recording studios, walking around, working, hanging out, making people feel better. He is one of a kind: sunny, funny, and touching. His work, sad or joyous, bears the precious quality of Life Affirmation. All this shines through in his new album.

Williams was not a born songwriter. First he was a comedy writer (Mort Sahl), an actor (The Loved One and The Chase), and a professional skydiver. Songwriting changed from a hobby into a fulfillment about the time Williams ran into Roger Nichols, the superb composer with whom he has written his best songs.

The breakthrough point was a song called We've Only Just Begun. It began as a TV commercial for a bank and ended up a hit song for the Carpenters, making everyone involved famous. By now it is heard at weddings, used as a theme for school yearbooks, and has been recorded over a hundred times.

A rush of Williams-Nichols hits followed. including Rainy Days and Mondays (Carpenters); Out in the Country (Three Dog Night); Cried Like a Baby (Bobby Sherman); and Talk It Over in the Morning (Anne Murray). At present, two Williams-Nichols songs are on the charts: Just an Old Fashioned Love Song (Three Dog Night) and So Many People (Chase).

So much for credits, but never mind. Paul Williams continues to be his delightful, accessible, open, and talented self. He also sings his nose off.

The album was not designed to wow the charts but rather to be an intimate, good-times statement. Much of its charm comes from the fact that Williams has used one of the finest rhythm sections in the business, drummer Russ Kunkel and bassist Leland Sklar, best known for their work with James Taylor. Kunkel has a singular feeling for space as he plays, making things feel warm, solid, and spare.

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It is interesting to hear Williams sing versions of his own several hits. *We've Only Just Began* uses only piano (Craig Doerge), guitar (David Spinazzu), and bass, emerging poignant and sparse. *Old Fashioned Love Song* begins with Dixieland overtones and collapses into a party you wish you'd gone to, with Williams breaking up on kazoo.

This is a biased review. I am for Paul Williams. He is an advertisement for the best side of the music business. Carry on. M. A.

**The Way to Become The Sensuous Woman**

*BY "J." Connie Z, narrator. Atlantic SD 7209, $4.98.*

**ALL IN THE FAMILY.** Carroll O'Connor, Rob Reiner, Jean Stapleton, Sally Struthers, and Mike Evans, narrators. Atlantic SD 7210, $4.98.

There are 650,000 hard-cover copies of *The Sensuous Woman* in print as well as over six million copies of the paperback edition. Atlantic Records must be aware of these figures because they have just turned the book into a record. I cannot believe they have done this because of a sincere interest in the nation's sexual education.

Connie Z possesses one of those B-movie starlet's voices. She eagerly relates the most extravagant portions of the best-selling love manual. In it all adds up to the stag record of the year, geared more for the middle-aged man than the novitiate female.

Television's "First Family" also makes its recorded debut on the Atlantic label. Yes, here's Archie Bunker with all his "soft" racial epithets intact. Those who love the TV show will not be able to resist this well-produced and truly amusing recording.

Is there any truth to the rumor that Atlantic is planning a new recording entitled "The Sensuous Woman Meets All in the Family?" Wouldn't surprise me in the least. H. E.

**Jazz**


Gary Burton takes on the ultimate challenge on one side of this disc—unaccompanied vibraphone solos (on the other side. he has dubbed in his piano or organ accompaniment to his vibes). Working with his quartets, Burton has often played one or two unaccompanied selections and they have invariably been the high points of the set. But almost twenty minutes of unaccompanied vibraphone? With nothing for change of pace? Would you believe it really works? And beautifully. Burton's combination of technique and creativity produces pieces that are filled with fascinating colors, delightful rhythms, charming melodies, and inner currents that keep everything flowing, pulsing, and swinging.

The unaccompanied side was performed live at the Montreux Jazz Festival so there was no opportunity for gimmicks or studio repairs. It was all done out in the open, which only makes the consistent brilliance of these performances all the more impressive. The second side, studio made, does not have the unalloyed, pristine qualities of the unaccompanied side, but it allows Burton to get into some things that possibly could not be carried off by vibes alone—a three-way, gospelpish bit with vibes, piano, and organ, for instance. And, happily, he winds up the studio side with a lively, light and airy unaccompanied vibes treatment of Jobim's haunting *Chica de Saude.*

Possibly because he plays everything with such casual ease, Bobby Hackett is apt to be taken too much for granted. This has been compounded by unimaginative record producers who have turned out endless grooves that offer a very limited view of Hackett. Left to his own devices, Hackett can be a stirring, enthralling, and very varied performer. This set, made during a long stay at the Roosevelt Grill in New York in the spring of 1970 with an excellent quintet, is the hard-core, basic Hackett. That gorgeous tone, mellow and burnished, which has been profligately poured out on so many pointless mood albums, is heard here in a context that has vitality and sensitivity.

His *Meditation* is sheer elegance and a warm contrast to his rambunctious drive on *Swing That Music,* which precedes it on the disc. But along with Hackett on these pieces is Dave McKenna, a pianist who manages to find out-of-the-way places in which to bury himself from view (most recently, Cape Cod). His touch, his beat, his phrasing, and his marvelous sense of fitness help to make this collection a unique collaboration. Add the joyously incorrigible Vic Dickenson and very perceptive rhythmic backing from Jack Lesberg and Cliff Leeman. The setting is informal—comments by Eddie Condon, the comfortable sound of a happy audience. the clink of dishes and glasses—and the flavor of the situation comes through along with some very lovely music.
lonious Monk's Straight No Chaser: alto saxophone and Pat LaBarbara on so-
through driving solos by Jimmy Mosher on whole. The material is an interesting mixture-
prano: an exhilarating mass attack on Superstar in a pair of pieces that are justified the currently inevitable bow to Jesus Christ balanced, deeper showing of the band as a the best of his band's records so far—a better kind that might help a listener fill in the back-
soloists or, for that matter, not a word of any out to be an original—Keith Mansfield's The sleeve contains not a word of credit for brass that makes valid sense. Unfortunately, with all this, the best piece on the disc turns bone by Maynard, full band ensembles that into contemporary pop material more success-
cluded on his new disc, played by his cur-
technically—Ken Hanna's pretentious Macumba Suite, an anthology of some of the more trite aspects of Kenton's past.
Maynard Ferguson, who has often seemed tied down by some of the same clichés that have haunted Kenton, gets away from them completely on his new disc, played by his cur-
ett. Buddy Rich tends to use in this kind of ma-
material other than Buddy Rich, who tends to use in this kind of ma-
rather. Ferguson's imaginative set of arrangers that found ways of approaching tunes by James Taylor, Elton John, Laura Nyro, and Ian Anderson that extend the basic feeling of the material to the musical per-
sonalities of Ferguson and his sidemen. Yet, with all this, the best piece on the disc turns out to be an original—Keith Mansfield's The Serpent—which has some glorious valve trom-
bone by Maynard, full band ensembles that really rock, and a use of electronic echo in the brass that makes valid sense. Unfortunately, the sleeve contains not a word of credit for soloists or, for that matter, not a word of any kind that might help a listener fill in the back-
ground of band, personnel, or tunes.
Buddy Rich's "A Different Drummer" is the best of his band's records so far—a better balanced, deeper showing of the band as a whole. The material is an interesting mixture—the currently inevitable bow to Jesus Christ Supertar in a pair of pieces that are justified through driving solos by Jimmy Mosher on alto saxophone and Pat LaBarbara on soprano; an exhilarating mass attack on The-
lonious Monk's Straight No Chaser: Phil Wilson's superb arrangement of Chelsea Bridge, which allows Mosher to take an extended solo that stands on its own without memories of either Ben Webster or Johnny Hodges; and one of the long "suites" that Rich has made a standard finish for his discs—this one with a bit more variety than his past followings to the West Side Story medley that started the whole thing.
As for the Basie set, it is quintessentially Basic, utterly predictable from note to note (the entire disc is made up of originals by Sammy Nesinco who has the Basie formula down pat). Yet the material is so good of its kind and played with such aplomb and polish that, with the exception of Basie's recent Afrique (which had more guts), this is Basie's best recording in years.

**FREDDIE KEPPELD**: Freddie Keppard, cornet, with Jimmy Byrnes and His Ragamuffins, Freddie Keppard's Jazz Cardinals, Jasper Taylor and His State Street Boys, Cookie's Gingersnaps, Frankie "Half Pint" Jaxon, Richard M. Jones's Jazz Wizards, Erskine Tate's Vendome Orches-
tra, Herwin 101, $5.50 (Herwin Records, P.O. Box 306, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542).

If one can believe the musicians quoted in Peter Whelan's liner notes for this collection, Freddie Keppard was long past his peak when these records were made in 1926 and 1927. On that basis, he must have been an overwhelming success; on these acoustical recordings, Keppard, who was eleven years older than Louis Armstrong and one of Armstrong's challengers when he first reached Chicago, comes through as a cornetist with a clearly defined personal style and a vitalizing authority. This enterprising collection helps to put a perspective on Keppard and makes him an authority. This enterprising collection helps to put a perspective on Keppard and makes him an authority. This enterprising collection helps to put a perspective on Keppard and makes him an authority. This enterprising collection helps to put a perspective on Keppard and makes him an authority.

**COLEMAN HAWKINS AND LESTER YOUNG**: Classic Tenors, Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Eddie Heywood, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. The Man I Love: Sweet Lorraine; two more. Bill Coleman, trumpet; Buddy Fitzgerald, clarinet; Ellie Lar-
kins, piano; Al Casey, guitar. Pettiford; Marne Hawkins. Stumpy; How Deep Is The Ocean; two more Lester Young, tenor saxophone, Dickie Wells, trom-
bone, Freddie Greene, guitar, Al Hall.
bass, Jo Jones, drums, Larkins, Coleman. I Got Rhythm, Linger Awhile; two more: Flying Dutchman FD 10146, $5.95.

An awful lot of jazz is summed up on this disc. Hawkins and Young, the two basic tenor saxophonists (practically every saxophonist since has descended from one or the other), were both at a peak of their performing careers when these sides were made, all within a period of two weeks in December 1943. Hawkins was, in fact, filled with new, energetic interest from listening to the new music that was being worked up then by Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and Thelonious Monk, and it shows in the thoughtful depth and powerful flow of his solos. Although Lester Young's four selections (originally released under Dickie Wells's name) appear to have been made just after his shattering Army experience, his playing is typically warm and beautifully structured. Four of the Hawkins selections have some of Eddie Heywood's brightly stylized, good-time piano, and Dickie Wells swaggers lustily through the Young pieces.

J.S.W.

in brief

LIVINGSTON TAYLOR: Liv. Capricorn SD 863, $4.98.
This artist doesn't like to be reminded that he is James Taylor's brother, but this album makes it crystal clear that he is. While James is the family original, I like them all, including sister Kate and brother Alec.

M.A.

BARRY MANN: Lay It All Out. New Design Z 30876, $5.98.
Barry Mann, along with Carole King, is another of the early-Sixties songwriters who turned out dozens of hits for the Aldon Music Publishing Company. On this album, Mann sings two of his golden oldies, You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' and On Broadway. Miss King plays piano on two numbers, and joins Mann on I Heard You Singing Your Song. Mann's performance lacks energy, but those Aldon people certainly learned how to knock out a tune.

H.E.

BREWER AND SHIPLEY: Shake Off The Demon. Kama Sutra KSBS 2039, $4.98.
Good group, disappointing new album. All the elements are present but they do not come together. The project sounds hasty. Wait till next time.

M.A.

BOOMERANG: Boomerang. RCA LSP 4577, $5.98.
Mark Stein, who pounded the organ for the Vanilla Fudge, has created a new four-man band that plays basic rock-and-roll with lots of energy and style.

H.E.

MUDDY WATERS: Live. Chess CH 50012, $4.98.
This album was recorded live at Mr. Kelly's, a plush, rather touristy club in Chicago. Whether Muddy Waters felt out of place there is a reasonable question as his performance seems rather by rote. The harmonica of Paul Oscher, however, is quite good. Notable is the instrumental, Mudcat.

M.J.
Neil Diamond: Stones. Uni 93106. $4.98. Neil Diamond continues to be one of the country's most important and unique composer/artists. Over half of his new album is devoted to favorite songs by other people. But the tracks getting airplay are Diamond's own, including 'Stones,' 'Crunchy Granola Suite,' and the hit 'I Am I Said.' Which tells you how his fans feel about him.

 Ike & Tina Turner: 'Nuff Said. United Artists UAS 5530. $5.98. Another searing set of vocals from the tempestuous Miss Turner. This lady has the vocal energy of legions. H.E.

 MERRY Clayton. Ode SP 77012. $5.98. Merry Clayton, one of the world's finest backup singers, pulled out all the stops on her solo LP debut, "Gimmie Shelter." This time around, she tackles her material with much too much restraint. The result is less interesting. H.E.

 Bill Haley and the Comets: Razzle-Dazzle. Janus JXS 7003. $9.98 (two discs). Recorded live in Sweden, this two-LP set contains most of Haley's familiar songs. Despite the fact that he must have played them all ten thousand times, the old excitement remains. H.E.

 Traffic: The Low Spark of High Heeled Boys. Atco 3005. $3.98. Traffic fans will be especially enamored of the mysterious twelve-vocal and keyboard magic. The songs are not very interesting; the throbbing harmonies that made the group famous in the first place seem to have been left at home.

 The Mamas and the Papas: People Like Us. Uni 93106. $4.98. The Papas three years after they went their separate ways, six years after their first hit. They are out of shape. The songs are not very interesting; the result is less interesting. H.E.

 Neil Diamond: Stones. Uni 93106. $4.98. Neil Diamond continues to be one of the country's most important and unique composer/artists. Over half of his new album is devoted to favorite songs by other people. But the tracks getting airplay are Diamond's own, including 'Stones,' 'Crunchy Granola Suite,' and the hit 'I Am I Said.' Which tells you how his fans feel about him.

 Ike & Tina Turner: 'Nuff Said. United Artists UAS 5530. $5.98. Another searing set of vocals from the tempestuous Miss Turner. This lady has the vocal energy of legions. H.E.

 Merry Clayton. Ode SP 77012. $5.98. Merry Clayton, one of the world's finest backup singers, pulled out all the stops on her solo LP debut, "Gimmie Shelter." This time around, she tackles her material with much too much restraint. The result is less interesting. H.E.

 Bill Haley and the Comets: Razzle-Dazzle. Janus JXS 7003. $9.98 (two discs). Recorded live in Sweden, this two-LP set contains most of Haley's familiar songs. Despite the fact that he must have played them all ten thousand times, the old excitement remains. H.E.

 Traffic: The Low Spark of High Heeled Boys. Island SW 9306. $5.98. Steve Winwood has produced this album himself, and it contains plenty of the Winwood vocal and keyboard magic. Traffic fans will be especially enamored of the mysterious twelve-vocal and keyboard magic. The songs are not very interesting; the throbbing harmonies that made the group famous in the first place seem to have been left at home.

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the tape deck

BY R.D. DARRELL

My (Other) Country. The late President Kennedy's claim to co-citizenship in beleaguered Berlin may have been partly political in motivation. But aesthetic or spiritual affinities must primarily explain why so many American musicians and music lovers feel truly "at home" in Paris or Vienna—cities they may or may not have visited in the flesh but where they regularly live in their imaginations. Often such affinities are inherited or implanted by teachers or friends, but in my own case I can't offer a logical reason for the overpowering sense of dejà connu that I experienced when I visited the city of Prague for no more than a few days a couple of years before World War II. I knew no one there or from there; as far as I know I can't claim that any Czech blood flows in my veins; yet ever since then the conviction that I had found a second homeland has poignantly enhanced the very special magic always exerted on me by the music of Dvořák, Janáček, and other Czech composers, but most especially Bedřich Smetana.

In this country Smetana's works, apart from his operas, may not have fared too badly on discs, but the tape repertory is wretchedly inadequate except for Artia's Prague-produced Bartered Bride in a 1968 Ampex reel edition which is still in print. While there are several tape versions of the ever popular Vitava (The Moldau), most of them are undiomatic; and in any case no performance of this tone poem in isolation suggests the greater stature it achieves when heard in proper context as the second section of Smetana's orchestral masterpiece, Ma Vlast (My Country). This cycle of six musical poems begins with the arrestingly brief Tábor (The High Castle), which is followed by Vitava, then by a saga of the Czech Amazon Sárka; the pastoral Z českých lesů a hůb (From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests); and the linked Tábor and Blaník epiphanies of the ancient Hussite warriors who will emerge sometime from their mountain fastness to free their (now again!) enslaved country.

My certainty that this great cycle deserves to be far more widely known, as well as my personal admiration of it, prompts my welcoming the first complete tape version (Deutsche Grammophon 3381 008, double-play cassette, $10.95) with only pro forma mention of what are for me only relatively minor blemishes in the present recorded performance. Rafael Kubelik's reading is as authoritative as ever, if scarcely as infectiously spirited as in his still well-remembered Chicago mono-LP set of 1953. Similarly, the Bosonians play beautifully if often more dutifully than enthusiastically. And some listeners may be more bothered than I am by the unnatural combination of markedly close-up vividness and highly reverberant acoustic spaciousness in what is nevertheless highly impressive recording. No one needs to close his ears to such flaws, or to the un-Dolbyized cassette's characteristic surface noise. But anyone who allows these trifles to prevent his owning—and coming to know by heart—Smetana's masterpiece is cheating himself right out of an incomparable musical experience.

Straussian Personae: Lover, Rogue, Philosopher. Confirming an earlier recording success, Henry Lewis again proves that it's still possible for a young conductor to find and exploit distinctively individual new approaches to such symphonic "standards" as the Richard Strauss tone poems—works which one had thought played and recorded to death by all the supreme maestros of our times. This time Lewis tackles Don Juan and Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, and again his readings are highly personal, ultra-romantic, and sometimes dangerously leisurely. For some tastes his Don may have grown too portly and his Till too sophisticated. But whatever one's reactions to the interpretative novelties here, every true audiophile will surely be intoxicated by the sheer sonic richness with which the Phase-4 engineer apotheosizes the master orchestrator's color and sonority alchemies—creating apotheoses the master orchestra of Strauss's Also sprach Zarathustra (indefatigably varied: the orchestral grandeur of the ever incomparable Reiner/Chicago versions. But seldom has any interpretation been better integrated or made a more convincing case for the work's protagonist as a Nietzschean philosopher. And, apart from the perspective ambiguities noted in R. C. M.'s review of the disc edition last December, the recording does justice to some magnificent Bostonian playing. Here, for once, even the first of the midnight chimes is clearly audible in the hallowed tutti just before the enigmatic ending. And the cassette processing seems to have lost none of the mastertape's brilliance and power, though its admission of some surface noise in the quietest passages makes one regret the absence of Dolbyization.

Filmscore Classics—of Sorts. The famous early stereophonic soundtrack of Disney's Fantasia still has some historical interest despite its aging and the abominable editing of its Buena Vista disc (and cassette) edition. But to release other performances of the Fantasia selections—authentic even to limiting the Beethoven Pastoral to three movements and Stravinsky's Sacrè to Part I as in the film—is ridiculous. Yet RCA goes on to delete even these two already truncated major items, along with a couple of Tchaikovsky Nutcracker Suite movements, in trimming their original two-disc edition for single-length tape editions (RCA Red Seal 4124 8-track cartridge; $6.95 each). Yet even as I righteously anathematize such shenanigans, I must admit that any sucker-buyer of these "Greatest Hits from Fantasia" will get—in jarring juxtaposition and maddening miscellaneity—a superb Dukas Sorcerer's Apprentice (by Steinberg and the Bostonians), plus the impressively brilliant Ozawa/Chicago Mussorgsky Night on Bald Mountain, the Ormandy/Philadelphia Ponchielli Dance of the Hours, and the Bach-Ormandy Toccata and Fugue in D minor. Also included are the Shaw Chorale's Schubert Ave Maria and Fiedler's technically aged Nutcracker excerpts. So proceed at your own risk!

Of all scores written specifically for films, those by Bernard Herrmann must be ranked near if not at the top. His best undoubtedly are those for Hitchcock thrillers, but he is well, if more unevenly, represented in "Music from the Great Film Classics" (London/Ampex M 14144 8-track cartridge, $6.95), in which the composer conducts the London Philharmonic in selections from his scores for Citizen Kane, The Snows of Kilimanjaro, The Devil and Daniel Webster, and Jane Eyre.

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