Clash of Egos: The Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio

730 Honest Watts from Amp Deluxe $1700 Tape Deck
4-Channel Receiver - + - SQ - Decoder Cassette Deck with Dolby, Crolyn Options
New $150 Record Changer

Stereo's Ultimate Intimacy Headphones
13 New Models Compared
THE FISHER PHILOSOPHY OF EQUIPMENT DESIGN. PART 5.

OPTIONS IN FM TUNING.
button memory tuning. It can be programmed with the aid of a meter or an oscilloscope. More precise than tuning manually, it is even more precise than tuning across the dial can be accomplished noiselessly. And Fisher receivers now come with FM muting so tuning across the dial can be accomplished noiselessly. Other than these details, Fisher's flywheel-assisted tuning, used in conjunction with an accurate tuning meter (Fig. 1), is essentially unchanged. There has, however, been a significant development in FM tuning in the sixties and early seventies. It is, of course, electronic tuning. Fisher has developed two forms of electronic tuning. Both use varactor diodes to tune to the precise center of the desired FM channel. Neither uses any moving part at all. The simplest form of electronic tuning with no moving parts is what Fisher calls Tune-O-Matic push-button memory tuning. It can be programmed with the frequencies of up to five FM stations. To select the precise center of channel of one of those preset stations, it is necessary only to touch the appropriate push button. AutoScan, Fisher's most sophisticated form of electronic tuning, is much more precise than flywheel-assisted tuning. It is even more precise than tuning manually with the aid of a meter or an oscilloscope. Figure 2 shows the detector 'S' curve obtained using AutoScan and letting it lock into the center of an FM channel. Our engineers estimate that tuning accuracy is at least five times greater with AutoScan than with manual tuning. We have stressed the accuracy of AutoScan, but equally important is its convenience. Without a shadow of a doubt, it is the simplest way of selecting an FM station. Press a button, and AutoScan scans the FM bands. Lift your finger, and you are tuned in to a station. Press the one-station-advance button, and you are tuned in to the next station on the dial. Remote control is another important convenience feature in any receiver that can be tuned automatically. Fisher makes two kinds of remote control. The first employs the conventional remote-control unit with a wire that plugs into the back of the receiver. This achieves all the advantages of remote-control tuning. But a more sophisticated method accomplishes the same thing—only it is a bit more expensive. It is wireless remote control, a device that permits tuning the receiver from across a room without the disadvantage of wires running from the remote-control unit to the receiver. Fisher's wireless remote control employs an ultrasonic signal to trigger the AutoScan. With two forms of varactor diode tuning and two kinds of remote control, Fisher faces a difficult decision: Where do you include the more advanced types of tuning possible and where do you leave them out? At Fisher, we are guided by the "balanced component" philosophy of equipment design. In FM, as in all other areas of high fidelity, we have established certain non-negotiable requirements of a high-fidelity unit. In FM tuning, these are: Tuning accuracy. An accurate tuning meter. Freedom from drift. The ability to tune smoothly across the FM dial. We refuse to compromise on these non-negotiables, even in the lowest-priced Fisher receiver. As price permits, we add more advanced tuning, but we also add performance features to the rest of the receiver, neglecting no one area, and overemphasizing none. That way, regardless of price, we end up with a balanced component.
Playing records with some cartridges is like listening to Isaac Stern play half a violin.

The trouble with some stereo cartridges is that they don't offer even reproduction across the entire musical spectrum.

In the important upper audio frequencies, some cartridges suffer as much as a 50% loss in music power.

So, there's a lack of definition in the reproduction of violins, as well as clarinets, oboes, pianos, the organ and other instruments which depend on the overtones and harmonics in the upper frequency range for a complete tonal picture.

The Pickering XV-15 cartridge delivers 100% music power 100% of the time. Which is why we call it "The 100% Music Power Cartridge." At 100% Music Power, all the instruments are distinct and clear, because the XV-15's have no music-robbing output drop anywhere in the entire audio spectrum. It makes an enormous difference!

Cartridge power does this to the instruments:
A 50% music power cartridge can mask some musical instruments.

Pickering XV-15 stereo cartridges are priced from $29.95 to $65.00, and there's one to fit anything you play records with.


Pickering. The 100% music power cartridge.
"for those who can hear the difference"

All Pickering cartridges are designed for use with all 2 and 4-channel matrix derived compatible systems.
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HIGH FIDELITY
You're looking at part of the Memorex Cassette Tape story.

The rest you have to listen to.

Memorex Cassette Recording Tape can reproduce a pitch that shatters glass. And that proves we can record and play back with exacting precision.

But, it doesn't tell you we've improved signal-to-noise ratio. Or that we've increased high frequency response and sensitivity over the tape you're probably using now.

For that part of our story, you'll just have to listen to what happens when you record and play back your favorite music with our cassette tape.

And that's just what we hope you do.

MEMOREX Recording Tape
Reproduction so true it can shatter glass.
Twelve years — Five major advances

The twelve years of university research† that led to the design of the BOSE 901 and BOSE 501 DIRECT/REFLECTING® speaker systems revealed five design factors which optimize speaker performance:—

1. The use of a multiplicity of acoustically coupled full-range speakers — to provide a clarity and definition of musical instrument sounds that can not, to our knowledge, be obtained with the conventional technology of woofers, tweeters and crossovers.

2. The use of active equalization in combination with the multiplicity of full-range speakers — to provide an accuracy of musical timbre that can not, to our knowledge, be achieved with speakers alone.

3. The use of an optimum combination of direct and reflected sound — to provide the spatial fullness characteristic of live music.

4. The use of flat power response instead of the conventional flat frequency response — to produce the full balance of high frequencies without the shrillness usually associated with Hi-Fi.

5. Acoustical coupling to the room — designed quantitatively to take advantage of adjacent wall and floor surfaces to balance the spectrum of radiated sounds.

To appreciate the benefits of these five design factors, simply place the BOSE 901 directly on top of the largest and most expensive speakers your dealer carries and listen to the comparison. You can hear the difference now.

NATICK, MA. 01760

* Patents issued and applied for
† Copies of the Audio Engineering Society paper, 'ON THE DESIGN, MEASUREMENT AND EVALUATION OF LOUDSPEAKERS', by Dr. A. G. Bose, are available from Bose Corp. for fifty cents.
Bringing up the rear.

The ADC 404A.

If you've hesitated about making the switch to four channel because of the complications posed by rear speaker placement, relax.

We've got the answer. It's our ADC 404A.

The choice of leading testing organizations for two channel systems, this unobtrusive, high quality, low cost speaker is also the perfect solution to the biggest hang up in four channel sound reproduction.

The ultra-compact ADC 404A (11 3/8" x 7 3/4" x 8 1/2") provides the clean, uncolored, well balanced sound normally associated with far larger and more costly systems.

Best of all, its small size and light weight enormously simplify placement problems. Just place a pair on a back wall and almost before you can say four channel, you're hearing it.

And once you've heard the 404A, you think you'll agree that with ADC bringing up the rear, you're way ahead.

Manufacturer's suggested retail price $45.

Music and Television

I am a music education major at the University of Maine, and at this moment screaming "HELP!". A number of my schoolmates and I are frantic about the situation facing the youth of our nation. We know the situation is not isolated to Maine alone. I am talking about the infrequency of music-oriented programs presented on television.

People may think Maine is culturally deprived, but we have an excellent symphony orchestra, symphony chorus, resident quartet, youth symphony, and various chamber groups and musical organizations. Although we have a variety of concerts presented by many of these groups, the interest among the younger people has dwindled mainly because they haven't been exposed to the other side of the cultural spectrum, as is probably the case across the nation.

What ever happened to programs such as Leonard Bernstein's "Young People's Concerts"? I remember looking forward to one every couple of months. Although Bernstein has retired from his position with the New York Philharmonic that doesn't mean the public has to be deprived of all the work he did in producing such shows. There are such things as reruns, or aren't culturally educational programs allowed the privilege of being shown twice?

People are always complaining about the lack of variety in today's television programming. When was the last time a ballet was shown during prime time on public television? Does anyone remember the program "Ballet for Skeptics"? I believe it was produced for the Bell Telephone Hour. I must confess I was spellbound by that particular program, and I was only in about the sixth grade at the time.

In the past year there are only two programs that really stick in my mind. The special presented by NBC with Jascha Heifetz and the CBS special with Leonard Bernstein commemorating Beethoven's 200th birthday. What are the chances that the public will see these marvelous programs again? Not much, I'm afraid -- what a waste of the time and effort of those who produced and sponsored them.

The public has been told often to write if they have any comments or criticism, but it is never stated where such letters should be sent. There are a number of us, mostly of college and high-school age, who want to express our opinions but don't know where to direct them. We are willing to go out and petition if necessary to show the television stations that we, the public, like to watch programs other than sports shows, old reruns, and the like.

Deirdre Clark
So. Portland, Me.

Letters

Correction: The cover photos for our April, 1972 issue should have been credited to Sheila Schultz instead of Roy Lindstrom. Our apologies to both.

Music and Television

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Deirdre Clark
So. Portland, Me.

A quick inquiry, we have discovered that none of the major television networks (ABC, CBS, and NBC) plans any specials built around classical music or musicians in the near future. Only NET is making a gesture in this direction with its commissioning of a program on Lincoln by Thomas Pautzler and a new series entitled "Vibrations." These programs will include folk and rock personalities as well as musicians from the classical world, such as Mis- laslav Rostropovich, Pierre Boulez, Marilyn Horne, Henry Lewis, and James McCracken. HIGH FIDELITY will be happy to act as a clearing house for additional correspondence and suggestions regarding music-oriented television programs.

I read in the "Letters" column of the January 1972 issue the remarks of reader Richard A. Vert, and your reply, relative to technical problems in TV/radio musical broadcasting. One matter always overlooked in such discussions is the fact that FCC rules prohibit a broadcaster to present a program that is degraded in technical quality. For example, if a symphony is televised with one stereo channel carried via TV and the other on a radio station, both broadcasters would be carrying degraded audio since each would be transmitting only a portion of the orchestra.

In order to meet the Commission's requirements, both the telecaster and radio broadcaster must carry the entire orchestra on their respective aural transmissions. This could result in a satisfactory arrangement because if the FM-stereo station carried the entire audio in stereo, the televiewer having an FM receiver could listen to the radio and turn off his TV audio; the televiewer without a radio could hear the entire orchestra via his TV, and the radio-only listener would be able to hear the entire orchestra on radio without the use of his TV.

Oliver Berliner
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Crybabies

Although I have differed with Leonard Marcus on past occasions, I feel his February editorial ["Why I Cry"] contained much value. To the lover of arts, the shedding of tears brings about an extremely satisfying emotional release which suggests that the artist's purpose has been realized. After all, the purpose of art is to move the soul; thus weeping implies that the person experiencing the art work has derived a full measure of the work's value. As Mr. Marcus points out, the supreme feeling which accompanies crying can originate in joyous or comic situations as well as tragic. For some reason, the act of weeping appears to be anathema to many Americans and a sign of weakness. I commend Mr. Marcus for his courage in confessing his "weakness," really a supreme strength.

Alan Klein
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Critique


Anyone who by his own statement selects his records according to someone else's judgment of that recording shouldn't criticize any- one. Or am I being too critical, really a supreme strength?

Thomas Coane
Wallingford, Conn.

Deletions

The reduction in the number of new classical record releases has been well documented in HIGH FIDELITY, but I think that widespread
THE COBALT CASSETTE EXPLOSION, EXPLAINED.

This is the year cassettes made it big. The year they changed from teenybopper tape to a full-fledged recording/playback medium.

And the latest step in this revolution is something called cobalt energizing, or cobalt doping.

It creates, in one stroke, the cassette of the future.

Mallory's Professional Duratape, the newest development in cobalt energizing, gives you a 1980-type cassette right now.

In 1972, Professional Duratape's cobalt energizing concentrates magnetic particles in the tape to an almost incredible density, allowing a greater signal-to-noise ratio, and producing a fully-extended frequency range: 35 to 18,000 Hertz, plus or minus 2.5 decibels.

Different tape decks give different response curves. But our cobalt-energized cassette, played on optimum equipment, would give you one that looks like this:

Before, you had to use chromium dioxide tape and a deck with a special chromium dioxide switch to get maximum frequency range. Now cobalt energizing does it without any special switching or circuitry.

Professional Duratape is a cassette so advanced, it's capable of future recording and playback in discrete 4-channel stereo—two front speaker channels and two rear speaker channels.

It's a cassette so complete in its capabilities, it can replace your other playback media: reel-to-reel tape, cartridges, records, the works.

It even permits editing, a great advantage to professional audio people as well as advanced amateur enthusiasts.

All of which is why we named it Professional Duratape.

If you've ever spent any amount on cassettes or cassette equipment, you owe it to yourself to experience Professional Duratape.

Just once.

And that, we believe, is all you'll need.
deletions are an even more serious threat to classical music lovers.

During the past summer, Columbia deleted dozens of fine recordings by big-name artists in repertoire that could hardly be termed "esoteric." In the fall, Vox did the same. These two companies' respective budget lines, Odyssey and Turnabout, were also heavily cut, negating any hope of reviving these discs at budget prices.

But without a doubt the most serious cutback is in the January 1972 Schwann. In one amazing issue, the black diamond appeared next to ninety-three Philips/World Series discs or tapes. Has HIGH FIDELITY received any word about the possibility of Philips going out of the classical music market altogether? I really see no alternative after having cut the most important offerings from their catalogue.

David K. Nelson
Oshkosh, Wis.

No, Philips is very much alive and healthy as one can easily gather from the monthly reviews of new releases in HIGH FIDELITY. The World Series line has been discontinued, and although many fine recordings unfortunately drop by the wayside, surely reader Nelson will give the company credit for their recent issues of Les Troyens, Mahler's Eighth Symphony, The Midsummer Marriage, and The Marriage of Figaro among others—not exactly unimportant offerings. As for the Columbia deletions, many of these will indeed be reappearing on Odyssey.

This deletion of recordings has been an inevitable concomitant of the business ever since the first cylinder reached the market. Actually, this country has a far better track record for the continued availability of recordings than, say, England or Germany. A glance at their lists of monthly deletions which often run into three figures, is far more sobering.

Collector's Corner

I was very interested in John Collins' letter [February 1972] concerning disposing of out-of-print records, and in your reply suggesting the setting up of a record collectors' society as a marketplace.

This is a matter of special concern to me because I had been viewing my collection as an investment as well as a source of pleasure. I have even provided my wife with several addresses where she might conceivably cash in a few of my discs in the event of my demise. But from Mr. Collins' letter I see I have been somewhat naive.

Gary J. Heilberg
Jackson, Ky.

In reference to John Collins' letter and your editorial comment: You the editor are of course correct that some dealers take advantage of the collector; but in this case I feel that Mr. Collins deserves his bad luck.

It seems to me, as a collector of classical LPs (and 78s) for over forty years, that anybody claiming to be a collector of any sort (records, art, coins, stamps, etc.) should first learn as much as he can about the products he is collecting. If he does, I fail to see how a collector can be continuously gulled as Mr. Collins evidently has been.

For years I have been searching out "collector's items" by such artists as Furtwängler, Schnabel, Walter, the Busch brothers, Leider, and many others. I don't recall one instance where I was cheated or defrauded. I have often declined an offer when I felt the asking price was an outrage, thereby saving myself the humiliation of being made a victim by an unscrupulous dealer. A middleman cannot get away with making pots of money on "a more esoteric commodity" as you put it, unless the buyer permits the middleman to have his way—as with every commodity, the law of supply and demand exists.

Hans A. Illing
Los Angeles, Calif.

Varnay Tribute

In the January 1971 issue Peter G. Davis, reviewing Wagner's The Flying Dutchman on Richmond, refers to the tapes made by Decca/London in 1951 and, in stereo, in 1955 of Wagner's Ring cycle at Bayreuth; he then poses the question: "Varnay's Brünnhilde, Hotter's Wotan, Weber's Hagen—will we ever be lucky enough to hear them one day?"

Alan Blyth, in his discography of Die Walküre in the September 1970 issue of Opera magazine refers also to the 1955 tapes and says: "Presumably this was with Varnay and Hotter. . . . If these tapes still exist, surely it is a historical duty for Decca to issue them one day, for that partnership in Walküre was one of the greatest in postwar operatic history. . . ."

Having Astrid Varnay's Brünnhilde completely documented on tape is the best news
Yes, you may have this incredibly beautiful Art Medallion in either 24 Karat Gold-Plated Sterling Silver, or Solid Sterling Silver for just $1.00...less than the cost of the precious metal alone. Why?

We introduce you to a most spectacular opportunity.

36 exquisite medallions depicting American Wildlife can be yours in this extraordinary and historic series. Each medallion has been sculpted by one of America's leading artists and forged into rich, high relief medallions. Magnificent, lasting tributes to your family. What unforgettable lessons in our natural heritage can be learned and shared. Imagine also, the possible financial growth that lies in this rare combination of fine sculpting and precious metals...forged into exquisite medallions to the uncompromising standards of the world famous and highly honored Wittnauer Jewelers.

Imagine what a set of this magnitude can mean to you and your family. What unforgettable lessons in our natural heritage can be learned and shared. Imagine also, the possible financial growth that lies in this rare combination of fine sculpting and precious metals...forged into exquisite medallions to the uncompromising standards of the world famous and highly honored Wittnauer Jewelers.

To further enhance their value, every coin in your series will bear your individual and personal serial number-engraved on its edge, alongside the Hallmark.

Daring Repurchase Guarantee

The Longines Symphonette Society considers this set so fine, and of such strong growth potential, that it promises to buy back any completed set, for the full purchase price, any time to December 31, 1974, if you are not satisfied either in its progress...or in any other way. Moreover, this repurchase guarantee is backed by a $25,000 bond from an internationally famous insurance company.

ALSO RECEIVE COMPLETE INVESTOR'S KIT—FREE

- Lovely American Wood Frames to display your collection. We even include a personalized plaque with your name and series number.
- Monthly Newsletters keep you up to date on the progress of your collection and give you news of major events in the coin and medal world...events that could affect the value of your series.
- Luxurious Membership Certificate...suitable for framing and a tribute to your good taste.
- Beautiful and Informative Booklets, prepared under the supervision of the Sierra Club, give you enlightening information about the history and habitats of each of the 36 animals.

Take The First Medal For Just $1.00

Each medallion in your personally numbered series is a radiant work of art. Each depicts one of America's native animals in its natural habitat. Unlike ordinary coins, the high relief and hand-crafted finish give elegance and realism to the medallions. The Bald Eagle hovers majestically over a nest of chicks...the Plains Bison glances from across a meadow and you actually feel the presence of its massive dignity, now captured forever in solid sterling silver, or 24-Karat Gold-on-Sterling. It is a collection without equal...carefully designed to become your proudest possession today, a cherished heirloom that will be passed on to future generations.

We cannot guarantee your reservation unless we have your order by June 30, 1972.

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Please reserve my AMERICA'S NATURAL LEGACY subscription. I will receive the first two medals in the series for FREE 10-DAY EXAMINATION AND, EVEN IF I DECIDE TO RETURN THE SECOND MEDAL AND NOT BEGIN MY SUBSCRIPTION, I MAY CHOOSE TO KEEP THE AMERICAN BALD EAGLE MEDAL FOR ONLY $1. I understand that I will be billed on a regular basis for each consecutive monthly shipment of two medals produced for my account.

Please Check One—Reserve my subscription in:

☐ 24 Karat gold—electroplated on sterling  ☐ solid sterling

I may choose to keep the American Bald Eagle Medal for only $1. I understand that I will be billed on a regular basis for each consecutive monthly shipment of two medals produced for my account.

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BankAmericard

Master Charge

Bank of America

Please check if you wish to charge your purchases.

☐ American Express  ☐ Diners Club  ☐ Master Charge

AN EXTRA SERVICE FOR YOU (Please check if you wish to charge your purchases.)

☐ BankAmericard  ☐ Master Charge
The Kleen Machine.

Records and dust.

If you enjoy one, must you suffer the other?

Not with the new Bib Groov-Kleen.

Groov-Kleen is the most effective method yet devised for removing the dust and dirt that accumulate on record surfaces.

Simple to use and install, Groov-Kleen reduces record and stylus wear and improves reproduction without the use of any groove fouling liquids.

Handsomely crafted in chrome and aluminum with black accents, Groov-Kleen has a built-in arm rest and an adjustable counterweight to reduce drag and minimize speed variations.

Available directly or from your nearest dealer. Only $7.50.

Revox Corporation 155 Michael Drive, Syosset, N.Y. 11791

CIRCLE 51 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

What you hears is what you gets.

When you stop to think about it, the claims made for some headphones seem to border on the ridiculous.

You've read about phones that supposedly go from the subsonic to the ultrasonic, some that employ woofers, tweeters and crossover networks and still others that are tested on and certified by dummies.

But the truth is that there is no completely reliable instrument method for testing headphones or substantiating a manufacturer's performance claims.

So what's the prospective headphone buyer to do?

At Beyer, we've found the only reliable answer is to trust your own ears.

And to help make it easier for you, we've reprinted an independent, completely unbiased article called, "The Truth About Headphones," which we'll be happy to send you. It describes the difficulties involved in testing headphones and goes on to tell you how to compare and evaluate headphone performance for yourself.

Once you've had a chance to compare Beyer to the rest, we think you'll end up buying Beyer.

Because, the truth about Beyer headphones is...what you hears is what you gets.

Revox Corporation, 155 Michael Drive, Syosset, New York 11791

CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

I've heard from the record industry in the past decade (although the cast of the 1955 tapes still remains to be verified, Varnay is the Brünnhilde on the 1951 tapes). Not only should all of Varnay's Wagnerian roles have been recorded completely long ago, but her other repertoire as well, such as her incomparable Elektra and Lady Macbeth. Because most of her work is not completely recorded, the document of operatic history of our time, as preserved on records, remains incomplete since she is one of the truly great singing-actresses of our time.

Reading of her electrifying Kostelnicka in Leos Janáček's opera Jenufa in Munich (the performance of March 17, 1970 which generated over an hour's applause and forty-eight curtain calls) I wonder whether we will ever be lucky enough to have this Varnay role recorded?

In his review Mr. Davis also says: "It's a pity that this magnificent artist recorded so infrequently." It is indeed a pity and hopefully Decca will remedy the situation somewhat by releasing the Bayreuth Ring.

J. E. Bank

Wilmington, Del.

On with Beethoven, G. G.

Since Glenn Gould has completed his recordings of The Well-Tempered Clavier, he has seemed content to mark time with minor composers such as Byrd and Gibbons, dissipating his considerable talents on such trivial cycles as the Mozart piano sonatas, while neglecting what would be the most impressive cycle of all.

We refer, of course, to the Beethoven symphonic cycle, so brilliantly begun by Mr. Gould with his illuminating recording of the Fifth Symphony some four (!) years ago, and, since then, seemingly abandoned. We urge him to get on with it, and venture to suggest that his next installment be a recording of the Ninth Symphony, for which he is so admirably suited: We have no doubt that he could sing and play all the parts simultaneously, an ability demonstrated on his previous recordings but hitherto unexploited.

We expect, then, that Mr. Gould will delay no further, and we eagerly await the second of his recording firsts.

James and Judy Lin

Boston, Mass.
Our new 60-watt receiver.
For people who want more power than a 100-watt receiver.

It isn't hard for some high fidelity companies to turn a 40-watt receiver into a 100-watt receiver. All they have to do is overestimate their own power.

Instead of testing their receivers at every audible frequency, for instance, they use one easy-to-reproduce frequency. Or they use "peak power" or "IHIF" watts instead of true RMS watts. Or omit distortion figures.

This is similar to computing a golf score by counting only the best holes. The results look terrific but they don't correspond with reality.

You can avoid this sort of inflation by buying the new Harman-Kardon 630 receiver.

The 630 produces 30/30 RMS watts at less than 0.5% total harmonic distortion from 20Hz to 20kHz, both channels driven simultaneously into an 8-ohm noninductive load at standard line voltage.

Which is more than many 100-watt receivers can say, and that's why they don't. (If the power rating of a receiver isn't phrased exactly this way, you owe it to yourself to be suspicious.)

But the 630 not only gives you more power than so-called 100-watt receivers; it makes better use of the power.

The 630, like our 90-watt receiver (the 930), uses a unique system called "twin power."

Other receivers have only one power source, which lets them function perfectly well with quiet musical passages. But when a sudden tone burst comes along, one channel robs the extra power it needs from the other channel—weakening both and creating distortion in the process.

The 630 eliminates this in-fighting between channels by having an independent power supply for each. So no matter how difficult the musical passage, both channels can handle it flawlessly.

Of course, all of this has a price. Fortunately, it's a moderate one: $299.95.

For that, you can buy a receiver with more watts than ours. But you can't buy one with more power.

For more information, write us: Harman-Kardon Incorporated, 55 Ames Court, Plainview, L.I., N.Y. 11803. harman / kardon
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Karajan at Work

BERLIN

Unlike a singer, whose fragile musical mechanism can be easily tired or damaged by too much use over too short a period of time, a conductor seems to thrive on overwork—or what appears to be overwork to us poor mortals. Such mundane standards do not seem to apply to a Stokowski, a Klemperer, or in this case a Herbert von Karajan. Just before last Christmas, in Berlin’s suburban Jesus Christus Church, Maestro Von Karajan completed a recording of Tristan and Isolde for EMI/Angel with Jon Vickers, Helga Dernesch, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, and the Berlin Philharmonic. A photo in an Italian magazine issued in January depicted the Maestro enjoying a snowy vacation with his family at St. Moritz—allegedly at Christmas time, but one can hardly believe that he could find the time, since within a few days he was back in Berlin to rehearse and conduct the Berlin orchestra in a New Year’s Eve “popular” concert and to begin recording, for Deutsche Grammophon, Bach’s St. Matthew Passion and Verdi’s Requiem.

Three Pieces for Orchestra, and the Second Symphony of Schumann. And in the evening after the second concert, which had been at 11:30 a.m., the untried conductor lectured at the Hochschule für Musik, for a public numbering well over a thousand, on the topic Wie hört man Musik. The next day, some touch-ups on Tristan, and so on.

But back to the recording sessions. The line-up for the Verdi was pleasantly international: Italian soprano and tenor Mirella Freni and Carlo Cossutta, Austro-German mezzo Christa Ludwig, and Bulgarian bass Nicolai Ghiaurov. This same group had performed the work last June in several concerts in Paris, receiving raves from both public and critics. Karajan himself claimed that this was the first perfect Requiem “cast” he had ever conducted. Perhaps he exaggerated a bit, or perhaps conditions in Berlin were not as conducive to perfection as those in Paris (bitterly cold Berlin in January is a far cry from Paris in the spring); the soprano, tenor, and bass had a few uncertain moments during the sessions. As for mezzo Ludwig, one must agree with the Maestro when he speaks of perfection, be it musical, vocal, or interpretive (just to be realistic, let’s say “near perfection”). Perfection is obviously the uppermost goal in Karajan’s mind, judging by the infinite number of times he had the cellos repeat the opening measure of the “Domine Jesu,” followed by similar workouts with the rest of the musicians; when all was put together, the result showed it had been well worth the effort, and the lesson was repeated in other parts of the score before anything was put on tape. There was never any doubt as to who was the boss, and he and orchestra members alike were completely convinced that the boss was absolutely right. The soloists may have had more individualistic ideas, but rarely expressed them. I mentioned this to Christa Ludwig, who replied, “When you work with great conductors, you realize that each one brings something different to the same work, and inspires you to do different things too. But if you offer an idea of your own, he will listen, and if it is valid, he will accept it and change his mind. Yes, Karajan too!”

On the first day of the Requiem sessions, the most difficult parts were done first to eliminate as much as possible the inevitable nervousness of recording, and to capture the voices at their freshest. The following day Freni and Cossutta, both relieved that their respective solos in the “Libera me” and Kyrie had been taped, made a bet as to what would be next, his “Ingemisco” or her (and Ludwig’s) “Recordare”; all commented on the perfection (that word again!) of the soprano’s high B-flat pianissimo at yesterday’s session, to which she laughingly replied, “Thank Heaven I don’t have to do it today! I’m too sleepy!” In the event, nobody won the bet—first on the agenda were some details of “Quid sum miser” and then the “Recordare”; the two voices complemented each other beautifully.
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here—and this was what Karajan meant in his judgment of these soloists. But as is always the problem when recording in this acoustically excellent church, progress was halted by the roar of airplanes which had been diverted by fog to a route that passed directly overhead and quite low. At first amusing, the interruptions became annoying and then infuriating—and then miraculously, they stopped.

Work continued with the "Ingemisco," which Cossutta sang straight through, receiving the applause of the orchestra and his fellow soloists and a pleased smile and nod from Karajan. Ghiaurov came in almost immediately for his solo, after which the "Domine Jesu" was taped. Low-flying planes again interrupted, this time in the Agnus Dei, much to the disappointment of everyone listening enchanted by the vocal blend of Freni and Ludwig. Finally the day's work was over; tomorrow would be the final day of recording.

At the concluding afternoon session, several new sections were added and various parts were done over, the chorus also participating. To the shock of Freni and the surprise of everybody else, Karajan decided on another take of the "Libera me," sending the petite soprano scurrying to her position in front of the choir. She need not have worried; the pianissimo was even better than the first time. With Ghiaurov's "Mors, supernibir," and some snatches of "Quid sum miser," "Recordare," "Pie Jesu," and the polishing up of some orchestral spots, the DGG/Karajan Requiem was finished.

But the work of Herbert von Karajan, the Berlin Philharmonic, and Christa Ludwig was not yet over. For two additional days they returned to the Jesus Christus Kirche, and filled it with the totally different sounds of Bach's St. Matthew Passion. The rest of the Passion will be recorded later this year, depending on the schedules of the various soloists. At this particular session, after young tenor Horst Laubenthal had finished several of his important parts, Christa Ludwig marched in, creating the same electricity that crackled whenever Karajan made an entrance. Her singing inspired various nods of satisfaction from the Maestro, and even a "schon!" all well deserved. No planes interfered with the moving orchestral and vocal splendors of "Erbarme dich"—not that the aircraft had more respect for Bach than for Verdi, but because the fog was so thick that the airports were all closed! On the afternoon of the last day the sun came out, but by the time we left the church it had long since set. "Oh well," remarked one musician, "we can accept Verdi and Bach in place of the sun!" Somehow, it seemed a perfectly reasonable thing to say.

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speaking of records

by Dale Harris

Vocal Gems from Singers the Met Overlooked

Connoisseurs of historic vocalism have a lot to be thankful for these days. In an age of planned obsolescence, the number and diversity of singers of the past currently available on microgroove is astonishing. It is now both easy and inexpensive (especially considering the rarity of some choice 78s) to collect almost all the significant names in phonograph history.

Significance, of course, is not the same thing as fame. Major companies, like RCA and Angel, naturally concentrate on the big stars (the Carusos, Louise Homer, and Lotte Lehmanns), the smaller companies, like Roco and Preisser, take enterprising care of less familiar figures—which often means only those singers whose American exposure was, for one reason or another, either limited or nonexistent. A case in point is Club 99. This label, devoted exclusively to voices of the past, was started some years ago by a well-known New York collector, Bernard Lebow, purely as a labor of love.

RCA and Angel, naturally concentrate their efforts on historic vocalism. That situation is now changed, the audience has been widened, and all records are available in unlimited quantities through regular dealers.

At first, Club 99 specialized in artists known here, if at all, not for their live appearances but for their 78s. Since these latter tended to be imported, they enjoyed only limited circulation, but the impression they made on collectors was tremendous. Many of the best singers of the '20s and '30s, like Germaine Lubin, Marcella Sembrich, Hina Spani, and Emmi Leisner, who never sang in opera here, established in this way a kind of underground fame that has lasted to this day.

One fact made clear by such LP reissues of their work is how much talent we were made cognizant of through 78s. Some people still believe we have invariably heard every great opera singer at our leading opera houses, especially the Metropolitan, but the list of absentees is actually an imposing one. Sometimes the fault is hard to pinpoint. For example, it seems to have been the Second World War that made a Met career unworkable for several fine artists, e.g., Lubin, Tiana Lemnitz, and Helge Roswaenge. But it should be said that by 1939, when hostilities started up in Europe, all of these singers were over forty. Listening to some of the recitals from this period on Club 99 is enough to make any lover of fine vocalism feel that we were needlessly deprived of sustenance in lean times.

The German school was a particular casualty of the interwar years— Lotte Schöne (on Club 99 11), for instance. Schöne, born in 1894, would clearly have been an asset at the Met. As it was, after fleeing from Hitler's Germany she sang for a while in Paris, and during the war years hid out in the French Alps. Until the '30s she had been a favorite in Vienna, Berlin, and Salzburg, where, under Bruno Walter, she sang parts like Zerlina, Despina, Blonde, Pamina, and Oberon (a soprano role at Salzburg in those days).

As her records show, Schöne had a light soprano of great natural beauty, soft-grained, easily produced, even in scale. The top was especially striking. Schöne was mistress of those meltingly soft high notes which light sopranos of the German school have always favored. Schöne's notes have an almost disembodied airiness. Used without discrimination this style of singing can be dreadfully monotonous, can sound bloodless, mannered, coy. Properly applied, however, it is the perfect medium for a range of feeling open to sopranos of no other school: inwardness, spirituality, chasteness; above all, a kind of virginal rapturousness.

Schöne uses this gift in Lüt's two arias from Turandot (a role she created at Covent Garden), and though not really authentic in style—particularly as the Italian text is concerned—she is nevertheless vocally ravishing and very affecting. She never descends to that soh-filled, overripe emotionality of the average Italian Lüt. Her vocal restraint conveys very movingly the character's vulnerability, and also, since Schöne is so much in control of the vocal line, Lüt's strength of purpose. Schöne's "Ach, ich fühl's" from Zauberflöte shows similar virtues.

But this singer had a wider range than the foregoing suggests. Though she lacks some of the necessary earthiness in "Una donna a quindici anni" from Casil (sung in German) and "Nun, eilt herbei!" from The Merry Wives of Windsor, her touch is so light, her style so poised, her enunciation of the text so alert that the effect is irresistibly witty.

Similar in style is the Polish soprano Homers (1890-1970), a few of whose Polydor 78s used to be available on domestic Brunswick. On her recital (Club 99 17) we hear another light soprano of the German school, though with a brighter, less covered tone than Schöne's. Debitzka made some exquisite records. Her "Et incarnatus est" from Mozart's Mass in C minor reveals a style broader than Schöne's. Debitzka's top register is freer, more open in quality, it soars with greater abandon. Her "O del mio dolce ardor" from Paride ed Elena is similarly pure and intense.

Judging by this recital Debitzka must have been a superb Violetta, since she was adept at both lyric and florid music (though for some reason she comes unstuck here in the Jewel Song from Faust). The duets "Dite alla giovine" and "Impenitente" (with Umberto Urban, a splendid, refugent baritone, whose recording career was so much more notable than his stage career) are very enjoyable.

But most striking of all are the final trio and duet from Rosenkavalier, recorded during an actual performance at the Berlin Staatsoper in 1928, with Debitzka as Sophie, Delia Reinhardt as Octavian, and Barbara Kemp as the Marschallin. A star cast and a fine performance, with the extra commitment of all the performers. Debitzka and Kemp are both so well in control of their material that the additional restraint and distance of a recording are more than compensated for by the authenticity of the live performance.

Debitzka's "Remember me to Violetta" is irresistibly witty. As her records show, Schöne had a light soprano of great natural beauty, soft-grained, easily produced, even in scale. The top was especially striking. Schöne was mistress of those meltingly soft high notes which light sopranos of the German school have always favored. Schöne's notes have an almost disembodied airiness. Used without discrimination this style of singing can be dreadfully monotonous, can sound bloodless, mannered, coy. Properly applied, however, it is the perfect medium for a range of feeling open to sopranos of no other school: inwardness, spirituality, chasteness; above all, a kind of virginal rapturousness.

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Lyric soprano, who became (after marriages to baritone Gustav Schützendorf and conductor Georges Sebastes) the companion of Bruno Walter until his death. Part of Berta Kiurina's attraction is her participation in so many historic performances. She was the Zerlina in the Don Giovanni arranged by Lili Lehmann at Salzburg in 1906, the Liù in the first Vienna Turandot (with Lotte Lehmann and Leo Slezak), and she was a famous early exponent of Schoenberg's Gurrelieder. Her recital (Club 99 15) reflects this versatility and goes a long way to justify her renown. She sings every part here with utter conviction: Tosca, Liù, Butterfly. Cherubino, Fiorillo (a splendidly bold "Per pieta," in German), Norma (a technically awesome and atmospheric "Casta diva," also in German), and Euryanthe (a beautiful "Glücklein im Male").

Even though Kiurina's voice is plainly not in its first youth (she was born in 1882 and was approaching fifty when most of these records were made) she brings to her singing a womanly authority, a sense of being completely in control of her resources, that is very pleasurable.

Alas, not all sopranos of this school and period survive careful listening a generation after the fact. Felicie Huni-Mihacek, born in Hungary in 1896, was a great favorite in Munich for over twenty years, but despite the beauty of her vocal timbre she sounds merely provincial (Club 99 67). Her rhythm is often sluggish, her coloratura perilous (she tries "Una voce poco fa," in German, and comes a real cropper). The voice seems to tighten up around the break in registers at G and the notes above are insecure and fluttery. After a dozen selections in which the same faults are repeated, one becomes insensitive to any virtues she might possess. She is the sort of singer best enjoyed through a single 78, not a whole LP recital.

But for the vocal collector this record is not without value, if only as a corrective. It reminds us that, properly listened to, old 78s can augment our experience of fine singing, but really shouldn't be used to romanticize the past simply because it isn't the present.

All the transfers I've sampled have been made with exemplary care, and pressings are first class. Notes and recording information were not supplied with the Club's early issues, but this is gradually being remedied. The new releases (e.g., Burzio, Didur, Bohnen, Mantelli, Mardones—incidentally, all of an earlier vintage than the first recitals) are annotated and the older ones are in process of being dealt with. Catalogues can be obtained from Ellen Lebow, 4239 81st Street, Elmhurst, New York 11373.

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Total-control capability. Also behind the hinged front panel are secondary controls for AGC and noise squelch that can be independently set to cut-out or bypass stations of an unacceptable quality — or the squelch can be circumvented by simply pushing a main-panel button. There's a switch for selecting mono, stereo or blend listening modes. A light test button for checking the readout tube condition. A sweep-speed control. And a meter switch that converts the signal-strength meter to a multipath indicator for optimum antenna alignment.

The Heathkit "Computer Tuner" — the most significant breakthrough in FM stereo since solid state
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Digital circuitry, 4-channel matrixing, acoustical equalizers... "Hi-fi" has come a long way since it first began turning music lovers into electronic tinkerers and vice-versa. Back then, getting there was half the fun. Today, the super-sophisticated state of the art sends most would-be do-it-yourselfers to the shelter of the stereo supermarket.

With Heath, audio still is a hobby for the individual, offering a very personal sense of challenge, discovery and satisfaction. We produce some of the most advanced and consistently praised equipment in the industry -- and we let you in on the fun.

Our free Catalog tells the whole story. Heathkit receivers, 4-channel equipment, tuners, amps, speakers systems. All kits. With all the old magic, but none of the mystery.

The new AA-2004 puts you right in the middle of the 4-channel excitement -- without obsoleting all the stereo gear you already own. It serves up a blockbusting 200 watts through four channels, with control versatility that lets you put the power into any format -- mono, stereo, matrixed 4-channel, discrete 4-channel. No lightweight "fill-in" between stereo and 4-channel, the AA-2004 is the amplifier you'll want to own years from now.

Improves what you already own. Thanks to built-in matrix circuitry that de-codes matrixed 4-channel recordings and 4-channel broadcasts, the AA-2004 lets you use your present turntable, tape equipment or tuner. Also, the de-coder enhances your present FM broadcast by feeding the "hidden presence" to the rear speakers for an extremely satisfying 4-channel effect.

Puts you ahead of tomorrow's developments. As discrete 4-channel media becomes more prevalent, the AA-2004 is ready. Four conservatively rated and fully protected amplifiers produce 260 watts into 4 ohms (4x65), 200 watts into 8 ohms (4x50), 120 watts into 16 ohms (4x30). Controls are provided for every source, mode and installation. Amplifier sections are controlled in pairs with one complete stereo system for left & right front speakers and another for left & right rear -- so your AA-2004 can be used to power two separate stereo systems if desired. For outputs with both main and remote speaker systems, it can be used to power two separate 4-channel systems (up to 8 speakers). Duplicate controls are provided for front and rear bass, treble, balance and volume; phono, tuner, aux, tape & tape monitor inputs. Mode switches select mono, stereo, matrixed 4-channel or discrete 4-channel. And 20 input level adjustments -- enough for five separate 4-channel sources -- can be reached from the bottom of the chassis. Separate rear-panel jacks give direct access to preamp outputs & power amp inputs, permitting biamplification by simply adding a crossover network.

Performance specs you'd expect from Heath. Make your own comparison of the AA-2004's impressive specifications. Power bandwidth on all channels from less than 5 Hz to more than 45 kHz for 0.25% total harmonic distortion. IM distortion less than 0.2% Damping factor greater than 100. Hum and noise -- 65 dB for phono -- 75 dB for tape and aux.

Cooperates with traditional Heathkit simplicity. Plug-in circuit boards and preassembled wiring harnesses reduce point-to-point wiring -- make the AA-2004 as much fun to build as it is to use. Add the preassembled, pre-finished pecan cabinet -- and you have the most attractive, as well as the most practical, approach to the fascinating new world of 4-channel sound. Get with it...today.

Kit AA-2004, 39 lbs., less cabinet ........................................... 349.95*

AAA-2004, pecan cabinet, 7 lbs. ........................................... 24.95*

AA-2004 SPECIFICATIONS -- Dynamic power output per channel: 50 W (8 ohm load), 65 W (4 ohm), 35 W (8 ohm load)*, 35 W (4 ohm), 25 W (16 ohm). Continuous power output per channel: 35 W (8 ohm load)*, 35 W (4 ohm), 25 W (16 ohm). Power bandwidth for constant 0.25% total harmonic distortion: Less than 5 Hz greater than 45 kHz.* Frequency response (1 W level): -1 dB, 7 Hz to 50 kHz, -3 dB, 4 Hz to 90 kHz. Harmonic distortion: Less than 0.25% from 20 HZ to 20 KHz @ 8 ohm output. Less than 0.1% @ 1000 Hz with 1 W output. Inter-modulation distortion: Less than 0.2% with 35 W output, using 60 and 7,000 Hz mixed 4:1. Less than 0.1% @ 1 W output. Damping factor: Greater than 100. Input sensitivity: Phono: 2.2 mV. Tuner, Aux, Tape, Tape Mon: 180 mV. Input Overload: Phono: 155 mV, Tuner, Aux, Tape, Tape Mon: Greater than 10 V. Tape outputs: 1.4 V output with 0.2 V input. Hum and noise: Phono (10 mV reference -- 65 dB, Tuner, Aux, Tape, Tape Mon (0.25 V reference) -- 75 dB, Volume control in minimum position -- 90 dB referred to rated output. Channel separation: Phono: 50 dB, Tuner, Aux, Tape, Tape Mon: 55 dB or better. Recommended speaker impendence (each channel): 4 through 16 ohm. Tape output impedance: Approx. 50 ohm. Input impedance: Phono: 49 k ohm (RIAA equalized). Tuner, Aux, Tape and Tape Mon: 100 k ohm.

*Rated IHF (Institute of High Fidelity) Standards.

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May 1972
I've heard that Akai tape decks and recorders have a built-in head demagnetizing circuit, activated when the power is turned off in the record mode. In the instruction booklet I received with my Akai X-360D there is no mention of this function. Is there really such a circuit?—Roger Gran, McConnell AFB, Kans.

Yes there is, but record heads generally (including combined record/play heads) tend to be self-degaussing anyway when the record bias is shut off; it's the separate playback heads, in particular, that must be degaussé to prevent buildup of residual magnetism. Your X-360D (a discontinued model, not available in this country) appears to be one of the Akai Crossfield-head units and would therefore have a record/play head. If the instruction manual makes no mention of self-degaussing, it could be because the action is automatic and consequently requires no explanation. We'd suggest periodic use of a head degausser anyway.

I have not been following the cassette field very closely, but in reading your reports on two recent decks—the Pioneer T-3300 and the Advent Model 201—the figures that you present do not seem to justify the praise bestowed upon the equipment. At $149.95 the Pioneer would seem to be a good buy until the test results are considered. The frequency response drops off 6 dB at 8.5 kHz. And there is some business about the meters being too high in their registration. Likewise the report on the Advent, which sells for $230. This seems like a steep price when its frequency response drops off below 10 kHz. How can the claim be made that "this is truly a cassette deck for the serious recordist"?—William S. Frazier, Ponca City, Okla.

The Pioneer, though not state of the art, is indeed a good buy to our way of thinking, the Advent is an excellent recorder by any standards. But your complaint concerns the published curves rather than the equipment itself. Long ago, before cassettes attained their present interest for high fidelity enthusiasts, long before cassettes at- tempted to handle the serious audiophile, we decided to adopt the level of frequency-response tests. At high frequencies, response, distortion, and noise all work at cross purposes. Set the level too high and saturation effects limit frequency response and add up distortion; set it too low and noise is, in effect, increased. What you see as limited frequency response in our -10 VU curves is, in fact, the result of saturation effects. Fortunately for the cassette it can be shown that most musical program material avoids peak levels at very high frequencies, so the system is seldom called upon to produce anything approaching a 0 VU level at the upper end of the range. Based on this rationale, many manufacturers take their frequency-response curves at about -30 VU, but while the resulting curves may indeed suggest the sort of audible response you can get with typical program material, its adoption seems to us inconsistent with the worst-case bias of conservative testing practice. Recently we decided to adopt the level of the Philips test tape (-20 VU). The change makes our new curves more suggestive of the actual aural quality to be expected from cassette equipment, but without giving the equipment what we believe would be undue benefit of the doubt.

I want to compare the modern superpower amplifiers like the Phase Linear with my C/M Labs 911, which is rated at 100 watts from 10 Hz to 20 kHz at 4 ohms, +0,-3 dB. I understand that some amps drastically cut power after a short period at rated power. How does this influence the comparison between ratings and, when an rms rating is used, for how long a time is the power measured? And what does the -3 dB mean in the rating of the 911—is the power cut in half at those frequencies?—R. A. Andrews, Newark, N.J.

Continuous-power (as opposed to music-power) measurements are just that—they can be taken continuously without significant effect on the reading. The amplifier's power supply is one of the limiting factors and can usually pump out higher instantaneous levels than can a continuous (or so-called rms) basis. Music-power ratings are based on instantaneous level, which is beside the point when considering continuous-power ratings—the only type included in our tests and, as a rule, the manufacturers' specs for high-quality power amps. Power ratings must be expressed in terms of rated distortion of course. One way of showing this is the power-bandwidth curve—the specification for the 911 to which you presumably refer. Power-bandwidth curves show relative power levels across the frequency spectrum at which rated distortion occurs, and power-bandwidth specs are written in terms of the frequency extremes (high and low) at which rated distortion occurs at half of rated power (that is, 3 dB below the rated power level). A full comparison always involves power: distortion, and frequency response. The power-bandwidth curve combines all three variables and therefore offers a useful characterization of the amplifier. But since it is based on rated distortion—a rating that will vary from unit to unit—it is of limited value in making direct comparisons. For that purpose the separate power, distortion, and frequency-response data will allow you to find the necessary common denominators.

It seems to me that your enthusiasm for your advertisers often blinds you to some major faults in their products. For example, your test of the Lenco L-75 [Oct. 1971]: Nowhere do you mention the effectiveness of the shock mounting. Naturally one would assume it to be adequate. I bought mine and had to take it back to the dealer, who fortunately refunded my money and admitted that shock mounting is a problem with the Lenco. How many of your readers will be that lucky?—Rion Dudley, Seattle, Wash.

No shock mount is proof against all problems, and care must be taken in the way any turntable is used. The only problem we encountered with the Lenco's shock mounting was that its large moving mass (most of the base, as well as the turntable itself, is spring mounted) made it susceptible to extremely low-frequency vibrations—head-to-footfalls, for example—unless it was placed on solid underpinnings. Your dealer's attitude would therefore seem to be one of taking the path of least resistance by simply agreeing with your point of view. In any event we don't agree with you (or with him) that the shock mounting is inadequate.

I recently purchased a Panasonic RS-270US stereo cassette deck, which has a bias switch for regular or "low-noise" tape. Can I assume that the latter position can be used with Crolyn tapes? It is for other types of tapes, what are they?—Carl Buona fede, Brooklyn, N.Y.

No, you cannot make that assumption. Low-noise tapes, as that term is generally understood, are the high-performance premium ferric-oxide types that require some higher bias current in the record head than "standard" ferric oxides do. Crolyn and other chromium-dioxide tapes require considerably higher bias. This distinction is often expressed, but (alas) the confusion persists. So lie on Panasonic if it didn't make the pointplain in the instruction manual, and lie on you if you didn't read every word.
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see the quality difference. You'll also get snap-lid plastic
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Quality you can hear. High signal-to-noise ratio . . .
Primus favors an extended frequency range (20 hz to
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wabash
Showdown at the I-Triple-E Ranch

Early this year the so-called Committee C16 sponsored by the IEEE (the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, hereinafter thought of as the Good Guys) circulated a copy of the EIA Standard Methods of Measurement for Audio Amplifiers Used in Home Equipment for comment in the light of a proposal to include this standard among those published by the American National Standards Institute, of which C16 is technically a part. Now the ANSI is a prestigious organization: Under its former name, American Standards Association, it promulgated the ASA film-speed ratings that are universally accepted by American photographers, for example.

The IEEE is prestigious too, of course. Its Standards Office acts as the site of C16's work in screening proposed ANSI standards in the communications field and originally published the new wow-and-flutter standard now accepted by ANSI and used by HIGH FIDELITY in testing tape recorders and turntables. The opinions elicited by C16 were to form the basis of a recommendation for or against the EIA standard—a recommendation on the basis of which the ANSI could accept or reject the power-rating method.

In high fidelity circles the EIA (Electronic Industries Association) is even better known—or at least more notorious—than the other groups. Although it has done some good work on behalf of the home-entertainment industry it has long been the archvillain of amplifier power ratings. We've frequently had cause to discuss in print the arbitrary and obscurantist nature of the EIA standard—the very standard that now was under consideration for publication by the ANSI. To our way of thinking it is a tissue of loopholes held together by the flimsiest of logic. Manufacturers of consoles, radios, phonographs, and compacts have used it as the basis for prodigious advertising claims on products that we would consider downright unacceptable; what equivocation we've seen in manufacturers' ratings of components generally has been innocence itself by comparison.

One dastardly habit encouraged by EIA procedures plays the ends off against the means: Numbers can be quoted out of context so that power ratings need not be related to distortion nor distortion ratings to the power levels at which they are measured. Using similar logic,

Continued on page 30

A Look Behind the Curtain

Two Hungarian bookshelf speaker models and a "sound column" are topped by headphones designed for the American market (above). At left are a selection of BEAG components, including a room equalizer/preamp.

High fidelity can't really be described as an industry in most of eastern Europe, if magazine articles are any valid indication. Even in Czechoslovakia, where a number of Western and Oriental equipment brands are advertised, there seems to be heavy emphasis on do-it-yourself gear—to the extent of scratch-built tone arms for example. Some components are made by Tesla (the Czech counterpart of, say, General Electric), however, and recently we have been hearing murmurings about Hungarian hi-fi. So it was with particular interest that we read this report submitted by one of our correspondents:

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY. I have been talking to the Hungarian engineer Denys Huszty, the designer of a bookshelf-type reflective speaker system that contains eight 5-inch reproducers mounted inside the cabinet at various angles, and a single driver aimed toward the wall at the back of the system. It and four more Hungarian speakers are expected on the North American market by midyear. The rest are conventional bookshelf types, starting with a diminutive (6 by 7½ by 9½ in.) model distinguished mainly by its modest price (about $35) and its phenomenal bass output for the size.

Although speakers are the first Hungarian products Americans are likely to see, others are in the works. There is a 100-watt (continuous into 8 ohms) solid-state stereo integrated amplifier. A prototype already exists for a quadraphonic version, though admittedly it is not ready for the American market and won't be for some time. Transistors for these units, incidentally, are purchased from Motorola and RCA. Then there are two tape decks—an open-reel/cassette combination and a cassette-only unit. Two stereo headphones already are in production.

The Hungarian high fidelity industry—meaning Elektromodul (the export arm), Video-Tone (the factory producing television sets and bookshelf speakers), and BEAG (which is responsible for the design of new audio products)—seems serious about marketing equipment in North America. —Robert Angus.
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they might try to sell you a ranch rated at “5,000 acres, prime grazing land” when, in fact, only five acres can be grazed and the rocky remainder is fit only for raising rattlesnake meat. Similarly, they would give you respectable-looking ratings based on measurement made at 1 kHz, leaving themselves free to commit unseen perfidies at the frequency extremes. They’re a bad lot.

So why were the boys of the EIA coming, black hats in hand, to see the fine, upstanding lads of the IEEE? It’s easy to find a plausible answer. Consider what has been going on behind the scenes over the last year. The Federal Trade Commission has been gathering data and opinions on the subject of power ratings, and already has circulated proposed rules to govern the rating of power amplifiers for advertising and promotion purposes. (See “News and Views,” March 1972.) The trend of the FTC thinking has been hard-headed, and its proposed rules are even more stringent than those frequently applied in component advertising.

The EIA boys presumably had heard more than they wanted to about that move. But while the posse was out to get them, official recognition of their so-called Standard could be used to ambush the FTC with a plea of advertising according to “recognized technical procedures”; ANSI endorsement would be virtually a license to steal—or to continue doing so. If the EIA was to be kept at bay, the good guys had to stick together. We at HIGH FIDELITY filed our opinion with C16 and wished the EIA a rousing comeuppance.

Rousing it seems to have been. The final tally is not yet in at this writing, but we understand that C16 has rounded up a withering counterattack from the engineering fraternity—so withering, in fact, that it appears likely the EIA will withdraw the Standard rather than let the consensus condemnation be passed on to the ANSI.

More SQers

The latest component manufacturers to sign an SQ licensing agreement with Columbia Records are Harman-Kardon and Kenwood. (Sherwood and Radio Shack had done so earlier; both Sony Corp. and Lafayette already produce components to decode SQ-matrixed recordings for quadraphonic reproduction.) Other component producers are said to be discussing SQ with Columbia at this writing.

Norelco Offers Chromium-Dioxide

The latest company to offer blank cassettes whose tape uses the chromium-dioxide (instead of conventional ferric-oxide) magnetic coating is Norelco. The CrO2 cassettes are styled “The 400 Series,” and are sold in a distinctive blue case with a Perma-Guide feature to promote smooth tape winding. Two tape lengths are available: The C-60 version (sixty minutes total playing time) is priced at $3.29, the C-90 (ninety minutes) at $4.49.

A “classic” revamped by KLH

In announcing the Model 21/II, KLH says that it is responding to demands that the Model 21—perhaps the first table-model FM radio built to approach component standards—be made available once again. The -/II version (meaning two, not eleven) is completely redesigned, however. Its specs show a considerable improvement in sensitivity, 20 dB better S/N, twice the power output, and radical improvements in both selectivity and capture ratio. Like the original version, it is a mono radio; no multiplex adapter system is planned. The Model 21/II sells for $99.95.

equipment in the news

Heathkit’s “computer tuner”

The whole components industry (including Heath itself) appears to have been startled by the success of the Heathkit AR-15—at its introduction a few years ago it was by far the most sophisticated (and expensive) receiver available in kit form. Now Heath is going even further in the same direction by offering a digital-readout tuner kit that is in some ways even more sophisticated than anything we’ve seen in wired form. It is an FM-only model that among its many features includes digital keyboard frequency selection, a variety of scan-tuning options, punched-card tuning for which up to three cards can be left in the unit and selected independently on the front panel, phase-locked-loop frequency-synthesizer tuning circuitry, and automatic fault indication. The tuner is called the AJ-1510 and sells for $539.95 (in kit form only). An optional case costs $24.95.

A “classic” revamped by KLH

In announcing the Model 21/II, KLH says that it is responding to demands that the Model 21—perhaps the first table-model FM radio built to approach component standards—be made available once again. The -/II version (meaning two, not eleven) is completely redesigned, however. Its specs show a considerable improvement in sensitivity, 20 dB better S/N, twice the power output, and radical improvements in both selectivity and capture ratio. Like the original version, it is a mono radio; no multiplex adapter system is planned. The Model 21/II sells for $99.95.
Our new SX-727. So much for so little.

If you think that value is an abstraction, you'll change your mind when you see and hear the new Pioneer SX-727 AM-FM stereo receiver. Comparison proves it has greater power, performance, precision, features and versatility than any similar priced receiver.

Looking behind its power rating - 135 watts IHF, 40 - 40 watts RMS at 8 ohms, both channels driven - you find a direct-coupled amplifier and dual power supplies. The result is consistent power throughout the 22-20,000 Hz bandwidth for improved transient, damping and frequency responses, with low, low distortion.

You're in complete command of the FM dial, even congested areas. New and advanced FET/IC circuitry has substantially improved sensitivity and selectivity. Reception is crystal clear and free of interference.

There's a wide range of connections for turntables, tape decks, headphones, microphones, and even 4-channel. You can connect three speakers, which are protected against damage by an exclusive, new Pioneer safeguard system. Additional features include: loudness contour, high & low filters, FM and audio muting, click-stop volume controls, ultra wide FM tuning dial, dual tuning meters, mode lights and an oiled walnut cabinet. Sensibly priced at $349.55, the SX-727 is one of Pioneer's new line of four "marginal of extra value" receivers.

The others are SX-823, SX-626 and SX-526 designed for both more luxurious and more modest budgets. Hear them all at your Pioneer dealer today.

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Offer ends midnight June 30, 1972.

"Scotch" is a registered trademark of 3M Co.

Behind a great sound, there's a great cassette. "Scotch" High Energy.
Marantz offers first headphone model

By the time this issue appears, Marantz should be among the manufacturers offering stereo headsets; delivery of the new SD-1 is expected to begin in April. The unit is a moderately priced ($29.95) dynamic using metalized Mylar diaphragms. It is rated for a nominal impedance of 8 ohms and is equipped with a ten-foot coiled cord.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Budget monitor-head deck from Radio Shack

The Realistic 999B is a three-speed (7 1/2, 3 3/4, and 1 1/2 ips) quarter-track open-reel stereo tape deck equipped with separate record and playback heads. This last feature makes possible both playback monitoring during recording and sound-on-sound recording. Other features include a pause control, stereo headphone jack, front-panel phone-jack mike inputs, and sound-on-sound mixing level control. Maximum reel size is 7 inches. At $179.95, it is one of the few decks of this description available for less than $200.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Superex offers a headphone control/amp unit

The Superex EA-500 can be used with one or two stereo headsets to form a private listening center. It contains the necessary amplification and switching, and requires only a signal source. The front-panel selector is marked “phono” and “tuner,” though other line-level sources can be connected to the tuner input. In addition, there are level controls for each channel. Superex suggests that the unit can be used (along with a stereo receiver or amplifier equipped with a headphone jack) to power the back channels for quadraphonic headphone listening on headsets like the company’s own QT-4. The EA-500 costs $79.95.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Quadraphonic conversion unit from Sanyo

The Sanyo DCA-1700X combines a decoder/control unit for matrixed or discrete quadraphonic signals with a dual-channel amplifier for use in adapting present stereo systems for quadraphonic use. The matrix decoder employs a system comparable to that adopted by Sansui, Electro-Voice, and other electronics manufacturers. Switching is provided for two phono inputs, two aux inputs, tuner, and both stereo and quadraphonic tape equipment. The output of the amplifier section is rated at 20 watts continuous per channel at 0.8% THD into 8-ohm loads. The DCA-1700X lists at $199.95.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Magnum Opus speakers use novel principles

Two recent speaker systems from Magnum Opus Electronics Ltd. employ enclosures that combine a rear ducted port with indirectly firing subsidiary woofers to achieve what the company calls vacuum-pressure dynamic damping. The Opus 7 (foreground) has a 12-inch front-firing woofer, a 10-inch woofer that fires upward into the top chamber, a 5-inch midrange driver, and four tweeters. It costs $250. The Opus 24A (in back) has four 12-inch woofers, two of which are downward-firing, four midrange speakers, and sixteen tweeters. It sells for $695. The speakers can be ordered directly from Magnum Opus (111 E. 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016); prices do not include shipping.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Our receivers have something you'll never hear. Our amplifiers.

Because our amplifiers don't have those circuits that can distort the sound, we took out the input transformer, the output transformer, and the output capacitor. Now the amplifier circuit is coupled directly to the speaker terminals. So you get less than 0.5% distortion. In all Panasonic FM/AM, FM stereo receivers.

We call this new system direct coupling. It improves transient response and damping. So cymbals go crash instead of screech. And a high C doesn't sound like a screech.

We offer you this more direct route in 4 different receivers. Starting with the SA-5500 and its 70 watts of music power (THF). Plus features we put in our more expensive models. A high-filter switch. A loudness switch. Two 4-pole MOS FET transistors. To pull in stations you thought were out of reach. Even an FM muting switch to cut down on interstation noise. When you put all this in numbers, it means 1.8mV FM sensitivity and a frequency response of 20-50,000 Hz±1dB.

The SA-5500 also makes tuning easier with a linear-dial scale to separate FM stations. A sensitive tuning meter to measure signal strength. And dual-tone controls for custom-blended sound.

If all this isn't enough, we have models with even more features and power. You can move up to 100 watts with the SA-5800. Or take another step up, and get 150 watts of power on the SA-6200. But if you want the most, there's the SA-6500. It has 200 watts of power. Plus features that the leading receivers in this price range can't match. Like a power bandwidth of 5-60,000 Hz. A crystal filter in the FM IF Amp A Lumina-Band dial that lights up. Two 4-pole MOS FET transistors. And, of course, direct coupling. Besides all that, the SA-6500 gives you a low-filter control. Two tuning meters. And linear-sliding controls for bass, treble, volume and balance.

You can hear all our receivers at your franchised Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer. But it's not just what you hear that counts, it's what you don't hear.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

208 Park Ave., N.Y. 10016. For your nearest franchised Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer, call 800-631-1971. In N.J., 800-932-2803. We pay for the call.
MUSIC GOES ON A RECORD AT A PERFECT TANGENT. NOW IT COMES OFF AT A PERFECT TANGENT.

For years, Zero Tracking Error has been the elusive goal of the automatic turntable maker. The objective: to develop an arm which would keep the stylus perpendicularly tangent to the grooves...to each groove throughout the record, because this is the way music is put on a record.

Garrard's Zero 100 is the only automatic turntable to attain this. It is done with an ingeniously simple, but superbly engineered tone arm. Through the use of an articulating auxiliary arm, with precision pivots, the angle of the cartridge continually adjusts as it moves across the record. The stylus is kept at a 90° tangent to the grooves...and the cartridge provides the ultimate performance designed into it.

They have confirmed that they can hear the difference that Zero Tracking Error makes in the sound, when the Zero 100 is tested against other top model turntables, in otherwise identical systems. Until now, we cannot recall any turntable feature being credited with a direct audible effect on sound reproduction. Usually that is reserved for the cartridge or other components in a sound system.

Zero Tracking Error is more than just a technical breakthrough. It translates into significantly truer reproduction, reduced distortion and longer record life.

Once we had achieved Zero Tracking Error, we made certain that the other features of this turntable were equally advanced. The Zero 100 has a combination of features you won't find in any other automatic turntable. These include variable speed control; illuminated strobe; magnetic anti-skating; viscous-damped cueing; 15° vertical tracking adjustment; the patented Garrard Synchro-Lab synchronous motor; and our exclusive two-point record support in automatic play.

The test reports by independent reviewers make fascinating reading. You can have them, plus a detailed 12-page brochure on the Zero 100. Write today to British Industries Co., Dept. E-22 Westbury, New York 11590.

GARRARD ZERO 100
The only automatic turntable with Zero Tracking Error.

$189.50
less base and cartridge
Sony Tape Deck: Virtually a Studio for the Home


Comment: A rundown of the more unusual features built into the 854-4S tape deck may help to define what makes it so special. It will accept 10½-inch (NAB) reels. It operates at 15, 7½, and 3¼ ips. Each speed can be varied by approximately 5% either way from normal, and in either recording or playback. The deck contains four-channel in-line heads that can be used for quadrephonic recording or playback, or to build up perfectly synchronized multitrack recordings much the way that a professional studio does in “laying in tracks” on its more elaborate equipment. The dual-capstan drive system, adapted from instrumentation recorder design, and similar to that in the top Sony cassette decks, provides a “closed-loop” drive that gives unusually fast, smooth startup (eliminating the need for a pause control for one thing) and promotes excellent tape-to-head contact. A tape-lifter defeat feature makes possible precise cueing, physical editing of the tape, and audible output while searching for a given point on the tape in the fast-wind modes. And a special system called APS (Automatic Program Scanner) will fast-forward into the tape, that button will light up immediately; the tape gently slows to a stop, the transport waits for completion of the logic’s preprogrammed time delay, and then playback begins. The large VU meters are divided into two groups: front channels to the left, back channels to the right. Between them are two ranks of switches. The first chooses mode in each channel: recording, regular playback (through the monitor head), or Syncro-Trak playback (through the record head so that new material being recorded on other tracks will be precisely synchronized to the playback). The second chooses monitoring and metering of either the input or the tape playback in each channel. Across the bottom are phone jacks for mike inputs in each channel, four recording level controls, a tape selector switch, two playback level controls, and a stereo headphone jack with a switch that chooses either the front or the back channels. The recording controls (two for mike inputs and two for line inputs) and the playback level controls are ganged logically in stereo pairs marked front or back. In each case a friction-clutched double knob is used so that left and right channels can be adjusted independently. The tape switch selects “normal” for recording on standard formulations or “special” for the high-performance types—specifically Sony’s SLH-180, with which the unit was tested.

All line connections are made to phone jacks in a well at the left side of the deck. This well also contains four Cannon-type three-pin jacks, for microphones equipped with this type of connector, which parallel the phone-jack mike connections on the main panel. A similar well in the right side contains the AC line connection,
Three unusual controls are grouped together (above): for speed, automatic stop, and APS. Photo was made during fast forward; note lighted button. Mode and monitor switches (left) are set to record on right front track in synchronization with previous recording on back channels. Note that playback from back channels uses record head (Synchro Trak) rather than monitor head (PB) to achieve perfect synchronization with the new recording.

Sony TC-854-4S Tape Deck Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Speed accuracy 15 ips</th>
<th>105 VAC: 0.85% fast</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>120 VAC: 0.85% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>127 VAC: 0.85% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7½ ips</td>
<td>105 VAC: 0.73% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>120 VAC: 0.73% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>127 VAC: 0.73% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3½ ips</td>
<td>105 VAC: 0.50% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>120 VAC: 0.50% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>127 VAC: 0.50% fast</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wow and flutter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15 ips weighted record/playback: 0.025%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>unweighted record/playback: 0.025%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7½ ips playback: 0.030%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weighted record/playback: 0.060%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>unweighted record/playback: 0.030%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3½ ips playback: 0.045%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weighted record/playback: 0.100%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>unweighted record/playback: 0.050%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rewind time, 7-inch, 1,800-ft. reel</th>
<th>1 min. 58 sec.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fast-forward time, same reel</td>
<td>2 min. 1 sec.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S/N ratio (ref. 0 VU, front channels)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>playback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 54.5 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch: 57.0 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>record/playback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 51.5 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch: 53.0 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Erasure (400 Hz at normal level)     | 62.0 dB |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Crosstalk (at 400 Hz, front channels)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>record left, playback right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>record right, playback left</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sensitivity (for 0-VU recording level, front channels)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>line input</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 52 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch: 58 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mike input</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 0.29 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch: 0.23 mV</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Accuracy, built-in meter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LF ch: ½ dB low</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RF ch: ½ dB high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LB ch: ½ dB low</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RB ch: ½ dB low</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IM distortion (record/play, -10 VU)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15 ips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 1.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch: 1.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7½ ips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 1.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch: 2.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3½ ips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 3.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch: 3.0%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Maximum output (preamp or line, 0 VU)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 1.9 V</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch: 2.0 V</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Note: “Unweighted” record/playback wow-and-flutter figures follow the older NAB standard and can be compared directly with past test reports; “weighted” figures follow the new ANSI/IEEE/DIN standard, which allows for audibility factors, and will eventually replace the NAB flutter measurements in our test reports.

an accessory AC outlet, fuse holder, grounding connection, and a special jack for attachment to an optional remote-control unit (not tested).

In terms of the usual performance criteria, the 854-4S is a very good performer—particularly at the slower speeds, where frequency response is excellent and distortion rates are significantly lower than we are used to seeing for these transport speeds. Response in the extreme bass actually is better at 7½ and 3¼ ips than it is at 15. We would expect 7½ ips to be the speed chosen

for most uses; the performance figures tally very closely with those that CBS Labs has measured for other top-quality NAB-reel semipro decks that we have tested.

In evaluating the 854's performance you should keep in mind, however, that it is not just another semipro deck; nor is it merely an elaborate toy that is loaded with features for their own sake. It is, in the first place, the sort of recorder that rock groups have been crying for: one that will permit multiple overdubbing in precise synchronization and with studio quality in the resulting sound. In the second place, it can be used as a discrete-quadrachonic deck—though it should find many buyers who are not primarily interested in quadrachonics.

It is, moreover, a delight to use. So varied is the unit's potential for special uses and so sure-footed its ability that we find it among the most exciting tape recorders we have ever worked with.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

First Four-Channel Receiver With SQ Decoder


Comment: The LR-440 is designed to handle mono, stereo, or quadrachonic signals in a number of ways. Mono or stereo signals from AM, FM, phono pickup, or tape can be reproduced just as they would in a regular stereo receiver, but with the option of driving front and back amplifiers in parallel on each side. Stereo inputs can be used to simulate quadrachonic effects. Discs (or, should they become available, tapes) recorded by the Columbia SQ matrixing process can be reproduced (directly, or via stereo FM broadcasts) in four-channel sound, while three discrete or decoded quadrachonic signals from external equipment can be reproduced.

The quadrachonic recording and monitoring jacks; additional back-panel outputs allow four-channel recordings to be made (on a discrete-quadrachonic tape deck) via the Composer circuit (which simulates quadrachonics from stereo inputs) or SQ decoder.

This is a hefty collection of options for any one receiver to muster, and the back panel is almost solid with input and output terminals. In addition to those already mentioned and the antenna and speaker connections (for a total of eight speaker systems), there are four-channel jack arrays for ceramic phono, magnetic phono, aux 1, aux 2, and tape monitor and recording. Front and back input pairs in each case can be used as separate stereo inputs since they are independently selectable on the front panel, though only the front pairs will feed the Composer circuit or SQ decoder. Ceramic and magnetic pickups cannot be selected independently, however, allowing a maximum of two stereo phono pairs—one connected to the front channels and one to the back.

Basic inputs are selected on the front panel to the left of the tuner dial by two ranks of buttons, representing front and back, for aux 1, aux 2, tuner, and phono. The dial itself has a signal-strength meter, a center-tuning light (for FM only), a stereo-reception light, and a series of selector indicator lights. To the right are the tuning knob and the power/speakers switch: off, main speakers, main and remote, remote, and headphone only. (The headphone plug is live in all but the "off" position.)

Across the bottom of the front panel are front and back stereo phono-jack outputs for an outboard tape
Back panel of LR-440. Note particularly the Composer/ SQ outputs at lower right.

 recorder, the tuner selector (FM, FM with multiplex filter, AM), the tone selector (front stereo, back stereo, Composer, SQ decode, discrete quadraphonic [marked "stereo"], front-to-back reverse quadraphonic, and front-plus-back stereo from quadraphonic inputs), volume, balance, bass, treble, more control pushbuttons (front-channel tape monitor, back-channel tape monitor, volume/loudness, stereo/mono, high filter, and FM muting), and front and back stereo headphone jacks. The volume, balance, and tone controls each have separate front- and back-channel elements. The balance control itself sets the balance between the two channels. The front-back balance is determined by the relative position of the two volume-control elements.

So far this is a lot of receiver for under $400. It should surprise nobody, then, when we describe the amplifier section as modest. Lafayette rates the LR-440 at 25 watts for each of the four channels; we would prefer to call it about 20 watts per channel on the basis of lab tests. But that's enough for one typical speaker system per channel in most installations—or even enough for two high-efficiency systems per channel, though Lafayette cautions that 8-ohm models should be used under those circumstances to avoid excessive current drain through the output stages. Distortion figures are not impressive, though they're not excessive for a cost-conscious design—which the LR-440 is.

The tuner section is more than adequate. Sensitivity is good for an inexpensive unit, quieting and capture ratio are good to excellent by any standards. Despite its complexity, the receiver's switching options strike us as well thought out and unusually comprehensive, and all the options with the possible exception of the back-panel Composer/ SQ output have practical application. The reason we except this one feature is because stereo or SQ recordings can be taped on conventional two-channel equipment and converted to quadraphonic during playback—obviating the need both for the special outputs on the receiver and for the quadraphonic recorder. We believe that most users would prefer such a plan unless they expect to make quadraphonic cartridges for playback in an automobile for example. The special outputs presumably add little to the cost of the receiver, however, and the LR-440 represents an eminently sensible and useful design in addition to establishing a "first" in the SQ receiver field.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
### Lafayette LR-440 Receiver

#### Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tuner Section</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
<td>1.5 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alternate-channel selectivity</td>
<td>61 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>70 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THD</th>
<th>Mono</th>
<th>L ch</th>
<th>R ch</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>80 Hz</td>
<td>0.18%</td>
<td>0.53%</td>
<td>0.56%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 kHz</td>
<td>0.23%</td>
<td>0.30%</td>
<td>0.24%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 kHz</td>
<td>0.50%</td>
<td>10.0%</td>
<td>10.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kHz pilot</td>
<td>–69 dB</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier</td>
<td>–70.5 dB</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Amplifier Section

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IM distortion</th>
<th>8-ohm load</th>
<th>&lt; 0.57% to 28.4 watts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4-ohm load</td>
<td>&lt; 0.67% to 31.9 watts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16-ohm load</td>
<td>&lt; 0.50% to 19.3 watts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Damping factor | 73 |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Input characteristics (for 25 watts output)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sensitivity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>magnetic phono</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ceramic phono</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape play</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux 1 &amp; 2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### RIAA equalization

- 1.75, –0 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz

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### BSR Releases Its Top-Quality Changer

The **Equipment:** BSR McDonald 810, two-speed (33 and 45 rpm) automatic turntable. Basic chassis dimensions: 15 by 12¼ inches; allow clearances of 5 inches above and 3¾ inches below plate. Price: $190. Manufacturer: BSR Ltd., England; U.S. Distributor: BSR (USA) Ltd., Route 303, Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

**Comment:** With its new Model 810, the firm of BSR—said to be the largest record-player manufacturer in the world—makes an impressive entry into the top-quality automatic turntable market. A two-speed (33 and 45 rpm) model, the 810 is driven by a high-torque synchronous motor via a sophisticated sequential cam system that replaces the conventional cam gear and swinging plate customarily found under the chassis of an automatic turntable. In addition to eliminating the number of small parts required during manufacture, the new cam system is credited with providing smoother and quieter operation than in past models. The die-cast, non-ferrous, 12-inch platter is machine-balanced and covered with a ribbed rubber mat. At CBS Labs it weighed in at 7 pounds, 11 ounces—fairly heavy for an automatic. Speed accuracy is assured by the inherently low error of the motor/drive system combined with the vernier (or "variable pitch") adjustment that can vary the speed (–10% to +2% at 33 rpm; –2% to +4% at 45 rpm) to match the markings on the strobe disc. (Two are supplied, for 50-Hz and 60-Hz line frequencies.) Alternately, of course, this adjustment will change speed, and thus musical pitch, within its operating range for special applications. Once the adjustment was made (at 33 rpm) in our test sample, speed remained constant regardless of changes in line voltage and was 0.2% slow at the 45-rpm setting—negligible error and one easily corrected by using the vernier adjustment and strobe disc. Average flutter was very low at 0.05%; total audible rumble by the CBS-ARLL method was –52 dB, a good average figure for automatics, which—combined with the low arm resonance (an 8-dB rise at 6.6 Hz when tested with the Shure V-15 Type II improved cartridge)—helps contribute to the unit's quiet operation.

The tone arm is a low-mass, ¼-inch-square metal type fitted with an offset head at one end and a movable counterweight at the rear. The head accepts a slide-in cartridge onto which the cartridge is installed. A slide arrangement permits locating the cartridge for optimum stylus overhang in conjunction with a removable gauge mounted topside of the platter chassis. When the over-
hang is set, the gauge may be replaced by a stylus cleaning brush (also supplied) so that the stylus gets a gentle whisking each time the arm moves from its rest to the disc and back again. While grateful for the brush, we fuss pots opted to leave it off since we prefer a stylus to be brushed from rear to front rather than sideways.

The arm is initially balanced by adjusting the rear counterweight; stylus force then is set by a dial fitted into one element of the gimbal-style mount. The scale on this dial was found to be accurate to within 0.1 gram. Antiskating force is applied by dialing the stylus force in use on another knob adjustment just below and to the right of the arm pivot; this knob has two scales, the outer one for use with spherical styli, the inner one for ellipticals. The arm has negligible friction laterally and vertically, by the way, and requires a 0.3-gram stylus force for automatic trip.

Other adjustments permit you to optimize the stylus' set-down point on the record and its height above the record during the change cycle. Both these adjustments were preset and accurate on our test sample. The arm has a built-in viscous-damped cueing control that you can use in either manual or automatic mode; when used as a pause control to interrupt a record during play it shows no side drift. The arm rest has an automatic latch that engages the arm whenever the drive system is turned off.

The speed selector is a rocker switch mounted inside the circular pitch control at the left of the platter, while the main turntable controls are at the right. The latter group contains five pushbuttons (selectors for 7-, 10-, and 12-inch records, a stop control, and a manual play control) and a matching knob-switch with positions marked "single" and "auto." These controls permit you to use the 810 in a number of ways, depending on whether the long or short spindle is inserted into the platter. The short spindle rotates with the record to minimize center-hole wear and friction. When it is used and the knob turned to "single," the 810 becomes a manual, single-play machine; you may cue or re-cue manually, with or without the aid of the arm-lift device. Either the "stop" button or the end of the record will return the arm to its rest and shut off the motor. The short spindle can also be used in automatic play: Press the appropriate size button and the arm will cue itself onto the record and return to rest at the end, shutting off the motor. For continuous repeat of a single record, the procedure is the same except that the control knob must be set to "auto." With the long spindle in place, the 810 will stack up to six records of the same diameter and play them in sequence. Total cycling time is 17 seconds, comparatively slow but a small price to pay for the gentle way the records are handled.

Taking it all together—performance, features, styling—the BSR 810 moves into ranking place among the best automatics we know of. And at its price, the others may well be in for a real contest.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Phase Linear's Blockbuster 700

The Equipment: Phase Linear 700, a stereo power amplifier. Dimensions: 19 by 7½ by 10 inches with finished front panel; can be rack mounted. Price: $779; optional wood case, $49.95. Manufacturer: Phase Linear, Inc., 405 Howell Way, Edmonds, Wash. 98020.

Comment: Any amplifier that has been described as delivering 350 watts of continuous power per channel into 8 ohms—and the lab figures show that this rating is conservative though it is the highest of any amplifier we have tested to date—has got to raise the question: Who needs all that power? Commercial applications aside, Phase Linear answers it by pointing out the relative inefficiency of certain modern loudspeaker system designs (particularly those used with special equalizers or some including electrostatic drivers) and by re-emphasizing the principle that the best can be got out of any loudspeaker only if the amplifier that drives it has plenty of headroom for undistorted peaks.

The price of that headroom comes high—remember that to provide an extra 3 dB of power, output must be doubled—and some listeners doubtless will feel that, at a cost of close to $800, the Phase Linear 700 has gone beyond the point of diminishing returns. In listening tests with the Bose 901 and the AR LST speaker systems we found that the differences with respect to other high-power, low-distortion amplifiers are indeed subtle. But the 700 is a product for the all-out audiophile interested only in superlatives. (Phase Linear also makes the similar, 200-watt-per-channel Model 400 for those whose power needs are somewhat more modest.)

The front panel is divided into two sections. To the left, in front of the power-supply circuitry, are the on/off switch, the main power pilot light, and an overhear
warning light. In front of the amplifier sections themselves are output meters and level controls for each channel. On the back are phono-jack inputs for each channel with a switchable choice of either “normal” inputs (which include high-pass filters to eliminate subsonic signals that could damage either the amplifier or the speakers) or “direct” (that is, without filtering). Then there are banana-plug/binding-post connectors for hot and ground leads to each speaker, an accessory outlet to power a cooling fan (not supplied), and an array of five fuses.

These fuses are only part of the 700’s protection system. In addition, it has relatively elaborate circuitry that monitors a combination of current, voltage, and temperature, and automatically shuts down the amplifier should these factors-alone or in relation to each other—exceed allowable levels. The overheat indicator is used to determine whether a ventilation fan is necessary. According to Phase Linear, it will not normally be required in home installations driving 8-ohm loads, though the fan should be installed as a matter of course in commercial installations requiring high power levels or whenever 4-ohm speakers are used. Fusing of speaker leads also is a good idea where such high power levels are involved though the fusing will lower the effective damping factor of the amplifier. Note too that at capacity output there may be over 60 volts at the output terminals, so care must be taken in connecting speaker leads if shock hazards are to be avoided.

What we heard—or didn’t hear—is indicated in the lab data. Even with both channels driven the 700 delivers 365 watts per channel at less than 0.025% THD before clipping occurs. At rated power, only one THD measurement (that for a 20-kHz input to the left channel) exceeded 0.1%, even when tested at extremely low power levels; most produced readings below 0.02%, and therefore approached the limits of the lab’s test equipment. Similarly, intermodulation remains below 0.1% from extremely low output levels right up to rated output with two exceptions: an increase to 0.15% around rated output power with a 4-ohm load, and above 305 watts with 16-ohm loads. In terms of distortion, then, the 700’s performance is among the best; in terms of sheer power, it is the most impressive we have tested. Following our standard test procedure CBS Labs measured damping factor (at 1 kHz) at 53. On the surface this would appear to be at odds with Phase Linear’s claim of 1,000 as the damping factor for all frequencies below 200 Hz. Actually the company’s figure is immeasurably high by conventional techniques. Suffice it to say that the lab measurement confirms that damping factor is more than moderately high.

In sun, the 700 is among top-quality amplifiers, as well as being a super-powerhouse.

### Phase Linear 700 Amplifier Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Damping factor</th>
<th>53</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Input characteristics (for 350 watts output)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Direct</td>
<td>Sensitivity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Normal</td>
<td>1.3 V</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Teac’s Second Generation Cassette Deck

**The Equipment:** Teac Model 350, a cassette deck with built-in Dolby circuitry and switching for chromium-dioxide tape. Dimensions: 17 by 4% by 9% inches. Price: $299.50. Manufacturer: Teac Corp. of Japan; U.S. Importer: Teac Corp. of America, 7733 Telegraph Rd., Montebello, Calif. 90640.

**Comment:** In producing the 350, Teac has done more than simply combine its successful non-Dolby decks of the A-24 family with the companion Dolby unit. The new model has many features of the earlier models, but it obviously is the product of rethinking and redesign. Even its styling is strikingly different from the earlier models.

The automatic stop system, which disengages the drive when the tape runs out or becomes jammed, is basically unchanged, as are the main control buttons. The cassette well is somewhat different. Its cassette support plate is independent of the well lid, a design that combines a luxurious "feel" in the eject system with far greater ease of cleaning and degaussing than the ear-
lier Teac cassette equipment. In this last respect the 350 aims at the equal of the lidless well designs; yet it offers excellent dust protection, which the lidless designs do not.

The mechanical controls at the left side of the deck are all pretty straightforward—with one exception. Just in front of the turns counter is a long pilot light that glows orange when the unit is on and appears to be in motion when the transport is. It's a clever design, though of marginal practical importance. The meters, like those on previous Teac decks, are of the peak-reading type, but are fully calibrated. In addition the 350 has an overload indicator light (which, unlike a meter, responds even to instantaneous peaks). In front of the meters are dual sliders for recording level, another pair for playback levels, switches for tape (ferric-oxide/chromium-dioxide), recording input (line/DIN or mike), and Dolby (on/off), and the main power switch. Nearby in the front face are the phone jacks for mike inputs and stereo headphone jack. At the back are phono-jack pairs for line input and line output, plus a DIN-style input/output connector.

The lab evaluation was made with TDK SD tape, the ferric-oxide type recommended by Teac for use on the recorder. If you compare this report with others that we have published on cassette equipment, note that CBS Labs is now making record/playback frequency tests at the -20 VU level (the level used on the standard playback test cassette) rather than at our former -10 VU standard (the level at which other tape equipment is tested). At -10 VU the 350, like other cassette equipment, is down as much as 5 dB at 10 kHz due to saturation; at -20 an extra 2 kHz or so is added at the high end. (With chromium-dioxide tape, Teac specs the -20-VU response to 16 kHz—or yet another 2 or 3 kHz added at the top.) Translated into practical terms, this behavior is what is to be expected of a top-quality cassette deck; and the sound produced by recordings made on the 350 confirms that it is one of the best. Figures for noise, speed accuracy, wow and flutter, and distortion (even intermodulation, which always is higher in tape equipment than that in modern electronics) are entirely consistent with this assessment. All told the 350 is a fine deck and a joy to use.

**Teac 350 Cassette Deck Additional Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Parameter</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Speed accuracy</strong></td>
<td>105 VAC: 0.3% slow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>120 VAC: 0.3% slow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>127 VAC: 0.3% slow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wow and flutter</strong></td>
<td>playback: 0.11%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>record/playback: 0.14%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rewind time, C-60 cassette</strong></td>
<td>1 min. 10 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fast-forward time, same cassette</strong></td>
<td>1 min. 12 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>S/N ratio (ref. 0 VU, Dolby off)</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>playback</td>
<td>L ch: 55 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>record/playback</td>
<td>L ch: 49 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Erasure (400 Hz at normal level)</strong></td>
<td>60 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Crosstalk (at 400 Hz)</strong></td>
<td>record left, playback right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>record right, playback left</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sensitivity (for 0-VU recording level)</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>line input</td>
<td>L ch: 80 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 80 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mike Input</td>
<td>L ch: 0.22 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 0.22 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Accuracy, built-in meters (ref. DIN 0 VU)</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch:</td>
<td>1 db low</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 1 db low</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Maximum output (from 0 VU)</strong></td>
<td>L ch: 0.8 V</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 0.8 V</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total harmonic distortion</strong></td>
<td>(at -10 VU)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch:</td>
<td>&lt;1.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch:</td>
<td>&lt;1.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>IM distortion</strong></td>
<td>(at -10 VU)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch:</td>
<td>5.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch:</td>
<td>5.0%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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 12½" 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.
ASIDE FROM the choice of program material itself, certainly the most intensely personal aspect of modern high fidelity is the use of headphones. I don't only mean that a headset makes the program material audible exclusively to its wearer—but that's part of it. Headphones allow us to retreat into our own private worlds of sound. In another age the desirability of that property might have seemed questionable and its exercise a mite psychotic; in our time the ability to get away from it all, even temporarily, is regarded almost as a necessity.

But there's another, more practical, sense in which headphone listening is intensely personal. Just as a given speaker system will sound different in different rooms, so a headset will not sound the same on all ears. The volume and configuration of air trapped between the headphone's drivers and the listener's eardrums won't be precisely the same from wearer to wearer. The fit and positioning of the headset is of course critical to this coupling of earpiece to ear; and the way the headset's superstructure fits a particular head will influence both the comfort and the acoustics of the headset.

These considerations pose a problem when we come to describe the properties of any headset. If I were talking about loudspeakers, for example, I might say that a given model does well in small, fairly bright rooms but does not fill larger spaces with ease. Such a statement would convey a value judgment that could be confirmed (or disproved) by the reader in his own home. When I say, however, that a headset has poor bass response—a phrase that surely carries with it a greater ring of objectivity and provability than that dealing with the loudspeaker—I can speak only for my own ears.

This is true, too, at the high end. All the headphones tested for this report produced usable response up to the 15-kHz range, for example; but it was not equally easy to get them to do so. With some models—the electrostatics and some of the dynamics—15 kHz remains audible even when the earpieces are moved about on the head (within reasonable limits, of course). Some of the other dynamics prove to be quite touchy on the high end, with 15 kHz audible (to me) only when the earpieces are in exactly the right spot.

The Current Models

It is a tribute to current headphones that the foregoing preamble was necessary. Even a few years ago there were many headsets on the market that could not manage 15 kHz in any useful sense; the response of some models dropped off rapidly beyond 10 kHz. On the bass end matters were, if anything, even worse. Severe doubling set in at relatively high frequencies, and often there might be little useful fundamental below 60 Hz. Today we are dealing less with relative inadequacies and
more with relative shades of excellence. For that reason, the physiological differences between listeners are more critical than ever, and my evaluation of the present models must be taken as a personal one.

The test method, using a signal generator as the signal source, was similar to that used for previous headphone comparisons in *High Fidelity* except that a Marantz receiver was substituted for the separate preamp used earlier. The input requirements of many good headsets are near the limits of the gain control on typical preamps. If you are using a low-output phono cartridge, the sound reproduced by the headset may not be quite as loud as you ideally would like it, even with the volume turned all the way up. Receivers, with their extra amplifier stages, can deliver plenty of level to the headphone jack and hence do not pose this problem.

The first test involves a rough fix on sensitivity. With a reference headset plugged in and the volume control turned to the 12 o’clock position, the output of the tone generator is set to deliver a 1-kHz tone at such a level that it sounds loud, but not unpleasantly so. This reference level is reset for each headphone in turn and the resulting setting of the volume control provides the index of sensitivity. A scan of the entire audio spectrum then determines the response characteristics of each headset.

The improvement over past models is striking, both in terms of deep-bass and high-treble response and in terms of smoothness in the upper midrange—an area where older and less expensive designs tend to become peaky in response. So consistently did the models assembled for this article have some useful response right out to the limits of testing in our previous reports of this sort that I have abandoned numerical characterizations of frequency response in favor of verbal description of the strengths and weaknesses of the several models. Obviously there are more strengths than weaknesses by comparison to past models—even from these same manufacturers, most of which specialize in the headphone and/or transducer field.

The other data listed on the test charts are fairly straightforward, with three exceptions. First, it is difficult to find an adequate expression for the length of a coiled interconnect cable. I’ve used a slash mark to show first the length unextended and then the approximate practical limit of extendability (3/12 ft., for example). Obviously this practical limit will depend on the circumstances under which the headset is used. I tried to apply equal tension to each cord during the measuring, but such factors as previous stretching presumably could affect the measurements. Cable lengths for the electrostatics are measured only to the “ener-gizer”-adapter unit.

A second exception concerns sensitivity, of which
# Thirteen Stereo

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Manufacturer &amp; Model</th>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Response</th>
<th>Sensitivity</th>
<th>Isolation</th>
<th>Comfort</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AKG K-180</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Fairly smooth, some roll-off at extreme frequencies</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beyer (Revox) DT-100</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Smooth, good at extreme frequencies</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Exc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KLH Model Eighty</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Fairly smooth, good response at extreme frequencies, some doubling in deep bass</td>
<td>Low</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Exc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Koss KRD-711 (Red Devil)</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Noticeable tendency to double in extreme bass, position critical for extreme highs</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Koss PRO-4AA</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Exceptionally smooth and wide range</td>
<td>Mod. to low</td>
<td>High</td>
<td>Good to Exc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lafayette F-2001</td>
<td>Electrostatic</td>
<td>Noticeably peaky in high range, some doubling below 60 Hz.</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pioneer SE-L40</td>
<td>Dynamic*</td>
<td>Roll-off in response at extreme frequencies, very smooth</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Low</td>
<td>Exc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Realistic (Radio Shack) PRO-1</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Wide range, very smooth</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>High</td>
<td>Good to Exc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharpe HA-10A</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Some roll-off in bass, some peakiness in highs</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>High</td>
<td>Good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharpe HA-770</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Very smooth, some roll-off in extreme bass</td>
<td>Low</td>
<td>High</td>
<td>Good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanton Dynaphase Sixty</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Good range, some peakiness in upper frequencies</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Low</td>
<td>Good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superex PEP-77C</td>
<td>Electrostatic</td>
<td>Good range and smoothness</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>Mod.</td>
<td>Good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telex Studio 1</td>
<td>Dynamic</td>
<td>Some doubling in low frequencies, fairly smooth</td>
<td>Low</td>
<td>High</td>
<td>Good</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*An "open-air" type that rests on the ear, rather than surrounding it, is not designed to offer the positive seal of conventional earcups.

**Available in several impedances: 5, 100, 400, and 2,000 ohms.
## Headsets Compared

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Weight less cable (oz.)</th>
<th>Cable length (ft.)</th>
<th>Earpiece with cable</th>
<th>Energizer unit</th>
<th>Special Features</th>
<th>Rated Impedance (ohms)</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>2½/7</td>
<td>Tip</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>Transducers can be moved within earpieces for altered “presence”</td>
<td>600</td>
<td>$ 69.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>Tip</td>
<td>R</td>
<td></td>
<td>100**</td>
<td>57.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>2/5</td>
<td>Sleeve</td>
<td>—</td>
<td></td>
<td>600</td>
<td>49.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>3½/8</td>
<td>Tip</td>
<td>—</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
<td>29.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>3/12</td>
<td>Tip</td>
<td>L</td>
<td></td>
<td>16</td>
<td>60.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>4/7½</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>4x2½x6 in., 2 headphone outlets, spkr/phones sw.</td>
<td>4-16</td>
<td>59.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Tip</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>Storage case</td>
<td>4-16</td>
<td>39.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>4/13</td>
<td>Tip</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>Calibrated vol. controls</td>
<td>4-16</td>
<td>49.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>2/7</td>
<td>Sleeve</td>
<td>—</td>
<td></td>
<td>4-16</td>
<td>39.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>3/11</td>
<td>Sleeve</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>Vol. controls, fuses on each earpiece, lifetime warranty</td>
<td>4-16</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>2/7</td>
<td>Tip</td>
<td>L</td>
<td></td>
<td>12</td>
<td>59.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>3/10</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>10½x3x6½ in., two headphone outlets, spkr/phones sw, opt. AC energ.</td>
<td>14-16</td>
<td>99.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>4/15</td>
<td>Sleeve</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>Vol. and tone controls on each earpiece</td>
<td>3-16</td>
<td>69.95</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Sharpe 770 is a premium dynamic model that carries a lifetime guarantee—the first headset we have seen with such a warranty. Each earcup has fuse and volume control.

The Lafayette F-2001 is unusually inexpensive for an electrostatic headset. Utility styling of the energizer (or power supply) unit helps keep the cost down.

AC power option in control box for Superex electrostatics adds stability in energizing voltage, but most program material reproduces equally well with AC shut off.

Choosing a Headset

The models sampled here are by no means all that are available. With the exception of the Koss PRO-4AA (which is included for the benefit of those who wish to compare the results of my testing procedure with the full laboratory treatment, reported for that model in our May 1971 test report), none has been covered here in detail before. Most of the models we have described over the last few years are still available, however; and there are other new models as well—most of them offered as accessories to existing component lines or included among the relatively low-price accessories from various importers.

All the models—whether tested for this article or not—can be divided into three categories. By far the most numerous are the conventional dynamic headsets with ear cushions that more or less surround the ear and seek to create a positive seal. A rough indication is given for each dynamic headset. The electrostats are omitted because both of the present models work off the speaker taps (rather than the headphone jack) of the receiver. With the relatively powerful Marantz (about 90 conservatively rated watts per channel), the volume-control setting needed to drive the electrostats was approximately that needed for the more sensitive dynamics. With a less powerful amplifier (or higher output to the headphone jack) volume-control settings for the electrostats would have to be advanced further, by comparison to the settings for the dynamics, to achieve equal loudness, so no valid comparison can be made.

The third exception is an annoying one, though it really is of only marginal importance: left/right orientation in dynamic headphones. The closest we have to a standard practice in the industry at present seems to be the use of the tip element on the phone plug as the conductor for the left-channel signal, the use of the “ring” (the contact element between the tip and the main shank or “sleeve,” which acts as the ground return) for the right-channel signal, and the placing of the interconnect cable on the wearer’s left. Some earpieces are marked “left” and “right”; many are not. In the “standard” situation, then, the tip of the plug would feed the earpiece to which the interconnect cable is attached, and we would assume it to be the left earpiece. The table shows whether the earpiece with the cord is in fact connected to the tip or to the ring of the phone plug; where specific indication is given, it also shows whether that earpiece is marked as the left or the right. It’s admittedly a minor matter in terms of practical use, but we hope that by stating the facts we can encourage manufacturers to set—and stick to—a long overdue standard in this respect.
few of the newer dynamic models (the Pioneer SE-L40 is the only one included here) are made to sit on the ear and purposely avoid the positive seal. And then there are the electrostatics, which work on the same principle as an electrostatic loudspeaker.

Dynamics, of course, take an audio signal and feed it through a coil within a magnetic field to translate the electrical input into acoustic energy. An electrostatic plays the fluctuating voltage of the audio signal against a fixed electrostatic voltage to move the driver’s membrane and create sound. It is the fixed voltage that sets the extra requirements in electrostatics and inhibits their use with the standard headphone jack on your receiver or amplifier. The most common system of powering electrostatics is to connect them to the speaker taps instead of the headphone jack and use part of the audio signal as the basic source of the fixed biasing or energizing voltage. This means that an adapter unit must go between the amplifier and the headphones, with the speakers connected to the adapter rather than directly to the amplifier. The adapter contains the necessary step-up transformer and rectifier circuit for the bias voltage, some sort of headphone/speaker switching, and perhaps an alternative AC power supply and/or headphone volume controls.

The extra paraphernalia runs up the cost of electrostatics of course. It also makes possible the broad and smooth frequency response that characterizes the best of the electrostatics. When these models first appeared the sonic detail that they made audible seemed phenomenal, and they quickly gained a reputation as the headphones of choice for critical listening. That exclusive reputation strikes me as not entirely warranted after working with this batch of recent models. Aside from their cost, electrostatics have the disadvantage that when they are driven into distortion (which admittedly requires extremely high audio levels) that distortion can be severe. Also, since they do not have a natural tendency to roll off at extremely high frequencies they tend to allow tape hiss, FM noise, and record surface noise to intrude rather more than we have.

And Now . . . Two New Developments

Quadruphonic Headsets

Several companies have worked with four-channel headphones (containing two drivers in each earpiece) and hand-built samples were shown to the trade last summer. At press time, three companies are now making quadruphonic models: Koss, Mura, and Superex. In addition it appears that Sonic International will announce a model in mid-May, while Telex has shown considerable interest in the subject and presumably would be prepared to offer a model if there is sufficient interest.

Some equipment manufacturers already offer separate front and back stereo headphone jacks on quadruphonic electronics; and it is this dual-plug system that headphone manufacturers seem to have adopted. What the four-channel listening experience will be like via headphones is another matter. Our limited experience with some preproduction samples leads us to suspect that they are no match for loudspeakers in this respect and that the precise subjective effect may vary considerably from listener to listener.

Eliminating the Interconnect

A second development is that of wireless links between stereo system and headset. At least two companies—Sharpe and Superex—presently have wireless headsets, but they are mono only and are intended for industrial and communications use rather than for high fidelity. At present we are not encouraged to hope for full-frequency response in these particular wireless-link systems, so the immemorial umbilical cord will be part of home headphones for a while.

A California company, Concept Plus, is seeking to cut it however. CP has developed a radio-link system that, it says, would allow any dynamic stereo headset to be used unumbically with your components. An AC-powered transmitter unit plugs into the headphone jack on your receiver or amplifier, and a battery-powered receiver picks up its signal and feeds the headset. The company says that this system, called the Lost Cord, allows the user to walk about his house at will without losing radio contact.

The reason you can’t buy the Lost Cord is economic: At this writing the company is analyzing both its costs and its potential market to see whether the product can be produced at a palatable price. If its decision is against marketing the Lost Cord in its present form, it says that it may choose to adapt the less expensive transmission system used in its wireless loudspeaker hookups. This latter system uses the AC power lines in the house as the transmission medium, but it would require the user to plug his headphone adapter into a nearby AC outlet. It would not therefore offer the complete freedom of movement that is a feature of the Lost Cord now under consideration.
come to expect in listening via dynamic speakers or headphones.

Then again, there is the continually improving quality of the better dynamics. Several of the dynamics tested for this article delivered bass on a par with both of the tested electrostatics; the Koss PRO-4AA produced significantly better bass. The choice between electrostatics and dynamics therefore is one that must be made on a model-by-model basis and will be influenced by the purchaser’s listening tastes—as it would be in choosing between dynamic and electrostatic loudspeakers and for much the same reasons.

The choice between the tight-seal models that reject most of the ambient room sounds and those that do not is even more personal. Pure sound quality aside, my preference, in the quiet of my rural living room, is for the models like the Pioneer SE-L40. If a subway runs under your apartment house, I’m sure you’ll disagree. You’ll also disagree if one of your objectives in headphone listening is to get the sort of psychological isolation that only the tight-seal models can afford. In this respect—and in terms of basic head fit—the best solution if you can manage it is fairly extensive listening with a given model. Short-term listening tends to minimize the subtle though nagging shortcomings that can contribute to a sense of fatigue in using a headset that is not right for you.

In picking a headset, keep firmly in mind that good sound quality, good fit, and comfort are the basic considerations and that all three will vary from user to user for any particular model. Although, for example, the weight of a headset may work against wearer comfort, it is not critical to his comfort. If a relatively heavy headset fits you well, you will adapt to it readily and can soon become almost unaware that it is there; a light headset that fits awkwardly can be downright annoying. Similarly, while a coiled cord looks jazzy and would appear to offer maximum freedom of movement, this may not be so in practice. A straight cord is sometimes easier to keep tucked out of the way if you’re working at a desk with the receiver or amplifier close by.

Of the models tested here, four strike me as offering particularly good values. The first is the Koss PRO-4AA. Although it’s a dynamic, it gives the electrostatics a run for—well, not for the money, since it costs less than most electrostatics. Let’s just say that it’s an exceptionally fine headset at some price point. Other special features too will attract some readers more than others. Ear cup volume controls may be attractive if you can’t reach your receiver from your easy chair, but only those on the PRO-1 are calibrated and all are somewhat awkward to find without removing the headset. Storage cases are nice—and certainly keep the dust away—but are hardly a necessity.

There is one other recommendation that I should offer: approach with caution the headphones in the bargain class. While some under-$20 models that I’ve tried in recent years have offered a good value (the Sansui SS-2 is one that comes immediately to mind), the large majority did not in my opinion. Awkward and sometimes loose fit, extreme peakiness in the midrange and highs, and poor bass response have been typical of these units. As a result their use is fatiguing and their sound far from satisfying by high fidelity standards. With so many real winners to choose from, I suggest you plan to spend a little more.
How can three well-known virtuosos curb their egos enough to form a harmonious trio?

The Intellectual, the Gambler, and the Corporate Man

by Robert Jacobson

"THREE SCREAMING LUNATIC egomaniacs together for three months" is how its keyboard member describes the Eugene Istomin-Isaac Stern-Leonard Rose Trio. The three American artists devoted a major part of 1970-71 pursuing the glories of Beethoven from London and Paris to Buenos Aires, New York, and Tokyo. Last September they gave their first chamber music concert in the John F. Kennedy Center in Washington and then followed it with a tour of Japan. As the Trio observed the first decade of their mutual existence, rumors began to circulate that these would be their last combined concerts for a long while—if not forever. No concerts have been scheduled for the 1971-72 or 1972-73 seasons (although plans are afoot for 1973-74), and the group's extensive recording projects for Columbia have been brought up to date, with no further plans in the immediate future. The question that arises whenever these three walk out on stage is: How do three major American artists, of virtually the same vintage, manage to subdue (to at least some degree) their own high-powered egos when they get together to play chamber music?

As musicians, as individuals, Istomin, Stern, and Rose dwell in three vastly different worlds. Istomin is the self-imposed pessimist (and, may we say it?—sometimes sourpuss), the intellectual, the seeker after the impossible through sheer sweat and toil, a man of integrity—and the moving force in what was a highly concentrated period of activity, the 1970 Beethoven Bicentennial Trio cycle. Stern, on the other hand, is the optimist, the showman, the chance-taker, the gambler who lives dangerously.

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The strong technical control and musical ideas of Stern, Istomin, and Rose give the Trio a "unique quality of brio."

but confidently in the unknown. Rose forms the fulcrum for these two opposites: steady, business-like, meticulous, and punctual. All have established big careers, here and abroad, in both the concert hall and on recordings.

Stern, admittedly, has the plummiest, since he has occupied the top echelon for more than two decades; Istomin has been passing through his musical menopause, that difficult transition from young musician to respected classicist; while Rose has sturdily pursued his solid solo career, after years as an orchestral cellist. No wonder then that one senses a certain jockeying for position whenever they walk on stage or stand to receive thunderous applause after a performance. One feels the air literally bristling with the clash of egos. Even before their most active period in 1970, rumors flew that the Trio would split—permanently. Too close a contact, too many small differences, too many personality problems. Were the Trio members, perhaps, "stir-crazy" from too much togetherness? (For the record—and for the benefit of thousands of music lovers—the Trio is not likely to split. Playing in it was never meant to be a year-round job, only a now-and-then thing, occupying a month or two each year when time could be spared from solo work. Now they've set their sights for the 1973–74 season.)

"It is really the conflict that produces music," Istomin insists, "not unanimity of personalities." The conflicts arise out of the very natures of the men. "At the beginning, we envisaged the thing as an idealized fraternity—and that's our public image. Paris Match wrote of the 'trio d'amitié.' Yet, after long grueling months together, relations had become strained.

"What we wanted originally was to make another Cortot-Thibaud-Casals Trio. The plan was mapped out, we had this example and we succeeded. We each did it for our own reasons." Stern obviously didn't need it professionally, but he saw a path to expand artistically. Both Istomin and Rose stood to profit financially and professionally. "It was more a feeling that we could somehow reach stature early," says Istomin. "We were all under fifty then. We could storm the very august heights
because we had physical capabilities to make first-rate virtuoso chamber music. And I have no doubt that we did."

The beginnings were in 1961 when the three played together at the first Israel Chamber Music Festival. But it had started earlier, in the mid-Fifties when the Ravinia Festival wanted big-name soloists to do a week of chamber music and came up with no less than Jascha Heifetz, Gregor Piatigorsky, and Artur Rubinstein, later dubbed the "Million Dollar Trio." A year later the festival wanted to repeat the stunt, this time with three Americans, so they brought together Istomin, Stern, and Rose—the event passed unheralded. Then came Israel and, as Rose says, "We rehearsed like hell and tore everything to pieces. We got glowing reviews and it was really the start." After that came a 1963 European tour and other engagements when time allowed. 1964 found them in Philadelphia for a Pension Fund concert with the orchestra, a program repeated as a benefit for Carnegie Hall and recorded as a Gala Performance. This brought national recognition, plus tours around the country and in Europe, and a series of recordings for Columbia. The Trio played chamber music and also performed with the Israel Philharmonic after the Six-Day War. Finally, in the summer of 1970, they were heard for the first time at the Casals Festival, which served as a prelude to the Beethoven marathon. Istomin calls Casals "our spiritual father—he made us what we are today."

But as the Trio's work and renown grew, so did the problems that seem trivial to the outsider, but can be crucial to the individuals concerned. Whose name was to come first in the official listing? Who would walk out on stage first? Here were three chiefs each with a claim to leadership. The household name of Isaac Stern led a large segment of the public to assume that this was the Stern Trio. Add to this the extroversion, the irrepressibility that finds him charging out on stage first, as if the other two were his accompanists (they have actually been called "the Stern gang," a reference to the Jewish terrorist organization active during the British mandate in Palestine). While it is true that his name and fame helped them to become another "Million Dollar Trio." Stern also sees beyond his position as a virtuoso fiddler and feels the need to communicate through sound—one of the major violinists who searches all the time. Yet he has an unmistakable genius for capturing the public eye. At the opening of the New York cycle, he managed to break a string during the first moments of the Ghost Trio (was he perhaps unconsciously asking more than his instrument could possibly give, in trying to match the massive quality of the piano?). At another concert he dropped his bow. Conflict, however, did produce music, as in this instance: Just before an important Carnegie Hall performance of the fiendish Kreutzer Sonata, Stern was backstage refusing to rehearse the Op. 1, No. 1 Trio with Istomin the next day—and the result was a savagely intense confrontation on stage. "Often he would get so angry with him and so competitive by goading me. My response is of a competitive nature," confesses Istomin.

"The major problem of the Trio is trying to submerge violent idiosyncrasies," says Stern. "But let's face it: If you don't have a strongly personal viewpoint, you don't have an artistic viewpoint. Personal identity—within the limitations of taste, knowledge, and talent—provides the stamp, the personal characteristic that separates artists and incompetents. Our personal identities create the special character of the troupe." Rose, for his part, asserts that he shares a great musical rapport with the others. "We are not far apart in age, we are American-trained, and we had the same musical influences. The differences are only in small matters of interpretation, nothing huge. We are three major personalities, three egos, three prima donnas. We have to blend and give in and come to a common understanding. I think we've been successful in solving our problems through interesting discussions. One person does not impose his personality on the rest, we arrive at mutually acceptable decisions." Despite Stern's and Istomin's acceptance of dissent, Rose remains the corporate man to the last.

From the purely musical angle, a crucial matter is balance—and this was most hotly debated during the Beethoven cycle, the works of which are so pianistically conceived. Istomin jumps right in: "It's not the piano in chamber music that must adjust, but the strings to the piano—if the pianist is anyone of consequence. Quite apart from the obvious fact that the bulk of the musical material is given to the piano in this repertory, there is the simple technical fact of the well-tempered scale, to which string instruments must adjust, and the built-in articulation of the piano. The string notes run into each other when the piano plays with them, there tends to be relative articulation with strings—and you cannot have the piano remove its percussiveness. Besides, one of the great strengths of the piano in all music-making is its articulation. And many string players do not play with this in mind.

"Of course," he continues, "the great father of us all in this regard—the first man conscious of the problem—was Casals, who recognized this question of articulation. And my colleagues realize this, because there were only a few times when they felt that I and the piano were overbalancing them. Sometimes they asked for more piano—especially to keep the beat under their own playing." The adjustment the pianist has to make is relatively simple for a sensitive musician, Istomin reasons: restraint in the use of the pedal and control of the build-up of volume. Clarity is the clue. The pianist learns to use less pedal, the strings strive for greater articulation to imitate the pianist's percussiveness. Isto-
min is careful to point out however that Beethoven's music was written for a piano with a weaker bass. Today's instrument produces a sound that goes on forever, its volume augmented by the pedal.

But, he concludes, overriding all these technical considerations is the musical direction the performance takes. "If I have to make a choice between aborting a climax for the sake of letting my partners be heard or momentarily overwhelming them with sound, I'd choose the latter as the lesser of two evils. Admittedly, there are registers in the violin and cello less capable of cutting through than others, and there are times when I have to play piano where it is written forte—but I'll overwhelm them without qualms if it means impetus rather than hearing a voice."

Several London critics, he admits, hit him hard over certain details of dynamics. "But sometimes in forte chords you have to play piano with accents. I'm the one who must make all these choices and compromises. Sometimes you have to give up judicious acoustical conditions—the way a conductor interweaves the brass and strings with the singers in Wagner and Strauss. You have to be solicitous of your colleagues' sound—but to sacrifice the role of the piano part for the sake of balance is often a mistake." Istomin's eyes roll heavenwards. "With all the care we take, there is no real balance. The real balance consists of getting the main points of the music across."

The giant black grand piano with its lid at full mast is still a psychological "thing" as far as the audience is concerned. Its very presence, its overwhelming bigness, suggests loudness. Istomin feels that the change in the actual volume of sound, whether the top is wide open or half-closed, is very small. The only difference is in the clarity and quality, which can become muted. "The piano part is important, but the huge sounds of my colleagues are heard when they are to be heard—and they can drown out the piano too. It's a relative thing: One sees the piano open and feels it will overwhelm. It's funny, pianists come backstage and say to me that the performance could have stood more piano; violinists tell Isaac they heard only cello and piano; and cellists tell Rose they heard only piano and violin. People hear what they want to hear. Having the lid at half-mast is the easy way out. It doesn't make Isaac Stern any less great a violinist to admit that while being unique and indispensable, the piano is the center of the piano trio, especially in Beethoven—it was his instrument, it's all piano music, and the music was published as 'pianoforte pieces with...'."

Rose admits that there have been problems of balance in some of the halls in which they have played. "But even so," he concedes, "you can't emaciate the piano writing, because its strength is important. The manner in which we play is more like soloists projecting. We sock it out. We have to. The piano has oceans of sound and Eugene is fortunate we have healthy sounds to match his." He states that he and Stern share similar kinds of string sound and are conscious of sound production, as in terms of vibrato. Here's where the rehearsal is crucial—in coming together on the amount of vibrato, or the use of a glissando for emotional demands. These, Rose feels, are the fine points that catapult a performance onto the highest plane.

Stern nods. "The problem of balance is always an argument," he says. "But you have to think of the development of the instrument. The piano was not as powerful in the nineteenth century, even though Beethoven was a banger. But the violin and cello have not changed; they've retained their limitations. All this has to be taken into consideration. Istomin has such a sense of sound—he plays the piano like a bowed stringed instrument—that there is an absolute sense of balance musically. But he can get carried away by the demands of the music, and when the piano gets carried away it's eighty-eight times more than anybody else. In the writing, the piano of course carries the bulk of the responsibility, but the music cannot be treated as solo works, and can't be approached that way by any one instrument. The imbalance of writing is most difficult in Beethoven—as opposed to Haydn and Mozart—and is a challenge for the three of us. Beethoven thought from the position of the piano, yes, but also in a total concept. Pianists are fond of pointing out the piano-violin-cello listing—but the fact is that in the sonatas the string instrument also has an enormous role to play, not out of proportion to the piano."

All these morsels can only be probed after another major issue is solved—the basic question of logistics: how to get three jet-age virtuosos together to rehearse. Istomin admits that they have never rehearsed to excess over the past decade due to the press of their individual activities. "We sometimes work things out on stage in performance. It takes no more than three sessions for things to gel. There's no need to rehearse if these kinds of people play together and share the same views. When it is right, each plays to the others. It's a dialogue, using the phrasing and the means of making music familiar and intimate to the others." Rehearsal often is the bare bones of making notes, rather than hammering in details; the latter are tossed about or the use of a glissando for emotional demands. The group goes over rudimentary things, like strings getting together on their bowings, beforehand. "Usually we match each other and are able to change and react to one another with speed," says the pianist. "It's amazing how routine these things become simply by going over them just a few times. But the exciting thing is the spontaneous combustion that takes place, the freshness of the performance, no matter how often we play to-
together. Yes, there were cases of serious differences and even though they were minute, infinitesimal, we took them seriously. But you have to compromise.”

When a musical knot has to be untangled, the solution is directed by whoever has the main line in the music. Their minds, all three agree, are so attuned that when differences do occur they tend to rub in deeply, in ways that are upsetting. “But,” says the pianist, “when you try to achieve something on a high level, it has to be absolutely authoritarian. Art is not a democracy, but a kind of thing on a high level, it has to be absolutely authoritarian.”

Yet he says that each one must accept the self-imposed discipline and give-and-take without quibbling—and that this is only the beginning of where you have to go. “But the musical concept repays you for any sacrifice of ego. The recompense is the finality of involvement in music at the highest level—and exaltation you can touch. We have been excited and uplifted and ennobled—allegro non troppo and a performance is created. It’s a rite.”

Stern has the reputation for flexibility and amenability as a co-worker, but is, at the same time, reluctant to give up endless hours to toil after the superperformance. Yet he says that each one must accept the self-imposed discipline and give-and-take without quibbling—and that this is only the beginning of where you have to go. “But the musical concept repays you for any sacrifice of ego. The recompense is the finality of involvement in music at the highest level—and exaltation you can touch. We have been excited and uplifted and ennobled—allegro non troppo and a performance is created. It’s a rite.”

For Leonard Rose, everything is (and had to be) well established in his mind beforehand in matters of tempos, phrasing, etc., relying less on Stern’s roll-of-the-dice style. “Yet it is those little things in a performance that are charming,” he says, “and we notice them—that little extra sense of improvisation. So even after months together there was no feeling of staleness. Our performances on the whole have a freshness of approach because we are always trying to make them better. We can’t stop probing; if we do, we stop growing.” He is confident that their music-making reflects a happy compromise. “Never before has there been anything like this on a regular basis—the Trio is absolutely unique. We have been mentioned with the Cortot Trio; but the Cortot wasn’t famous for public performance, only for two records. And the Heifetz-Rubinstein-Piatigorsky Trio played exactly twice!”

Summing up his attitude toward the input of work and output of achievement, Stern says: “Playing with two partners who are strongly endowed with technical control and musical ideas makes for a very special partnership and gives the Trio a quality of brio that I think is unique. The large dynamic range that we can use at any time, from an orchestrated massiveness when we’re all going hell bent for leather to the intensity of a quadruple pianissimo that still floats in the air with urgency. This I think comes for one major reason. All of us are soloists, and in solo performance we have come to know, recognize, look for that ecstasy, that moment when there is a unity between the music, the performer, and the audience. It is this power of projection individually that is rarely found, I think I can say in all candor, in most chamber music performers. Because each of us have it, or have experienced it, we can put it to the service of the music and have it come together as a joint experience even more strongly. By the very nature of the music, by our playing, and by the work we do, we force ourselves, each of us, to do our best at all times.”

Backstage one night, while Stern and Rose were greeting friends and admirers, Istomin was heard to snarl from his dressing room, “We’re just the coffee-table Trio,” meaning, of course, that much of the audience had purchased the product rather than the music itself. Of the three, he is the harshest

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**AN ISTOMIN-STERN-ROSE DISCOGRAPHY**

**BEETHOVEN:** Trios (complete). Columbia M5 30065 (five discs).


**BEETHOVEN:** Trio No. 6, in B flat, Op. 97 (“Archduke”). Columbia MS 6819.

**BRAHMS:** Trios (complete). Columbia M2S 760 (two discs).

**SCHUBERT:** Trio No. 1, in B flat, D. 898. Columbia MS 6716.

**SCHUBERT:** Trio No. 2, in E flat, D. 929. Columbia MS 7419.


critic of the public that flocks to their concerts: "We played for some who gave the impression they had bought a 'high-priced' attraction but didn't expect to hear the music we played. They had bought the all-star system and expected Isaac to play Hearts and Flowers and Rose The Swan. They didn't conceive of the programs we gave. Of course, in other places like Chicago and Bloomington and UCLA there were wonderful audiences, people who knew. We began rethinking the whole concept of routebooking for the Trio in one period of time, with the idea of reaching young audiences receptive to a serious but exciting musical experience. Granted, we also expected high fees and all the things that went with it. But we decided not to allow ourselves to be booked indiscriminately."

So with the Beethoven birthday coming up, the idea bore fruit—and it would be for the right audience in a festival atmosphere. As the pianist reflects, "This series of Beethoven performances had staggering implications in work and musical gratification—and the kind of fulfillment of everything that the Trio had wanted. There is no question but that this was the magnum opus of the Trio. It was the biggest challenge of our career and we marched into it." None of them honestly believed they could fill Carnegie Hall eight times, particularly in the economic slump in the fall of 1970. Stern shakes his head. "This says a lot for the musical maturity of New York audiences and the place that great music has in the minds of a lot of people, and particularly at a time when many people are doubting it." As for the audience, he smiles, "Thank God the Beethoven cycle draws! And it has become a necessity to the musically aware public in New York. There were audiences in Europe eighty or ninety per cent of whom were knowing and involved, but you can't expect this all the time." Stern confirms they will continue to do what they've done before: come together every eighteen months or so for a few weeks, depending on schedules. "We still have to delve into the nonbox-office literature—Schumann trios, the other Mendelssohn, Arensky, Tchaikovsky, and some contemporary music by Kirchner, Copland, and Shostakovich—and find some new composers."

Rose has his money on an eventual Brahms cycle next but, more important, he'd like to take the Trio to some of the rock and pop festivals to play for the kids, without charge, of course. "We must get to a new public, because there are not enough young people at our concerts. We could play some sonatas and trios and explain them. It would be interesting." Currently, all three members have their fingers crossed that National Educational Television will be able to bring to America the videotapes of the eleven Beethoven Trios which the threesome made in Paris for French television during the European segment of the bicentenary activities. If the technical problems of color reproduction can be worked out, these films will be shown nationally next fall.

Recently, looking back over the Trio's history, Istomin summed up their attitude: "In the last analysis it is tremendously difficult, for familiarity often breeds contempt. It is like a marriage: It has lasted and it will continue to last in small doses, for there are great compensations. There are times of enjoyment and good things. And no matter how much we bicker, there is great love and consideration and care on that stage—a union, a commissurization. But most important, we do take pride in being the best. The thing that binds us, apart from the unutterable experience of the music when we play, is the fun of being the big success wherever we go—the, yes I'll say it, almost smug feeling of being champs and winning, of being Number One."
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There's nothing specifically "4-channel" about any turntable design, but 4-channel information in the record groove certainly requires precise tracking plus freedom from wow, flutter and rumble if it is to come through accurately. The 4-speed automatic turntable of the Fisher 40 gives you component-quality performance in all those areas. The high-quality magnetic cartridge has a diamond stylus, and both stylus force and anti-skating force are adjustable. There's a cueing control for setting the stylus down gently on any groove of the record. And the Fisher 40 shuts itself off automatically at the end of the last record.

Fisher is particularly proud of the Fisher 40's receiver design, since it's undoubtedly finer than any medium-powered 4-channel receiver available separately. Power output is 100 watts, 25 per channel, which is enough to drive four main speakers and a pair of remote speakers without the slightest strain.

The FM tuner section features ceramic filters in the IF stage and the rated sensitivity is 2.4 microvolts. The AM tuner section also has ceramic filters. In addition, the Fisher 40 features truly sophisticated controls. Front and rear volume are adjustable with separate slide controls. Bass and treble controls are of the greatly superior Baxandall type.

And there's a control that switches in the matrix decoder of the Fisher 40. This "2 + 2" control makes possible two kinds of 4-channel playback: Ordinary 2-channel stereo material can be made to produce a quasi-4-channel effect. Or pre-matrixed 4-channel program material may be reproduced. All this, of course, is in addition to the discrete 4-channel capability of the Fisher 40.

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HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Which Cadenza Does Rubinstein Play?

The best-kept secret on recordings and in concert halls is the identity of the cadenza played by a soloist.

Cadenza, n. Music. An elaborate flourish or showy passage introduced near the end of an aria or in a movement of a concerto.

The inadequacy of the above definition, culled from a leading dictionary, reaffirms that the cadenza remains one of the least understood and least appreciated ingredients of music, particularly of the classical concerto.

Elaborate flourish indeed! Quite obviously, the writers of the dictionary never indulged in the luxury of sitting down to a concerto, savoring its sonata-form elements of exposition, development and recapitulation, and then devouring the epicurean dessert served at the coda in the form of a cadenza virtuosa, with its instrumental commentary on one or more themes already built into the movement and with its attendant solo pyrotechnics.
Cadenza

Showy passage? Referring to Mozart's first movement cadenza in his Piano Concerto No. 23, K. 488, as a showy passage would be equivalent to putting down Verdi’s Requiem as a theatrical outburst, or labeling Beethoven’s Eroica Symphony an effusive display for orchestra.

No, the concerto cadenza is quite different. Its origins to be sure grew from the vocal cadenza, which can be traced back over three hundred years to its beginnings as a free-style departure from the score at a cadence. A modest singer might insert a mere run up scale; at the other extreme, another could turn it into a solo extravaganza running as much as twenty-five minutes in length (as was logged by Crivelli at the Milan Opera in 1815, according to the Guinness Book of Records).

In the instrumental concerto, usually at the coda, the soloist encountered a breach in the floodgates for the outpouring of his cadenza, normally after a sustained and ambiguous II chord in the orchestra. While Vivaldi and Bach wrote out their cadenza-like solos, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven usually did not. These left a hole in the score, sometimes with the word "cadenza," and the soloist was expected to improvise in the composer’s style and spirit on themes of that movement. This gaping hole, according to musicologist D. F. Tovey, is the saddest chapter in the story of the classical concerto. If the composer himself played the solo, as was frequently the case, no problem. If the soloist was a clod—watch out! It could serve as the aperture to an inundation of arpeggios, roulades, and glissandos, enough to rival Noah's Flood, and enough to wash away all the construction that went before.

Unfortunately, too many soloists were either clods or exhibitionists, a fact that should surprise no one familiar with the era, when violinists were even clod-watch out! It could serve as the aperture to a breach in the floodgates for the outpouring of his cadenza, normally after a sustained and ambiguous II chord in the orchestra. While Vivaldi and Bach wrote out their cadenza-like solos, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven usually did not. These left a hole in the score, sometimes with the word "cadenza," and the soloist was expected to improvise in the composer’s style and spirit on themes of that movement. This gaping hole, according to musicologist D. F. Tovey, is the saddest chapter in the story of the classical concerto. If the composer himself played the solo, as was frequently the case, no problem. If the soloist was a clod—watch out! It could serve as the aperture to an inundation of arpeggios, roulades, and glissandos, enough to rival Noah's Flood, and enough to wash away all the construction that went before.

But history has handed down many garish excesses in this genre. Romantic pianist Carl Reinecke, for instance, not content with Beethoven's own cadenzas for his own works, wrote and published the Reinecke romantic alternates for all five concertos: the minority report, as it were. Other contributors abused the time span. While the most-played first movement cadenzas to the lengthy Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky violin concertos take about three minutes each, one finds Emile Sauret's cadenza to the shorter Paganini Violin Concerto No. 1 feeding the flames for eight minutes at no extra charge. And the late Mischa Elman, playing the Beethoven Violin Concerto, took even longer than that with his own cadenza, which one of America's leading active concertmasters sheepishly and secretly admits once caused him to doze off during its performance. This cadenza could very well have been a transcription from the piano version with its use of timpani. Max
A Short Guide to the Cadenza

by Paul Hertelendy and Harris Goldsmith

The following is a list of frequently played concertos, the composers of their various cadenzas, and the artists who play them. No attempt has been made to be comprehensive—a virtually impossible task within this thorny thicket—but the reader will see at a glance the incredible variety of choice open to musicians. Almost all the artists mentioned have left recordings of their preferred cadenzas.

PIANO CONCERTOS

Mozart

Many composers have written cadenzas for the Mozart piano concertos, including Mozart himself. Hummel, Reinecke, Soulima Stravinsky, Busoni, E. Fischer, and Landowska. In his integral recording, Géza Anda plays Mozart’s cadenzas where they exist and those of his own devising elsewhere. Other artists who play their own where Mozart’s are not available include Brendel, Schrabel, E. Fischer, Kempff, Gulda, and Badura-Skoda. The cadenza composers are listed first and the artists who use them follow in parenthesis.

No. 9. Mozart (Kempff), Landowska.

No. 14. Mozart (Gulda, R. Serkin), Badura-Skoda.


No. 18. Mozart, A. E. Müller.

No. 19. Mozart (almost everyone).


No. 21. P. Klengel (Lymppany), R. Serkin, Casadesus, Lipatti, Busoni (Demus), Hollander, Kraus.

No. 22. E. Fischer (Gieseking), Badura-Skoda (Demus, Brendel), Schnabel.

No. 23. Mozart (Rubinstein, Curzon, et al.).

No. 24. Saint-Saëns (Casadesus), Hummel (Badura-Skoda), Magaloff (Haskil), Gould.

No. 25. Katchen, Gieseking, Kraus, Matthews, Istori (Flesch), Casadesus, R. Serkin.

No. 26. E. Fischer (Demus), Landowska, Backhaus, Casadesus.

No. 27. Mozart (Backhaus, Schnabel, Ashkenazy, E. Fischer).


Haydn

Concerto in D. Landowska, Badura-Skoda, (Demus).

Beethoven

Concerto No. 1. Beethoven wrote three cadenzas for the first movement: 1) rather long but incomplete—it needs revision for execution; 2) short and conservative; 3) very long and difficult. He also wrote a short cadential flourish at the end of the third movement, most pianists use this and occasionally elaborate on it (Serkin, for example). Cadenza No. 1 is played by Arrau and Brendel; No. 2 by Backhaus, Gilels, Solomon, and Gieseking; No. 3 by Blumenthal, Bernstein, Eschenbach, Katchen, Rubinstein, Serkin, Wüthrich, Richter, Flesch, Schnabel, Gulda, and Dorfmann. Pianists using cadenzas of their own composition include Barenboim, Badura-Skoda, Casadesus, Gould, Kempff, and Schröter. Carl Reinecke wrote cadenzas for this and the other four Beethoven concertos.

Concerto No. 2. The composer’s original cadenza was never notated by him. Years later (between 1809 and 1812) he wrote a long one for the first movement. Almost every pianist uses it except Kempff and Schröter who play their own.

Concerto No. 3. Beethoven wrote one cadenza for the first movement and most everyone plays it. The exceptions are Kempff, E. Fischer, Brendel, and Gould (who play their own); Backhaus, Gelber, and Hoffmann (who play Reinecke’s); Solomon (Claudio Rumberg’s); and Rubinstein (Busoni’s revision of the Beethoven original).

Concerto No. 4. There are two cadenzas by the composer for the first movement; the earlier one (known as “No. 2”) because it was published as such in the Kinsky index is rather stormy and less frequently performed than the later one, which is more in keeping with the music’s lyrical qualities. Most pianists use the later cadenza with the exception of Brendel, Gieseking, Moravec, and Gilels who prefer the earlier one. Casadesus, Kempff, and Fischer use their own; other existing cadenzas for this work have been written by Saint-Saëns (Rubinstein recorded this with Beecham), Brahms, and Reinecke.

Concerto No. 5. Everyone uses Beethoven’s here which is written into the score. Other cadenzas exist by Reinecke, Willi Hess, Moscheles, Brahms, Busoni, D’Albert, and Backhaus.

VIOLIN CONCERTOS

Mozart

Spivakovsky, Enesco, and Menuhin have written cadenzas for these five works.

Others include:

- No. 2. P. Klengel.
- No. 3. Franko (Menuhin), Ysaye (Thibaud), L. Auer, Flesch, Tovey, Badura-Skoda.
- No. 4. Joachim (Elman, Szigeti), Heifetz, Kreisler, E. Herrmann, Badura-Skoda.
- No. 5. Joachim (most artists), L. Auer, Franko, Badura-Skoda.

Paganini

No. 1. Emile Sauret (Menuhin), Flesch (Rabin), Sevcik (Francescatti), Friedman.

Beethoven

Concerto in D, Op. 61. Beethoven (the composer did not write an original violin cadenza but Rostal, Kolisch, and Schneiderhan have made violin transcriptions of the cadenza Beethoven wrote for the transcribed piano version), Joachim (Szigi, Szeryng, Huberman, Schneiderhan), Busoni (Szegi), Kreisler (Menuhin, Ferras, Francescatti, Stern, Oistrakh, Lautenbacher, Grumiaux, Ricci), Milstein, Heifetz, Suk, Spalding, Busch.

Brahms

Concerto in D, Op. 77. Joachim (Francescatti, Oistrakh, Kogan, Szeryng, Grumiaux, Neveu, Szigeti, Stern, Friedman), Heifetz-Auer (Heifetz), Milstein, Kreisler (Menuhin), Ysaye, Huberman, Spalding.

CELLO CONCERTOS

Haydn


Concerto in C, Britten (Rostropovich)

Schumann

Rostal, Wolfgang Schneiderhan, and Rodulf Kolisch of the Kolisch String Quartet have transcribed this lengthy cadenza for violin; Kolisch's was reportedly lost during the war. One of the most brilliant but controversial cadenzas is a long one created by West-Coast pianist Adolph Bailer of the Alma Trio for the Beethoven Triple Concerto. Since there is not even an invitation to a cadenza in the first movement, Bailer made an incision, grafted in his composition for the three soloists, and closed up the wound neatly without shedding a drop of blood. His long extemporization is entirely in Beethoven's style, partly quoting the composer verbatim, so to speak.

Today's artist thus is frequently confronted with a choice: either performing what the composer intended, taking up one of the contributions made by others who are often more prolific and virtuosic than discriminating, or yielding to the temptation of rolling his own cadenzas. If the artist has a bewildering set of options, the listener finds himself in a far worse state, for the identification of the cadenza remains one of the great secrets of our age, along with the amount of artists' concert fees, the details of the conductor's private life, the secret of the H-bomb, and the age of your girl friend. Only a handful of recordings and symphony concerts indicate in the printed notes which cadenza is being played, despite copious filigreed news on such momentous topics as Mozart's relations with the Archbishop, the name of the ninth cellist, the role of the Elector of Saxony as an eighteenth-century musical patron, and the identity of the Box K subscriber at the matinee concerts.

The listener deserves a break, and for his benefit, an informal organization called “Fair Play For Cadenzas” (FPFC) has taken root. Its motives are nonprofit, its membership is microscopic, and its approach is so low-pressure that it sometimes operates at a near vacuum. Its purpose is simply to remove the veil of secrecy around cadenzas, and that is neither simple nor easy. The FPFC wrote several leading record companies over a year ago asking that cadenzas be identified on record jackets, and the reaction proved downright underwhelming. The FPFC also wrote to thirty of the country's leading orchestras asking that cadenzas be identified in printed programs.

With the help of an FPFC artist's questionnaire, the discontinued *World Encyclopedia of Recorded Music*, and other sources, a compilation of cadenzas and artists' preferences has been made for the better-known concertos (see table). A complete list is virtually impossible. By 1915, for the Brahms Violin Concerto alone, Wilhelm Altmann had encountered sixteen different sets, including one by the pianist Ferruccio Busoni! Equipped with this list, however, the listener and artist alike can chart a path through the forests of occult cadenzas that can impede one's progress toward the consummate concerto experience. Choice, not chance. Be warned, however, that many leading artists appearing to play an Auer or Saint-Saëns add a few embellishments of their own. And once in a while they have been known to switch cadenzas, or even to mix two composers' cadenzas in one performance (such as Isaac Stern, who uses the Kreisler for the first movement of the Beethoven Violin Concerto and the Joachim thereafter).

The artist's questionnaire (sent to sixty leading concert soloists, of which twelve replied) showed that 91 per cent of the artists favored printed program identification for all concertos where some choice existed. The one dissenting vote, from cellist Janos Starker, who composes his own, can perhaps be ascribed to modesty on the artist's part.

The composer's cadenza should always be used if it exists. Such was the opinion volunteered by three of the artists (pianists Alfred Brendel and Géza Anda and violinst David Abel). But others implicitly dissent.

Is there a Gordian knot in the cadenza literature? Yes, say pianists Vladimir Ashkenazy and Paul Badura-Skoda. Neither has ever come across a suitable cadenza to the imposing Mozart C minor Concerto (No. 24, K. 491). The listener may thus expect many years of experimentation with the cadenza of this concerto until some modern-day Alexander the Great of the keyboard can cut the knot satisfactorily.

Violinist Yehudi Menuhin says that he uses his own cadenzas only when the existing ones are inadequate. For the Mozart violin concertos (all cadenzaless), he uses some of his own plus others of Georges Enescio. Pianist Victor Babin gives a similar justification for writing his own contribution to Mozart's Concerto for Two Pianos, K. 365, despite the existence of cadenzas, perhaps Mozart's, in Leopold Mozart's handwriting. And Alfred Brendel specifically takes exception to the most often played cadenzas, by Beethoven, in Mozart's D minor Concerto (No. 20), because of the disparity in styles and Beethoven's migration from the home key. Igor Stravinsky's son, Soulima, has published numerous cadenzas for Mozart concertos, ones which pianist Grant Johannesen finds to be "of high musical order."

Pianist Jörg Demus has the last word on cadenzas in recalling the anecdote of Max Reger's performing Beethoven's First Piano Concerto. Thinking the cadenzas to be by Reger, one music critic roasted them in his review. Shortly thereafter he received a telephone call, allegedly from the late Ludwig van Beethoven calling from Elysium, affirming, "That horrible cadenza was—by myself!" Brevity is the soul of wit—and often of the cadenza too.
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May 1972
Amplification in the Theater—Electrifying or Shocking?

WALTER KERR, the distinguished drama critic of the New York Times, recently wrote a column lamenting the incursion of electronic amplification into musicals. Mr. Kerr feels that it takes the “liveness” out of live theater, that in turning to amplification the musical theater is losing its last lingering advantage over the various “canned” media—a sense of living out of live theater, that in turning to amplification the musical theater is losing its last lingering advantage over the various “canned” media—a sense of living people performing for living people. He took note too of the mechanical problems that amplification sometimes entails: static in a sound system, occasional breakdowns in equipment.

This latter objection should be considered first, because it is the least important. I see no difference in kind between a temporary electronic hangup and the mechanical breakdowns that have always been a part of theater, and indeed are the source of its funniest folklore.

Mr. Kerr no doubt has purer feelings about theater than I do. But the fact is that I like amplification in theaters, and for a number of reasons. Indeed, I would say that all of the problems plaguing musical theater, amplification breakdowns are the least of them.

Mr. Kerr overlooks the one real advantage that “live” theater has over the canned. And that is a sense of suspense. When one listens to a record, or sees a movie, one is well aware that the bugs have been removed. Nobody is going to hit any gruesomely wrong notes. A soprano’s voice isn’t going to give out in the middle of a high note; if it had done so, a retake would have been made: or if the record had been a complete disaster, it would not have been issued.

But when a performer is working live, on a stage, you do not have that assurance. It is like watching an athletic event: You think it’s going to turn out well, but you cannot be sure. This, incidentally, is the reason that jazz is more exciting when heard live than it is on records.

Amplification does not remove that element of the unexpected from theater. On the contrary, a voice in amplification is in some ways even more naked than a voice heard “live.” You can slough over an unamplified bad note more easily than an amplified bad note. In the latter case, everybody hears it.

Underlying Mr. Kerr’s concern about amplification is a fundamentally false assumption about the nature of singing. Mr. Kerr continues to equate a good voice with a powerful voice. He forgets that in the early days of opera, voices didn’t have to be “big” and often weren’t. Orchestras were small, and so were the halls in which singers performed. As halls and orchestras grew larger, voices were expected to be—indeed, had to be—bigger. But bigger doesn’t mean they were better.

A revolution in pop singing occurred in the early 1940s, one that still is little understood. The name of that revolution was Frank Sinatra. Sinatra brought to singing the same kind of Stanislavskian naturalism that such actors as Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, and Lee J. Cobb brought to acting. It is a more inward kind of singing, and it’s infinitely more believable than what went before it. Now, what the electrification, if I may coin a word, of singing did was not to produce a synthetic kind of voice, as many people have assumed, but to restore naturalistic singing. And this development didn’t penetrate musical theater for a quarter century after it occurred. Now it’s penetrating, and I’m delighted.

I don’t care for the Ethel Merman style of singing. Granted that Miss Merman was and is a stunning performer—her pleasure in performing communicates instantly to an audience—the singing itself always put my teeth on edge. The alternative to Miss Merman’s kind of belting was the quasi-operatic trained voice, which tried to project American music with a European rhythmic sense. When at last one of the people from the world of popular music, Art Lund, got into musical theater with The Most Happy Fella, I thought the millennium in musicals was about to arrive. Mr. Lund was a superb singer, and more to the point, he could—thanks to years with the Benny Goodman band—sing American music in an American way.

Alas, there was almost no follow-through on what I thought at the time was a truly important shift in musicals. Not until Sammy Davis did Golden Boy and Steve Lawrence did What Makes Sammy Run? was the experiment repeated. Since both were uneven shows (although I very much admired the Golden Boy score) the point still was missed. Then Lawrence and his wife, Eydie Gormé, did Golden Rainbow, and the critics panned it, and again the point was missed.

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4. M 31193*
"Among other things on this album is the heroic poem Dupré wrote for the reconstruction of the organ at the cathedral of Verdun. Adding to the organ a double brass choir is rather like adding fire to earthquakes or putting a double bubble in champagne. But it works. It could blow the roof off. And St. George's Church in NYC, where this was recorded, has a marvelously high roof. It's the highest roof in NYC, and under these 'acoustical heavens' the organ is placed at the front of the church on either side, and then in the gallery at the back. Add two brass choirs to that, and well, then you have possibilities."

On Columbia Records
*Also available on tape
EVER SINCE THAT regrettable day when CinemaScope was introduced and America’s movie screens began to look like curved sausages, the film musical has been slowly dying. Plagued by multiple track recording, multiple love interests, multiple voice dubbers, and an alarming absence of inspiration and joy, film musicals (with rare exceptions) have grown clumsy, pretentious, mechanical, and thoroughly dull.

Who would suspect that in 1972, just when the end seemed so near, that a producer (Cy Feuer), director (Bob Fosse), composer (John Kander), lyricist (Fred Ebb), and two screenwriters (Jay Allen, Hugh Wheeler) would fashion what may very well be the most brilliant musical film this country has ever produced, and would do so using old-fashioned 35mm stock with a monaural, variable-area, optical soundtrack.

The film Cabaret bears very little resemblance to the 1966 stage musical, except for its title and the presence of Joel Grey and a few songs. The entire script of the show has wisely been replaced by a return to the original Christopher Isherwood Berlin Stories that served as the remote basis for the stage and screen versions of I Am a Camera and even more remotely for Cabaret on stage.

We observe an interlude in the lives of several young people in Berlin, just as the Nazis are beginning to evolve from a mob of unruly ruffians into a major political force. There is Sally Bowles (Liza Minnelli), a young cabaret singer who drifts from one man to another in an unquenchable thirst for affection and excitement; Brian Roberts (Michael York), a shy and sensitive writer from Cambridge, whose previous failure to be aroused by women inspires Sally to one of the great challenges of her career and sweeps them both up in a flood of mutual affection and sex; and Max von Heune (Helmut Griem), a worldly and somewhat jaded young Baron, who lavishes gifts and love on both Sally and Brian for about a week, until he tires of the game. Their circle of friends also includes Fritz Wendel (Fritz Wepper), a penniless gigolo who falls victim to his own plot to woo a wealthy Jewish girl, Natalia Landauer (Marisa Berenson), when he discovers that he actually loves her enough to confess that he himself is a Jew and wants to marry her. We also meet the landlady and many residents of Sally and Brian’s boarding house and, of course, the leering, depraved emcee at the Kit Kat Klub, played as on Broadway by Joel Grey.
In every respect, *Cabaret* is a film that rises above the sum of its superb parts. Bob Fosse has directed with such delicacy and tenderness that it is quite impossible to feel that anything the characters say or do is sordid or in any way amoral. He makes us love, or at least understand. Sally's unrelenting attraction for strange men, the triangular love affair of the three principals, and the crowd's nightly fascination for bizarre and corrupt entertainment at the club.

There is a continual juxtaposition of the private adventures of the principals played against the ominous background and news events in German with the word "Nazi" emerging from time to time. It is a subtle but chilling reminder of the tale that is spreading and will soon engulf the world of our young friends.

The color photography by Geoffrey Unsworth serves also to sustain the double level of reality in the film, for he has taken the bright and attractive period costumes and settings and filmed them through a haze as if we, the audience like the characters, must struggle just a bit more anxiously than usual to drink in the vitality and exuberance that life has to offer. David Bretherton's adroit editing clips a scene just before it might normally fade out and plunges the viewer headlong into a successive scene by leading with a voice-over and then following with a visual.

The omissions too are impressive. We never see Fritz's explanation to Natalia that he too is Jewish and therefore a suitable bridegroom (suddenly they are being married, so obviously she has accepted him): Brian's decision to leave Berlin (he simply does so for reasons that appear obvious in context); and the ultimate fate of Fritz, Natalia, and even Sally herself (which is really none of our business). They may survive, but the film makers are interested in showing us only an interlude in the lives of a few people, not the entire bloody saga of Nazi Germany.

Perhaps most inventive is the use of the Kander and Ebb songs. For decades, we have been hearing that the completely mature musical (stage or screen) is one in which the songs are unobtrusively "integrated" into the dialogue. It is an ideal of the integrated score that the singer does not step out of character in order to deliver his song but uses the medium of song (perhaps dance) to express a more highly intensified or poetic emotion than would be possible in dialogue alone. This is the Rodgers and Hammerstein tradition (begun with *Oklahoma!*, 1943) that perhaps reached its fullest expression in Lerner and Loewe's *My Fair Lady* (1956).

There is however an altogether different tradition, one exemplified by Brecht and Weill's *The Threepenny Opera* (1928) and *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* (1930). Here, song is used not as part of the dramatic action, but rather as an isolated element, an editorial commentary on the action that stands outside it and looks in just as the audience does.

It is this style of musical presentation (that Brecht called "epic theater") that forms the basis for the score of the film *Cabaret*. At no time during the action of the picture do two characters turn to each other and sing of their all-consuming devotion. Nobody warbles a vagrant air about the loveliness of spring or tap dances down a side street banging ash-can covers together. All the plot songs from the stage version of *Cabaret* have been deleted—except for a few melodies heard as instrumentals on the scratchy phonograph records that Sally enjoys playing. Aside from a Nazi rally anthem sung at an outdoor beer garden, the only songs performed vocally are those offered as entertainments at the club, where they would be performed in real life.

If this observation suggests that the songs are entirely self-contained islands like the Busby Berkeley production numbers that bear no relation whatever to the plots of the backstage comedies in which they appear, nothing could be farther from the truth. For the songs given on the tiny stage of the Kit Kat Klub are mordant comments upon the main action of the film. In a sense, they are the musical equivalents of the distorted and grotesquely comic reflections of real life one sees in the curved mirrors at an amusement park.

When Sally first meets the wealthy Baron by accident and accepts his invitation to be driven to her destination, her gaze falls with unexpected delight upon his glistening, chauffeur-driven limousine. On the soundtrack we hear her exclaim the word, "money!" Suddenly we are at the club, enjoying an outrageous parody played by Liza Minnelli and Joel Grey on the ecstatic joy to be derived from wallowing in wealth. Later, when it becomes clear that Max is sexually attracted to both Sally and Brian alike, the scene cuts to a song called *Two Ladies*, in which Grey and two chorus girls sing about living and loving as a trio, as they mime and mug gleefully beneath a huge, billowing sheet.

Just after Fritz realizes that he loves the Jewish Natalia and plans to marry her, the film's exploration of black comedy reaches its most debauched and daring. The emcee sings of his passion for a young female who is scorned by the world. At first she is facing away from the audience, but when she turns we see that she is a gorilla (played by Louise Quick), dressed in a funny tutu. As the pair do a dainty softshoe together, she offers her a banana and a large wedding ring to wear in her nose. It is amusing to both the audience at the Kit Kat Klub and to the viewers of the film until the final line, "if you could see her as I do [and then he whispers] she wouldn't look Jewish at all." Suddenly we are separated from the audience in the film. What must have seemed a vulgarly delicious joke to the 1931 audience comes across to us as a shocking observation on what might have actually been acceptable in that time and place. It is a bold gesture for a Hollywood film and one that rings clearly with the sound of truth and a refusal to compromise.

Not all the songs turn to humor. When Brian and Sally decide to get married, we hear a scratchy recording of Greta Keller singing the soft and heartening *Heirat*, a German translation of *Married*, which Lotte Lenya and Jack Gilford had done on Broadway. Similarly, when Brian and Sally fall in love, their first embrace is underscored by a slow, insinuating vamp that seems to be mere background music. Suddenly the scene dissolves to the club. We discover that the vamp is in fact an introduction to *Maybe This Time*, which Sally purrs with enormous sexual innuendo. Her smile of fulfillment while singing suggests the happiness she is experiencing at home. After a few bars, we return briefly to Brian and her in bed together, the rain beating on the window. Then we go back to the club. The song has continued to build without interruption. The blue light that bathes
her seems to caress her in song as Brian does in private. Her two worlds blend, and we are permitted to share her feelings in a manner that is rare and very precious in film.

**Maybe This Time** is one of the three songs that have been added to the score of *Cabaret*. Far from new, it was recorded by Liza on her first solo album for Capitol Records, “Liza! Liza!” The two new songs are *Mein Herr*, a spirited farewell by Liza to a former lover, and *Money*, the jolly duet that equates wealth with consumption.

The one song performed outside the club is *Tomorrow Belongs to Me*. Max and Brian are seated at a table in a rural beer garden while Sally is taking a nap. A beautiful Aryan boy begins to sing with an angelic voice a song of seeming hope and optimism. The camera pulls back to reveal his brown shirt and swastika armband. As he sings, people at the tables begin to rise and join his song. The voices swell and the drums in the little band accompanying them begin to sound like rumbling cannons. The youth is gone from the boy’s face. He has donned his military cap and now stands like a soldier of death, his face flushed with determination, his voice pulsing with fanatic fervor as he sings about his Fatherland. Our three friends drive off hastily, as the voice of Germany’s future fades in the distance.

Never has a musical film been more appropriately orchestrated. Ralph Burns has kept his instrumentation down to about eight pieces to simulate the sound of a third-rate cabaret band of the period. He uses muted brass, a banjo, and drums with the same commitment to detail that characterizes every aspect of the picture.

The musical brilliance of this very special movie has been captured perfectly on the soundtrack album released by ABC Records. Every vocal in the film and even two of the four instrumentals are included. Unlike most soundtrack albums that contain only the musical track components, this one features some dialogue and even the laughter of the patrons at the Kit Kat Klub.

The packaging of this set however is a disgrace. Instead of an album with a deluxe booklet overflowing with color photos to capture graphically the physical beauty of what is on the screen, the jacket is a sleazy black-and-white sleeve with no liner notes whatever, and three smudgy black-and-white stills. Not one of the song titles nor vocalists is listed on the jacket, and none of the performers is listed even on the record label. Although the film’s official billing is reproduced and even one who has not seen the picture can identify the voices of Minnelli and Grey, there is no indication whatever that a singer as prestigious as Greta Keller is heard on this disc. Furthermore, there is no indication that the dubbed voice of the German Youth is that of a West Coast performer. Mark Lambert, who was selected after dozens of singers both here and in Germany were turned down. There has never been a more tacky-looking soundtrack album for a major motion picture, and the designer should have his pencil sharpener permanently taken away.

Fortunately, most people will want this album for the content of its grooves. They will find a treasured souvenir of, if not the finest, surely the most provocative musical film ever made. For *Cabaret* is not just a vehicle for a dynamic star, not just an assemblage of pretty show tunes, nor a succession of beautiful images. It is all these and more. It is a film that comes to grips with human survival itself, and the methods various people use to keep alive and relatively sane.

**Cabaret.** Original motion picture soundtrack recording. Liza Minnelli, Joel Grey, Greta Keller, Mark Lambert, vocals; orchestra, Ralph Burns, cond. and orchestrations. *Willkommen; Cabaret; Maybe This Time; Mein Herr; Money; others.* ABC ABCD 752, $4.98.

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**A Handel Oratorio to Shout About**

Two new recordings of that grand old rabble-rouser, *Judas Maccabaeus*

by Paul Henry Lang

**Like Handel’s Coronation Anthems, Judas Maccabaeus** is the kind of work that non-Britons often misunderstand. This is not a religious work, nor is it a well-planned drama like *Saul* or *Belshazzar*, but a profession of faith in Britain and her arms. An American equivalent would be an oratorio entitled *Yorktown*. The work celebrates the victory of the son of George II, the Duke of Cumberland, over the Scottish rebels under Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden. The hapless book by Thomas Morell, a prissy divine, has no dramatic continuity, a good deal of the music is perfunctory (by Handelian standards, that is), and some of the numbers were purloined from other oratorios (and have not yet been returned to their rightful place). Yet next to *Messiah*, *Judas Maccabaeus* has always been the most popular of the oratorios. Listening to these recordings, both of
which properly ignore the old religious-obsequious style, one can understand the reasons for this popularity: The rousing choruses can get an audience to its feet and cheering, whether for the Israelites and Judas, or for Britain and Cumberland. Handel was tired and apathetic, recuperating from a severe illness; but by that time he was a good Englishman, patriotic and loyal to the reigning dynasty, so he pitched in and gave the people something that would uplift their morale. While not among the great oratorios, Judas has a lot of great music, exhibits many strokes of genius, some fine arias and duets, and choral writing that is always miraculous.

Nowhere is the customary bracketing of Handel with Bach more untenable than in these victory paeans, for Handel recognizes no rules and rubrics, only euphony and drama. Bach would rather get his singers in dire trouble than slight linear logic, but Handel, who knew as much counterpoint as any musician that ever lived, breaks up the fugue the minute the part-writing forces him into vocally awkward regions, for to him glorious choral sound was the supreme rule. And whenever a word suggests drama he immediately takes advantage of it, as in "Fall'n is the foe." In the middle of the jubilation the crowd, awed by the events, is suddenly hushed and faintly murmurs: "Fall'n, fall'n." There are many such stunning turns.

If Stephen Simon's RCA recording had been the only one to report on, he would have fared very well, but he is up against an organization that is superior at every point. Johannes Somary is more flexible and more familiar with the style than Simon, articulates more clearly and airily, and knows that in vocal music tempo and phrasing often depend on the affective content and position of the words. Then his chorus and orchestra are better than Simon's Viennese forces, and his English singers leave the Americans behind by quite a margin. Of Simon's cast Blegen and Steffan sing well enough but without particular distinction; Morel (no relation to the estimable D.D.) is a stranger to this style and pushes his high tones, while Estes is correct and on pitch.

But Simon deserves unstinted praise for his training of the Viennese chorus. Handel is not their dish—he has never been well known in Catholic Austria, and English phonetics must of course be difficult for them; yet the Viennese sing well, spiritedly, and with surprisingly good diction. But Somary's chorus is in another league. The parts are beautifully balanced, the dynamics varied, and the clipped English diction braces the rhythm, as
Handel intended, despite the silly stories about his poor English. Then there is the magnificently clear enunciation of the English soloists, stylists all. Helen Watts is superb as always; though Heather Harper’s voice is not a particularly beautiful one, it is always adequate for the situation and is handled with impeccable musicianship. Alexander Young is recognized as a tenore assoluto in these roles, again despite somewhat restricted vocal quality, and so is John Shirley-Quirk. Both struggle a bit with the coloraturas—but who would not? The fine English Chamber Orchestra is transparent, nimble, and always on top of its task. The continuo is very good in both recordings, though the RCA organ squeals a little. Vanguard also has an edge on the engineering, though the RCA sound is very good. So, while Simon’s RCA release is quite commendable, Somary is the winner; his Judas is well worth acquiring. If one has listened to too much Mahler, these magnificently extrovert and uninhibited choirs will dispel all Central European neuroses.

Finally, a sour note in a production that has none in the music. The pamphlet accompanying the Vanguard recording is incorrect, silly, and the extended political remarks of the anonymous author indicate an East German Marxist in disguise. This oratorio was not written

“to buoy up the spirit of the English liberals”; Handel, a shrewd capitalist businessman, was a staunch supporter of the Establishment, and the campaign fought by the Whig government was for their own interests and those of the House of Hanover. Nor was Judas himself “the common people’s leader opposing an aristocratic invasion.” The Nazis changed Judas into Siegfried and made a German epic out of the Hebrew one; now in certain quarters Handel and Judas are being turned into class-conscious revolutionaries. Vanguard’s staff should be more discerning in its choice of annotators.

Handel: Judas Maccabaeus. Judith Blegen, soprano; Sofia Stefan and Yoko Tsuii, mezzos; Barry Morell, tenor; Simon Estes, Reginald Evans, and Walker Wyatt, basses; Vienna Academy Chorus, Vienna Mozart Boys Choir, Vienna Volksoper Orchestra, Martin Isepp, harpsichord; Stephen Simon, cond.; RCA Red Seal LSC 6201, $17.96 (three discs).

Handel: Judas Maccabaeus. Heather Harper, soprano; Helen Watts, alto; Alexander Young, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk and Christopher Keyte, baritones; Amor Aris Chore; Wandsworth School Boys Choir; English Chamber Orchestra, Harold Lester, harpsichord; Johannes Somary, cond. Vanguard/Cardinal VCS 10105/7, $11.96 (three discs).


When Is a Song Cycle?

by David Hamilton

Fischer-Dieskau, Prey, and Souzay add a few more knots to a tangled problem.

The composer of the first song cycle, Ludwig van Beethoven, made certain that the "togetherness" of his songs was clear for all to see, writing transitions from one song to the next. As far as I know, no singer has ever done violence to *An die ferne Geliebte* by transposing some of the songs to suit his vocal range; baritones simply move the whole works down a tone or so.

But when it comes to the cycles of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, we find quite a different situation; in the absence of any explicit linking passages, these songs are apparently assumed to be musically independent, connected only by their narrative function and—at least occasionally in the case of Schumann—some musical cross-references. Since nearly all this music was written for high voice, tenors usually accept the given keys, while baritones and basses transpose the songs down on a more or less patchwork basis, to suit the convenience of their voices. Published low-voice editions are certainly partly to blame, for they are rarely consistent—but the variety of transpositions used, as for example in Hotter's three recordings of *Die Winterreise*, suggests the exercise of plentiful free enterprise as well. In any case, singers today should be sufficiently aware of the discipline of textual criticism that they no longer believe everything they see in print.

Aside from making a few musicologists happy, however, what does this matter of keys mean to the listener? A first point, and a relatively simple one, concerns the sonority of the piano part (and applies, in some sense, to all songs, not just those in cycles): The lower registers of the modern piano have a heavy tonal character, and a lowering of this part can sometimes adversely affect clarity. If the problem becomes really serious, the alert pianist may try moving the piano part up an octave to get it in a better register (at one point in *Schöne Müllerin* No. 9, Karl Engel does this, although the reason is not clear since he has already played the identical music in the lower octave).

Then there is the matter of range. In a lengthy composition for the timbrelly somewhat limited medium of a single voice and piano, the composer may well want to "orchestrate" his resources by calling upon different regions of the voice in different songs, and he will probably also have some expressive purpose in mind when it comes to the use of vocal extremes. Thus, in *Die schöne Müllerin* Schubert makes a big climax in No. 7 (*Ungezogen*) with sustained high A's at the end of each stanza—the highest and most conspicuous notes in the cycle. After that, the top range of the songs recedes for a while, creeping up at the end as far as G sharp, but never again touching that A. As Hermann Prey revises the cycle, No. 7 doesn't have quite the same impact, for the A becomes an F, which has already appeared in four previous songs and is later topped on two occasions (*Mein!* and *Der Jäger*). If he had transposed the entire cycle down a whole tone, Prey would have arrived at the same over-all range that he now has—and also preserved these not minor features of Schubert's plan.

He would also have preserved something that may seem abstruse, even inaudible, to the nonprofessional: Schubert's original key relations. Consider the pair of songs in *Die schöne Müllerin*, Nos. 12 and 13 (*Pause* and *Mit dem grünen Lautenbande*), which were both written in the key of B flat—that is to say, they both use (basically) the same scale, or selection of seven pitches from the total of twelve available, and the same fundamental chords, focusing on the note B flat. If the second of these songs were transposed to another key, the total effect would be different—and the listener, even if he did not know what name to give to this phenomenon, would...
sense the difference. Fortunately, Prey and most other singers observe the integrity of such obvious pairs, transposing both songs to the same new pitch. And the relationship of Die liebe Farbe and Die höse Farbe (Nos. 16 and 17), respectively in B minor and B major, is similarly preserved.

A more complicated relationship is that between Mein! and Pause (Nos. 11 and 12), where the descent from D major to B-flat major—a move that is distinct but not jarring—changes the music's color in a certain way. Prey leaves Mein! at Schubert’s original pitch and transposes Pause down to A flat, and thus gives the listener at this juncture the furthest possible tonal jump, a juxtaposition that Schubert would never have used in such a context. (Fortunately, the side break comes at just this point, so the effect is not as pronounced as it might otherwise be.)

I think it is significant, too, that from his starting point of B-flat (Das Wandern) Schubert moves in the general direction of other keys during the period of the narrator’s courting (up to Mein!). Then, the goal achieved, that original key of B-flat returns to signify a state of happiness equivalent to (if more complex than) the naive freshness of the opening. After this, the general direction is toward E major, the key of the final song and, significantly, the furthest distant key from B-flat. Virtually none of these long-range relationships survive the usual transpositions—which, in their turn, inevitably set up other, and irrelevant, connections.

To assume that Schubert did not have in mind such use of the resources of the musical language seems to me an unwarranted assumption, and a diminution of his abilities as a composer. After all, one would hardly consider showing around the keys of individual movements in his symphonies or chamber works for considerations of personal convenience. And for this reason I would find it difficult to regard Prey’s performance as a significant contribution to the recorded literature even were it better sung than it is, but his tendency towards imprecision of pitch, the choppy effect that results when he has to move about quickly, his aspiration of melismatic passages are all additional flaws, and a certain interpretive solidity (Die höse Farbe, for example, is depressingly tame) produces an eventual boredom that is deadening. Engel plays accurately, but the recorded piano sound lacks the solidity and clarity of Prey’s ballad recital on London OS 26115. Among the available alternatives, only the twenty-five-year-old Schülz version combines textual accuracy and musical virtue; Wunderlich’s lesser art, if fresher voice, is available in two versions that at least preserve the unity of Schubert’s conception.

If the significance of key relationships in Schubert seems a matter subject to debate (being admittedly based only on internal evidence), the case with Schumann is much clearer, as you will hear if you put on a recording of the Dichterliebe and lift the stylus at the end of the first song, which ends on a chord that is clearly “incomplete,” resolved only at the opening of the next song. Only two of Schumann’s published sets of songs present an explicit unity of narration (Dichterliebe and Frauenliebe), but he dubbed two others Liederkreis (literally, “circle of songs”; Opps. 24 and 39), and other lengthy groups are arguably more than publishers’ collations.

One of these is the set of Kernler songs, Op. 35, that Gérard Souzay has now recorded (two earlier versions, by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Hermann Prey, are now out of print). Here the succession of poems, although lacking any clear narrative, has a certain arguable logic of emotional progression, to which can be added some definite musical facts. Only five keys are used among the twelve songs, every one of them used more than once (in something like an “arch” pattern) except C major, the key of Stille Thranen, which is quite obviously, in terms of scope, range, and emotional impact, the climax of the set. Further, this high point is preceded by Frage, a song whose brevity and harmonic character virtually preclude its standing alone; it is, as Eric Sams has pointed out in his useful book The Songs of Robert Schumann, a link song, making the transition from the E-flat center of the preceding songs to the C major of Stille Thranen. And No. 2, the beautiful cho-}


date-like Stich, Lieb’ und Freud’, ends in a transitional key, different from its main tonality and eminently suitable to prepare the key of the next song. Wanderlied. Surely then this is not merely a portfolio of songs thrown together for purposes of a publisher’s convenience—and yet Souzay, one of our most sensitive and musical singers, abolishes virtually every tonal equivalence and relationship that Schumann has set up save that between the last two songs, Wer machte dich so krank? and Alte Lauten—which are, in any case, for all practical purposes two verses of the same song, so that only the veryiest dunce could miss the point. It remains to report that on this occasion Souzay is in rather rough voice, although his sense of the phrase is unimpaired and Dalton Baldwin plays with exceptional sensitivity. Two of the filler songs are at least uncommon on records, Ihre Stimme und the splendidly reposeful setting of Goethe’s Uber allein den Gipfeln. Aside from these, I would find it hard to argue that this record should replace either of the earlier versions in your Lieder collection: we still await a musically sound version of Schumann’s Op. 35.

With Brahms’s series of fifteen settings of poems from Tieck’s Wondrous Love Story of the Fair Magelone and Count Peter of Provence, we encounter still another type of “song cycle,” for rather than telling a story directly or presenting a series of emotional states that might reflect events in the poet’s life, these songs comprise poems that punctuate a very specific story, the events of which are, however, never specified in the poems themselves. (An earlier Fischer-Dieskau recording, in its German edition, actually incorporated a narration based on Tieck, but this was omitted in the American version on Decca DL 9401.) Furthermore, these “romances” are even assigned to different characters in the story (most to the hero, Count Peter, but one each to his fair Magelone and Sulima, daughter of the Sultan to whose court Peter comes in the course of his wanderings). All the same, there is a case to be made for the harmonic integrity of the songs as Brahms composed them, and once again our new recording violates it, although preserving some important ties, such as the key equivalence of the first and last songs. (Incidentally, the keys given in Burnett James’s liner note are those of the original score, not those used in this recording.)

All the same, I cannot in good conscience urge you to ignore this record, for the playing of Svatoslav Richter and the ensemble between voice and piano are things truly exceptional in the recorded literature. One begins
with a marvelous piano (probably a Bechstein or Bösendorfer), with that wonderfully clean bass register that is never to be heard on modern Steinways. Add to this a variety of articulative color and subtlety in the use of the pedal that even the best of Dieskau’s army of regular accompanists has never achieved, and a rhythmic tautness and spring that sustain the line no matter how hard Brahms worries his rhythmic motives. Very few pianists in this literature (the name of Benjamin Britten springs to mind, of course) have ever offered such a fully characterized and masterfully executed account of a piano part.

And although my fundamental reservations about Dieskau’s singing seem still valid (particularly the lack of a true legato, as exemplified in Häfliiger’s regrettably deleted Epic version of this same cycle), I cannot gainsay the skill and imagination that have gone into this interpretation. (The liner notes are in error about the date of these artists’ first performance of this cycle; rather than 1969, it was at least as early as 1965, for I have a BBC transcription from that year’s Aldeburgh Festival.) If you can find the Häfliiger version (Epic BC 1371), don’t pass it up, for it follows Brahms’s keys, is gorgeously and musically sung, and is admirably accompanied by the late Paul Ulanowsky—but do not miss the sovereign musicianship that can be heard on this new recording, either. (The only current competitor, Stämplfi on Turnabout, has now been robbed of the uniqueness that was its only substantive virtue.)

A note on packaging: London gives us only English-language summaries, Odeon (a product of the French branch of EMI) encloses German texts and French translations, while the admirable Angel folder gives a brief narrative of Tieck’s story, full texts and English translations, and a useful literary note. Next time one of these eminent baritones records a song cycle, it would be interesting to have in the liner notes a justification for his cavalier treatment of the composer’s musical conception.


**SCHUMANN:** Kerner Lieder; Widmung; Zwei venetianische Lieder; Schneeglockchen; Mein schöner Stern; Ihre Stimme; Nachtmähr. Gérard Souzay, baritone; Dalton Baldwin, piano. Odeon 063-11325, $6.98.

**BRAHMS:** Die schöne Magelone, Op. 33. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Angel S 36753, $5.98.

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by Donal Henahan

**Waiting for Janáček**

Four new releases focus on the piano music of a 20th-century original.

For some years it looked as if Janáček would go out of fashion without ever coming in. Those were the days when everyone had heard the Sinfonietta, thanks to a few advocates such as Kubelik and Szell, and nearly everyone had heard of half a dozen other pieces. But Janáček, we were told, was a special taste, a crude primitive whose name was always coupled with those of such eccentrics as Ives, Mussorgsky, and that Grandmère Moise of music, Satie. Now, largely owing to the gathering popularity of the operas, Janáček seems to be elbowing his way into the Pantheon—or anyway the small, dark anteroom where the recently dead are allowed to sit while waiting to be certified as Great Composers. The two DGG discs—which bring together two of the most authoritative Czech artists of the day, Rudolf Firkusny and Rafael Kubelik—should help a lot of people make up their minds about Janáček and his chances for survival. Firkusny recorded most of these pieces, either on 78s or on early LP, and he plays Janáček’s music as if it were his own. One is seldom even aware of him as an interpreter, so naturally does everything flow under his incredibly strong, idiomatic Janáček.
precise fingers. (As a boy he studied composition with Janáček.) It is strong, idiomatic playing, affectionate but never sentimental, sturdy but not rough, expressive but not mannered. Not since his own twenty-year-old Columbia discs, long out of print, has there been anything in the extraoperatic field that puts Janáček's importance so clearly in focus.

The Concertino and the Capriccio have not gone neglected. Of several respectable stereo readings, Hilde Somer's coupling of the two works and Walter Klien's version of the Concertino surely merit attention. However, Somer's playing, though attractively intimate in scale, lacks some of the spine one wants in Janáček, and Klien irons out too many of the pungent irregularities. Firkusny tends to brisker tempos than others in most of the music on these discs, possibly owing in part to his fluent technique. But he also manages a firmer, more evenly registered piano tone, though the DGG recording is most for solo pianists On the Overgrown Path, a cycle of fifteen little tone poems in two sets. Firkusny plays on October 1, 1905), Paleniec draws out all stops and the sccatoco brusquely and faintly. Firkusny, no less forceful, keeps his tone homogeneous and musical. Firkusny's objective style, which avoids self-advertising showiness, may cause problems for some Janáček admirers, particularly in his reluctance to linger over dramatic and expressive points in the youthful collection, In the Mist (also known as In the Threshing House). In these four pieces, with their strangely Iberian tinge, Firkusny is nicely restrained while Laimar Crowson on Angel (S 36455, deleted) goes at them with highly nuanced, quite exaggerated readings that sound more like Chopin or Scriabin than Janáček. Crowson also has a heavy pedal foot and muddies the continually shifting harmonies.

In the Sonata, urged on no doubt by the dramatic program (the bayoneting of a young man by soldiers in Brno on October 1, 1905), Paleniec draws out all stops and the final Adagio in a feverish, hysterical manner, and plays the final march but holding the music taut despite its funeral pace. Again and again in these recordings, Firkusny's easy control of the keyboard lets him make points that others can only hint at. The screeching owls, the falling leaves, the grumpy hedgehogs, the bickering squirrels, and the other outdoor sounds that permeate Janáček's music are caught brilliantly, with never a slide into Disneyland cuteness.

The most extensive work on these records and the most welcome to the Schwann catalogue—which at this writing lists no other available examples of any Janáček music for solo piano—is the recently issued In the Overgrown Path, a cycle of fifteen little tone poems in two sets. Firkusny plays both. The five pieces of the second set, unlike the other ten, are identified only by tempo markings, not picturesque titles. More than the other pieces, the untitled five tend to wander and lose focus. Still, On the Overgrown Path makes extraordinarily pleasant listening in its rarely encountered full length, and compares quite favorably with similar impressionist cycles by Prokofiev, Bartók, Smetana, and Granados.

So does, for less compelling reasons, the previously unrecorded Theme and Variations in B flat, the so-called Zdenka Variations that Janáček wrote in 1880 in tribute to his future wife, Zdenka Schulz. The rather commonplace tune and seven variations do not seem much like any Janáček we know, and one hears a student's preoccu-

JANÁČEK: Piano Works. Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, Rafael Kubelik, cond. (in the Concertino and Capriccio). Deutsche Grammophon 2707 055, $13.96 (two discs). Concertino for Piano and Chamber Orchestra: Capriccio for Piano (left Hand) and Chamber Orchestra, Theme and Variations (Zdenka); Sonata for Piano (October 1, 1905). On the Overgrown Path in the MHS volumes, Hans Kann gives respectable but rather workaday performances that do not compete seriously in imagination or pianistic authority with Firkusny's. So unless you are encyclopedically curious about every last polka and handkerchief dance that the composer committed to paper, the Deutsche Grammophon set should serve handsomely.

Selected comparisons (Concertino): Somer Klien Desto 6427
Selected comparison (Capriccio): Somer Died. 6427

On the Overgrown Path: Sonata for Piano (October 1, 1905) (on MHS 1121; Twenty-Three National Dances of Moravia for Solo Piano and Piano Duet: In the Mist: Theme and Variations (Zdenka); Vzpominka (for collection); Polka: Fifteen Maerish Dances; Music to Swing Indian Clubs By (on MHS 1272).
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Richter has played Bartók sparingly and the Fifteen Hungarian Peasant Songs is the only other work of this composer I have heard from him (a memorable concert at Carnegie Hall two years ago). Actually, he treats this master in much the same manner as he treats Prokofiev, which is to say a little more gently and lyrically than some, with a vein of coloristic whimsy and humor yet with all the ferocity one could want when that quality is demanded. I have fallen a bit behind in this provocative concerto and have not heard either the Weissenberg/Ormandy (RCA) or Bishop/Davis (Philips). Of the ones I have heard, I find the Richter quite the most absorbing and personal, and its poetry is not harmed by the slightly less than precise playing of the Parisian orchestra. Indeed, the very fuzziness actually helps the composer.

Richter recorded the Prokofiev once before (a DGG release first issued in 1960 as coupled with the Mozart D minor, K. 466 and of late also available in conjunction with Prokofiev’s Eighth Piano Sonata and some of his Visions fugitives). He has completely changed his conception of the piece, the new reading being far slower and much more monumentally serious than its fleet, lighthearted predecessor. I prefer the older account which better suits this basically unpretentious music. Others are sure to feel differently, for this is a very personal matter. But on any account, grab the disc for the Bartók.

H.G.
As has been the case with all the records I've seen in this series, the production is lavish and the notes are excellent (in the case of the opera, they include the full text with translation). Extra bonuses are the wonderful photographs of Bartók on the cover of each disc. So far, each one that I have seen has been different.

R.P.M.


**BEETHOVEN:** Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in C, Op. 15; MOZART: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 9, in E flat, K. 271. Walter Gieseking, piano; Berlin State Opera Orchestra, Hans Rosbaud, cond. Parnassus 7, $6.00 (mono only, Parnassus Records, P.O. Box 281, Phoenicia, N.Y. 12464).

The Gieseking is a semiprivate reissue of two legendary 78-rpm sets recorded by German Columbia in the mid-Thirties. The performance of the Beethoven, externally similar in all its essentials to Gieseking's postwar remake with the Philharmonia Orchestra, is indefinably better than its replacement in every way. Gieseking's tempos for the first two movements are rather fast, and that for the rondo paradoxically sedate. Here, though, there is sufficient weight and power to impart a truly Beethovenian thrust missing from the rather casual, skittish later effort. There are a few things to cavil at, such as in the recapitulation of the Largo where Gieseking seems to deliberately ignore the two-against-three rhythm. Rosbaud's orchestra is not always precisely balanced or, for that matter, even completely synchronized with the soloist (they get momentarily unstuck at one point in the first movement recapitulation). For all that, this is a very impressive, thrusting account of the Beethoven, and the sound quality, aside from some unfiltered surface noise, has clarity and point. The Mozart performance is of decidely lesser stature. Gieseking's own playing seems a bit light and perfunctory in phrasing, without the ravishing wealth of color he achieved in later years. Rosbaud's orchestra sounds less like an orchestra than a newly recruited band of stray musicians. Concerto recordings were rather, shall we say, "informal" in the days between the two wars. Parnassus has taken great pains over the restoration, and in the Beethoven the sonics are entirely listenable if sometimes blemished with surface noise.

What does one say about the Bishop/Davis collaboration? I'll grant that it is precise, keenly analytical, judiciously weighted and balanced, honestly phrased. But how do I deconstruct Beethoven performances that make the composer sound like an eighteenth-century courtier? The playing is bloodless and inhibited, while the tempos, especially that of the first movement, altogether too solemn. The *Sturm und Drang* of the early C minor Sonata sounds particularly frustrated in this sane, reasonable, oh-so-dry statement, but even the concerto has its jocular moments which are hardly noted here.

Gieseking, incidentally, uses the short second cadenza in the first movement; Bishop opts for the longer third alternative.

H.G.
Beethoven: nervous energy. One ideally needs that intense brio to leaven the solidity and integrity. I find the first movement here a bit staid and lacking a true sense of personal involvement. It's not that Davis lacks feeling (his eloquent account of the Funeral March would prove otherwise): it's just that he forces Beethoven to wear a mantle of pedanticism that the eternally revolutionary composer can do without. I want to hear strife, energy, and combativeness in the Eroica and Davis smooths the struggle away. The Cavatina is a welcome (and considerable) bonus and one applauds Philip's decision to present the symphony's slow movement unbroken on Side I. But the overture too is a bit calm and impersonal for my taste.

My favorite among available Eroicas is still the Toscanini. The maestro had a particular affinity for this music, and the 1953 performance was one of his finest. Of the single-disc stereo alternatives, Schmidt-Isserstedt's is a performance with one or two irritating details (e.g., a slower third movement trio), but overall strength. Monteux's Concertgebouw reading is better placed than his earlier deleted Victrola recording with the Vienna Philharmonic, but (when one remembers his live performances with the Boston and Stadium orchestras) a bit wan and matter-of-fact. The World Series pressing too leaves something to be desired, although everything considered this is probably the best bargain stereo edition.

H.G.

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The lively pages of the Lincoln Portrait benefit particularly from the vigor the composer instills in the orchestra, but the overdubbed voice of Henry Fonda is decidedly too loud—to get him down to a comfortable listening level, you have to put a damper on the orchestral sound. Still, Mr. Fonda is less pretentious than any other speaker on records in this piece except Adlai Stevenson, and the orchestral quality here is less plush, more appropriate than Stevenson's Philadelphia accomplishment.

The Fanfare makes a brave noise, as usual, with fine tonal quality in the playing. I would prefer a slightly better focus to the sound as recorded (cf. the splendid Johanos version on Turnabout TV 34169), but this will please all save the most critical.

D.H.
Most of the congregation of Holy Cross Episcopal Church in Shreveport, Louisiana, thought the Rector had just started speaking louder. At the pulpit, where there was a microphone, his voice sounded exactly the same as it did at the altar, where there was no microphone. Just louder. There was no difference in voice quality. When told that the new P.A. system was installed, some members were disappointed. It “didn’t sound like a P.A. system.”

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light. Everything he touches-flowers, birds, moonlight, a lover's long hair, a mandolin-is transformed into the constituents of a dream landscape where we become unexpectedly aware of new relationships, meanings, and feelings. He alternates between the pain and the beauty of heightened awareness. There is none of the certainty and stability of feeling that we find in a Schubert lied. A song like Debussy's En sourdine, the first of his Fetes galantes, is an evocation of all the paradoxes and conflicts of love: ecstasy and despair, sensuality and spiritual feeling, contentment and disquiet.

Debussy's songwriting gifts are an extension of his sensitivity to poetry. The literary works to which he was most attracted were suggestive in character, rather than openly assertive. Though he set verses by Villon and D'Annunzio, he usually preferred a less direct tone. He found himself caught up by poets like Baudelaire, Verlaine, Pierre Louÿs, and Paul Bourget who, unequal though they are in quality, share a manner that is essentially un-theoretical, elusive, and elliptical. They all give indications of meaning; they do not explain. In the words of Verlaine's influential Art poétique: "Choose your words carefully. Nothing is more precious than the grey coloration of a song in which indistinctness and precision are joined."

It is clear that a singer who attempts this repertoire must have a feeling not merely for the French language but also for the French literary experience. There is no getting around the need to pronounce the words correctly, to shape the vowels with care, and accentuate the verses right. But more important still is the need to color the language expressively, to feel and then project the moods of this poetry. Voice, in one sense, is less important. Debussy did not write for singers with beautiful, plangent voices. He wrote for singers with refined musical intelligence and highly developed literary tastes. A first-class Debussy singer is a mediator between music and words—someone who, since the piano part is almost always so elaborate and musically expressive, is perhaps something on the order of a musical poet.

Any artist who cannot handle Debussy's style of lyrical conversation had best leave him alone. Anna Moffo evidently cannot. The fact that the voice is in parlous condition, with an unpleasantly pinched top and a breathy lower register, is less relevant than the fact that she displays no gift at all for conveying the aims and meanings of these songs. Though her pronunciation of French is surprisingly good, she enunciates the words so far back in the throat that she can make nothing of the text. The coloration of vowels, which is an important feature of the French art song, is beyond her present abilities. In any case, though voice such as is not primarily important, vocal skill is none the less limited, far from being able to differentiate between vocal shades of meaning, she has all she can do to produce the requisite notes.

In fast songs, like Fantoches (the second Fetes galantes), she is unable to articulate either the music or the words, and the result is unnervingly graceless, like a smudged picture. The effect is aggravated by Moffo's treatment of the tra-la-la refrain, which she treats to some very coarse, unsentimental, chest-register singing—as it does in Mandoline also. In the slower, sustained songs Moffo is no more successful. She makes the Baudelaire cycle wearisomely monochromatic. There is no hint here of the poet's scarcely suppressed savagery or of the frisson of mortality which Jennie Tourel's old 78 set once projected so vividly.

But to mention the past is to be reminded how fine these songs can sound, and to warn the newcomer that they have a lot more to reveal than this recital suggests. Povla Frijsh once made Voici que le printemps into a brief, profoundly erotic reverie, whereas Moffo hardly skims its surface. Jane Bathori (accompanying herself at the piano) created an unforgettable mood of antique rapture in the Trois chansons de Bilitis. Maggie Teyte was an even more remarkable Debussy singer. Her Fetes galantes (she recorded both sets; Moffo here gives us only the first) was a bittersweet evocation of lost beauty and departed love. Teyte's collaborators in this music were Alfred Cortot and Gerald Moore, both redoubtably sensitive pianists. The late Jean Casadesus who was killed in an automobile accident shortly after this recording was released, was a technically proficient partner for Moffo, but he lacked the necessary musical confidence to establish a persuasive atmosphere for these songs. What we really need, I'm afraid, is not this recording at all, but Seraphim's speedy restoration to the catalogue of Maggie Teyte's Debussy recital in its "Great Recordings of the Century" series.
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I'm not going to mince words over this one. The performances on this disc by Christine Walevska, a young American cellist who has studied with Piazzegorchi among others, are characterized chiefly by throbbing vibrato and gaudy showmanship. Miss Walevska has (or is microphonezed to give that impression) a big, hefty tone which is constantly just a fraction below the note, finally "making" the tone by the use of a not so judicious vibrato. The phrasing is hemmed in and structureless, the general flavor that of skin-deep showmanship. To be sure, there are no technical lapses or slurry shifts to compare with those found in Jacqueline du Pré's recent unfortunate account of the Dvořák, but neither do I sense anything like Miss Du Pré's potential depth in Miss Walevska's flashy, obvious playing. Gibson and the LPO turn in sturdy, if rather unperceptive accounts, still magnificently well reproduced. 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The vocal line of this cantata is both elaborate and expressive; in other words, though the singer's technical skills are continually engaged, her powers of dramatic persuasion are no less important to the work's success. Though not all of this music is especially original in character or musical personality, the middle section of arioso and continuous recitative is wonderfully involving. Here we find ourselves caught up in a miniature music drama that mirrors the twists and turns of Agrippina's exacerbated feelings and yet never steps outside the containment of baroque formalism.

The opera Agrippina. Handel's first great stage success, is another of his Italian achievements. Unlike the cantata, whose subject is the last, embittered hour of the Empress herself, the opera shows us Agrippina at a much earlier stage of her career. The plot deals with her successful attempt to have Nero adopted by the Emperor Claudius, and thus be put in line for the throne. The tone of the opera is ironic, even witty, though it is not lacking in emotionality. These four arias (Agrippina has a total of eight in the opera) give some indication of Handel's careful characterization. The first aria is joyfully confident, the second brilliant, the third full of introspective hesitation, the fourth resolutely light-hearted. All this music is good, but the third aria, "Pensieri voi mi tormentate: Quelch'opra è sospetto," is astonishingly expressive. Agrippina's apprehensions are brought to life by a recitative line that deliberately falters, that refuses to flow, and thus leaves her room for self-doubt. The final section of the aria sums up what has come before and resolves her dilemma.

Carole Bogard is a good choice for this music. An intelligent artist, she has a real feeling for baroque style. She handles the recitatives with vigor and vividness. She responds to the varying moods of these pieces with a highly developed sense of drama. Her Italian is good, and her enunciation of the text sounds spontaneous. She knows how to ornament the vocal line and she understands the use of appoggiaturas; she meets the purely technical demands of the music with skill; she is able to manage the runs and can produce a respectable trill. Declamation suits her best however. In music which is forthright, in situations of dramatic stress, Bogard is usually fine. The long lyrical utterance of something more inward like "Se infelice al mondo," the penultimate aria of the cantata, does not suit her so well; it fails to elicit from her a sufficiently attractive sound and the right kind of sustained tone. Her soft singing tends to lose focus and thus leaves her room for self-doubt. The final section of the aria sums up what has come before and resolves her dilemma.

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Estes, Reginald Evans, and Walker Wyatt; Vienna Academy Chorus; Vienna Volksoper Orchestra, Stephen Simon, cond.

Heather Harper, Helen Watts, Alexander Young, John Shirley-Quirk, and Christopher Keyte; Amor Arts Chorale, English Chamber Orchestra, Johannes Somary, cond. For a feature review of these recordings, see page 75.

IVES: Sonata for Piano, No. 2 (Concord, Maze); Three-Page Sonata. Roberto Szidon, piano; Dieter Sonntag, flute; Walter Stange, viola. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 215, $6.98.

Hats off, gentlemen, a genius! Roberto Szidon plays incomparably the finest performance of the Concord Sonata on records and the greatest it has ever been my pleasure to hear on disc or in the concert hall. The thick sonorities and elaborate development of the Emerson movement—usually so laborious and shapeless—comes out wonderfully transparent under his fingers; the thematic correspondences and continuities of the entire sonata are set forth with the utmost lucidity, the cloud of unwritten sonorities that hovers over this masterpiece in performance is richly and beautifully illuminated; the sentimentality of the Alcoit movement is neatly integrated with the others; the pensiveness and emotional lift of the Thoreau are set forth with complete enchantment, and even the flute solo at the end is not a sudden picturesque intrusion, like a real gold crown set above a painted Madonna, but is perfectly in keeping, emotionally and sonically, with the rest.

Szidon has realized one thing about Ives which most pianists do not know: The composer is not a Bela Bartok but a nineteenth-century romantic, a descendant of Schumann and Brahms, and he comes into his own when his piano music is played in a thorough-going romantic style. The shorter Three-Page Sonata is also magnificently done.

A.F.


Glen Gould is a formidable pianist and on some occasions a thoughtful, sensitive artist. Alas, on the present disc, he seems to have been "replaced." These performances are cold-blooded, empty-headed, ruthlessly insensitive, and even trivial. A few examples: Gould's treatment of K. 310's Allegro maestoso first movement turns all of the composer's plainly indicated dynamic markings inside out and gives the impression that he is racing the new Metroliner to Hades. In contrast to his leisurely, lyrically sensitive K. 330 recorded c. 1958 on ML 5274, Gould's new performance is a garbled, gobbled hodgepodge, ruthless, hard-toned, bumptious, and precipitate, with almost characteristic predictability, at the one point where Mozart indicates "Cadenza in tempo" (at the end of K. 333's rondo) Gould's perversity causes him to lose the tempo in a flush of languishing sentimentality.

There is a point at which bona fide originality stops and eccentricity begins. Mr. Gould has here left that great divide far, far in the background and even his spectacular fingerwork is of no avail. And now Columbia, how about letting us have the complete Lili Kraus Mozart set promised several years ago and already issued in Japan?

H.G.
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composed in the nineteenth century (as in any other), much of it was good, much of it was not. Of the good, some has undoubtedly for one reason or another been neglected—and unjustly. But there is too much good music, known and unknown, to waste time on junk.

The Raff D minor Suite is assuredly not junk. Although the style—definitely romantic—despite the baroque movement titles—occasionally recalls that of Mendelssohn and Schumann, it is no mere pastiche; the suite bears the clear stamp of a significant composer. Raaff was a Liszt protégé who composed not only piano pieces but also a symphony, a piano concerto, and other large-scale works. The suite attests to his obvious ability. The two strongest movements are the first, Fantasie e Fuga, and the last, Maria, with the intervening Giga con Variazioni and Cavatina being more superficial than substantial. Nevertheless, the piece is characterized throughout by real weight, interest, and often drama.

The same cannot be said of the music on the second disc. Both of the Gade works resemble nothing so much as very bad Schumann. The Aquarellen is just such a collection of short sketches as Schumann's Papillons, but on a far lower musical level. The Arabeske is more complex, but the only section worthy of much attention is the finale.

The judgment of time has perhaps not been too far wrong in judging Sinding's Rustle of Spring (hackneyed as it is) as his most memorable piece. The short works recorded here—with typical descriptive titles like Nocturne, Caprice, and Mélodie—can best be called unusually good salon music. The Crépuscule, the Nocturne in B, and the Caprice might, at a cocktail party, momentarily distract one's attention from the bar, but only just.

What one notices above all on these records is the performer. Ruiz clearly has an instinctive feeling for romantic piano music. His talent and sensitivity are shown to best advantage in the Raff, but he lends interest to the other works where there is little intrinsically. Hopefully his next recordings will not be marred by the inclusion of mediocre music.

A.M.


Everybody plays these pieces but it is a rare performer who can make them uniquely his own. Kempff is such an artist. His reading of the problematical C major Fantasy is one of the greatest I have ever heard. The master German pianist sounds like a musical Sir Jacob Epstein at work on a huge piece of stone. There is a great deal of personal grace and freedom but underlying it all is a core of inevitability. The music takes shape with ineffable force and spontaneity, almost as if it were being created on the spot. Those who like to think of Kempff as a cameo player or miniatuist have a surprise in store for them when they hear this monumental, imposing, beautifully realized conception. For me, this is one of the truly great piano recordings.

Listening to Anton Kuerti's performances of Scriabin's Fourth and Sixth Sonatas on this brilliant new release (and just as I was becoming cynical over the recent onslaught of Scriabin piano recordings!), I became more strongly aware than ever of the impossibility of "ranking" the ten sonatas by this composer, whose contribution to twentieth-century piano literature is simply incalculable. Although less popular than some of the others (Nos. 3, 5, 7, 9 and probably 10, to be more specific), both the Fourth and Sixth Sonatas, in the midst of their striking originalities, easily maintain the depth of inspiration and aesthetic cohesiveness characteristic of the more often-played works. The Fourth, for example, is perhaps the most rhythmically inventive of all the sonatas, while the subtle and desolate Sixth
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are robbed of full-weight sonority. To get the fortes as loud as I wanted to hear them, I lost all the pianos. Maazel may have some responsibility for this, but not all.

Second, there is no real perspective. You feel you are constantly moving in and away from the orchestra, zooming close for a solo instrument, then drawing back for big ensemble passages. This, for me, is poor mixing.

Finally, the quality of the sound in the low frequencies is mediocre, a sort of poorly defined, rumbley effect. I call it "Kingsway Hall bass" (although other recording rooms produce it too, if you let them) — it sounds impressive on cheap phonographs but can’t take close inspection on big studio speakers driven by lots of power.

Mind you, the record is no worse than many others on the market today. I simply feel that with different engineering approaches it could have sounded a lot better. That’s hard luck for Lorin — R.C.M.


Stokowski is courting disaster. When he takes every note meant "faster," he pulls phrases like taffy.
The ensemble’s all daffy. Distressing indeed from a master! — H.G.


This is an outstanding account of Tchaikovsky’s most victimized symphony, and I’m very tempted to place it at the top of the list. Ahhado’s version is frankly romantic and stretched, everything “sings” with decided fervor and the conductor is never afraid to let the tempo yield momentarily for expressive effect. And yet he shares with Cantelli (on a long unavailable HMV disc) a remarkable Latin clarity and sheen, The orchestral playing is wonderfully disciplined and yet fully disciplined. Inner voices are revealed, subtle harmonic relations are admirably pointed up (but never to the detriment of the total design). Best of all, Abbado’s “liberties” are usually so subtle and judicious that one barely recognizes them as such. Warmth and passion are here but never an over-self-serving wanton exhibitionism, while the purity of intent and sheer musicality are quite touching. This recording is a winner.

DGG’s engineering is magnificently impactive in their new, closely microphoned style — H.G.


VERDI: Requiem Mass. Maria Caniglia, soprano; Ebe Stignani, mezzo; Beniamino Gigli, tenor; Ezio Pinza, bass; Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Tulio Serafin, cond. Serafin 6050. $5.96 (two discs, mono, from Angel 4 GB 6002, recorded in 1939).

Selected comparison: Giulini — Angel SB 3649.

Although it retains interest for the rich-voiced singing of Stignani and Pinza, I have always seen this as a complete statement of the Verdi Requiem. It’s not merely superior, it sounds impressive on cheap phonographs but can’t take close inspection on big studio speakers driven by lots of power.

Mind you, the record is no worse than many others on the market today. I simply feel that with different engineering approaches it could have sounded a lot better. That’s hard luck for Lorin — R.C.M.

WAGNER: Die Walküre: Act I.

Siegmund and Sieglinde. Lotte Lehmann (s) Siegmund. Lauritz Melchior (t) Hunding. DGG’s sound could be identified with that used for the COLH issue, suffers from surplus resonance (and, as anyone who collected records in those days knows, the one thing that EMI’s Vienna recordings of the late 1930s do not need is more resonance!).

So, I’m a churl—but you’ll be a bigger one if you pass up this performance at this price.

To devise further words of praise for this performance, which has stood for more than three decades as an unquestioned classic, is beyond my powers. I can but echo what has been said by earlier generations about earlier incarnations. The eloquence of Lehmann’s luminous Sieglinde remains undiminished, the marriage of word and song — figuring a paragon of Wagnerian declamation — Melchior’s conviction, if less dramatically revelatory, is propounded with unparalleled smoothness and power. And List is a strong Hunding. Walter’s affectionate rubato never exceeds structural reason, and there is some noble solo singing from the great orchestra.

With all this for only $2.98, I am doubtless a churl to complain—but I can’t help pointing out that these same singers took part in a recording of Act II as well (begin in Vienna, it was later completed in Berlin). For political reasons, Melchior and Lehmann, at least, refigured their roles. Some years ago, Electrola issued both acts in a three-disc set, which would have been even more welcome on Serafin — after all, that Act II has not been in the domestic catalogues since the days of 78s.

What is more, the Electrola dubbing was a churl to complain — but I can’t help pointing out that these same singers took part in a recording of Act II as well (begin in Vienna, it was later completed in Berlin). For political reasons, Melchior and Lehmann, at least, refigured their roles. Some years ago, Electrola issued both acts in a three-disc set, which would have been even more welcome on Serafin — after all, that Act II has not been in the domestic catalogues since the days of 78s.
For some time now it has been evident that Charles Wuorinen is one of the most talented of the younger generation of American composers, an impression given strong support by this new recording of two of his major instrumental works. Although Wuorinen won the 1970 Pulitzer Prize for Music for an electronic composition, his Time's Encomium, it is in the instrumental field that he has been most active. As co-founder and director of the Group of Contemporary Music (formerly of Columbia University, now associated with the Manhattan School of Music), he has played a leading role not only as the composer of an imposing number of chamber works but also as a performer (both piano and conductor) of his own works, as well as those of others.

This dual experience is clearly evident in his music, which despite its vast complexities is always idiomatic enough in terms of its performance. These two works are excellent examples: Although extraordinarily difficult, all the instrumental writing “sounds” in its realization, a quality not always so apparent in much new music of this type.

The concerto (c. seventeen minutes) but concourse, Charles Wuorinen, cond. None-such H 71263, $2.98.

The critical—and undoubtedly also commercial—success of Bernstein's 1969 collection of symphonic marches ("Pomp and Circumstance," MS 7271) probably prompted this sequel: a safari into the military-band march repertory, which well may be an even bigger hit—at the box-office anyway. But it may cause cardiac arrests among Sousa connoisseurs and in almost anyone earnest enough to attempt a march step to Bernstein’s frenzied beat. He plays everything fast and some things super-fast—not least the familiar Stars and Stripes Forever which here sounds more like the Stars and Stripes Momentarily. On first gallop-through, only the infectiously zestful Anchors Aweigh! (in an exceptionally interesting but unaccredited arrangement) and Colonel Bogey's River Kwai Marches grabbed me as really successful. But with each re-rehearsal, as I went back and forth among disc and three different tape editions, I got more accustomed to, yet also more galvanized by, the general ram- bunctiousness.

Certainly the New York Philharmonic—and especially its woodwind section in full cry—can make most military bandsound relatively tame, and it is recorded here not only as ultra-robustly, brilliantly, and solidly as one would expect but also in an impressively expansive acoustical ambience. All three tapings closely match the disc, technically, and the Dolbyized cassette surfaces seem as quiet as the disc surfaces—even quieter than the 71/8-ips reel-to-reel surfaces, which is highly unusual now-a-days.

For most listeners the chief interest here, I
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High Fidelity Magazine

Maria Callas’ essential gift was expressivity. Even in the days of her greatest vocal security she was more than a vocalist. Lacking a beautiful timbre she offered not rapture, but emotional involvement. Instead of sensitive pleasure she brought to her performances excitement, compassion, new awareness, and understanding. The moment she began to sing she captured her audience in an atmosphere of drama. Norma’s opening declamation, Lucia’s “Ancor non giunse,” Tosca’s off-stage calls to Cavaradossi—each of these established a very successful mood, situation, or a human destiny.

For several years Callas' technical limitations (an unequalized scale, an often fibrous tone, a wayward top register in general, and an inability to float head tones in particular) were held in a state of equilibrium by the vividness of her characterizations. The struggle to cope with vocal demands was absorbed by the passionate feeling she projected. Her enunciation of the text had an intensity that seemed to arise from a battle taking place, not in the vocal chords, but in the soul.

Unfortunately, no singer, however great and individual an artist, is untouched by the mechanics of singing, and at the end of the 1950s Callas' vocal problems had begun to impair her dramatic effect. By the mid-1960s the voice was incapable of responding to the expressive demands she made on it. Flashes of insight and moments of thrilling power were not sufficient compensation for the strain, the ungainliness, even ugliness, of her vocalization. Matters were not helped by the obviousness of Callas’ discomfort. She was plainly aware of her problems. Our sense of her failing powers was intensified by the quality of despair that emanated from her. She showed a febrile recklessness that encouraged her to take unjustifiable vocal risks—like the remarks of Norma and Lucia; and, later, Carmen.

So it is with this recital, made up of hitherto unreleased performances dating—with one exception—from 1964, a time when Callas was fast approaching the end of her active career. The exception is the Piafia scena recorded in 1950 that has perhaps Callas was still able to summon up sufficient resources to give expression to her dramatic vision. Imogene’s fears and anguish are fully realized. There are not only flashes of insight and emphasis Callas could no longer transcend the mechanical impediments, and these inhibited her total grasp of the music. In the Ballo and Aida arias she sounds hobbled, even frightened; the music tends to become a series of phrases and the larger vision evaporates. The lower and middle registers, though firm, are throaty. The tone is squeezed and the vowels often distorted. The long spanning arches of melody imagine, will be the singer, since the music is unspeakable. Stuart Burrows, a young Welsh tenor, has made great strides since his 1967 San Francisco Opera debut as Tamino brought him to the attention of a wide public. In the few years between then and now he has sung Mozart roles at Covent Garden, the Metropolitan, Salzburg, and the Vienna State Opera, and has begun to delve more into the Italian repertory, notably Maria Stuarda in San Francisco last fall (and in the new recording with Beverly Sills) and La Sonnambula last season at Covent Garden. More of the latter sort of role, with its direct emotionality wedded to elegance of expression, will be of enormous benefit to him.

At the moment he is still stylistically naive. This, I feel, is related to the air of detachment that hangs over his work and gives it all a certain sameness. The reason for Burrows' lack of involvement can doubtless be traced to his musical heritage. As these appalling songs make clear, Burrows carries with him the disadvantages of an overpoweringly genteel tradition, whose strongest emotion is usually fortitude in the face of misfortune. Blandness (often thought of in Britain as good taste) is consequently the chief aim. In situations where deep feelings are involved, however, it is permissible to ruffle the vocal line with a persistent incipient sob, the purpose of which is permissible to ruffle the vocal line with a persistent incipient sob, the purpose of which is not so much to express emotion as to create a mood of sincerity. This is the case whether the feelings are joyous or woeful.

But a few more Donizetti and Bellini parts should cleanse his style. His sweet high tenor needs more body. It is at the moment similar in timbre to the once-familiar contraltolike voices of Heddie Nash and Webster Booth. Burrows needs a larger palette, a sense of freedom, more virility.

These songs are hardly likely to be of help. It is astonishing that they should still be current. With their wistful longings, their remote heartbreaks, their dreams of exotic Imperial shores, they represent so fatigued a view of the human condition that one can hardly imagine anyone but a reviewer listening to a single side all the way through. The air of emotional dehydration induces a soporific response from Burrows in several of these pieces. The Faery Song (actually a harp-accompanied aria from Rutland Boughton’s Celtic opera, The Immortal Hour) is markedly inferior to Webster Booth’s old 78 version—to go no higher in terms of insight and emphasis Callas could no longer transcend the mechanical impediments, and these inhibited her total grasp of the music. In the Ballo and Aida arias she sounds hobbled, even frightened; the music tends to become a series of phrases and the larger vision evaporates. The lower and middle registers, though firm, are throaty. The tone is squeezed and the vowels are often distorted. The long spanning arches of melody...
that conclude "Me dall'orrido slegato" and "Ritorina vincitore," are lacking in amplitude and elevation and instead seem hurried and prosaic. The arias from Lombradi, Attilla, and Vesprì siciliani are, again, illuminated by details no other singer could conceive, but they are similarly lacking in over-all artistic fulfillment.

Apart from the Pirata excerpt this is really a disc for Callas specialists, for those who feel a need to own every note the soprano recorded. For others, it can be said that this is the work of an artist whose every performance is worthy of at least respectful attention.

D.S.H.

**STRAUSS FAMILY: "Music of Vienna."** Johann Strauss Orchestra, Willi Boskovsky, cond. Angel S 36826, $5.98. Tape **# 4XS 36826, $6.98.**


Willi Boskovsky, long-time concertmaster of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, launched his directional recording career in the late Fifties as a fiddler-conductor in the authentic style of the first great Viennese waltz composers themselves. As a fiddler he successfully led his own chamber ensemble in an all too brief series for Vanguard (1959-62); as a conductor, of the Vienna Philharmonic in the long and still active series for Decca/London, he seemed at first—for all his idiomatic interpretative authenticity—hardly a fully worthy heir (in apostolic succession as it were) of the incomparable Clemens Krauss as foremost upholder of echt Straussian (Austrian branch) traditions. But he quickly matured in both skill and eloquence until today he has little serious competition (even from otherwise far more famous maestros) in this repertory.

Small wonder then that EMI—presumably unable to find an able rival—has turned to Boskovsky himself to begin a new series under its labels (Angel in the U.S.A.) with a newly established "Johann Strauss" orchestra: this is one of the best yet—not only for its glowing sonics and beautifully controlled performances but for its inclusion of so many discoveries likely to be brand new even to Straussian connoisseurs. Even the exotic Fledermaus Czardas, varied Overture to the operetta Indigo (1901 Nights), and the genial schlech At Home Waltz aren't heard every day. And most of the others are recorded firsts (to the best of my knowledge) topped by the three brothers' composite Archery Quadrille written for an 1868 festival and comprising Josef's Puntal and Lili, Eduard's Powlie and Tienna. Johann II's Postaselle and Finale. (I'm indebted for these facts, not to the liner-notes which should have provided them, but to my omniscient "opposite number," W. A. Chaulet in The Gramophone.) For sheer musical charm, first honors among the novelties probably go to the often unappreciated youngest brother, Eduard, for his lilting Fesche Gesler waltz (which disconcertingly starts out like a polka) and his excitingly high-speed real polka. Special Mail. Yet Josef's Vacation Trip fast-polka is scarcely less exhilarating. For that matter, everything here is a sheer delight to one's ears and one's spirits. R.D.D.
in brief

“One of Georgian England’s great originals,” in the words of album annotator Charles Cudworth, Charles Avison (1709-1770) was an organist in his native Newcastle upon Tyne, and also a teacher of singing, violin, flute, harpsichord, and assorted other instruments. He found time to write treatises on music, and published an attack on Handel. His heroes were Corelli, Rameau, and above all Geminiani—an artistic inheritance made perfectly clear in these six concertos. They are melodically graceful, given to brisk fugues, brief slow movements, and rhythmic vigor. To the naked ear they would pass for the genuine Italian article. Performances are swift, zestful, and bouncy. S.F.

The “comic Beethoven” is indeed our old friend Ludwig, not some distant cousin who might form a triumvirate of B’s with, say, Bach (P.D.Q., naturally) and Borge. The subtitle on the back liner of the disc is really more to the point: “The lighter side of Beethoven”—there aren’t any belly laughs here, just amiable scraps from the Anhang. I’m not quite sure how to review such a disc: None of the music is especially memorable or are the performances especially distinguished although the average is certainly competent. The solo singers involved are Anneliese Rothenberger, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and Walter Berry, bass, with various choral and orchestral ensembles from Munich and Vienna. On the other hand, if you’re an insatiable Beethoven enthusiast you must go after the original German two-disc set, of which this is a digest. There (in Odeon C 163-28522/3) you will find more of the same, with further contributions from all the singers except Gedda, plus a couple from Hermann Prey: arias, songs, dances, canons, and Tyrolean folksong arrangements. The Seraphim edition includes English translations. D.H.

Nothing ages more horribly than exoticism in music, and the late Werner Josten’s Jungle, composed in 1941, is no exception to that rule. Why Stokowski chose to revive this stale bit of Sibelius in a pith helmet setting would be difficult to imagine. The Josten Seria; a short piece for woodwinds and piano, serves the dual functions of memory monoplane, Gail Kubik’s, and highly inventive musical mind is nowhere better exemplified than in his Symphony Concertante for trumpet (Arthur Hanense), viola (Marc-Theresa Chailley), piano (Frank Glazer), and orchestra. This work won the Pulitzer Prize in 1953 and one can easily understand why. Vigor and brilliance are particularly characteristic of its outside movements, its slow movement is wonderfully rich, lyrical, and moving, and the whole is one of the most rewarding of the modern American works to be placed on discs in recent years. A.F.

The Yardumian, though obvious, is an entertaining piece—a solemn passacaglia, admittedly inspired by the Bach passacaglia in C minor, several lovely recitatives for solo instruments of the orchestra, and last of all a triumphant procession disguised as a fugue, with the piano going great guns throughout. The divertimento concertato is a busy divertimento piece, heavier in its demands on the pianist than on the listener, but a good vehicle (as is the Yardumian) for Ogdon’s colourful playing. A.F.

These are excellent performances by outstanding instrumentalists who know the style, keep superb balance and faultless ensemble. At times they do get a little coy, which is not advisable even with the young Mozart, who may have been a naive youngster but was an unquestioned professional at the age of twelve. Also, the Netherlanders’ staccatos are a bit too sharp, though on the other hand their legato is delectable. They are greatly aided by first-class sound engineering; the recording is absolutely free of any foreign substance and conveys the most subtle shadings of color and dynamics. These are mostly pleasant pieces in the Salzburg social music vein, but K. 410, in Adagio for the unusual combination of two clarinets and three bassoon horns goes deeper. It is a searching piece in which Mozart obviously experiments with sonorities, and published a treatise on music. His heroes were Corelli, Rameau, and above all Geminiani—an artistic inheritance made perfectly clear in these six concertos. They are melodically graceful, given to brisk fugues, brief slow movements, and rhythmic vigor. To the naked ear they would pass for the genuine Italian article. Performances are swift, zestful, and bouncy. S.F.

No one pretends that the four flute quartets are vintage Mozart—he did not like either the instrument or the Dutchman who commissioned the pieces. He signed up to deliver six and instead delivered three (two with only two movements); ten years later he composed a fourth, the K. 298. The works as a whole explore no new corner, dip into no deep emotions, liberate no inner voices, leave no polyphonic webs. There are some courtly movements, two attractive exercises in theme-and-variations, and a lovely Adagio for flute over pizzicato accompaniment. Bennett and the Grumiaux Trio play the works beautifully, maintaining a good balance in which the strings leave a clear path for the flute and at the same time bolster it from below with plenty of rhythmic vitality. S.F.

Plenty of brio but little finesse here. The orchestra is thick and biggish, the string tone often muddy, the winds are mostly covered, and—albeit the cost when the composer is Mozart—there is little elegance. Ozawa drives his men relentlessly. The brief but highly dramatic development section of the Haffner is the first time of the photon, the music loses a bit of movement, which is largely bereft of poetry, the trills and appoggiaturas are often incorrect; then in the second part of the trio Ozawa suddenly becomes sentimental, which is as bad as the lack of airiness in the minuet proper. This absence of elegance and lightness is even more evident in the performance of the early C major symphony. P.H.L.

In so brutally heavy-handed a recorded performance as this, Furor Teutonicus would be a more appropriate title than Pariser Gatten for the popular ballet based on delectable Offenbach tunes. But in any case, no real fan of the score will be satisfied by only some three-quarter of it, and few will relish such a coupling as the now-bland, now-pseu-exotic dance music by Gounod. Yet this is how Von Karajan did things over a decade ago when he led the Philharmonia Orchestra in much the same program for Angel—and in the meantime he seems to have forgotten nothing and to have learned nothing. For a real Gaite Parisienne, turn to the Munch/London Phase II version, or to the older, less Gallic, but even more exuberant Fiedler/RCA version. And if you must have the Gaite ballet music apart from the opera itself, there’s a preferable performance in more appropriate surroundings included in the Bernstein/Columbia “Opera’s Greatest Ballads” collection. R.D.D.

AVISON: Concerto grosso, Op. 6: No. 1, in G minor; No. 2, in B flat; No. 6, in D; No. 8, in E minor; No. 9, in D; No. 12, in A. Emanuel Hurwitz and Ivo Michalak, violins; Charles Spinks, harpsichord; Hurwitz Chamber Ensemble, Emanuel Hurwitz, cond. Osseau-Lyre SOL 318. $5.98.

BEETHOVEN: “The Comic Beethoven.” Two arias for the Singspiel Die schöne Schusterin, WoO. 91; Paschkischl, WoO. 111; Bibbe Studler, WoO. 178; An Mitzeil, WoO. 162; Mit Maldein sich vertragen, WoO. 90; Der Zutriedene, Op. 75; Der Floh, Op. 75, No. 3; Lob auf den Dicken; Esel aller Esel, WoO. 100; Ich mag di nit nehma, WoO. 158, No. 8; Teppich-Kramer-Lied, WoO. 158, No. 5; Contradances, WoO. 14, Nos. 6, 9, 12; German Dances, WoO. 8, Nos. 3-5, 8, 10, 12; Viennese (Winger)


MENNIN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. YAR-DUMAN: Passacaglia, Recitatives, and Fugue. John Ogdon, piano; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Igor Bukufoff, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3243, $5.98.


This annual brings you in one convenient book hundreds of reviews of records which appeared in High Fidelity magazine in 1970—classical and semi-classical music exclusively—and includes information about corresponding tape releases, whether in open reel, cartridge, or cassette format.

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The reviews are organized alphabetically by composer for quick, easy reference—and in the case of composers frequently recorded, further subdivided by such categories as Chamber Music, Vocal Music, etc. Moreover, there’s a special section on Recitals and Miscellany and a complete Artists’ Index of all performers reviewed during the year, as well as performers mentioned only in the text.

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**Aretha Franklin:** Young, Gifted, and Black. Aretha Franklin, vocals, piano, and celesta; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. Oh Me Oh My (I'm A Fool for You Baby); Day Dreaming; Rock Steady; nine more. Atlantic SD 7213, $4.98.

Aretha Franklin's new album is breathtaking and a real adventure, an adventure into the depths of feeling that can be investigated by a single human voice, an adventure into the sound that can be obtained when people like Donny Hathaway, Chuck Rainey, Carolyn Franklin, Erma Franklin, the Sweethearts of Soul, the Sweet Inspirations. Dr. John, and Billy Preston are used to back a major artist; an adventure into the arranging genius of Arif Mardin whose string, horn, and woodwind arrangements are understated perfection; an adventure into the production genius of Jerry Wexler, Tom Dowd, and Arif Mardin who really know how to produce a star.

Never has a performer had or deserved such a perfect showcase, and Miss Franklin uses that showcase brilliantly. She provides her listeners with soulful versions of the Lennon/McCartney The Long and Winding Road and the Elton John/Bernie Taupin Border Song. She effortlessly takes on Donnie Warwick by doing the Bacharach/David April Fools with such intensity that it appears as if Burt and Hal are doing the Bacharach/David April Fools with the Elton John/Bernie Taupin Border Song. Between Blue and Me: A Brand New Me and The Road to Kokomo. Here, Miss Franklin is in her element. The Road to Kokomo is especially beautiful. A torch song about the renewal of life, it has an Aretha Franklin lyric that equates new-born life and the learning to make music with this renewal. Gorgeous! Aretha Franklin is a genius!

**Elvis Presley:** Elvis—Now. Elvis Presley, vocals and instrumental accompaniment. Help Me Make It Through the Night; Miracle of the Rosary; Hey Jude: Put Your Hand in the Hand; Until It's Time for You to Go; Early Morning Rain; Fools Rush In; three more. RCA LSP 4671, $5.98.

Elvis Presley seems to have two careers; the old rock-and-roll, which he does in concert in Las Vegas, and the crooner-style of singing he has favored for the past decade. This album is a fine example of the latter. Miracle of the Rosary—a heavy, slow trip for a Baptist to take, no doubt—is a classic of Presley's thunder-drama spiritual singing. Hey Jude, which follows it on the LP, is a bit thin; but Until It's Time For You to Go, the Buffy Sainte-Marie song, is sung in traditional Presley hallad-style, including an occasional threatening move from his glottis; the trademark established by Heartbreak Hotel in 1956. When he so desires, Presley can be the finest singer of pop kitsch around—magnificently, really, as on Rosary and Until It's Time For You to Go. But there are two other things which he does which are much more interesting—his contemporary country material, such as a wonderful version of Gordon Lightfoot's Early Morning Rain, and his uptempo gospel song, shown here by Put Your Hand in the Hand.

**Paul Simon:** Paul Simon, vocals and guitar, keyboards, rhythm, and vocal accompaniment. Mother and Child Reunion, Duncan: Everything Put Together Falls Apart; eight more. Columbia KC 30750, $5.98.

Paul Simon has won six Grammy awards, and with his performing partner, Art Garfunkel, he has created six gold albums. He has spent a year and a half laboring over this first solo effort. "Paul Simon" is a tasteful, disciplined, but disappointing piece of work. That's a painful thing to have to say about an album that displays so much hard work. But there is no need for this album to come anywhere near the stature of The Sounds of Silence. Home to America, Mrs. Robinson, The Zoo, The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy), or Bridge Over Troubled Water. Simon's ten new short songs touch on the difficulties of human relationships, the loss of innocence, the use of drugs, the peace movement, social injustice, and radical activity. Obviously, these subjects are the stuff of strong, contemporary pop songs, but Simon brushes over his material and the results are much too casual and uninvolved. The narrative song Duncan lacks universality; the autobiographical Riga That Bother Down is not very interesting. Me and Julio Down By the Schoolyard and Peace Like a River are both superficial. Only Parnassus Blues shows Simon at his relative best. It is a witty, understated blues that tells of the various indignities a person suffers from the minute he lands at John F. Kennedy Airport and makes his way to New York City. As his own producer, Simon, with the help of Roy Halee, does a superlative job and has given his thin material the best treatment possible. This disc is filled with distinguished solo work. Stephen Grossman's bottleneck guitar and Auto Moriera's drums merit special mention. Simon's small, melodic, compelling voice is as engaging as ever.

The first solo attempt for any major artist can be a painfully difficult experience. Now that Paul Simon has had his initiation, one waits eagerly for his next attempt.

The lighter side

reviewed by

MORGAN JACK
R. D. DARRELL
HENRY EDWARDS
MIKE JAIN
JOHN S. WILSON


Leicester-born Roger Chapman and his band, Family, have created five albums and seven singles, and have become a well-known and respected group in their native England. America, however, has yet to recognize them. There are no rational reasons why. Chapman has always written interesting songs; his piercing voice has just the right intensity for the material; his back-up musicians have always been talented and enthusiastic. All of these qualities abound in Family's new disc.

Chapman has always had a reputation for being a flamboyant performer. That may very well be true, but his new album is primarily concerned with giving full attention to all things musical. Even though the band's sound is full-bodied, an unexpected softness is to be found in a great deal of the material. Three selections stand out: Between Blue and Me is a mystical song of separation; Earl and Sing is Family's tribute to the Swingle Singers; Children is a knowing comment about youth evolving into maturity.

United Artists is determined to help Roger Chapman find an audience. He deserves one.
Artie Kane: Plays Organ. Artie Kane, organ.
Ray Brown, bass; Shelley Manne, drums.
Shades: Mr. Lucky; Smooch; seven more. RCA
LSP 4595, $5.98.

Artie Kane is indubitably one of the best studio keyboard players in the country. Many of our best film composers and producers won’t record without him. Indeed, I’ve seen more than one record project entirely rearranged to fit into Artie’s busy schedule. Along with his superb technique and touch, Artie is a legend as a sight reader. Composer Johnny Mandel once felt compelled to write an extremely complicated keyboard passage just to see if it would make Artie stumble the first time through on the date. Kane blithely ripped it off on sight.

In this album Artie Kane is “presented” and produced by Hank Mancini, one of the several composers who won’t work without him. While Mancini’s music may not be changing with the times as quickly as that of some of his colleagues, he is still a giant in his field. And after more than two decades of composing, Mancini’s taste on musical matters is as formidable as his music.

Thus the combination of Artie Kane and Hank Mancini was a natural and a project to look forward to. But hearing the album, the truth is that both men should be shot for it.

Albums like this infuriate me. All one can hear is dollar signs. The album is “commercial” only because it has a good chance of being bought in a gulp for use in every elevator or dentist’s office where Muzak drives you crazy. The Safeway Market chain will love it for its mindlessness.

Artie Kane plays organ throughout the album. Some of the selections should have been fine (Mancini’s Days of Wine and Roses and Mr. Lucky; Benny Golson’s Killer Joe). Others are ridiculous. Who needs another cutesy antiquated Honky Tonk Train?

But the songs don’t really matter since the pretty ones sound as dumb as the dumb ones. The relentless tempo of the set is a sort of light swingy-swing that destroys the possibility of color or development. The harmonics are those that are taught to first-year accordion students in schools in Van Nuys and Duluth. Artie’s solo passages are well executed, occasionally clever, and uniformly trite. No matter what the notes say, jazz has never been Artie Kane’s strong suit, nor has it needed to be. Where, I ask, is his humor, his incredible gift for lyricism and line? Ten points off for lapse of brains and talent, as well as integrity. M.A.

Dizzy Gillespie previews the Newport Jazz Festival in New York with (from left) George Wein, Robert Wagner, the National Urban League’s Vernon Jordan, and the New York Urban League’s Livingston Wingate.

Yes, Rhode Island, There Will Be a Newport Jazz Festival— in New York

In his report on the riots that brought last summer’s Newport Jazz Festival to a disastrous conclusion [see “Newport, the Third of July,” HF, December 1971], Richard Crystal concluded “For all our sakes, I hope somehow, some way, Newport will be back next year. Its continuation is more important than we think.” Newport police had cut short that July 3 concert, with the relieved acquiescence of Festival producer George Wein. But Wein hardly gave his blessing to Newport’s decision to cancel the entire remainder of the Festival. In the hope of preserving the future of the series, he looked for another site. When the Newport Festival later played Cincinnati, Wein was struck by the fact that eighty per cent of the audience was black. In Newport the figure had been only about twenty per cent. If there is such an untapped market for the Festival among blacks who could not easily get to Newport, figured Wein, perhaps an urban center would make a better location.

Last January George Wein held a press conference at New York’s Rainbow Grill to announce that the Newport Jazz Festival would have a future—in New York City. Mayor John Lindsay, of course, was named “honorary chairman.” but his predecessor, former Mayor Robert Wagner, actually showed up as chairman of the Newport Jazz Festival-New York. (“I originally thought of this as a bipartisan effort,” said Wagner, referring to Lindsay’s change of party, “but now I suppose we will have to consider it a Democratic one.”) Also at the press conference was Vernon Jordan, executive director of the National Urban League, a black organization that will get fifty per cent of the profits, and Dizzie Gillespie, whose group provided a foretaste of Newport in New York.

The 1972 edition of the NJF-NY will take place July 1 to 9 with twenty-seven musical events spread around town: Carnegie Hall, Yankee Stadium, Philharmonic Hall, not to mention free jam sessions in the streets and parks. Airlines are being asked to provide $500 ten-day flights, including hotel accommodations and tickets, for jazz-loving Europeans. While the figure was simply a top-of-the-head projection by Wein, if it can be held it might be attractive enough to help alleviate the flow of dollars out of the country.

Does this mean that there will be no Newport Jazz Festival at Newport? Not necessarily. The show might visit there. But the big event will now be in New York.
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**CAROL HALL: Beads and Feathers.** Carol Hall, vocals, piano, and songs, rhythm accompaniment. Nana: Thank You Babe; Uncle Malcolm, eight more. Elektra EKS 75018, $5.98. Carol Hall is an interesting talent as a songwriter. Her singing is undistinguished and sometimes tiresome, somewhat in the vein of Dory Previn but louder. Her piano playing is minimal. Miss Hall's presence is definitely deepest in her songwriting. She is an honest writer, and this honesty is both her grace and her downfall. On the positive side, she lets us see her heart, her searches, and her irresoluteness. She fights the good fight, loving love, hurting over pain, hanging in.

**Sandy** is about the boy who got away long ago. He "wrote me two poems and they struck me so sad that I set them to music and sang them to Sandy." Carnival Man was another young lover who loved and left. Hello My Old Friend is the grow up world, about an evening with a childhood friend, now married and family, who's "only cheated a few times." Uncle Malcolm is a moving return to the folks back home for a young Nana, co-written with Jane Hall, is the best song, a remembrance of visiting Grandma, "eating old candy in a green rocking chair, seeing her stories." Hard Times Lovin' is another fading affair, while I Never Thought Anything This Good Could Happen To Me is about a new one.

One begins to see the emotional pattern of Miss Hall's life, set down with care and courage. But we see something else as well. Miss Hall writes not about love but about the first two weeks of love. In that sense her songs thus far lack maturity.

By the end of the album, we have a meaningful picture of Miss Hall's childhood and youth—no small feat—but we suspect it has lasted too long. For a woman, the lifestyle of the teens might work well into her twenties, but it will not survive her thirties with any sense of fulfillment. I wish Miss Hall had taken herself and us further into life, into maturity, deeper commitments, fuller tries, more knowing emotional risks.

Because Miss Hall's songs evoke curiosity, let's stay in touch with her musical autobiograpy and see where it goes.

M.A.
present time, David, also known as the fifth Earl of Harrow, has been one of rock's most determined personalities. This disc, David's second "Heavy Friends" album for Cotillion, took him eighteen months to assemble and here his friends include one member of the Who, three cast members of Jesus Christ Superstar, two members of Deep Purple, one member of the Jimi Hendrix Experience, and one member of the Jimi Hendrix Experience. They ably back David in a good-natured tribute to Fifties rock-and-roll. Lord Sutch might just be on his way! It makes you stop and think. What would happen if he really did become famous? Who would be his friends then? H.E.

**Peter Yarrow:** Peter. Peter Yarrow, guitar and vocals, vocal and instrumental accompaniment. Don't Ever Take Away My Freedom; Mary Beth; Beautiful City; Greenwood; River of Jordan; Weave Me the Sunshine; Goodbye Josh; Plato's Song; Take Off Your Mask; Side Road; Wings of Time; Tall Pine Trees. Warner Bros. BS 2590. $5.98.

This is Peter Yarrow of Peter, Paul & Mary, the last member of that trio to release a solo album. A solo album, by the way, is not necessarily a man and his guitar. It can be, and usually is, a man and his guitar accompanied by a cast of thousands. "Peter!" is a melodic record, incessantly pretty all in all, with a very positive springlike quality. This favorable view is contingent upon not listening too closely to the words. As Elvis Presley indulges in pop-song kitsch, Peter Yarrow wallows in folk kitsch. The lyrics to this are filled with dawns of creation, wings of time, and families of man.

I suppose this can be justified as romanticism, but it seems to me that Peter Yarrow's lyrics too often are moon-June-spoon spiked with Famous Folksinger sainthood. It's nice that someone chooses to be romantic in this day and age, but aren't there new ways of saying it? Weave Me the Sunshine is predictable in terms of what Yarrow has done before—a sing-along with chorus—and it is the outstanding track on the album. M.J.

**Colin Blunstone:** One Year. Colin Blunstone, vocals; Chris Gunning and others, arr. Smokey Day; Caroline Goodbye; Her Song; seven more. Epic 30974, $4.98.

Colin Blunstone's liner notes are brief, warm, and straight ahead: "This album is the story of a year of mine . . . and of beginning all over again. I used to sing with a group called the Zombies. When we stopped recording . . . I was left with a lot of thinking to do. I haven't been on the road since then. . . . This album is the key back to the road, and so to people—where music really is. So now I've started by myself this time and like the first word of a novel the hardest decision is over."

Blunstone's first solo album is as intelligent and sincere as 'nliner notes. His voice is sweet and rough. His style simple and lyrical. He is somewhat reminiscent of the highly musical Kenny Rankin.

The album features some exquisite orchestrations by a man named Chris Gunning, who sounds classically trained but sympathetic to the pop idiom. A striking example is Tim Hardin's beautiful song, Misty Roses, which be-
gins simply with Blunstone's vocal accompanied by Alan Crosshawait on guitar. Gunning then inserts a superb variation for string quartet, which comes back into the vocal/guitar conclusion. There is no real justification for the string quartet passage, but it is a case where beauty provides its own reason.

The album is set up somewhat like James Taylor's first for Apple (both albums were made in England) wherein orchestral passages occur between many tracks. Arranger Chris Gunning should be a star in his own right, and the string section plays brilliantly.

This is one of the loveliest and best produced pop albums I've heard in a long time. Try it. M.A.

Climax Blues Band: Tightly Knit. Colin Cooper, vocals, sax, harmonica, clarinet, and whistle; Pete Haycock, vocals and guitar; Derke Holt, vocals and bass; Arthur Augustin Wood, keyboards; George Ewart Newsome, Jr., drums. Hey Mama; Shoot Her If She Runs; Towards the Sun; Come on in My Kitchen; Who Killed McSwiggin? Little Link; St. Michael's Blues; Bide My Time; That's All. Sire St 5903, $4.98.

Blues is a tempting style for many musicians, but it can be a trap. Its rigid and basically simple form seduces many into thinking it's easy to learn. Sure, it's easy enough to get the basic idea, but too many people get no further than that. They may know the chord changes, they may know a few B. B. King licks, but as soon as they open their mouths the game is over.

The Climax Blues Band is typical of a lot of British blues groups. They have the idea, a lot of enthusiasm for it, but there's something missing. I suppose it has to be called soul, in this case where beauty provides its own reason. In this case the ability to recognize that the simple emotions can be the best ones and the most excruciating to reproduce. The disc opens with a fast shuffle, Hey Mama, which is not too bad save for the group vocals. And there is a country blues, Come on in My Kitchen, that shows they at least have their references right. But in all I feel that few authentic bluesmen will be flattered by this particular example of imitation. M.J.

Stone the Crows: Teenage Licks. Maggie Bell, vocals; Les Harvey, guitar and recorder; Colin Allen, percussion; Ronnie Leary, keyboards; Steve Thompson, bass. Big Jim Salter, Faces; Mr. Wizard; Don't Think Twice, It's All Right; Keep on Rollin'; Alien Mochree, One Five Eight; I May Be Right I May Be Wrong; Seven Lakes Polydor PD 5020, $4.98.

Maggie Bell is the Town and Country-looking British white who sings so incredibly black, notably as a studio voice on John Baldry's LP "It Ain't Easy." Stone the Crows is basically a hard-rock band, a bit ponderous in spots on this album but of high-quality over-all. Through "Teenage Licks" the group shifts styles, with considerable success, from hard rock to weird electronic dabbling to blues. Far and away the best track is Maggie Bell's reading of Dylan's Don't Think Twice as a slow, Aretha Franklin-style blues. It's the first really original treatment of the song I've heard. M.J.

Seals and Crofts: Year of Sunday. Jim Seals, vocals and guitar; Dash Crofts, vocals and mandolin; rhythm accompaniment. Among the very best of recent albums is this new entry from Seals and Crofts, already one of the better groups in rock. What makes a truly special album? A special combination of circumstances: 1) this is Seals and Crofts' first for Warners and everyone is excited; 2) the group went to London to record it; 3) it was produced by Louis Shelton, an excellent guitarist-turned-producer; 4) and, most important, its songs are first rate.

It has been the Seals and Crofts songs that have thus far kept them from total success. While the songs were always interesting, there was a diffuse quality about them that led to confusion: They lacked focus. No more. When I Meet Them, energetic and positive, is receiving much airplay. High On A Mountain is another irresistible track.

"Year of Sunday" is easily one of the best pop albums of the year. If you're attracted to the quality end of current music, buy it. M.A.


Aural and emotional weight-watchers will be well advised to pass up fare as rich, rich, rich as this banquet of musical marzipan at its most sumptuously succulent! To be sure, the strictly tonal richness, enhanced by fabulous acoustical spaciousness in this super-recording, is kept under strict control even at its lushest, and it is varied with the delicately colored, buoyantly floating sonics of Debussy's Clair de lune and with the theatrical verve and bounce of most of Richard Hayman's medley of The Fantasticks tunes. But the emotional richness of such tear-jerkers as Days of Wine and Roses; September Song; Leroy Anderson's title piece, It Might as Well be Spring; Night and Day, and Stardust is schmaltz in excess. If you have a weakness for this kind of thing, and if it won't give you indigestion, gorge! R.D.D.

Rick Nelson & The Stone Canyon Band: Rudy the Fitth. Rick Nelson, vocals, guitar, and piano; Allen Kemp, vocals and guitar; Randy Meisner, vocals and bass; Patrick Shannahah, drums, Tom Brunley, steel guitar; Andy Belling, piano: This Train; Just Like a Woman; Honky Tonk Women; Love Minus Zero/No Limit, eight more. Decca DL 75297, $4.98.

This seems a sincere attempt at creating excitement, but it remains shallow, primarily due to Nelson's voice, which is light, warm, and sincere on the slow ballads, rather fun on the up-tempo songs. But he can't handle a song with guts. His Honky Tonk Women and Just Like a Woman fall short of the mark; Love Minus Zero/No Limit is transformed into a likable but soulless love song. Best are several Nelson originals, and the Stone Canyon Band is exceptional at a kind of light rockabilly. M.J.
theater and film

CABARET: Original motion picture soundtrack recording. Liza Minnelli, Joel Grey, Greta Keller, Mark Lambert, Ralph Burns, cond. For a feature review of this recording, see page 73.

"GREATEST HITS FROM 'A CLOCKWORK ORANGE':" Tony Martin and John Gary, vocals; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, cond.; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond.; Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fieldler, cond. For a feature review of this recording, see page 76.

"GREAT CLASSICAL THEMES FROM 'A CLOCKWORK ORANGE':" Geraint Jones Orchestra, Geraint Jones, cond.; Philharmonia Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini and Sir John Barbirolli, cond.; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, André Cluytens, cond.; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa, cond. For a feature review of this recording, see page 76.

QUINCY JONES: S. Music from the motion picture soundtrack. Composed, arranged, and produced by Quincy Jones, featuring Little Richard, Roberta Flack, Don Elliott, others. Money Runner; Kitty With the Bent Frame; Rubber Ducky; nine more. Reprise S 2051. $4.98. Tape: M82051, $6.95. *0 M 52051, $6.95.

Composer Quincy Jones likes to go out on musical limbs. He virtually exists on them, experimenting with new methods, breaking in unknown artists, or using old artists in new ways.

For his score to Richard Brooks's film S, Quincy found a few new limbs. For one thing, he wrote two lyrics. "I couldn't write a legitimate lyric if I tried," he says, "but I can do that ignorant stuff." Money Is features the following street truth: "...I use every ruse, talkin' trash, So if you go to my school, you gotta learn this rule, Don't let your mouth write a check that your body can't cash." The other song is called Do It—To It: "You gotta do it to it, if you wanna get it done." Quincy chose the perfect singer for the occasion: Little Richard.

Quincy also called upon Don Elliott, a man with a singular talent. Elliott's activity takes place just under the surface of the music business, where you hear him without knowing who he is or just what you're hearing. For the past several years, Elliott has been busy in commercials from his studio in New York. Elliott is many things—composer, arranger, idea man. But above all Don Elliott is a vocal group. Hearing is believing. He has developed...
a way of recording himself, beginning with one voice and overlaying others until he reaches orchestral proportions. His range, tonal accuracy, time sense, and general musicality are incredible. No one knows quite how he does it, even after watching the process, but the results tend to knock people down.

In this project Elliot provides everything from humor and warmth to percussiveness and hot chords. When You're Smiling features a solo by Roberta Flack. The background is a harmonic tapestry created solely by the voices of Don Elliott plus bass and drums. On other tracks he provides a barrage of sounds I can't even describe. But they'll kill you.

For a cue called Redeye Runnin' Train, Quincy features a violin solo by a Cajun-type musician named Doug Kershaw. It may work in the film but it gets horning on the album. Even for Quincy Jones every limb isn't green.

Along with the above personnel, the album features the large number of superlative musicians we have come to expect on all Quincy Jones projects, including Billy Preston, David T. Walker, Chuck Rainey, Arnie Kane, Ray Brown, Vic Feldman, and Paul Humphrey. The album sparkles with personality, wit, a sense of good times, and the ultimate and mysterious know-how of Quincy Jones. M.A.

Jazz

DARIUS BRUBECK: Chaplin's Back. Darius Brubeck, piano; Mike Brecker, tenor saxophone; Perry Robinston, clarinet; Bob Fritzh, electric clarinet and bass clarinet; Richard Bock, cello; Bob Rose and Amos Garrett, guitars; John Miller, bass; Muruga, drums. Smile; Limeight; Tango; Bitterness; eight more. Paramount 6026, $4.98.

Darius Brubeck's father, Dave Brubeck, carved out a rather unusual career in jazz: He drew on material that often had little to do with jazz and offered it to an audience that was, to a great extent, isolated from the rest of the jazz world. Darius, who makes his recorded debut with this record, also draws on material from the past that is often skitter around the fringes of jazz. Even for Quincy Jones every limb isn't green.

Along with the above personnel, the album features the large number of superlative musicians we have come to expect on all Quincy Jones projects, including Billy Preston, David T. Walker, Chuck Rainey, Arnie Kane, Ray Brown, Vic Feldman, and Paul Humphrey. The album sparkles with personality, wit, a sense of good times, and the ultimate and mysterious know-how of Quincy Jones. M.A.

THE JPJ QUARTET: Montreux '71. Budd Johnson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Dil Jones, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Contrast in Blue; I'll Be Seeing You; West of the Wind, five more. MPR 8111, $5.50

When was the last time that seasoned musicians got together to form a jazz group that did not depend on rehashes of things they had done in the past? I can't think of a single occasion prior to the formation of the JPJ Quartet and the reason is, I suspect, that such groups are usually built around at least one established personality who must play his old hits. Actually, that was originally the case with this group. It was an Earl Hines Quartet until Hines decided to go his own way while the three remaining members stayed together with Dil Jones replacing Hines on piano.

Although all four members have been well known in jazz for years—Budd Johnson for almost four decades—none of them has a public image that pins them down to any material or any style (Jones's relationship to Dixieland groups is the only real pigeonholing the group has had to overcome). So the group has developed a personality of its own and a book of its own material—swinging in the suondest, most traditional sense while being thoroughly contemporary harmonically and structurally.

In these performances at the Montreux Jazz Festival, Johnson emerges as the strong, dominant personality of the group, although the quartet as a whole has a strong sense of unity. Johnson's versatility of conception on both tenor and soprano saxophones is remarkable. His soprano saxophone playing on At Last is a study in versatility of conception on both tenor and soprano saxophone imaginable. And yet most of his other appearances on tenor are quite removed from Young's style. Similarly, there are moments when he uses his soprano saxophone in the full, florid manner of Sidney Bechet, although he is much more apt to project a lean, singing tone that is distinctly his own. He also wrote or arranged most of the unusually viable selection of tunes in the set, including a version of Down by the Riverside that lifts this essentially worthy tune from its customary warhorse categorization. Dil Jones, also rescued from the cliches of the traditionalists, emerges as a driving ensemble pianist and a bright, enlivening soloist. Bill Pemberton and Oliver Jackson are a superb rhythm team, vitalizing the ensemble and giving the solos of Johnson and Jones close, responsive support. This group can stand with the best jazz combos of any period. J.S.W.

HALL BROTHERS JAZZ BAND: Jazz Concert. Charles DeVore, cornet; Russ Hall, trombone; Butch Thompson, clarinet; Mike Polad, soprano saxophone and banjo; Stanley Hall, piano; Bill Evans, bass; Don Berg, drums. I Gotta Go Back; Creole Belle; Miss Oats Burgers; Two more. Emporium of Jazz 1, $5.95 (Records, Emporium of Jazz, Box 712, Mendota, Minn. 55505).

The almost invariable common denominator between the usual and second generation trad bands and the worst of the breed is their mistaken urge to sing. The Hall Brothers Jazz Band, whose regular attraction at the Emporium of Jazz in Mendota, a suburb of Minneapolis, can be counted among those on the top level. Over-all, this is one of the band's best discs but it could have been even better if that urge to sing, which breaks out on three of the four numbers on one side, had been contained. There is a shallow, superficial
quality in the singing of most of the instrumentalists in these bands which is a disturbing contrast to the qualities they achieve on their horns. The singing sidemen in the Hall Brothers band don’t descend to the depths of some of their colleagues; but, even at their best, they do not fit the sense or texture of the music they play and, to that extent, are a distraction.

Buck Thompson and Mike Polad form the strong core that gives the band its instrumental quality. They team brilliantly in a clarinet—soprano saxophone duel on High Society, while Polad pours out some pure Bechet; quavers and all, in his soprano solo on I’m Coming, Virginia, and switching to banjo, adds a lot of authority to the band’s excellent version of Apex Blues. Stanley Hall’s piano is consistently helpful, but listening to Charlie Dvoré’s cornet can be an adventure in itself—he is brilliantly incisive at one moment, shaky and uncertain at the next. J.S.W.

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK: Blackness. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute, trumpet, trombone, piano; Sonejius Smith or Richard Tee, piano; Mickeuy Tucker, organ, Billy Butler, Cornell Dupree, and Keith Loving, guitars, Henry Pearson or Bill Salter, bass; Khalil Mhrdi, Richard Landrum, Joe Habad Tekidor, Bernard Purdie, and Arthur Jenkins, percussion; Princess Patience Burton and Cissy Houston, vocals. Make It with You; Blacknuss: My Girl, eight more. Atlantic 1501, $5.98

Almost the whole world of pre-World War II jazz piano lives on in the fingers of Don Ewell. You hear Joe Sullivan and Jess Stacy, bits of Fats Waller and James P. Johnson, all coalescing in a style that manages to suggest many sources while establishing an identity of its own. Three decades of devotion have won Ewell a very special position in the jazz hierarchy but not much else. This disc sums up Ewell’s position as well as any half-hour demonstration could. This is jazz piano from the best one-record exposition of it that he has given us so far.

On this disc, however, Kirk has brought everything into balance to produce a set that is representative of his many talents. Not only is he presented as soloist and duetist on his numerous instruments, but his arrangements have rich harmonic textures and, with his own playing as a guide, tremendous propulsive power. His material ranges from warm, moving treatments of such contemporary pop songs as Ain’t No Sunshine and Marvin Gaye’s What’s Going On to a remarkable development of The Old Rugged Cross that rises from somber Protestant austerity to a roaring sense of joy. And for lagniappe there is a wild song that seems to be a cross of calypso and Hawaiian that becomes a marvel of foot-stomping goodtime music as sung by the lady who wrote it, Princess Patience Burton. Kirk has created a musical world of his own, and this is easily the best one-record exposition of it that he has given us so far. J.S.W.

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK: California Concert. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute, trumpet; Dick Griffin, trombone; Sonejius Smith or Richard Tee, piano; Mickey Tucker, organ, Billy Butler, Cornell Dupree, and Keith Loving, guitars, Henry Pearson or Bill Salter, bass; Khalil Mhrdi, Richard Landrum, Joe Habad Tekidor, Bernard Purdie, and Arthur Jenkins, percussion; Princess Patience Burton and Cissy Houston, vocals. Make It with You; Blacknuss: My Girl, eight more. Atlantic 1501, $5.98

DON EWELL: A Jazz Portrait of the Artist. Don Ewell, piano. Lullaby in Rhythm; Snowy Morning Blues; Sunday; eight more. Charoscuro 106. $5 (Charoscuro Records, Apt. 2D, 15 Charles St., New York, N.Y. 10014).

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in brief

THE PERSUASIONS: Street Corner Symphony. Capito ST672, $5.98. The Persuasions are one of the all-time great a cappella groups. Here they apply their lilting and soulful harmonies to the songs of Sam Cooke, Curtis Mayfield, Bob Dylan, and Carole King, among others.

DAVID BROMBERG. Columbia C 31104, $5.98. One song here is called Suffer to Sing the Blues. What may be called for is more suffering, less singing, or both. Bromberg is an outstanding guitarist who added much life to Dylan’s “New Morning” album by playing the lead acoustic guitar parts. Here he does little more than fumble through the vocals, which are at best adequate, at worst embarrassing. Sammi’s Song, about a boy’s introduction to a brothel, is not too attractive either. Wisely, Bromberg has included several very fine instrumental tracks.

CASS ELLIOT. RCA LSP 4619, $5.98. Cass Elliot sings well only when she sings hard, which is why she was great with The Mamas and the Papas. When the group broke up, Miss Elliot started holding back vocally, and not making it much. This album, for RCA, is better than her last several solo sets because she is more out front. But it still has a middle-of-the-road quality I find disappointing.

GIDEON AND POWER: I Gotta Be Me. Bell 1104, $5.98. Gideon is a gospel-rocker, and Power, three refugees from the San Francisco company of Hair, is his back-up band. This LP is a live recording of Gideon and Power at a local club. The frenzied audience reaction suggests that Gideon’s “gospel-rock happening” must be an unbelievable sight to see in person.

BREAD: Baby I’m a Want You. Elektra 75015, $4.98. Bread has taken on a new member, a brilliant young Los Angeles musician named Larry Knuechel. Knuechel alternates on keyboards, bass, harmonica and guitar. His entry into the group seems to have taken them into a harder rock groove on their new album, though a few tracks, such as the title, still have the group’s characteristic romantic feeling. Bread continues to be one of the best things ever to have come out of pop music.

PHILIP GOODHORN-TAIT: I Think I’ll Write a Song. DJM 9102, $4.98. Here’s an interesting debut. Goodhand-Tait, a young Britshster, is a singer and pianist who sounds somewhat like Rod Stewart. Not only can he write a gentle ballad but he knocks out a hard rocker also. Potential is stamped all over this disc.

Moby Grape: Great Grape. Columbia C 31098, $5.98. A “best hits” album by a primal San Francisco group that stayed together far too short a time. It’s a good LP, but I am surprised that this Moby Grape record does not include Can’t Be So Bad, one of the all-time great hard-rock songs.

DAVID CASSIDY: Cherish. Bell 6070, $5.98. David Cassidy, co-star of TV’s “The Partridge Family,” is an authentic pop idol, the pin-up favorite of millions of preteens. “Cherish” is David’s first album away from the other members of his singing television family. It’s a tasteful performance by a talented young man. The title song is particularly well done.
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suggestions

ADVERTISING INDEX is on page 92. READER SERVICE CARDS appear on pages 27 and 93.
the tape deck

BY R.D. DARRELL

Pater Leonardus at Kennedy Center.

Bernstein's ambitiousness and versatility are such that he—like Teddy Roosevelt years ago—probably hates to attend funerals and weddings since he can't play the leading role of corpse or bride. Turning from musical comedies to a ceremonial Mass, he not only serves as composer-conductor of its much publicized recorded performance but at the end personally voices the usual priest's dismissal of his congregation: "The Mass is ended; go in peace." A more literal translation of "Ite, missa est" would be: "Go, the Mass is finished"—and there may be many doomsters quick to conclude that this work, together with earlier rock cantatas and Passions, is fast killing off the work, together with earlier rock cantatas and Passions, is fast killing off the inexhaustible sentiment, humor, nostalgia, and sheer schmaltz. But if this performance and its engineering too have the dramatic immediacies of a stage production, they also have some of the home-listening defects: fine big and busy action scenes, but a lack of balance and continuity, first-rate orchestral playing, but singing that represents some of the stars at less than their—or their composers'—best. Gwyneth Jones's Octavia is often downright shrill and ugly, and if Lucia Popp's Sophie is near ideal, Christa Ludwig's Marschallin is sometimes less so vocally although dramatically she is consistently fine.

It is in these three vital roles that the great 1970 Solti/London version, starring Minton, Donath, and above all Crespin, remains unmatched. Moreover, it is complete, while Bernstein makes the "traditional" opera-house cuts. Over-all, then, I find the Solti version more richly rewarding, even though its cassette edition (I have not heard the open reels) is non-Dolbyized and hence is somewhat inferior to Columbia's cassettes in surface quietness.

Elizabethan Operatic Trilogy: III. Perhaps it's because I anticipated another musical discovery as exciting as last August's Donizetti Anna Bolena (1830) that I'm somewhat disappointed in the same composer's 1837 Roberto Devereux (i.e., Queen Elizabeth I's Earl of Essex). Chronologically the last of a trilogy, which also includes the just released disc edition of Maria Stuarda (1834), this is Donizetti's version of the Elizabethan and Essex relationship. And it features the queen (sung here by Beverly Sills) far more prominently than the titular hero (Robert Hlosfalvy)—a disparity italicized by the gripping bravura of the Sills performance: She is brilliant vocally, if not always easy on one's ears, and untradrallly dramatically. Beverly Wolf and Peter Glossop are notable in the supporting cast; the Ambrosian Opera Chorus and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra are first-rate; and Charles Mackerras conducts skillfully if somewhat overobjectively. But the strong, clean recording is hampered by rather dry, tight acoustics, and even the Sills piano-technics never bring the drama to true life. Recommended, then, primarily to bel canto and Sills devotees (Audio Treasury/Ampex R 2003, two 7 1/2-ips reels. $21.95. libretto included: also D 52003, two Dolbyized cassettes. $14.95).

Berliozian Brother. Even the protean Berlioz knew better than to try to duplicate his mighty Requiem. But what he himself called that work's "brother," the Te Deum, Op. 22 (written a dozen years later in 1849 for tenor soloist, triple chorus, large orchestra, and organ), achieves moments of comparable dramatic and sonic grandeur, together with many less often fully appreciated, yet ineffably moving, lyrical passages. Colin Davis' acclaimed recorded performance, the first in stereo, of the Te Deum is a couple of years late in an American tape release (there has been an imported Philips cassette edition, No. 18244, which has had limited distribution in this country), but so much more heartily can every Berliozian—and every aficionado of truly "big" sound—welcome its present 7 1/2-ips open-reel edition (Philips/Ampex L 9790, $7.95; text leaflet included). Apart from Franco Tagliavini's overly Italianate solo in the "Te ergo quae sumus," the performance is fully worthy of the whole Davis/Berlioz series, while the thrillingly spacious recording and its reverberant acoustical ambience (which sounds natural even though some artifice may have been involved) do justice to the composer's sonic imagination.

Pianists: Prematurely Hip; Stolidly Square. Satie's piano music may be an acquired taste but it can be an avid one; if this is part of your musical make-up you won't need any urging to obtain Vol. 3 in the justly acclaimed Aldo Ciccolini series (Angel cassette 4XS 36485, or 8-track cartridge 8XS 36485, $6.98 each). Except for the famous three Sarabandes and perhaps the first of the three Petites pieces montees (in its piano version of course), the many short selections are mostly unfamiliar, but they include some real gems: notably the delectable Enfants and the pre-Dada Pièce de Règle Suite, both of 1913. The pianism is ideally deft and lilting, the recording gleamingly clean.

In complete contrast is the reappearance, slightly augmented, of Leonard Pennario's 1960 "Favorite Classics for the Piano" (Angel 8-track cartridge 8XS 36049, or cassette 4XS 36049, $6.98 each). Here the music is all warhorse (Liszt, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, MacDowell)—the nearest novelty being the antiquated Schulz-Everl whipped-creaming of the Blue Danube Waltz. And the playing, for all its assured clarity of articulation, is unimaginatively foursquare in the manner of "master" teaching-class exemplars. But the recording still sounds bright and solid.

Baron Bernstein in Vienna. Eclectic and up-to-date as Bernstein the composer may be, he's so unabashedly ultraromantic a conductor of Richard Strauss's Der Rosenkavalier that even the often Viennese find his reading irresistible. His Vienna Opera hit performance of 1968 was repeated in 1971 with mostly the same forces, those now heard in the recording made by an English Decca team for Columbia (MTX 30652, three Dolbyized cassettes, $25.98, libretto available on request). Not only Viennese aficionados will be entranced by Bernstein's loving enhancements of the work's inexhaustible sentiment, humor, nostalgia, and sheer schmaltz.
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a brilliant new 'Super Star'

KENWOOD KR-7200
260-Watt (IHF). Direct-Coupling, FET, IC, FM/AM Stereo Receiver

Out of the KENWOOD tradition of superb engineering, skilled craftsmanship and excellent design comes yet another top stereo receiver, precision-engineered for the KENWOOD 'Super Sound,' styled for the look and feel of luxury, designed with beauty and elegance to control an expansive and sophisticated sound system.

The KENWOOD KR-7200 takes its place in the KENWOOD line-up of fine receivers to shine as the newest 'Super Star,' with superb performance characteristics to delight you and luxury features to add to your stereo enjoyment. Front panel jacks for a second tape deck with A-B Tape Monitor... 'mike mixing' in any mode with front panel microphone input and level control... and a special Midrange Tone Control for an added musical dimension... are only a few of the extra refinements that make the KR-7200 a brilliant new addition to the KENWOOD line.

SPECIAL FEATURES: Outputs for 3 sets of stereo speakers, with new One-Touch Terminals for easy hook-up • Inputs for 2 Phonos, 2 Aux • Terminals for 2 Tape Decks • 3-FET Front End, including 1 dual-gate device, for high sensitivity (1.6 μV) • High Capture Ratio (1.5 dB, IHF) Sharp Selectivity (75 dB) • New Double-Switching System in MPX Stage • RMS Power: Both Channels Driven, 55/55 watts @ 8 ohms from 20-20kHz • Frequency Linear Type Variable Capacitor for easy tuning • Direct-Coupling Power Amplifier with high reliability protection circuit •

For complete information, visit your nearest KENWOOD Dealer, or write...