REVEALED IN THIS ISSUE

The Dubbers Unmasked!
Who really sang for Natalie, Richard, and many of your favorite stars?

Why is this record worth $150?

How did background music speed up this Exodus?

Was movie music gunned down by High Noon?
THE FISHER PHILOSOPHY OF EQUIPMENT DESIGN. PART 7.
PLANNED NONOBsolescence IN 4-CHANNEL.
This is the seventh of a series of ads about the major conceptual differences between Fisher components and other makes. It is not necessary to have read the first six ads before reading this one, but see footnote in italics below.

Fisher's engineers consider nonobsolescence to be of paramount importance in the design of 4-channel equipment. It would be easy enough for a manufacturer to bring out a 4-channel receiver, for example, that would handle the existing 4-channel sources with no regard for the future.

But since we at Fisher are responsible for initiating the 4-channel era (we introduced the world's first 4-channel receiver back in 1970), we feel an enormous responsibility to the buying public not to allow anyone ever to regret the purchase of a 4-channel system.

So Fisher equipment must be capable of handling not only every existing 4-channel source, but every proposed 4-channel source. And we make this pledge: the Fisher 4-channel receiver you buy today will not become obsolete, not in 1973, or 1975, or 1979. Whatever comes along, Fisher 4-channel equipment, either alone or with a simple adapter, will be able to handle it.

Here is an example of what we mean. There is now a controversy over which form of 4-channel LP will be the standard. Will it be the Columbia SQ system? Or will it be some other form of encoded two-channel record? Or will it be a discrete 4-channel LP?

At Fisher, while we are extremely interested in the discussion and have our own opinions, our equipment remains impartial. Our matrixing system, standard on all current Fisher 4-channel receivers, can handle all existing stereo records or matrix-encoded signals.

And all Fisher 4-channel equipment can handle four discrete channels, whether they originate from a 4-channel reel of tape, a 4-channel 8-track cartridge, or from a discrete 4-channel record (with an external adapter).

How does Fisher's 4-channel philosophy differ from the basic Fisher design philosophy? Only in that nonobsolescence is at the top of our list of non-negotiable features a unit must possess.

Readers of the other six parts of this series will recall the principles of the Fisher design philosophy. We believe that in every area of high fidelity there are certain non-negotiable design features that every unit must incorporate in order to reproduce sound that closely approximates the original source. On those features, Fisher does not compromise.

But as price permits, certain other features, which offer performance and convenience benefits over and above the basic high-fidelity product, are added.

However they are added very thoughtfully. You have heard us talk about the "balanced component." By that we mean we do not, for example, include high power in a medium-priced unit at the expense of FM sensitivity. Our medium-priced receivers include more power, more sensitivity, and more convenience features than our lower-priced receivers. The more you pay, the more you get. In perfect balance.

In this respect, Fisher 4-channel components are no different from Fisher 2-channel components. Except for one thing.

4-channel is something that we at Fisher believe in. It provides a method of reproducing the acoustics of a concert hall in a way no stereo system can accomplish.

But we realize stereo will also be around for a long time to come.

So we've promised ourselves that no matter how much (or how little) you pay for a Fisher 4-channel system, it will not only deliver fine 4-channel. It will deliver stereo through 4 speakers that sounds even better than the best 2-channel-only system you could buy for the money.

If you missed one or more of the first six ads in this series, or even if you didn't, you may want a free reprint of the entire set of seven. It is an excellent summation of what Fisher stands for. To obtain this valuable booklet, or to receive free technical literature on any of nearly a hundred Fisher products, write to Fisher Radio, Dept. HF-7, 11-44 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
WOR-FM, the country’s leading FM/Stereo rock station, has been using Stanton cartridges since its inception.

Program Director Sebastian Stone likes the smooth, clean sound the Stanton delivers; the way it is able to pick up everything on the record so that the station can assure high quality transmission of every recording.

Eric Small, Chief Engineer for WOR-FM, likes the way that Stanton cartridges stand up under the wear and tear of continuous use. "We standardized on Stanton a couple of years back," Small said, "and we haven't had a cartridge failure since. Studio Supervisor Artie Altro concurs.

Whether you're a professional or simply a sincere music lover, the integrity of a Stanton cartridge delivers the quality of performance you want.

There are two Stanton professional cartridge series. The Stanton 681 Series is engineered for stereo channel calibration in record studios, as well as extremely critical listening. The 500 AL Series features design modifications which make it ideally suited for the rough handling encountered in heavy on-the-air use. In fact, among the nation's disc jockeys it has become known as the "industry workhorse."

All Stanton cartridges afford excellent frequency response, channel separation, compliance and low mass and tracking pressure. And every Stanton cartridge is fitted with the exclusive "longhair" brush to keep grooves clean and protect the stylus. They belong in every quality reproduction system—broadcast or high fidelity.

For complete information and specifications on Stanton cartridges, write Stanton Magnetics, Inc., Terminal Drive, Plainview, L.I., N.Y. 11803.
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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.
There's more behind the BOSE 901 than just a reflecting wall.

Research
The 901 DIRECT/REFLECTING® speaker system is the result of the most intensive research program that has been conducted into the physical acoustics and psychoacoustics of loudspeaker design. The research that gave birth to the 901 in 1968 began in 1956 and continues today to explore the frontiers of sound reproduction. Copies of the Audio Engineering Society paper, 'ON THE DESIGN, MEASUREMENT AND EVALUATION OF LOUDSPEAKERS', by Dr. A. G. Bose, are available from the Bose Corp. for fifty cents.

Technology
As might be expected, the product that emerged from 12 years of research is technologically quite different from conventional speakers. Some of the major differences are:

1) The use of a multiplicity of acoustically coupled full-range speakers to provide a clarity and definition of musical instrument sounds that cannot, 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 cannot, 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 a totally different frequency response criterion—flat power response instead of the conventional flat frequency response—to produce the full balance of high frequencies without the shrillness associated with conventional Hi-Fi.

Quality Control
It's a long way from a good theoretical design to the production of speakers that provide you with all the musical benefits inherent in the design. To this end BOSE has designed a unique computer that tests speakers for parameters that are directly related to the perception of sound. There is only one such computer in existence—designed by us and used for you. In January alone it rejected 9,504 speakers that will never be used again in any BOSE product. It is the speakers that survive the computer tests that provide your enjoyment and our reputation.

Reviews
The BOSE 901 DIRECT/REFLECTING® speaker is now the most highly reviewed speaker regardless of size or price. Read the complete text of reviewers who made these comments.*

Julian Hirsch STEREO REVIEW.
"...I must say that I have never heard a speaker system in my own home which could surpass, or even equal, the Bose 901 for overall 'realism' of sound."

e/e HIGH FIDELITY. "It is our opinion that this is the speaker system to own, regardless of price if one wants the ultimate in listening pleasure."

Irving Kolodin SATURDAY REVIEW. "After a time trial measured in months rather than weeks, this one can definitely proclaim Bose is best, big or small, high or low."

Performance
You alone must be the judge of this. Visit your BOSE dealer. Audition the 901 with your favorite records. We make only one request. Before leaving, ask him to place the 901's directly on top of the largest and most expensive speakers he carries and then compare the sound. You will know why we make this request when you have made the experiment.

*For reprints of the reviews circle our number on your readers service card.

You can hear the difference now.

BOSE®
NATICK, MA. 01760

BOSE 901 DIRECT/REFLECTING® Speaker System, Stereo Pair, including Active Equalizer. $476. Slightly higher south and west. Pedestal optional extra. Covered by patent rights issued and pending.

CIRCLE 14 ON READER SERVICE CARD

JULY 1972
Rock and Music

Joan Peyser's article on the "rock revolution's" influence on "The Coming Generation of Musicians" [April 1972] was quite disturbing. Sentences stating that "Rock never became the great or important music some thought it would" and "it never moved beyond the initial forecasts of the engulfed adult critics" will be taken by many of your readers as the gospel truth. In fact, rock has already become important music since its birth fifteen to twenty years ago, and will probably continue to become more important.

Mrs. Peyser's real point is that rock has had no influence on the students and faculties of the highly structured and formal music schools. It has had, however, a great influence on "The Coming Generation of Musicians," if, of course, she will allow that musicians might develop quite apart from Juilliard, Columbia, and other schools.

Simply stated, there are two different musical worlds. Fine musicians are developing in the rock world and also in the more "formal" world of music. I say "formal" as opposed to "serious" because I think Lennon, Harrison, Dylan, and many other influential rock composer/musicians are quite serious about their music. The fact that George Harrison, or whoever, cannot notate his music does not mean he is not a serious musician.

There is a lot of creative, intelligent, and yes, even complex and sophisticated music being made in rock circles. Just take a spin across your FM band or check the paper to see what is going on at your local concert halls and theaters.

Paul F. Meissner, Jr.
Aniston, Conn.

Joan Peyser's "The Coming Generation of Musicians" leaves the reader with the idea that rock is a degenerate form of music and a mere passing fad. Everyone knows how popular rock is right now. Millions, mostly young people like myself (age sixteen), adore it. Our liking for rock will still be vital fifty years from now, long after we have become adults. Thus rock will be just as popular then as it is now. Some passing fad?

Dennis Buse
Austin, Mont.

In "Rock's Influence on the New Generation of Musicians" [April 1972], Joan Peyser claims that her research has not been restricted by confining it to New York City. She argues that "nowhere is there a greater concentration of training facilities or jobs than in New York." True, New York is a training center for students who devote their time to the serious study of music with a strict specialization of a certain facet of this art. Unfortunately, what she fails to understand is that rock music is such a free-form, inventive medium that the best of it has been created by people without formal training and without the incentive of making it a life-long career. And today, Nashville and San Francisco are the inventive centers of rock music.

It should be noted that rock is really not a separate form of music. It takes from classical music, jazz, boogie, blues, folk, and western, as well as oriental music—plus others. No doubt, there is no such thing as a specialized rock music talent. What I would like to know is: How many graduates of reputable New York schools make their livelihood in traditional music? Are any of these students attracted to the rock music field? Might not the skills they enjoy be more profitable when applied to rock music? How many graduates from these schools abandon their musical training to enter the commercial world as salesmen, retail store managers, etc.? Rock music is now in its adolescence—it lacks maturity and is often hostile; but might it not still be made into an important form of communication?

Lawrence M. Miller
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Peyser replies: I have no way of knowing the answers to the writers' musicosociological questions. My purpose was to determine the role rock has played in the outlook and training of those committed to a career in "art" music. I found it played virtually no role at all.

All I can say is yes, it might.

Recording Societies

I am preparing a directory of recording societies which have been established to preserve the memories of particular composers, conductors, and musical artists. If any of your readers are affiliated with such societies, I would very much appreciate hearing from them.

I will need specific information about the society: its purpose, membership qualifications, recordings issued, etc.

John Douglas
139 Sentinel Road
San Jose, Calif. 95111

Clara's Forte

May I put in a word to the contrary anent Harris Goldsmith's dismissal of the piano music of Clara Schumann [March 1972]? His dissertation is so violent ("self-appointed saint ... waxy stuff ... undistinguished ... inept ... unpleasant cloying kitsch") that it is perhaps only fair to let your readers know that someone else out there has heard the very same recording and fallen in love with it.

The piano concerto, a very early work, is a disaster in terms of formal design. Young Clara simply got weary of writing out all those notes and abruptly brought the piece to a period. She also didn't know how to orchestrate. But the musical content—the themes, to be simplistic—are lovely, fresh, and original (they don't sound like anyone else that I can think of).

She works for solo piano. On the second side of the recording, are masterful; the two scherzos prove that technically Clara Schumann knew what she was about, and the Four Fugitive Pieces—may I for the moment be just as reckless in the opposite direction as Mr. Goldsmith—are among the most exquisite jewels in the Romantic crown. Not to know them is to suffer a deprivation.

David Johnson
New York, N.Y.

The Biggest

I find it very difficult to believe that the Musical Heritage Haydn symphony series is really "The Largest Recording Project in History" as claimed in the title of Jack Hiemenz's article [April 1972]. Surely the Concentus Musicus complete Bach cantata marathon will surpass it.

Felix Farthing
Reynoldsburg, Ohio

When completed in 1980, the Concentus Musicus/Leondrathian Consort recordings of the Bach cantatas for Telefunken will make the Musical Heritage Haydn symphony series (400 records) look like small beer indeed—the number of discs is expected to total approximately 120 LPs. Not only that, Argo's integral Shakespeare series runs to 137 LPs, while London/Stereo Treasury's complete Haydn symphonies project under Dukas will take in 46 discs including several unnumbered works and alternate movements.

School Days


Lee M. Oser, Jr.
New York, N.Y.

Warm Reception

I presume that most editors are accustomed to criticism and contrary opinion. However we at the Finney Company would like to compliment High Fidelity on the excellent article written by Leonard Feldman ["FM Antennas—How to Pick the One for You," April 1972]. The article is exceptionally well done, both from the standpoint of reader interest and technical information. We feel that the simple yet very basic rules for the intelligent and effective selection of an FM antenna as outlined by Mr. Feldman will materially contribute to the welfare and happiness of those who love the best in FM reception.

Morris L. Finneburgh, Sr., E.H.P.
Chairman of the Executive Committee
The Finney Company
Bedford, Ohio

Horowitz's Emperor

I would like to compliment Harris Goldsmith on his review of the reissued Horowitz recording of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto [April 1972]. It is a tragedy when the great mono
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. G-22, Westbury, New York 11590.

GARRARD ZERO 100

The only automatic turntable with Zero Tracking Error.

$199.95

less base and cartridge

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CORPORATION
405 Howell Way
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206-774-3571

CIRCLE 39 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Mahler/Bruckner Discographies

I have just completed discographies of Mahler and Bruckner, including wherever possible dates of recording, release, and review as well as other detailed information. The Mahler runs to thirty-eight pages, the Bruckner to twenty-six pages. Each is available at $2.00 per copy from the address below.

J. F. Weber
1 Jewett Place
Utica, N.Y. 13501

Thank You, Mr. Ponti

The purpose of this letter is twofold. First to thank Michael Ponti in print for his considerable efforts in resurrecting so much of the piano literature of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. His recordings have given me much pleasure. Secondly, and in line with this course of uncovering forgotten or overlooked works of merit, might I take the liberty of drawing Mr. Ponti's attention to the Piano Concerto in C minor by Dr. Heally Willan, late of Toronto? One commercial recording that I am aware of was released on 78s (RCA Victor) in the late 1940s/early 1950s. It is a work which I feel would merit Mr. Ponti's consideration.

M. C. Manning
Victoria
British Columbia
Canada

The Stones

In his review of the Stones's Hot Rocks, Mike Jahn seems not to know that Brian Jones was once an integral member of that band, and that Jones played on all of the Stones's songs up to and including Jumpin' Jack Flash. The Stones and Brian deserve a better memory.

Robert Kaneda
Cambridge, Mass.

Bernstein and Gershwin

Notwithstanding the fine qualities of Leonard Bernstein's recording of Die Zauberflöte, only part of which I was lucky enough to catch on the radio, I was troubled that Columbia plunged in so soon after Solti's fine recording, which was really an artistic and technical ear-popper. It seems to me that Columbia exercised poor commercial judgment in issuing a new Zauberflöte so soon after London's widely acclaimed recording. How much of a market would there be should a second recording of Les Troyens be released so soon after Colin Davis' reading?

However, if Columbia wants to use Bernstein in an operatic venture that might sweep the market, I hereby call on them to borrow Leontyne Price from RCA—pay whatever is necessary, the results will be worth it. Put Bernstein at the helm of the New York Philharmonic, and record Gershwin's Porgy and Bess complete. Bernstein, if one may extrapolate from his Rhapsody in Blue disc, is to Gershwin what Colin Davis is to Berlioz and the Philharmonic, again judging from that Gershwin disc, would be the ideal orchestra. As for Miss Price, well, I need only mention the excerpts disc of Porgy and Bess.

Daniel J. Harrison
Broadview, Ill.
The AR-3a is Seiji Ozawa’s choice for home listening.

Seiji Ozawa is acutely familiar with the sound of the world’s great orchestras. He is also sensitive to the sound of the same orchestras on records, having made a prodigious number of recordings during recent years.

**For home listening**

The loudspeakers that Mr. Ozawa has chosen for listening to records at home are AR-3a’s. The AR-3a is designed to reproduce commercial recordings as accurately as possible within the present limits of loudspeaker technology.

**Objective standards**

At AR we believe that the accuracy with which sound is reproduced can be measured objectively, and that the design of high fidelity components can best be accomplished through the application of scientific methods in their testing and evaluation.

We also believe that high fidelity equipment should not necessarily sound “good” — rather, it should have no sound of its own. Its purpose is to reproduce as closely as possible the sound of the original performance.

The choice of AR loudspeakers by Seiji Ozawa and other celebrated musicians is a firm indication of the success of this approach.

Please send detailed information on the complete line of AR loudspeakers to

Name

Address

Acoustic Research, Inc.
24 Thorndike St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

CIRCLE 2 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
The Multitalented Bette Midler

NEW YORK

The most carefully guarded and most secretive recording sessions in New York have not been Bob Dylan's or John Lennon's or Paul Simon's, but those of carrot-topped night club sensation Bette (pronounced Bet) Midler, and they have been conducted at Atlantic Records' West Side recording studio with a "Keep Out" sign posted on the door.

Atlantic has been staging a giddy extravaganza in order to properly launch Miss Midler. So far, the young singer has been backed by a rhythm section composed of some of the funkiest rock-session men in the world—musicians such as guitarist David Spinoza and drummer Ray Lukas; a four-man big band section featuring such topnotchers as Warren Covington and Ernie Royal who have played with Dorsey and Basie; a black a cappella group, the Persuasions, also has turned up as well as a string section featuring such topnotchers as Warren Covington and Ernie Royal who have played with Dorsey and Basie; a black a cappella group, the Persuasions, also has turned up as well as a string section featuring such topnotchers as Warren Covington and Ernie Royal who have played with Dorsey and Basie; a black a cappella group, the Persuasions, also has turned up as well as a string section featuring such topnotchers as Warren Covington and Ernie Royal who have played with Dorsey and Basie; a black a cappella group, the Persuasions, also...
The first tuner that can tell the difference between music and noise.

Since the function of FM tuners is to bring in FM stations, tuners have traditionally been designed to bring in the strongest signals possible. This seems like the height of common sense. It isn’t. Signals, weak or strong, are often noisy. So even after you pull in a strong signal, you may have to deal with the problem of noise polluting the music. Since your tuner can’t tell you which is which, you have to rely on instruments that have failed you in the past. Your ears.

Not with the new Citation 14. Ours is the first tuner with a quieting meter (patent pending). It tells you exactly how much noise is accompanying the music. This lets you adjust the tuning dial, or your antenna, to the precise point where quieting is at a maximum. (It’s sensitive enough to detect a 1° rotation of your antenna.)

But Citation 14 does more than just tell you how noisy a signal is. It’s the first tuner with a multiplex circuit that senses any phase error in the pilot signal, and then readjusts the circuit for maximum separation and minimum distortion.

Once Citation 14 has brought in the cleanest possible signal, it won’t add any noise of its own. Signal-to-noise ratio is $-70\,\text{dB}$. And to make things even quieter, it’s also the first tuner with a built-in Dolby noise suppressor.

But to really appreciate all these firsts, you first have to record off the air.

Since it is so noiseless, you can produce recordings of close to master-tape quality. It even has a 400-Hz tone oscillator to let you match levels with the station you’re recording. So you don’t have to make adjustments every time the music changes.

Still, at $525, Citation 14 obviously isn’t for everyone. Like Citation amplifiers, preamplifiers and speakers, it’s designed for people who can’t tolerate even the suspicion that there’s anything in their music but music.

But if you are such a person, there’s finally a tuner as intolerant as you.

For complete details and specifications, write Harman/Kardon Incorporated, 55 Ames Court, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.*

harman / kardon
The Music Company

*Distributed in Canada by Harman/Kardon of Canada, Ltd., 9429 Cote de Liesse Rd., Montreal 760, Quebec.
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, oboes, pianos, and other instruments which depend on the overtones and harmonics in the upper frequencies 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 Pickering XV-15's have no music-robbing output drop anywhere in the audio spectrum.

Pickering XV-15 stereo cartridges are priced from $29.95 to $65.00, and there's one to fit anything you play records with. For more information write: Pickering & Co., Inc., Dept. F, 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainedge, L.I., N.Y. 11803.

All Pickering cartridges are designed for use with all 2 and 4-channel matrix derived compatible systems.

CIRCLE 41 ON READERSERVICE CARD

The unphotographed country. Hurry!

Here where the air is clear as a lens, you get pictures never seen before. Fjords, geysers, waterfalls, volcanic islands. Whaling stations. Farm and fishing villages. The Uninhabited Areas. Even the names are magic. Thingvellir. Langjokull. Siglufjordur. You'll find birds like the Great Skua. And a people descended from the Vikings. This is Iceland, the unphotographed country.

Sigtufjordur. You'll find birds like the Great Skua. And geysers, waterfalls, volcanic islands. Whaling stations. Farm and fishing villages. The Uninhabited Areas. Even the names are magic. Thingvellir. This is Iceland, the unphotographed country.

PICKERING

"for those who can hear the difference"

LOWEST AIR FARES TO EUROPE

Thwingellir, where Iceland's parliament was founded in the year 930 A.D.

The unphotographed country. Hurry!

Here where the air is clear as a lens, you get pictures never seen before. Fjords, geysers, waterfalls, volcanic islands. Whaling stations. Farm and fishing villages. The Uninhabited Areas. Even the names are magic. Thingvellir. Langjokull. Siglufjordur. You'll find birds like the Great Skua. And a people descended from the Vikings. This is Iceland, the unphotographed country. Stopover Tours for under $20 a day. Hurry to Iceland before it gets all snapped up. Then continue on to Luxembourg, England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden or Denmark. See your Travel Agent, or contact us in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Miami, Houston, Washington, D. C. or Mexico City. Write for folder HF to Icelandic Airlines, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10020.

ICELANDIC

LOFLEIDIR

LOWEST AIR FARES TO EUROPE

LOWEST AIR FARES TO EUROPE

LOWEST AIR FARES TO EUROPE

 companies. She has signed up with Atlantic and the company has surrounded her with its top personnel: producer Joel Dorn, whose musical guidance was instrumental in bringing fame and fortune to Roberta Flack, engineer Lewis Hahn, who is a successful producer in his own right; and arranger Arif Mardin, who has created many of Aretha Franklin's most striking musical backgrounds.

Dorn, Bette, Hahn, and I sit in the control booth of the studio. Capable of making anyone feel like an old friend, Miss Midler puts me on the hand, gives me a big smile, and offers me a container of coffee. Wearing tan boots, black-and-white-striped pedalpushers, and a purple turtleneck sweater with her limp boyant red hair demurely pinned up on her head, she looks like an impish schoolgirl.

"Let's play some tapes," announces Dorn. "They're very rough but they'll give you a taste."

A husky guy with a beard and graying hair, Dorn jumps up to play the conductor, waving his arms with glee.

We hear Old Cape Cod, a monster Patrice page hit of 1954, and Bette's voice makes it. And the "Make-Believe Ballroom" comes alive. We hear Marijuana, a number from a Thirties film, Murder at the Vanities. Bette's voice transforms the Thirties into a much flashier decade. Then finally we hear the Bonnie Bramlett-Leon Russell Superstar and we're back in 1972, listening to a powerful, emotive blues singer. "Baby... baby... baby..." means Miss Midler, taking the last blues run of the song to a level of exhaustive intensity, stopping it at exactly the right place—just before it reaches too far.

Miss Midler listens carefully. She turns to Dorn, Pause. She finally says, "The first note was the pits!"

"Your experience in the studio is so limited and you've learned so much in such a short period of time," the producer tells her paternally. "You don't know what you've accomplished!"

Andrews Sisters Redivivus. Bette bounces into the studio. She dons a huge set of earphones—which make her look even more like a schoolgirl—and sits down on a stool. She begins to sing through Buggle Box from Company B. an Andrews Sisters number from the Abbott and Costello film Buck Privates. Miss M. clasps her hands to her eyes, scratches her head, uses a finger to help get herself through the incredibly intricate runs of the complicated tune. Her voice instantly captures the essence of the Andrews Sisters and creates a new sound. It takes her three short takes to get a perfect track. "It's the most unusual talent," Dorn tells me. "That's why I've had to produce an unusual record."
Bette sits at the studio piano with Marty Nelson, a member of Manhattan Transfer who is working on a high harmony with her.

"Now do the same thing for the second track." Dorn tells her.

Bette stands in front of the microphone again. She is going to attempt to dub a high voice and then a low voice onto the track she has just recorded.

"Can I hear the first take?" asks the singer. "I just want to hear where the breath is."

The first vocal track is played back. Bette dances to the track, taking intense little steps and making intense little finger motions. She returns to the microphone. She looks worried but brave.

"This is not an easy technique," Dorn tells me. "Wait until you see what a fast learner she is."

Marty Nelson sits next to Bette. He conducts her with his fingers. Her finger follows his finger. She stops at the breath.

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The SC700 is practically a self-contained recording studio. Which makes it quite a bargain at $299.95.

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called “a hollow square.” A little box was sketched in the middle. “That,” McClure explained, “is the listener.”

It was logical enough for CBS, of all companies, to record its first quadraphonic Rite in such a spectacular way. In the first place, as McClure says, Bernstein’s earlier version still sounds well; and no one is going to forget the composer’s own final version, not to mention Boulez’ formidable one made in Cleveland. In any case, as I heard for myself from the conventional twin stereo loudspeakers in the master control room, a quadraphonic recording, however gimmicky on four speakers, can filter down to very satisfying stereo. This recording was in fact being made on eight separate channels (McClure at the panel, elbow to elbow with EMI engineer Bob Gooch), which will be mixed down to four quadraphonic channels.

**Taping the Rite.** As to the performance, I witnessed its climax, and very satisfying it was. Only later did I learn of the ensemble troubles that had arisen due to the unusual orchestral positioning. On the previous day Bernstein had conducted this same work at a Stravinsky memorial concert (exactly a year after the composer’s death) in the Royal Albert Hall, but this new layout meant taking the whole performance apart and putting it together again, and in only two three-hour sessions. I arrived as Bernstein was about to do a complete take of the final Danse sacrale. The take was so nearly perfect that even the meticulous McClure put none of his damaging minus signs in the score (his way of indicating that a particular numbered take has a flaw in the performance), and Bernstein went into the control room to hear it. Bernstein plainly enjoyed it himself, but he had the tape stopped twice in five minutes to check a particular passage. “If those horns are drowned,” he said anxiously, referring to page 138, “we’re dead.” They were not, and he proceeded with relief.

At the end McClure turned to Bernstein and asked him what he thought. “Well,” said Bernstein, slowly but with obvious satisfaction, “it’s pretty good... but is it the best you ever heard?” He opted for another take of the final two minutes up to the cataclysmic chop at the end (where with Bernstein, unlike Boulez, the acciaccatura is clipped as short as possible), and this time the precision was beyond praise, particularly on that final chord. But ten minutes before the scheduled end of the session, Bernstein made a personal appeal to the players. Could he be allowed a quarter of an hour’s overtime to do just one more complete take of the first part of the Rite? Steamed up almost as much as Bernstein, the players readily agreed, and though that final run-through of Part I still had flaws of ensemble, it became the “master take.” After the full session was over, Bernstein, glass of scotch in hand, listened to the playback fully savoring the performance, but even then he pounced on the doubtful moments and each time asked to hear those passages again.

Later he discussed plans for the Symphony of Psalms recording on the following morning. “What’s behind me?” he asked McClure, concerned once more about quadraphonic layout. “Only a little—the cellos and basses.” McClure replied happily. “A little!” Bernstein exclaimed, “but they are the mainstay.” He had, after all, just said goodbye to the violins and violas, who are not required for the Symphony. McClure laughed and confessed that he had changed his mind about the layout at least eight times: but he had the tape stopped twice in five minutes to check a particular passage, and in only two three-hour sessions. I arrived as Bernstein was about to do a complete take of the final Danse sacrale. The take was so nearly perfect that even the meticulous McClure put none of his damaging minus signs in the score (his way of indicating that a particular numbered take has a flaw in the performance), and Bernstein went into the control room to hear it. Bernstein plainly enjoyed it himself, but he had the tape stopped twice in five minutes to check a particular passage. “If those horns are drowned,” he said anxiously, referring to page 138, “we’re dead.” They were not, and he proceeded with relief.

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When the Music Stopped

Between December 1, 1971, and February 7, 1972, no new motion picture music was written or recorded in Hollywood. The guild of motion picture composers was on strike.

Because its members could not hold out any longer—they too have rent to pay—and often it's quite heavy rent—they went back to work. But on that February 7, they filed in Federal Court in New York City an antitrust action against the Association of Motion Picture and Television Producers. The suit demands settlement of issues dating back to the introduction of sound in motion pictures.

The dispute is over several things, but two issues are paramount. The first is working time. In the old days of motion pictures, a composer might have six weeks or more to score the music of a ninety-minute motion picture. In these days of low-budget quickie TV movies or one-hour shows, a composer may be given ten days in which to come up with a score, and sometimes only six days for forty minutes of music. If you've ever seen one of the composers working against such a deadline—glued to the drafting table, with scarcely time for eating or sleeping, while orchestrators and copyists stand by to rush the little black torrents of notes down the assembly line to the recording studio—you will know immediately why movie composers get bugged, and why so much film scoring in TV movies, even by gifted writers, is crushingly trite. As they say in Hollywood, "They don't want it good, they want it Thursday."

But a more important issue in the fight between the composers and producers is the right to use it in that picture, and not just once. Composers resent the fact that they don't own the music they write for films. They do not, in other words, have what is called in French law les droits de l'auteur, rights of the author. By this conception, what an artist writes or paints or sculpts is his, forever and ever, and that's that. Not so in America, and nowhere is this made clearer than in Hollywood. Two quick anecdotes will illustrate.

Last year, Lalo Schifrin was asked to conduct the music from one of his film scores during an appearance at a university. When Schifrin called the studio to ask for the score, he was informed that the music didn't belong to him, it belonged to the studio. If he wanted to play it, he would have to rent it from them! Ultimately, the studio graciously and kindly lent him his own music for nothing. But the point had been made.

Maurice Jarre had an even more jolting experience. When he was asked by one of the major symphony orchestras to conduct his music for Dr. Zhivago, he called MGM for the score. He was told the music had been destroyed. It seems MGM was short of storage space.

A few composers have been in sufficiently powerful bargaining positions to demand half ownership of their music. Henry Mancini won't do a picture unless he gets an interest in the publishing of his own music. Elmer Bernstein, David Raksin, Burt Bacharach, Leonard Rosenman, and a few more can demand that right. Even they solidly supported their colleagues, and Elmer Bernstein is in fact president of the American Guild of Composers and Lyricists.

The motion picture producers appear to have overplayed their hand. They refused to accede to any of the demands of the composers. Some were ready to reach a compromise, but one or two studios held out, and an attorney for the producers made a widely quoted comparison that really ticked the composers off. He said, "When we buy a score, it's as if we are buying a suit of clothes. If we want to hang it in the closet and just leave it there, that's our business." So much for aesthetics and les droits de l'auteur. The antitrust suit followed.

"This is ideal," Henry Mancini said. "It's where the issue always belonged, in the courts."

Elmer Bernstein said: "The basic issue is clear. The producers forced us into a position whereby the condition of work is that they get all the rights. We're never going to let that happen again on a collective basis. We think it's wrong, and we also think it's illegal.

"Our position is that what the producers get when they commission a score is the right to use it in that picture, and there it ends."

"We're tired of seeing them take music and lock it up so it can no longer be made available to either the composer or the public."

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

60 Years Ago

Though Great Britain is not a particularly musical country, during the last twenty or thirty years women composers have produced much good music and are continuing to do so. Most notable is Dr. Ethel Smyth who for many years, says the New York Sun, had been "a prophet without honor in her own country. Her operas, Fantasie and The Wreckers, have been performed elsewhere in Europe, as have her chamber music and symphonies, but England has only recently given her a hearing. Now she has innumerable honors heaped upon her, has been made a doctor of music, and has come to be regarded as an important figure in the British musical world. At present, Dr. Smyth is serving a term in jail for smashing windows in the suffrage cause."

Unusual rumors concerning the present whereabouts of composer Pietro Mascagni have begun to seep into the press—though most of them vary considerably. It is generally understood that Mascagni has eloped with a vaudeville dancer whom he originally met in London and, along with his daughter, has taken her to either Paris or the south of France. It appears that Mme. Mascagni confronted her husband with the alleged facts concerning the dancer and made him confess with either a heavy key or a knife, drowning him in the arm. Mascagni's daughter, Emmy, apparently sided with her father, whereupon Mme. Mascagni is said to have attempted to attack her daughter also. The result, allegedly, is that both Mascagni and his daughter have left home. At any rate, all definite trace of the composer, his daughter, and the vaudeville dancer has been lost for the time being.

40 Years Ago

The set of twenty-four discs of Arnold Schoenberg's Gurrelieder, recently issued by RCA Victor, is surely an idealistic enterprise and is deserving of praise. The recording was obviously made during actual performance earlier this year in Philadelphia with Stokowski, Jeanette Vreeland, Rose Bampton, and Paul Althouse. The set, therefore, has all the faults to which such a procedure is subject—sides of a disc end again and again in most unfortunate places, such as after a measure or two of a new solo part."

On the occasion of the above recording, Leopold Stokowski predicted that a time would come when the world's greatest music would be brought to "summer night audiences sitting under trees" anywhere in the world. The time seems fast approaching: The Cincinnati Zoo Opera has inaugurated a series of live broadcasts; and NBC has announced a new National Civic Artists series to begin at 9 p.m. on July 12. In addition to the complete broadcasts on Saturday nights from Lewsohn Stadium in New York, CBS will broadcast Sunday night concerts beginning July 3. After last month's experiments in live broadcasting, the response by letter and telegram from listeners was "most gratifying," said a spokesman for the WEAF network, and provided the impetus for many of the new series.

20 Years Ago

The Philips Phonographic Industry, a subsidiary of the enormous Philips electrical organization, has announced a new 7-inch, "Minigroove" 78-rpm long-playing disc. These discs are made of vinyl copolymer resins and require a stylus .0001 inch in radius. A playing time of up to five minutes is possible. Although the raw vinyl used in processing this disc is an expensive item, the small diameter of the record permits it to be sold at a price no greater than the normal twelve-inch shellac pressings.

The prerecorded tape industry is moving ahead slowly. The obstacles here are many, but the most outstanding seems to be the problem of making duplicates. There are rumors in the industry that a machine capable of making twenty-five to fifty duplicates is in the works, but at present five duplicates at one time is the standard. Since it is not uncommon for a popular song to sell 1,000,000 copies, this remains the problem since at the present rate of duplication, competition with LP records is laughable—despite the fact that on tape there is no record scratch, hiss, or pop. However, as LPs improve in quality, we really cannot see a market for competition between the disc and recorded tape.
Nothing is hard to get...

Elac / Miracord has spent a million dollars to bring you NOTHING

True "NOTHING" would be the elimination of everything that interferes with the perfect reproduction of sound. So, the closer you get to "NOTHING" in sound, the better stereo equipment you own!

The ELAC 50H MARK II comes closer to the "NOTHING" in sound reproduction than any other automatic turntable. And for good reason. You see, we've spent a million dollars in research to eliminate motor noise, vibration, rumble, wow, and distortion. The closer we get to "NOTHING", the better it is for you. With rumble down to -42db, wow down to 0.05% and flutter to 0.01%, we're really coming close to "NOTHING."

And we've even reduced record wear. Imagine an automatic tone-arm that lowers so slowly, so lightly to your records that you can hardly tell when it touches the groove. You certainly can't hear it. At your command, a touch of the exclusive pushbutton control picks the arm up automatically and a silicone-damped piston lowers it lighter than a floating feather to your record. It's the ultimate in protection for stylus and record.


ELAC puts more engineering in so you get more music out.

July 1972
Recently I purchased my first prerecorded cassettes only to discover that of the five I had bought only two represented an acceptably high standard. The Beethoven Fifth Symphony on Columbia was missing the opening bars of the first movement. Arthur Lyman's "Pearly Shells" on Crescendo had a 4-second dropout where the tape was stretched near the end of Side 1. And the Beethoven Sixth on RCA had to be turned over in the middle of a movement—something unheard of since the days of 78 rpm records. All the tapes were sealed when purchased and none were price-cut. For a source of music that costs about $2.00 more than the equivalent discs, don't you think we should expect better than this?—Christopher J. Ball, Marlboro, Mass.

Absolutely. In the convenience-tape formats perhaps the admonition caveat emptor should be amended to include cave canem. While your initial experience with recorded cassettes includes a very high percentage of dogs, it does dramatize the fact that tape's relatively laborious and costly duplication techniques sometimes lead tape manufacturers to compromise the tact that tape's relatively laborious and costly duplication techniques sometimes lead tape manufacturers to compete with discs by slighting both care and imagination. The bad side break should have been easy enough to remedy had RCA added a short overture to the cassette. Columbia's missing bars are totally inexcusable, though unfortunately not incredible. Unless processors are willing to think a little harder about what they're up to, the extra buck or two will continue to be the only one of the prices that tape enthusiasts sometimes must pay in listening to their favorite medium.

In your review of the Marantz 2270 [April 1972] you say that 4-ohm speakers are not recommended with it. I recently bought a pair of AR-3a's, which are rated at 4 ohms. Should I connect a 3- or 4-ohm resistor in the speaker line to bring up the total impedence—Carlos Mager, Flomar Park, N.J.

What we said was, "...power output at 4 ohms is relatively restricted if IM distortion is to be kept low. If all speaker taps are to be used, particularly if the listening rooms are large or the speakers unusually inefficient, 8-ohm speakers would appear to be in order." In other words, this applies only if you are driving four loudspeaker systems at once. Above 30 watts per channel, the IM distortion for 4-ohm loads rises above 0.1%. That's not much distortion, but it would be a shame to compromise the 2270's excellent performance by driving distortion higher. It would also be a shame to compromise the 2270's damping factor by adding series resistors. But from the way your letter is worded it sounds as though you are contemplating the use of only one pair of speakers anyway. If that's the case you can use ferric-oxide power since the full 30 watts in each channel would be available to each speaker—not divided between two—and the AR-3a's only require about 25 watts each.

I see that the Concord Mark III has specifications equivalent to the Sony 366, but the Concord has a higher bias frequency (200 kHz). Would the Concord therefore produce better sound on chromium-dioxide tape than the Sony, or do I need a bias switch? And is any deck without adjustable bias obsolete?—Mark McBride, Midwest City, Okla.

You're confused about a number of things, and we picked your letter because other readers seem to share your confusion. In the first place, forget chromium-dioxide tape for use on open-reel decks. It offers little advantage to that format and presently is sold to consumers in cassette form only. Second, it requires an adjustment in the current—rather than the frequency—of the recorder's bias signal. Third, if you're basing your statement about equivalent specifications on manufacturers' ratings you should be more circumspect in your evaluations. Two manufacturers don't necessarily use the same criteria in determining their ratings, which therefore may not be comparable. We haven't tested the Sony 366, so we haven't any objective fix on how the two compare. Fourth, a tape deck without user-adjustable bias (it may be adjusted by a technician even though there's no front-panel control for the purpose) is not obsolete if 1) the unit is properly adjusted for modern tapes to begin with and you use only appropriate tapes for all critical recordings, or 2) it adjusts for the difference between "standard" and "high-performance" tapes by another means. (Sony's switch for that purpose normally alters equalization, rather than bias.) Most older machines can be realigned for the new premium ferric-oxide tapes but not even if it were available—chromium dioxide.

What is your opinion of the Discwasher and of the Watts record-cleaning devices? I also hear that it is not safe to use pre-treated record cloths. Please help clean up the situation.—Marly Portnoy, Bayside, N.Y.

Okay, here's the real dirt. Watts is the established name in record-care products, of course. They and the Discwasher seem to be about neck and neck in terms of results. But the Discwasher does strike us as somewhat more convenient than the Watts Preener, and somewhat more versatile than the Watts Dust Bug—which, be it noted, is appropriate for manual turntables but not changers. Cloths are suspect both because some of those that have appeared on the market contain compounds that actually can harm the record and because they can retain grit that will scratch the record in subsequent use.

Would it be possible to dub four-channel encoded discs directly onto tape without decoding the signals, then play the tapes back through the Electro-Voice "universal" decoder, and still get good quadraphonic sound reproduction?—Douglas N. Brink, Hopatcong, N.J.

Indeed. In fact it's virtually the only practical way of copying encoded discs. If you decode first and then make the copy on a discrete quadraphonic open-reel recorder you will simply use up twice the tape with no sonic advantage if speeds and track widths remain the same. If you try to pass the decoded signals onto a blank eight-track cartridge, you'll need a player without automatic stereo/quadraphonic switching since all the blank cartridges we've seen lack the notch for the quadraphonic sensor—that is, they're shaped for stereo use. And of course cassettes aren't the most exclusively stereo (or mono) medium capable of recording the two encoded signals, but not the four decoded ones.

I have a Viking Stereo 88 tape deck that is about seven or eight years old. It has a half-track record- and quarter-track playback. I can get it serviced and have a pause control added for $70, and in addition could add a quarter-track recording head. Is my unit worth the cost, or should I buy a Dolby cassette deck such as the Advent? I have no sizable open-reel tape collection, so that's not a big problem.—Lawrence N. Teleshak, Northbrook, Pa.

We'd choose the cassette deck by all means. The Vikings were great for their price in their day, but even with regular ferric-oxide tape the Advent 201 at 1 3/4 ips tests out better than the Viking did at 7 1/2 ips. Also, cassettes are more convenient and cost less, and the variety of recorded cassettes available today is far greater than that in open reel. One tip, though, if you plan to dub your present tapes onto cassette, don't discard the originals when you're through. We've made that mistake only to find that the dub was imperfect in one respect or another (perhaps we didn't ride gain carefully enough or a badly seated connection introduced a certain amount of unnoticed hum) or that imperfections in the original could be ameliorated by a new piece of equipment (an equalizer for example) that we didn't get until after the originals had been destroyed.

If I remember correctly, the price of Audio Import's Classic Compact record storage cabinet was $19.95 when you reviewed it less than six months ago [HF test reports, January 1972]. I just received an advertising piece about it and the price is listed as $17.95. Some rise, ain't it?—C. S. Kawana, Honolulu, Hawaii.

It sure is.
When it comes to fine stereo receivers... a Marantz is a Marantz is a Marantz.

That means Marantz not only makes the finest most expensive stereo equipment in the world, but also the finest least expensive stereo equipment. Take the Marantz Model 2215 FM/AM stereo receiver for only $249.95. You're getting 15 watts RMS per channel, and exclusive Gyro-Touch tuning. You're also getting the same Marantz prestige, the same craftmanship, and the same Marantz quality offered in our most expensive equipment.

If you're a purist and willing to pay for perfection, then you want the finest, most expensive stereo FM receiver in the world. The Marantz Model 19. Yes, it's $1200. It is the best stereo FM receiver money can buy. And will more than justify your investment.

Same name, same quality – regardless of price. That's Marantz' superior quality, inherent in the full line of components priced from $1200.00 to as low as $49.95. And to complete your system, choose a Marantz Imperial speaker system. Marantz. We sound better.
Mr. Feldman goes on to say: "The 'ultimate' tuner? Well, if it isn't it'll do until someone comes up with something better!...There is NO tuning knob and there is NO tuning dial or pointer, since all frequency indications are read from digital read-out tubes...At the left are ten keyboard buttons, numbered 'I' through '0', as well as a re-set button (punched when you wish to 'punch up' a new station frequency) and a button labeled BY-PASS (used to initiate the 'auto-sweep' action which causes the tuner to sweep downward in frequency, automatically locking in on every available signal in your area)...three more buttons, labeled A, B and C ...are used to select three predetermined favorite stations...and there are additional buttons for SQUELCH DEFEAT and STEREO ONLY reception...

"...a tiny test switch button when depressed, lights up all the elements of the digital readout tubes to insure that they are operative. There is also a rotary control which determines the speed at which the AUTO-TUNE action takes place, a noise squelch adjustment control, and an AGC squelch control. A slide switch changes the meter function from signal strength indication to multi-path indication and a second, three-position slide switch selects automatic stereo, partial stereo blend (for reduced noise in weak-signal stereo reception situations with some sacrifice in overall stereo separation), and mono-mix. The right section behind the trap door contains three horizontal slots, labeled A, B and C. These slots correspond to the three PREPROGRAM selection buttons described earlier and, upon inserting three plastic cards no larger than a standard credit card, the buttons can be used to tune in your favorite station which you easily program onto the cards yourself...

"...The rear panel of the AJ-1510...contains antenna terminals for 300 ohm or 75 ohm transmission lines, a dual pair of output jacks as well as horizontal and vertical output jacks for connection to an oscilloscope for observing the nature and extent of any local multipath problems beyond what you can read on the dual purpose self-contained signal meter...

"...we were able to appreciate the amount of thoughtful engineering that went into this unit, both in terms of its performance as well as its kit feasibility. Recent Heathkits have increasingly stressed the modular approach and the AJ-1510 has carried this concept to its ultimate. There is a 'master' or 'mother' board into which are plugged seven circuit boards. Connectors are used throughout, which means that boards can be removed without having to unsolder or unwind a single connection.

"...The heart of the non-mechanical tuning aspect of this unit lies in the voltage-tuned FM front-end, which is of the varactor-tuned type and contains no moving variable capacitor. Instead, a suitable d.c. voltage applied to the varactor diodes determines their effective capacitance. The keyboard, pre-programmed cards, or automatic sweep tuning methods all program a divider circuit. The divider circuit divides the tuner's local oscillator frequency and compares it to a crystal controlled reference frequency and the result of this comparison is the tuning voltage. Changing the divide ratio of the divider circuit changes the d.c. voltage applied to the tuner and a different station is tuned in. Simultaneously, a visual display of the station frequency is provided by the readout circuitry. Because of the crystal controlled reference frequency and the phase-lock-loop circuitry, however, the accuracy of the frequency tuned in is no longer dependent upon the drift-free characteristics of the FM front-end but will be as accurate as the reference crystal frequency and, in the case of the AJ-1510, that means at least 0.005% accuracy!...

"...Do not confuse this 'digital readout' tuner with some units which have recently appeared on the market and simply replace the tuning dial with numeric readout devices. The latter variety guarantee no more tuning accuracy than their 'dial pointer' counterparts. The Heath AJ-1510 is tuned exactly to 101.5 MHz when those readout tubes READ 101.5 — and not to 101.54 or 101.47!...

"...There is no doubt that the elaborate 'computer' type circuitry incorporated in the Heath AJ-1510 must represent a fair percentage of its selling price, but even if you ignored it completely (or considered it as a welcome bonus), the tuner's performance as a tuner would justify its total price and then some.

"...Almost as if to reprimand us, when we punched up 87.9 MHz on the keyboard, a light lit up on the front panel and read RE-PROGRAM. (It could have said 'please'...) Realizing that we weren't about to fool this unit, we settled for 88.3, 98.9 and 106.1. These

"...The tuner which may well prove to be the 'classic' of the 1970's is Heath's new AJ-1510 Digital FM Stereo Tuner."

— Leonard Feldman, AUDIO MAGAZINE

"...When it comes to using the AJ-1510, we find ourselves almost at a loss for words. It is probably as near to the ideal FM tuner as we have ever encountered."

— Julian Hirsch, STEREO REVIEW
Heathkit 'classic'

chosen frequencies, together with our not-too-perfect 'screen room' enabled us to read a sensitivity of 1.6 uV. Impressed, we decided that we weren't going to let this one get off so easily, so we tried to measure alternate channel selectivity and, as near as we could figure, it was just about 100 dB! (With the total quieting curve, you can interpolate the THD (mono) down to an incredible 0.18% for 100% modulation (as opposed to 0.3% claimed). Ultimate S/N is a very respectable 66 dB. Quieting reaches a very usable 56 dB with a mere 5 uV of signal input. In the stereo mode, we measured the THD and found that it was only 0.25% for 100% modulation (as against 0.35% claimed) and that, to us, represents a real breakthrough, since stereo THD is usually much higher than mono THD on most tuners and receivers we have measured in the past.

"...Here's a tuner that maintains at least 30 dB of separation from 50 Hz to 14 KHz and hits a mid-band separation figure of 46 dB. Both SCA and 19 and 38 KHz suppression were in excess of 60 dB, which means that SCA interference was absolutely inaudible. Capture ratio measured 1.35 dB as against 1.5 dB claimed.

In short, every space was easily met or exceeded and if you compare published specs with the best of the 'ready mades' you're not likely to come up with a finer set of features...

"...We enjoyed the crystal-clear, distortion-free reception we obtained in using the Heath AJ-1510...it has got to be the way all tuners of the future will be made. It's very nice to know that Heath has just brought that future into the present..."

Mr. Hirsch comments further: "...the Heath AJ-1510 digital Stereo FM tuner kit is new, with a fresh and imaginative design approach...and we know of nothing else on the market with comparable features...

"...It is quite impossible, in the available space, to give an adequate description of this remarkable tuner. Anyone familiar with the inside of a typical FM tuner will not recognize this as belonging to the same family. It more closely resembles a small digital computer. There are no moving parts (the tuning is entirely electronic), and almost nothing resembling r.f. circuit components. The i.f. selectivity is provided by sealed multipole inductance-capacitance filters. Not only do they give outstanding alternate-channel selectivity (the kind most of us are concerned with), but it is also easy to separate adjacent-channel signals only 200 kHz apart.

"...our measured performance data on the AJ-1510 met or exceeded Heath's published specifications...The IHF sensitivity was 1.6 microvolts...The 89-dB image-rejection figure was very good, and we confirmed Heath's alternate-channel selectivity rating of 95 dB...The FM frequency response was well within +1 dB from 30 to 15,000 Hz. Stereo channel separation was exceptionally good - 40 dB at middle frequencies...suppression of 19 and 38 KHz components of stereo FM signals was the best we have yet encountered.

"...tuning the AJ-1510, in any of its modes, is a unique experience. No matter how you go about it, the output is always a clean signal of nothing - not a hint of a hum, hiss, or squawk at any time...for anyone who wants a tuner that is most certainly representative of the present state of the art, and which is not likely to be surpassed in any important respect for the foreseeable future, his search can stop at the AJ-1510."

Kit AJ-1510, "Computer Tuner" less cabinet, 23 lbs. 539.95*

AIA-1510-1, pecan cabinet, 6 lbs. 24.95*

New versatility in 4-channel sound — the Heathkit AA-2004 Integrated Amplifier

Improves what you already own! Thanks to built-in matrix circuitry that decodes matrixed 4-channel recordings and 4-channel broadcasts, the AA-2004 lets you use your present turntable, tape equipment or tuner. Also, the decoder enhances your present record & tape library, and conventional 2-channel FM broadcasts by feeding the "hidden presence" to rear speaker 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 (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. Use your AA-2004 to power two separate stereo systems if desired. With outputs for both main and remote speaker systems, it can be used to power two 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 bi-amplification 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 0.02%. Hum and noise — 75 dB for phono, 65 dB for tape...

And you can join the Heathkit AA-2004 Integrated Amplifier and the world of 4-channel sound. Get with it...today.

Kit AA-2004, 39 lbs., less cabinet 349.95* AAA-2004-1, pecan cabinet, 7 lbs. 24.95*

Discover the Heathkit audio 'classics' at your nearest Heathkit Electronic Center... or send for FREE catalog!
The Big Little Record

The Fleetwood Recording Co. of Boston has come out with a 7-inch LP that, the company says, will hold the equivalent of a stereo 12-incher. The process is said to involve a special cutting technique, though the Fleetwood people aren't giving out details of the process. Once the master is cut, however, it can be processed and the records pressed just like any other. In fact we're told that early samples went through standard production lines without anyone's being aware—except back at Fleetwood, of course—that there was anything special about them.

The first commercial issue of these new discs, distributed by All-Star Records, is a Boston recording of music from Jesus Christ Superstar. At just over fifteen minutes per side, it runs a little shorter than many 12-inch LPs. (In classical recordings particularly we frequently see timings that are about twice as long today, though perhaps some twenty minutes per side is average.) It is, however, a big jump from the three or four minutes of music that Columbia used to put on a 7-inch 33-rpm side in the days when it issued that format with some regularity. And Fleetwood says that the technique could be applied to a 12-inch side, yielding similarly extended playing times.

For the present, however, it is being used as a way of producing budget discs by reducing pressing and distribution costs. Played back on wide-range equipment, the Superstar recording is not particularly distinguished in terms of sonics, but it's good enough to show that its small size should not lead one to confuse it with 7-inch, 33-rpm kiddie records.

SelectaVision Gets Ready

RCA is making its bid in the already crowded field of cartridge television with the introduction this fall of a unit that will be offered by Magnavox dealers. RCA's entry has a familiar name: SelectaVision—the name initially used for the company's proposed holographic (nonmagnetic) system.

Licensees for the present SelectaVision ¾-inch Mag-Tape (magnetic video tape) cartridge-TV unit are Bell & Howell and Magnavox. B&H will provide the tape transport component, while Magnavox plans to integrate a hand-held color camera of its own design into the system when it offers SelectaVision through franchised dealers this fall. RCA's own version of SelectaVision won't be on the market until late 1973. It is scheduled to appear first as an accessory to existing television sets, and later as part of a TV-receiver/video-recorder combination.

The RCA record/playback deck is expected to cost about $700—some $200 less than the Cartrivision unit (which uses ¾-inch tape) and almost $300 less than the U-Matic play-only deck (which uses ½-inch tape, but is incompatible with SelectaVision). RCA says it was able to cut costs by utilizing in-cartridge scanning so that the tape need not leave the cartridge during playback or recording. According to RCA this single-piece scanning device reduces stress and friction by contrast to alternative threading methods and is less susceptible to distortion. Other features include stereo sound capability (all regular U.S. TV broadcast sound currently is monophonic, but both Cartrivision and U-Matic provide for stereo), the ability to record programming off one channel while viewing another, and a timer and digital clock that permit unattended recording.

RCA admits the selections of prerecorded tapes will be limited for quite a while, but hopes the unit will be used for recording television programs off the air and for "home movies." A reusable blank one-hour cartridge is expected to market for about $30.

While SelectaVision follows U-Matic and Cartrivision to the market, industry observers feel it has a good chance to catch on. The reason: RCA and Magnavox account for an estimated thirty to forty per cent of the color television market while the Cartrivision licensees—Sears, Admiral, Packard Bell, Montgomery Ward, Emerson, and Dumont—account for little more than half that much.

Thus by the end of the year three versions of the home video cartridge tape concept will be available at less than a thousand dollars. One big question remains to be answered: Are home viewers interested?

For An Emerging Industry, Expo No. 2

VidExpo 72 it's called—or, at more length, the Second International Cartridge TV/Videocassette/Disc Conference and Exhibits. That latter name, jaw-breaking though it is, just about says it all.

VidExpo 72 will take place from August 21 to 24 at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York under the sponsorship of the Billboard Publications group, which includes High Fidelity. The First International—etc. was held in Cannes, France in the spring of 1971 and drew more than 600 industry executives from 31 countries.
The new ADC-XLM

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

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

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

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

Now, we'd like to tell you why.

The lighter, the better.

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

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

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

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

A new solution for an old problem.

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

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

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

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

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

Guaranteed reliability plus.

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

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

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

And something more.

In addition to the superb ADC-XLM, there is also a new low mass ADC-VLM, which is recommended for use in record players requiring tracking pressures of more than one gram.

The cartridge body is identical for both units, and so is the guarantee. Only the stylus assemblies are different. Thus you can start out modestly and move up to the finest and still protect your investment.

And that brings us to the important question of price, which we are happy to say is significantly lower than what you might reasonably expect to pay for the finest. The suggested list price for the incomparable ADC-XLM is $50 and the runner-up ADC-VLM is only $40.

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

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

Audio Dynamics Corporation
Pickett District Road, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.
equipment in the news

Teac offers quadraphonic/overdub recorder

The new Model TCA-43 tape deck from Teac Corp. of America combines automatic-reverse and quadraphonic capabilities with those of "overdubbing"—the ability to build up multitrack tapes in successive, but synchronous, recordings. Teac's Simul-Sync feature is used to achieve this last feature by switching the record head for use in the playback mode. Any of the four tracks may be synchronized to any or all of the remaining three tracks. In addition, the TCA-43 is capable of discrete four-channel, stereo, or mono recording and playback—including playback monitoring during recording. Speeds are 7½ and 3¼ ips. Price: $729.

Array of drivers

Array Company has introduced its Array 12 loudspeaker system, with a complement of eleven 4½-inch drivers for the bass and midrange, and a polycarbonate dome tweeter. The system uses a specially designed internal network that is said to eliminate interference between multiple small drivers and help deliver a smooth response from below 23 to beyond 20,000 Hz. Each pair has a maximum power rating of 600 watts. The Array 12 is available in a variety of finishes and costs $720 per pair.

Wollensak portable cassette/radio

The Model 4515, a mono portable AC/DC cassette recorder with FM/AM radio from Wollensak, allows you to take along a variety of entertainment possibilities. Among its features are a built-in condenser microphone, switchable automatic recording level circuit, automatic end-of-tape stop, tape counter, monitor switch, and battery-recharger circuit. The unit weighs 7½ pounds (without batteries), and carries a suggested list price of $99.95.

New oscilloscope display from Kenwood

The 3-inch viewing screen of Kenwood's KC-6060A Audio Lab Scope offers the following displays: test 0.1 V peak-to-peak (for comparing input signals to a built-in 1-kHz oscillator), left waveform, right waveform, stereo display, and FM multipath. The KC-6060A can be used to check an amplifier for linearity, frequency response, and phase characteristics, to display test square-wave signals; and test phono cartridges for frequency response, phase characteristics, erratic stylus tracking, transient characteristics, and optimum stylus pressure. Price: $224.95.

Advent 202 player uses the Dolby system

All the playback functions incorporated in Advent's Model 201 cassette-recorder deck are present in its Model 202, a stereo cassette player. The first player to incorporate the Dolby noise reduction system, it also has a switch that selects either special playback equalization to take maximum advantage of chromium-dioxide tapes, or regular equalization for ferric-oxide tapes. Mechanical functions of the 202 are controlled by piano-key switches that permit going from one operation to the next without pressing the "stop" key, and automatic shutoff is included. Suggested retail price is $129.95.
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.

Rectilinear III
When music becomes more than just something to listen to, Altec is involved.

This poster is yours for $1.00: Altec, 1515 S. Manchester Av., Anaheim, Ca. 92803

Comment: Perhaps the agonizing upward surge of prices for top-grade phono cartridges has been reversed. The XLM, which certainly must be counted among the state-of-the-art contenders now on the market is pegged at a lower price than most. Yet the XLM will, we believe, bear A/B comparison with the best of them.

The findings at CBS Labs are, over-all, the most impressive we’ve seen. Distortion readings approach those for the B&O SP-12, which established a record in this respect, and are almost without exception better than those for any other model we’ve tested. Frequency response is exceptionally flat; channel separation is at least on a par with that of other top-quality models. Square-wave reproduction is among the very best we’ve seen.

In some ways the lab findings suggest those for ADC’s own Model 25. Intermodulation measurements are identical at 0.8% in the lateral plane, 4.0% measured vertically. Output in both cases is slightly lower than that from some comparable models; the XLM’s left channel measured 3.0 millivolts from the standard test cut, the right channel produced 3.3 millivolts. Compliance—which was spectacularly high in the Model 25—is merely extremely high in the XLM: 65 (x 10^-6 cm/dyne) in the lateral plane and 50 vertically. Minimum tracking force required for the XLM is likewise unusual, though not as spectacular as that for the Model 25. The XLM went through the usual tortue test at 0.4 grams (some top models require more than a gram), and the lab chose 0.6 grams—including a normal allowance so that the cartridge will not be working at the borderline of optimum performance—for the remaining tests. Under the microscope, the tip displayed good geometry and was measured in the lab as a 0.25-by-0.9-mil ellipse. Vertical angle was measured at 21 degrees. Low-frequency resonance measured in the SME arm occurred at 5.5 Hz.

When we listened to the XLM we felt that we had a $50 cartridge that sounded at least as good as some costing more. As we’ve had cause to point out in the past, pickup cartridges are becoming so good that differences between them often are exceedingly subtle. In A/B comparisons, a listener might occasionally say he heard a slightly silkier sound at the high end in listening to other competing models or perhaps a slightly clearer, more natural sound on such “difficult” instruments as cymbals, for example. But in general we found it impossible to attribute superior sound to costlier competing models.

If you plan to replace your present cartridge with the XLM, note that the contact pins on the latter are thin and rectangular in cross section, rather than round. Contact sleeves in our cartridge shells that had previously been used with round-pinned pickups did not make good contact with the XLM’s pins, and even fell off in some cases. The sleeves can easily be tightened with a small pair of pliers however. When we did so and then replaced the sleeves on the XLM’s contact pins we had no further trouble.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORT POLICY

Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and controlled listening tests. Unless otherwise noted, test data and measurements are obtained by CBS Laboratories, Stamford, Conn., a division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., one of the nation’s leading research organizations. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of High Fidelity. Manufacturers are not permitted to read reports in advance of publication, and no report, or portion thereof, may be reproduced for any purpose or in any form without written permission of the publisher. All reports should be construed as applying to the specific samples tested; neither High Fidelity nor CBS Laboratories assumes responsibility for product performance or quality.
Good Performance in Moderate-Power Rotel Amp


Comment: Amplifiers of modest power output and price all too often show signs of corner-cutting elsewhere in their design. Not so the RA-610, which is distinctly better than average, with distortion factors on a par with those we have come to expect in power amplifiers at, say, twice the power rating. Its physical design, while not luxurious, is neat and solid; controls are clearly marked, easy to use, and logically arranged.

For a moderately priced unit, the RA-610 contains an unusual variety of control options and interconnection possibilities. In the upper left corner of the front panel is the main power switch followed by three knobs: mode, balance, and volume. The mode switch contains a full complement of positions: reverse stereo, normal stereo, left mono, right mono, left-plus-right mono. Below these controls are the stereo headphone jack (which is live at all times) and a series of on/off buttons: speaker pair 1, speaker pair 2, muting (which drops output level by 20 dB), low filter, high filter, tone-control defeat, tape monitor, and loudness. The tone controls are four sliders (separate bass and treble controls for each channel) with detents at the “flat” position. At the far right is the selector knob: phono 1, phono 2, tuner, aux 1, aux 2.

These five inputs also exist as stereo pairs of phono jacks on the back panel, of course. In addition, there is a DIN-style tape-recording jack and phono-jack pairs for tape in, tape out, preamp out, and main amp in. These last—between preamp and power amp—normally con-
tain unshielded metal jumpers, which can be pulled out should you want to insert an additional unit (a room equalizer or quadraphonic decoder) into the circuit at this point. The only other connections on the back panel are the spring clips for the leads to the two pairs of speakers and a thumbscrew ground connection.

The power-amplifier section checked out in the lab to about 25 watts per channel—just about enough for one pair of low-efficiency speakers in an average room—at only 0.1% THD. All the harmonic-distortion measurements in the lab were under 0.5% with the exception of that for 20 kHz in the right channel at Rotel's rated output of 28 watts. These figures, together with those for IM distortion and noise factors, represent a level of performance that is a cut above what we would expect in this price category. The RA-610 is therefore an attractive unit for use with low-efficiency speakers in less-than-large rooms, or with high-efficiency speakers in almost any size room.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Rotel RA-610 Amplifier Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Damping factor</th>
<th>Input characteristics (for 28 watts output)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Sensitivity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono 1</td>
<td>2.2 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono 2</td>
<td>2.2 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux 1 &amp; 2</td>
<td>125 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tuner</td>
<td>125 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape monitor</td>
<td>125 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>main amp</td>
<td>660 mV</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Attractive Cassette Deck from JVC


Comment: This model demonstrates just how far cassette decks have come. While it is not state of the art, even without the latest refinements its performance is such that many users will find it every bit as satisfactory as an open-reel deck—and in terms of convenience, considerably more satisfactory. The more demanding of our readers will of course want more—Dolby circuitry or adaptability to chromium-dioxide tapes for example—but even some of this group would be surprised at the sonic quality that can be obtained from this deck.

There are three openings on the back section of the 1660-2's top plate: for tape counter, dual VU meter, and cassette well respectively. Along the front section are the power on/off switch, dual volume sliders (which control both recording and playback levels, depending on the mode for which the deck is set), a noise-suppres-
be circumvented by taking level readings in the pause mode to avoid using up tape on test recordings.

The "noise suppressor" is simply a high filter, whose characteristics are shown in the record/playback response graph. On some program material containing a good deal of relatively low-level signal but little in the way of extremely high frequencies—solo guitar is an excellent example—the filter is very successful at taking a big bite out of audible tape hiss without impairing the sonic quality of the recording. In big orchestral music and rock, where consistently high program levels regularly mask tape hiss anyway, the filter's action does take some of the sheen from the sound. The noise suppressor switch therefore requires some discrimination in its use.

With this switch turned off, and using TDK SD tape (which also was used by CBS Labs in measuring the unit's performance), the tape hiss is the only significant audible factor by which we could distinguish recordings made on the 1660-2 from the originals—assuming normal dynamic range and proper level adjustment of course. Frequency range and harmonic distortion both are excellent for a deck in this price category. Flutter is low and speed constancy is unaffected by changes in line voltage, but somewhat on the fast side in our test sample. This factor is self-canceling in playing back recordings made on the deck of course, but a prerecorded cassette made at precise speed will sound approximately a halftone sharp—for most listeners, not a serious fault, and slightly better than we have measured in some competing decks.

Among the "Additional Data" you will find the statement that the 1660-2's meters read 5 dB high. This is measured with respect to Philips' specification levels as embodied in standard DIN test tapes. In effect, the meter action places signal levels in home-recorded cassettes 5 dB lower than "standard," increasing headroom but decreasing dynamic range. This approach has been used in some other cassette products we've tested and does have a significant advantage for the inexperienced recordist. In recording from FM (and even from records) where the dynamic range already is compressed, the lower level is a hedge against careless gain riding, overloaded peaks with consequent distortion, and the reduced high-frequency response of cassettes recorded at too high a level. In making live recordings, where dynamic range can be extreme, extra care must be taken to prevent signal levels in quiet passages from falling too low with respect to inherent noise levels, of course; but even so—by observing the meters and setting the gain accordingly—we were able to make excellent live recordings with the unit.

This model, then, is a simple, efficient unit at an attractive price—and one that will appeal particularly to the neophyte or the casual recordist.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>JVC 1660-2 Cassette Deck Additional Data</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Speed accuracy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>105 VAC: 2.9% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120 VAC: 2.9% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>127 VAC: 2.9% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wow and flutter (unweighted) playback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>record/playback: 0.13%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rewind time, C-60 cassette: 1 min. 30 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fast forward time, same cassette: 1 min. 30 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio (ref. 0 VU)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>playback L ch: 50.5 dB R ch: 51.0 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>record/playback L ch: 48.0 dB R ch: 48.0 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erasure (400 Hz at normal level)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58.5 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crosstalk (at 400 Hz)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>record left, playback right: 38.5 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>record right, playback left: 40.0 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensitivity (for 0-VU recording level)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux (line) input L ch: 1.30 mV R ch: 1.22 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mike input L ch: 1.3 mV R ch: 1.2 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accuracy, built-in meters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 5 dB high R ch: 5 dB high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion (record/play, -10 VU)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 7.5% R ch: 7.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maximum output (preamp or line, 0-VU)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch: 1.35 V R ch: 1.25 V</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**REPORTS IN PROGRESS**

Dynaco FM-5 FM tuner kit  
Wollensak 4760 cassette deck  
Panasonic SA-580 receiver
Pioneer's new SE-L40 stereo headphones flabbergasted the experts.

High fidelity dealers are probably the most blasé guys in the world. They've seen everything. They've heard everything. "You really have to have something extraordinary to impress them. So when we introduced the new Pioneer SE-L40 stereo headphones at a recent home entertainment electronics show for dealers, we were overwhelmed by its enthusiastic reception. We expected applause. We received an ovation.

These super critics marveled at the new open-air design which enhances the intimacy of personalized listening. They enthused over the incomparable bass reproduction achieved by a combination of technological advances and newly developed speakers nestled into each earpiece. They lauded the extremely lightweight, nearly one third less than present headphones. Their conclusion: the SE-L40 is a complete departure from conventionality.

If you're still skeptical and believe that Pioneer high fidelity dealers went overboard with their enthusiasm for SE-L40, there's only one way you're going to be convinced. Visit a Pioneer dealer and listen. SE-L40 stereo headphones, $39.95, with carrying case. Other quality Pioneer headphones from $24.95.

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

PIONEER®
when you want something better

West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 91348 / Midwest: 1500 Greenwood, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S. H. Parker Ltd, Ontario
There are two ways to pick a receiver: by examining your budget, or by using your ears. They both can work—but the best approach is a combination of the two.

For example, you could simply decide which of the four Sony receivers best matches your budget: 75 watt* Sony 6045 at $249.50** the 100 watt* Sony 6055 at $319.50** the 6065 (220 watts*) at $429.50** or the Sony 6200F with 245* watts of power (and many other goodies) for $699.50**

Taking that approach you're bound to get good value for your money, but not necessarily the best value for your circumstances. You could wind up buying a little less Sony than you need—or shelling out for a Sony that more than surpasses your requirements. But you should be able to narrow it down, on price alone, to two or at most three Sonys. From there on, you have to use your ears and your intelligence.

First, look for a Sony dealer fairly near you; that's not only for convenience, but so his FM reception problems will be just about the same as yours. Then visit him, carrying a record that you know and love (if you've loved it to death already, get a fresh copy);

Test first for general sound quality. Using the same speakers you have at home (or ones of similar efficiency) play the loudest portion of your record at the loudest volume you're likely to listen to. See which Sony sounds cleanest to you (though thanks to our direct coupled circuitry they all sound very clean), that tells you which have enough power for your needs. (But remember, if your room's noticeably bigger than the dealer's or you're planning to switch to a less efficient speaker, you may need a bit more power still.)

Now try to tune your favorite stations. Even if the dealer's on your block, reception conditions won't be absolutely comparable. But the receiver that brings your station in most clearly
there should do the same when you get home with it.

Now look for other features that you think you will need. If stereo is your abiding interest, you will appreciate the 6200’s stereo-only switch, that blanks out mono FM stations. And its hi-blend switch that cuts distant-station noise without eliminating the highs or losing much stereo separation in the midrange. If you find a second phono input or a center-channel output jack very desirable, you’ll choose the 6200F or 6065, which have them, over the 6055 and 6045, which don’t. And so on.

Some similarities:
All your Sony receivers have 70dB signal-to-noise ratios, and such features as linear tuning dials, headphone jacks, switchable loudness contour and hi-filters, FET front-ends and solid-state IF circuits, dual power supplies and direct coupled outputs, speaker selector switches. All but the 6045 have muting switches, front panel AUX jacks, quick-disconnect DIN tape recorder jacks, and center-tuning meters (the 6045 has a signal-strength meter instead, the 6200F has both types). All but the 6200F have 80 dB IHF selectivity and 15 dB capture ratio (6200F has 100 dB and 10 dB respectively).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>6200F</th>
<th>6065</th>
<th>6055</th>
<th>6045</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IHF FM Sensitivity</td>
<td>1.8uV</td>
<td>2.2uV</td>
<td>2.6uV</td>
<td>2.6uV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IHF Music Power, 8W</td>
<td>245W</td>
<td>220W</td>
<td>100W</td>
<td>75W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IHF Music Power, 4W</td>
<td>360W</td>
<td>255W</td>
<td>145W</td>
<td>84W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RMS @ 4 ohms</td>
<td>90/90W</td>
<td>80/80W</td>
<td>50/50W</td>
<td>25/25W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD &amp; IM @ rated power</td>
<td>0.2%</td>
<td>0.2%</td>
<td>0.2%</td>
<td>0.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power Bandwidth, IHF</td>
<td>10-40,000</td>
<td>15-30,000</td>
<td>15-30,000</td>
<td>10-30,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

But, if you would prefer to sit at home and pick your Sony by its specs, go ahead. You'll find the basic ones in the box above—and you can get the rest by sending for our pocket-sized Sony Selector Guide. All you’ll miss will be the fun of playing with the units themselves at your dealer. Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

* IHF standard constant supply method
** Suggested retail price subject to Fair Trade where applicable

CIRCLE 57 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Pioneer's
"Simple Machine"
Turntable


Comment: The PL-12AC—like all the Pioneer products we have tested in recent years—distinguishes itself immediately by the fine finish of its parts and consequently its elegant appearance and "feel." It is, moreover, a unit that combines extreme simplicity of operation, a moderate price, and considerable attention to the finer points of record reproduction.

The drive system employs a hysteresis motor (note that speed is unaffected by changes in line voltage) and a rubber belt. The arm's design includes adjustments for overhang and antiskating—the latter via a suspended-weight system. Yet there are only two operating controls: the speed-change lever at the left of the top plate, and the cueing lever at the right. The turntable is switched on automatically when the arm is raised from its rest and moved toward the turntable.

Even the connections are simplified: There's only a twin audio lead and the AC cord. (Chassis ground runs via the shields in the audio cable.) Setup of the arm and cartridge is aided by the fact that the cartridge shell is of the plug-in, removable type. Once the cartridge is mounted in the shell its overhang must be adjusted by measuring (with a ruler) from the center of the spindle to the stylus tip. (A template would simplify the operation.) This is a one-time operation with each cartridge however—as long as you have spare shells—so a little extra fuss can easily be tolerated. Next, the counterweight at the back of the arm must be positioned so as to balance the arm and produce the desired tracking force as measured by a gauge that Pioneer supplies with the unit. This gauge, which is calibrated down to 2 grams, is quite small and must be placed on a record to get the correct reading, and since the counterweight is not threaded (it is held in place by a setscrew) the proper position must be arrived at by a cut-and-try method. Then the antiskating weight is positioned at the appropriate notch on its bracket.

In most respects the lab measurements of the PL-12AC's performance compare favorably with those of the top automatics. Specifically, rumble (measured by the CBS-ARLL method) is -54 dB; arm resonance (measured with the Shure V-15 Type II cartridge) rises 7 dB at 6 Hz; flutter (unweighted) averages 0.04%; and turntable speed is 0.2% fast at 33 rpm and 0.7% fast at 45. Arm friction in the vertical plane is low at 0.05 grams, in the horizontal plane it is 0.3 grams. While this last figure is higher than we would expect in a top-quality unit, it is acceptable. It was high enough to prevent the lab from making accurate antiskating measurements, though on the basis of the approximate readings obtained it was possible to confirm that the antiskating is close to theoretically correct values.

For those who don't need the automatic record-changing feature (or the 78-rpm speed), the PL-12AC can be recommended as an excellent alternative. It can be used with just about any modern cartridge (preferably tracking at 2 grams or more). Its cueing system is gentler than that of some automatics and is accurate, with no side drift when the arm is raised or lowered. And its drive system is particularly fine for a unit in this price class.
We doubt that anyone will be overly surprised to learn that our newest loudspeaker sounds terrific. Most people really expect KLH to make terrific sounding things. But at $62.50 a piece, our new Model Thirty-Eight delivers an amount and quality of sound that we think will astonish even our most avid fans. The bass response is absolutely staggering; the transient response is flawless; and the Thirty-Eight's overall smoothness matches anything we've ever heard. Most important, you can use a pair of Thirty-Eights with virtually any modestly priced receiver. (What good is an inexpensive pair of loudspeakers that need a $400 receiver to effectively drive them?)

The Thirty-Eights are at your KLH dealer now. After hearing them, we think you'd pay $125 for just one. But $125 buys you two. Which has got to make the Thirty-Eights the biggest stereo bargain since ears.

For more information, visit your KLH dealer or write to KLH Research and Development, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

The New KLH Model Thirty-Eight. Two for $125.
1921—Ralph Graves warbled the first audible love song on film and a turkey, Dream Street, became a historically memorable movie.


1927—Blue days were over for talking picture pioneers when Al Jolson sang Blue Skies to Eugenie Besserer in The Jazz Singer.

formed the Fox-Case Corporation to develop the sound-on-film Movietone system.

Warner Bros. leased Oscar Hammerstein’s deserted Manhattan Opera House (today, Manhattan Center) on West 34th Street and turned it into the first Hollywood-owned studio for the production of talking pictures. Immediately, Warners began to produce a series of Vitaphone shorts and also engaged Major Edward Bowes, David Mendoza, and Dr. William Axt to arrange a complete musical score for the New York Philharmonic to play as accompaniment to the opulent silent feature Don Juan (WB, 1926) starring John Barrymore.

The historic debut of Vitaphone took place at New York’s Warners’ Theatre on Friday evening, August 6, 1926. The program opened with an address from the screen by Will H. Hays (president of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America), followed by a program of Vitaphone shorts that included Mischa Elman playing Dvořák’s Humoresque, Roy Smeeck playing guitar and banjo solos, Marion Talley singing “Caro nome,” Giovanni Martinelli’s “Vesti la giubba,” and a musical scene with Anna Case. After an intermission came Don Juan, with a complete musical score on discs and the occasional sound effects of clicking swords during the final duel scene between Barrymore and Montagu Love.

The second “Vitaphoned” feature, The Better ‘Ole (WB, 1926) starring Syd Chaplin, was accompanied by shorts with Al Jolson, George Jessel, Elsie Janis, and Willie and Eugene Howard.

The public debut of Movietone took place on January 21, 1927, when shorts featuring Raquel Meller and Frieda Hempel were added to the two-a-day presentation of What Price Glory (Fox, 1926), already running at the Sam H. Harris Theatre. A full Movietone program of shorts starring Gertrude Lawrence, Raquel Meller, Chic Sale, and Ben Bernie’s band accompanied the silent Seventh Heaven (Fox, 1927), when the famous drama followed What Price Glory at the Harris on May 25. Synchronized scores were added to both features later in 1927 and shown in that form around September. Erno Rapee’s enduring love song Diane, sung by an off-screen female voice in Seventh Heaven, thus became the first original song composed directly for the screen. On September 23, F. W. Murnau’s haunting Sunrise, starring Janet Gaynor and George O’Brien, became the first feature to be premiered with a Movietone score.

One of the great successes of the 1925–26 Broadway theater season had been Samson Raphaelson’s three-act drama The Jazz Singer, in which George Jessel had made quite a hit. Signed to a Warners contract, Jessel’s first silent, Private Izzy Murphy (WB, 1926), was popular enough to encourage the studio to adapt The Jazz Singer for the screen, with Jessel re-creating his stage role. When Warners de-
decided to augment the drama with Vitaphone musical sequences. Jesse balked, claiming that his contract called for silent pictures only. In what may be the most ill-advised decision in the history of the industry, he turned down *The Jazz Singer* (WB, 1927) on May 24, 1927, and instead made a long-forgotten sequel to his first picture, *Sailor Izzy Murphy* (WB, 1927). In a brilliant stroke of last-minute casting, the studio decided to use Al Jolson, long considered the greatest star on Broadway, and already a veteran of one Vitaphone short.

Although erroneously regarded as the first talkie, *The Jazz Singer* is in fact a silent picture, with ten interpolated songs and some brief, entirely improvised dialogue. Except for these vocal moments, the film is accompanied by the endless droning of Louis Silvers' lugubrious Vitaphone Orchestra, with its hodgepodge of musical themes arbitrarily strung together.

The *Jazz Singer* opened on Broadway at the Warners' Theatre on October 6, 1927. Presented on a road-show basis, it was an instantaneous smash hit and continued its engagement until the following March. Outwardly, other studios were calling *The Jazz Singer* a freak and a novelty; but behind their laughter was a chilling fear that the silent picture had come to the end of the road.

1928 was the year of transition for Hollywood. One by one the studios signed with Western Electric and Fox to use their talkie patents, and a cheaply made gangster thriller, *Lights of New York* (WB, 1928), became the first all-talking feature film ever released.

By the year's end two more major part-talkie musicals had been released: Al Jolson in *The Singing Fool* (WB, 1928), one of the most successful films of all times, and Fanny Brice in *My Man* (WB, 1928), a saccharine tearjerker in which the beloved Ziegfeld star made her screen debut.

1929 was a miracle year for motion pictures, for it is likely that more screen "firsts" took place in that one year than in any other in film history. 1929 saw the first all-Technicolor talkie (*On with the Show*, WB, 1929), the first 70 mm. wide-screen talkie (*William Fox Movietone Follies of 1929*), the first all-Negro talkie (*Hearts in Dixie*, Fox, 1929), the first sound operetta adapted from the stage (*The Desert Song*, WB, 1929), the first musical dream sequence and split screen in a talkie (*Married in Hollywood*, Fox, 1929), the first all-star revue film (*The Hollywood Revue of 1929*, MGM, 1929), the first vertically photographed dance sequence (*The Cocoanuts*, Paramount, 1929), the first musical film with a completely original score (*The Broadway Melody*, MGM, 1929), and the first artistic use of sound in a musical (*Applause*, Paramount, 1929).

February 1, 1929, marks the turning point in the history of the screen musical; on that date MGM's first all-singing, all-talking, all-dancing 100-per-cent genuine musical film, *The Broadway Melody*, had its world premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater. On February 8 it began its remarkably long New York run of twenty-six weeks at the Astor, followed by an engagement at popular prices at the Capitol, and wound up with an Academy Award as the best picture of 1929.

A typical wisecracking backstage musical, the film boasted no fewer than three major song hits, *The Wedding of the Painted Doll, You Were Meant for Me*, and a title song, all composed by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. That the picture was honored by an Oscar is no mere caprice, though obviously many finer films were made during the year. More important than its quality is the fact that the picture set the entire attitude toward filmmaking during 1929. The public's desire to hear their favorite performers sing could hardly be described as a craze: it became an unalloyed mania.

Nearly every well-known silent star was required to vocalize in his first talking picture, and Hollywood began to import Broadway musical luminaries by the dozens. Within one year the new name on movie marquees included Marilyn Miller, Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray, Irene Bordoni, Sophie Tucker, Peggy Wood, Hal Skelly, Belle Baker, Texas Guinan, Eddie Dowling, and Helen Morgan.

Unfortunately, a successful performing style for the stage did not necessarily guarantee a smooth transition to another medium, and many of these stars returned east almost as swiftly as they had arrived. Perhaps the saddest screen failure was the fairy princess of the Broadway musical, Marilyn Miller, whose luminous delicacy was a legend of the 1920s. Under the impartial scrutiny of the camera, and brought closer to her audience than ever before, Marilyn was revealed to be a handsome woman of thirty, not the bewitching child she seemed on stage. Even though her screen debut took place in a lavish Technicolor film version of her favorite stage vehicle, *Sally* (First National, 1929), audiences were surprised to discover her a rather feeble singer and a dancer of merely moder-
ate technical skill. She made two later pictures to complete her contract and then raced back to Broadway.

Except for Jolson, the only Broadway musical stars who achieved continuing success on the screen were the Marx Brothers, who instantly established themselves as the first giant comedy stars of the sound era in *The Cocoanuts*. The boys were all trained musicians, and both music and dialogue form an integral part of their act. Not only do Harpo and Chico perform their harp and piano specialties in the pictures, but comedy songs often set the spirit of an entire scene. Chico’s put-on Italian accent and Groucho’s caustic-insult delivery are entirely verbal, and even Harpo’s muteness is made poignant and dramatic by contrast with the cacophony that surrounds him.

For the most part, the first musical stars to achieve prominence were those from Hollywood’s own ranks and occasional Broadway players who were developed by the studios themselves. John Boles, a veteran of Broadway musicals, soared from a minor player in silents to a top singing star after revealing his well-trained tenor (and somewhat overprecise enunciation) in *The Desert Song* (WB, 1929) and *Rio Rita* (RKO, 1929). His co-star in the latter, Bebe Daniels, had been a silent favorite for years but had been dropped by Paramount as incapable of making the transition to talkies when sound came in. When RKO took a chance with her, she astonished everyone by handling the complex and lengthy score of *Rio Rita* with charm and vocal ease.

Another silent veteran to reveal an appealing musical personality was Bessie Love, who sang and danced in *The Broadway Melody* and even played the ukulele. Her piquant delicacy and hearty vitality delighted audiences in several MGM musicals, including *The Hollywood Revue of 1929*, *Chasing Rainbows*, and *Good News* (the last two, MGM, 1930). Marion Davies, Charles “Buddy” Rogers, Ramon Novarro, Janet Gaynor, and Charles Farrell were other silent favorites whose professional standing was assured through musicals. But the greatest surprise of all came in the middle of a turgid melodrama about mother love called *The Trespasser* (UA, 1929), when Gloria Swanson calmly walked over to her piano and sang *Love (Your Spell Is Everywhere)* with a ringing soprano of impressive, legitimate caliber.

Minor Broadway players whose careers were developed by musicals include Ginger Rogers, redheaded cupie doll Nancy Carroll, baby-talking Helen Kane, the vivacious flapper Joan Crawford, comedians Jack Oakie, Richard “Skeets” Gallagher, and Joe E. Brown, and that volcanic mountain of good humor, Winnie Lightner.

Jeanette MacDonald had struggled for nine years on Broadway in choruses and flops, when Ernst Lubitsch, searching for a leading lady to play the queen of a mythical kingdom in *The Love Parade* (Paramount, 1929), witnessed a screen test she had made earlier. Impressed by her regal bearing, he cast her opposite Maurice Chevalier in one of the year’s choice roles. With her rendition of *Dream Lover* early in the picture, Miss MacDonald was established as one of the screen’s most durable stars until her retirement from the medium in 1949.

Chevalier had appeared in pictures in his native France as early as 1908, at which time he was already twenty years old. Brought to this country by Paramount, he made his talkie debut in a three-reel short, *Bonjour, New York!* It was his first American feature, *Innocents of Paris* (Paramount, 1929), that started Americans on a forty-year love affair with this remarkable star.

The simplest way for a studio to boast about its roster of stars was to produce a revue film, a massive siew in which everyone did a little something without the need to adhere to a story line. MGM was first with *The Hollywood Revue of 1929*, a gala vaudeville show hosted by Conrad Nagel and Jack Benny (his screen debut), and featuring everyone from Cliff Edwards introducing *Singing in the Rain* to Norma Shearer and John Gilbert in a Technicolored balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*.

Warner Bros. was swift to get into the act with *The Show of Shows* (1929), another all-star potpourri that featured John Barrymore as the Duke of Gloucester in a scene from Shakespeare’s *Henry VI*, Part III, Winnie Lightner parodying MGM’s hit song by performing *Singing in the Bathtub*, comic antics by Frank Fay, Lloyd Hamilton, Louise Fazenda, and Beatrice Lillie, a Chinese number danced with hopeless ineptitude by Myrna Loy, and guest appearances by Rin-Tin-Tin, Ann Sothern, Dolores and Helene Costello, Irene Bordoni, Loretta Young, Nick Lucas, and dozens of other Warners favorites. Except for one dance number, the entire picture was shot in Technicolor.
Another dazzling moment lit up the silver screen when Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards introduced Singing in the Rain in The Hollywood Revue of 1929, the earliest revue film. Universal, Paramount, and Fox joined the game the following year with King of Jazz (Universal, 1930), Paramount on Parade (Paramount, 1930), and Happy Days (Fox, 1930), although the last did have a semblance of a plot line.

In one short year Hollywood not only invented the screen musical, but it produced about seventy examples of the genre. Songs from musicals flooded the radio air lanes and filled the catalogues of record companies. Over twenty of these pictures were filmed either entirely or partially in Technicolor or its rival system, Multicolor. And even 70-mm, 65-mm, and other wide-film systems had begun to be introduced, although both color and wide film were to fall victims to the Depression almost as soon as they were developed.

By 1930 the public had grown so weary of an incessant barrage of song-and-dance that marquees began to announce that the pictures inside contained no songs at all. Of course many major musicals were produced that year—in fact some of the best ever made. Lubitsch's Monte Carlo (Paramount, 1930) with MacDonald and Jack Buchanan brought the sly sophistication of The Love Parade into fruition and gave the world Richard A. Whiting's throbbing Beyond the Blue Horizon.

Ziegfeld's stage production of Whoopee (UA, 1930) was brought to the screen by Samuel Goldwyn, with Eddie Cantor, Ethel Shutta, and most of the original theater principals on hand to re-create their comedy routines with the kind of polish that can be achieved only after two years before live audiences. The film not only boasted the finest Technicolor seen to date but also the screen debut of dance director Busby Berkeley, who was to develop the already familiar technique of photographing chorus patterns from above into the first purely cinematic form of screen dance.

Most of the musicals of 1930 were adaptations from Broadway shows, often opulently produced and shot completely in Technicolor. Follow Thru (Paramount, 1930), Golden Dawn (WB, 1930), The Rogue Song (MGM, 1930—based on Gypsy Love), Hold Everything (WB, 1930), Song of the West (WB, 1930—based on Rainbow), Song of the Flame and Bride of the Regiment (both First National, 1930—the latter based on The Lady in Ermine), and The Vagabond King (Paramount, 1930) used color throughout, while color sequences were employed in The Cuckoos (RKO, 1930—based on The Rambler), Good News, and No, No, Nanette (First National, 1930). The use of color-filtered light is one of the thrilling aspects of King of Jazz, which features the screen debuts of Paul Whiteman's Orchestra and his resident crooner, Bing Crosby, at the time merely one of the three Rhythm Boys.

In 1931 and 1932, the musical moratorium was in full sway. Only about a dozen musicals were produced, and most of the ads for these made no mention of songs. Cole Porter's stage hit Fifty Million Frenchmen, the first stage musical backed by a Hollywood studio to obtain screen rights, was filmed in 1931 without one note of Porter's music sung. Except for a few Paramounts and the annual Goldwyn-Cantor-Berkeley films, the public stayed far away from anything that sounded like a musical.

Ironically, three of the best musicals ever made were produced in those years: Lubitsch's The Smiling Lieutenant (Paramount, 1931) and One Hour with You (Paramount, 1932—the latter co-directed by George Cukor, who receives billing), and Rouben Mamoulian's Love Me Tonight (Paramount, 1932). All three starred Chevalier, who was co-starred with MacDonald in the last two. Like most of Lubitsch's musicals, The Smiling Lieutenant and One Hour with You are about sex and very little else: not the dreary, sordid vision of sex we see in today's films, but sex as a stylish game to be played by witty masters of the frolic.

In The Smiling Lieutenant, Chevalier plays a
dashing Austrian army officer engaged in an affair with Claudette Colbert, the leader of an all-girl band. As the carriage of the frumpy princess (Miriam Hopkins) of neighboring Flausenthurm passes by during a parade, Chevalier smiles at Claudette, who is across the street. The princess mistakenly thinks he has smiled at her and falls in love at once. The situation develops into an international crisis, and Chevalier is forced to marry the dull little girl, although he refuses to sleep with her. In desperation, she finally begs Claudette for help. Knowing that to help the princess means to lose her lover, Claudette nonetheless instructs the girl on the fine art of enticing a man. In one of the funniest numbers ever filmed, Claudette bangs out on the piano the musical advice Jazz Up Your Lingerie, a gleeful duet with the princess. In One Hour with You, a happily married couple pair off with another couple only to discover how much they really love each other. The artifice of the farce is enhanced by Chevalier’s frequent asides to the camera. In both pictures, the songs have a saucy civility that is uncommon in the literature of screen musicals.

Perhaps the last great expression of directorial individualism in a Hollywood musical is Mamoulian’s Love Me Tonight, a remarkable tapestry into which are woven a fanciful Never-Never-Land story, an intriguingly attractive and intelligent Rodgers and Hart score, and brilliantly effective performances down to Cecil Cunningham and Marion “Peanuts” Byron in two- or three-line bit parts.

It is a bravura retelling of the sleeping beauty fable set in France, with Chevalier as a Parisian tailor who pursues his debtor, a penniless baron (Charles Ruggles), to a suburban chateau, and there falls in love with a lovelorn princess, played with wonderful world-weariness by Jeanette MacDonald.

Mamoulian’s magical use of camera and music creates a confection that has delighted cinema epicures for decades. Other distinctive musicals made the same year are Rodgers and Hart’s The Phantom President (Paramount, 1932—despite a ponderous performance by George M. Cohan in his talkie debut), and Frank Tuttle’s The Big Broadcast (Paramount, 1932), which employs fanciful, almost surrealistic, cinematography to heighten what might have been a routine assemblage of radio stars into a masterful example of screen art.

With the election of President Roosevelt in 1932, a wave of optimism spread across the country and, naturally, was reflected in Hollywood. As if a spell had been broken, the grimness and harsh, shadowy appearance of many of the 1931-32 pictures was replaced by a happier image of life. In this new mood, the screen musical was reborn. And Warners, always the first studio to react to public sentiment, was the first to give birth.

The proud new baby was 42nd Street, a backstage saga that details with almost clinical accuracy how a Broadway musical comedy was produced during the depression years: the financial backing by a gangster or a “sugar daddy” who is “interested in the career” of his little girl; the heart-of-gold dames of the chorus, tough little wisecracking hoofers from Tenth Avenue who are cast by the shapeliness of their limbs alone and not their ability to dance; and the naive plots of the shows themselves—all depicted just as they were.

The enormous success of 42nd Street convinced all the studios that the musical moratorium was over, and like a dam bursting its walls a flood of musicals struck America’s screens in 1933. Because the studios used so many staff people, a certain sameness of style began to evolve in the output of each respective studio. An astute moviegoer could, by simply looking at the screen for a moment, identify which studio had made a picture by its contract performers, production style, lighting, and other more intangible qualities, all of which develop when a group of artists works together for some time. Thus the story of the musical after 1933 is not the story of directors at all, but rather the individual style of each studio, as determined by its stars, staff personnel, choice of subject matter, and to a certain degree, its abstract image of itself. The wonderful musicals of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and the Technicolor and wide-screen epics were to emerge from these primitive roots. But that is another story.
by Miles Kreuger

Dubbers to the Stars

Or Whose Was That Voice I Heard You Singing With?

The odds are that you have in your collection recordings by Betty Wand, Bill Lee, and other anonymous vocal doublers whose soundtrack albums have sold in the millions.

If after seeing Sidney Poitier in Gershwin's Porgy and Bess you wondered why this handsome performer did not pursue a career in grand opera instead of squandering his vocal skills in dramatic movies, you are one of the few people who have not heard of the phenomenon of vocal doubling. Although it may shatter your illusions the next time you see this Samuel Goldwyn picture on television, let me reveal a secret: Sidney Poitier's singing voice belongs to another man, Robert McFerrin. For that matter, Adele Addison is the vocal ghost for Dorothy Dandridge; Loulie Jean Norman for Diahann Carroll, and Inez Matthews for Ruth Attaway.

If you can accept the principle of vocal doubling in what is essentially a grand opera, then try to accept this: Did you know that without exception every note Rita Hayworth has ever "sung" on the screen has come from someone else's throat? As early as Blood and Sand, when Rita seduced Tyrone Power with a Spanish song in her moonlit garden, she has been vocally assisted by a platoon of girls, including Nan Wynn (My Gal Sal, You Were Never Lovelier, Cover Girl), Martha Mears (Tonight and Every Night), Anita Ellis (Gilda, Down to Earth, The Lady from Shanghai, The Loves of Carmen), and Jo Ann Greer (Affair in Trinidad, Miss Sadie Thompson, Pal Joey).

Rita Hayworth is not Hollywood's only glamour queen to sing through the courtesy of another. Cyd Charisse, Vera-Ellen, Linda Darnell, Virginia Mayo, Kim Novak, Lynn Bari, Alexis Smith, and Jean Harlow are a few of the stars who were always dubbed, because their romantic screen images might have been shattered if they had sung for themselves. Some stars, like Ava Gardner, were dubbed at first, but their dedication to vocal training eventually enabled them to sing their own songs. Miss Gardner was dubbed by Eileen Wilson in The Hucksters, One Touch of Venus, and The Bribe, and by Annette Warren in Show Boat, but her own voice was used in Pandora and the Flying Dutchman, Lone Star, and Mogambo.

The phenomenon of dubbing dates back to the inception of talking pictures. Although Al Jolson naturally did his own singing in The Jazz Singer (1927), both Bobby Gordon, who played Jolson as a boy, and Warner Oland, as his Cantor-father, were dubbed. (Does any reader know by whom? Oland was not dubbed by Cantor Josef Rosenblatt, who appeared in person in the picture.)

In the early days of sound, films were photographed and recorded simultaneously, with a microphone hanging directly above the actors just out of camera range, or buried in a nearby floral arrangement. In musical numbers, the entire orchestra had to be present throughout the filming and had to play over and over until a take was satisfactory. The technique was costly and complex.
enough when the star himself sang, but it became a circus when a dubber was used. The latter had to stand just outside of camera range, yet close enough so that the star could watch him and mouth his own lip movements in perfect synchronization.

Almost every established silent screen star was required to sing in his talkie debut. Several made the transition quite easily. Fans were delighted when Richard Barthelmess sat down at the piano in *Weary River* and began to warble its title song: that is, until *Photoplay* magazine revealed that it was actually a vocal double, Johnny Murray, who had done the singing and that Frank Churchill had played the piano. Laura La Plante, who played Magnolia in the first screen version of *Show Boat*, sang through the courtesy of Eva Olivotti. Corinne Griffith was dubbed in *The Divine Lady* (both singing and playing the harp), and Barry Norton (by Sherry Hall) in *Mother Knows Best*. Nor was dubbing in early talkies restricted merely to singing or playing an instrument. Because of Paul Lukas’ thick Hungarian accent, his speaking voice was dubbed in several pictures by Lawford Davidson, a British actor of some repute.

Once the initial craze for musicals died down, Hollywood tended, during the 1930s, to rely upon performers who could actually sing because of their prior careers in the theater or on radio. Vocal doubling was restricted largely to dramatic actors who were required to sing because of a film’s plot but could not do so for themselves. For example, in her second talkie, *Romance*, Greta Garbo had to play an opera diva. Her deep speaking voice was almost ludicrously mismatched with the singing ghost, Tina Paggi, a high soprano. Similarly, Jean Harlow’s tough-as-nails speaking voice was clumsily combined with the cultured, mellow mezzo of Virginia Verrill in Harlow’s only musical, *Reckless*. Although Hollywood generally tried to deny that its stars were not doing their own singing, Miss Harlow, in an act of typical graciousness for which she was adored by friends, publicly admitted that Miss Verrill, a popular radio star, had sung for her. Miss Verrill also dubbed for Barbara Stanwyck in *Ten Cents a Dance*, Pat Patterson in *52nd Street*, and Andrea Leeds in *The Goldwyn Follies*. On camera, Miss Verrill introduced Sammy Fain’s *That Old Feeling* in Walter Wanger’s *Vogues of 1938*, a bright Technicolor farce about the world of high fashion.

Other examples of dubbing nonsinging actors during the 1930s include Georgia Stark for Norma Shearer in *Smilin’ Through*, Brick Holton for David...
Manners in *Cronomer*, Nina Koshetz for Elissa Landi in *Enter Madame*, Diana Gaylen for Virginia Bruce (who often sang for herself) in *The Mighty Barnum* and Olivia de Havilland in *The Shopworn Angel*. Although Jack Haley had been a singer since his vaudeville days, Fox used the soft crooning voice of Buddy Clark to sing for Haley in *Wake Up and Live*. Similarly, MGM's producer Hunt Stromberg, Jr., used Allan Jones to sing *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody* for the yet unknown Dennis Morgan in *The Great Ziegfeld*, even though Morgan would, in years to come, reveal a well-trained tenor of his own.

With the 1940s, the frequency of dubbing began to accelerate. The excessive romanticism of the previous decade was replaced by a robustness that required stars to emerge from behind the gossamer scrim of artificiality. With the nation on the threshold of war, the stars found themselves singing in more everyday situations. For example, Lynn Bari, a nonsinger, was cast as Glenn Miller's band vocalist in *Sun Valley Serenade* and *Orchestra Wives* and was dubbed in both films by Pat Friday. Martha Mears sang for Lucille Ball in *The Big Street*, a Damon Runyon story. Peg La Centra was the vocalist for Ida Lupino in *The Man I Love* and for Susan Hayward in *Escape Me Never* and *Smash-Up: The Story of a Woman*. The graceful ballad *Through a Long and Sleepless Night* was performed in *Come to the Stable* by Dorothy Patrick.

Except for one pioneering article published in *Playbill*, July 1929 (and recently reprinted in *The Talkies*, Dover 1971), this is the first study on the practice of vocal doubling. Until recently, the studios carefully guarded all information about dubbing, unless the vocalist was famous enough to provide good advertising copy on his own. Of all aspects of film making, this is perhaps the one most shrouded in mystery, despite the great pleasure that dubbed voices have provided over the years. Because it will soon be virtually impossible to obtain first-hand information about dubbing, if any readers of *High Fidelity* know who dubbed for the following performers, we would appreciate your letting us know. Any information will be duly acknowledged in Mr. Kreuger's forthcoming book on the American film musical.

**Does Any Reader Know?**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performer</th>
<th>Films</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Mayo</td>
<td><em>Blood and Sand</em></td>
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<td>Rita Hayworth</td>
<td><em>State Fair, Calendar Girl</em></td>
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<td>William Marshall</td>
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<td>Jean Harlow</td>
<td><em>Charlie Chan at the Opera</em></td>
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<td>Elizabeth Taylor</td>
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<td>Glenn Tryon and Meena Kennedy</td>
<td><em>San Antonio; any other pictures</em></td>
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<td>Boris Karloff</td>
<td><em>Rise and Shine, Centennial Summer; any other pictures</em></td>
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<td>Barbara Stanwyck</td>
<td><em>The Pagan</em></td>
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<td>Alexis Smith</td>
<td><em>New Orleans</em></td>
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<td>Linda Darnell</td>
<td><em>Too Many Girls</em></td>
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<td>Dorothy Janis</td>
<td><em>The Divine Lady</em></td>
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<td>Dorothy Patrick</td>
<td><em>Blues in the Night</em></td>
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<td>Lucille Ball and Richard Carlson</td>
<td><em>The Five Pennies</em></td>
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<td>Corinne Griffith</td>
<td><em>The French Line</em></td>
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<td>Betty Field</td>
<td><em>The Hit Parade of 1943</em></td>
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<td>Barbara Bel Geddes</td>
<td><em>International Settlement</em></td>
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<td>Gilbert Roland</td>
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<td>Susan Hayward</td>
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<td>Dolores Del Rio</td>
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<td>George Nader and Jeanne Crain</td>
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<td>Nancy Kelly</td>
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<td>Joy Ann Page</td>
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<td>Ruby Keeler</td>
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<td>Joan Blondell</td>
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<td>Otto the ventriloquist's dummy</td>
<td><em>The Great Gabbo</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Vera-Ellen</td>
<td><em>Wonder Boy; The Kid from Brooklyn; Three Little Girls in Blue; Carnival in Costa Rica; On the Town; Happy Go Lovely; Let's Be Happy</em></td>
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<td>Cyd Charisse and Michael Kidd</td>
<td><em>It's Always Fair Weather</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Warner Oland and Bobby Gordon</td>
<td><em>The Jazz Singer (1927)</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Edward Franz</td>
<td><em>The Jazz Singer (1953)</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Carole Landis</td>
<td><em>Road Show; The Brass Monkey</em></td>
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In addition, does anyone know of Mary Martin’s dubbing projects other than *The Shopworn Angel* or the name of the actor who spoke the dialogue for Oreste in *The Vagabond King* (Paramount, 1956)?
and Hugh Marlowe, but the voices belonged to Eileen Wilson and Ken Darby.

To a record collector who wants to own every 78 rpm disc by the performer who sings in every picture, vocal doubling presents a problem, for in those days dubbers rarely made commercial records of the songs they ghosted on the screen. Eileen Wilson, Nan Wynn, Jeri Southern, and Peg La Centra made quite a few commercial recordings but never made any 78s of the film songs that they dubbed.

One exception is Margaret Whiting, who sang "I've Heard That Song Before" for Martha O'Driscoll in Youth on Parade and recorded the Jule Styne song for Capitol. Another is Louanne Hogan, who sang for Jeanne Crain in both State Fair and Centennial Summer. It was the voice of Miss Hogan that introduced the Academy Award-winning Rodgers and Hammerstein It Might As Well Be Spring in the former and Jerome Kern's lovely The Right Romance in the latter. Gratefully, Miss Hogan did record four selections from Centennial Summer (including Two Hearts Are Better Than One, deleted from the film) for the Musicraft label.

By the 1950s, vocal dubbing had become a commonplace practice in the art of film-making. Even deeply involved historians of cinema would be startled to discover the extent of dubbing during the last twenty years or so. This aspect of film production has come to be regarded as a special craft, like lighting, make-up, and cinematography. And as in every craft, there are those specialists who work continuously, submerging their own personalities for the extremely generous financial reward and career continuity that dubbing guarantees.

One of the most prolific dubbers is Betty Wand, whose name is entirely unknown to the general public, but whose voice has been heard in dozens of films and whose soundtrack albums are in everyone's collection. If you own the soundtrack albums of Gigi, West Side Story, South Pacific, or Les Girls, then you have a collection of Betty Wand records. It is almost impossible to believe that one woman did so, but it was Miss Wand alone who sang the frothy Lerner and Loewe airs for Leslie Caron in Gigi, the impassioned and torrid A Boy Like That for Rita Moreno in West Side Story, and the delicate Dites-moi for child actor Warren Hsieh in South Pacific. Miss Wand also sang all of Kay Kendall's notes above C in Les Girls. In addition, this remarkably versatile performer also dubbed for Pier Angeli in Merry Andrew, Lisa Montell in 10,000 Bedrooms, and Shirley Temple in Adventure in Baltimore.

Another benevolent ghost, Eileen Wilson, made commercial 78s for Decca, while singing for Cyd Charisse in Words and Music and for Ava Gardner's early pictures. One of the most active doubles in the business, Miss Wilson has sung for Kim Novak (Jeanne Eagles), Linda Darnell (Slattery's Hur-ricane), Christine Carere and Sheree North (for both in Mardi Gras and for Miss North alone in The Best Things in Life Are Free), and Donna Douglas (Frankie and Johnny), among others.

Most dubbers have been band vocalists who have preferred not to pursue a screen career of their own. Jo Ann Greer began dubbing when she sang for Charlotte Austin in Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder, a minor Columbia musical of 1952. Much of her subsequent work has been at that studio, where she sang not only for Rita Hayworth in three films but also for Gloria Grahame in The Big Heat, May Wynn in The Caine Mutiny, and Kim Novak in Five Against the House. She has also sung for Susan Kohner in Imitation of Life, June Allyson in The Opposite Sex, Carole Mathews in Meet Me at the Fair, and Esther Williams in Jupiter's Darling.

With the advent of soundtrack albums during the late 1940s, MGM Records in particular began to identify the names of the persons on the discs, even when these names did not coincide with the stars in the films themselves. It was because of this gesture of corporate honesty that the public first heard the name Anita Ellis. Although Miss Ellis' earlier dubbing for Rita Hayworth had remained cloaked in secrecy, it became a matter of common knowledge that it was she who sang for Vera-Ellen in Three Little Words and The Belle of New York and for Jeanne Crain in Gentlemen Marry Brunnettes.

Other mysterious names began to appear on record labels. Pete Roberts for Hans Conreid in Summer Stock, John Gustafson for Jimmy Thompson in Brigadoon, and Robert Farnon for Scott Brady in Gentlemen Marry Brunnettes. One of the most frequently seen names is that of Carole Richards, who is given record label credit for having dubbed for Vera-Ellen in Call Me Madam, for Cyd Charisse in Brigadoon and Silk Stockings, and for Betta St. John in The Robe. Label credit is also given to Trudi Erwin, who sang for Lana Turner in The Merry Widow, although her dubbing for Kim Novak in Pal Joey has been a secret until now.

Not all the dubbers who are fortunate enough to receive label credit are unknown to the general public. Al Jolson's singing for Larry Parks in The Jolson Story and Jolson Sings Again was widely advertised. Metropolitan Opera star Eileen Farrell was credited on the Interrupted Melody album as Eleanor Parker's vocal double after the soprano's admirers made such an outcry that MGM was forced to do so. Marilyn Horne and LeVern Hutcherson were both credited as the voices of Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte in Carmen Jones. Carlos Ramirez receives label credit for having sung for Ricardo Montalban in Latin Lovers, and Broadway singer Danny Scholl for Barry Sullivan in Nancy Goes to Rio. Ads also appeared announcing that Mario Lanza was singing for Edmund Purdom in The Student Prince and
Gogi Grant for Ann Blyth in *The Helen Morgan Story*.

The wide-screen era has spread the practice of dubbing to epidemic proportions. With wide film has come stereophonic sound and a swelling of screen size that Hollywood has come to believe means bigger and better voices. Also, the multimillion-dollar budgets of many musicals of the 1950s and 1960s forced the studios to cast their properties with big box-office names regardless of their singing abilities.

Many of the principals in recent musicals have been dubbed by a veritable army of ghosts. A perfect example is *South Pacific*. Of all the major players, only Mitzi Gaynor and Ray Walston sing their own songs. Twentieth Century-Fox has advertised that Giorgio Tozzi sings for actor Rossano Brazzi, but the studio has neglected to mention that John Kerr was dubbed by Bill Lee, Juanita Hall (the original Bloody Mary) by Muriel Smith (who had played the role in London), Warren Hsieh and Candace Lee (the two children) by Betty Wand and Marie Greene, and Ken Clark (as Stewpot) by Thurl Ravenscroft.

Rodgers and Hammerstein films seem to be prone to dubbing. In *The King and I*, for example, Deborah Kerr and Carlos Rivas are ghosted by Marni Nixon and Reuben Fuentes respectively, although in *Carousel* only Susan Luckey, as Billy Bigelow's daughter, is dubbed (by Marie Greene). In *Flower Drum Song*, Nancy Kwan, Kam Tong (who plays Miyoshi Umeki's father), and Reiko Sato (as the lovelorn seamstress) are dubbed by B. J. Baker (Mickey Rooney's second wife), John Dodson, and Marilyn Horne. In the grisly remake of *State Fair*, it was our old friend Marie Greene who sang *It Might As Well Be Spring* for Pamela Tiffin. Although Christopher Plummer tried desperately to sing for himself in *The Sound of Music*, and his own voice was heard in an early sneak preview, Bill Lee (who had sung so well for John Kerr in *South Pacific*) was called in at the last minute. Peggy Wood's stirring rendition of *Climb Every Mountain* was actually performed by Marjorie McKay.

One of the most celebrated of recent doubles is Marni Nixon, who achieved overnight notoriety when it was revealed that she was the ghost for Audrey Hepburn in *My Fair Lady*. Actually, Miss Nixon's work in this field goes back to her childhood, when she sang for Margaret O'Brien in *The Secret Garden*. As one of the most creative of dubbers, Miss Nixon spends weeks with the stars for whom she plans to double. Consequently, her voice assumes an almost eerie similarity to the stars themselves. In *The King and I* and *An Affair to Remember*, she sounds exactly as Deborah Kerr would, if Deborah Kerr could sing as well. She also assumed the exact vocal inflections of Audrey Hepburn in *My Fair Lady* and Natalie Wood in *West Side Story*. Incidentally, in the latter, her voice is interspersed with that of Rita Moreno herself in the star's rendition of *America*.

Perhaps the busiest male dubber these days is Bill Lee, who also finds time to appear in concerts on the Coast and with many choruses. In addition to the two Rodgers and Hammerstein films, Mr. Lee sang the *Lament* for Matt Mattox in *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, for Cary Grant in *Father Goose*, for Bill Reeve in *Westward Ho the Wagons!* for Edson Stroll in *Snow White and the Three Stooges*, for William Lundigan in *Down Among the Sheltering Palms*, and for Ricardo Montalban in *On an Island with You*. As a member of his vocal group, the Mellomen, he has been heard in many Walt Disney and other pictures, including *The Glenn Miller Story*.

Determined to establish a veritable dynasty of singing Lees, Bill is proud to admit that his wife, Adabeth, appears on screen but unbilled as one of the nuns in *The Sound of Music*, and their daughter Diana has dubbed for Samantha Eggar in *Doctor Doolittle* and for Diana Sowle in *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. Diana Lee also sang for one of the kids in *Bye Bye Birdie*, every one of whom had to be dubbed.

Doubling is even used in pictures aimed at the young market. In *April Love*, for example, Pat Boone's friends, Dolores Michaels and Brad Jackson, were dubbed by Eileen Wilson and Ray Kellogg, who are husband and wife in real life. In *Love Me Tender*, James Drury and William Campbell, who play Elvis Presley's brothers, are dubbed by Charles Prescott, John Dodson, and Rad Robin-
son: The public gets three voices for two, a bargain at any price.

A rundown of some of the major musicals of the last decade suggests the widespread use of dubbing today. In West Side Story, in addition to Marni Nixon and Betty Wand's participation, Jim Bryant sings for Richard Beymer, and several members of the gangs do not sing for themselves. In Gypsy, most of Rosalind Russell's songs are performed by Lisa Kirk; Marilyn Hooven sings for Dorothy McGuire in Disney's Summer Magic; and Stephen Boyd sings in Billy Rose's Jumbo thanks to James Joyce. The voice of Julia Foster, who plays the ingenue lead in Half a Sixpence, actually belongs to Marti Webb, who created the role in the original London company of the show.

Bill Shirley, who had been a singing juvenile at Republic during the 1940s, and later appeared on Broadway, received the coveted assignment of singing On The Street Where You Live for Jeremy Brett in My Fair Lady. His impressive baritone was also heard as the Prince in Disney's The Sleeping Beauty, in which Mary Costa sang for Princess Aurora. Bill Shirley also sang for Mark Stevens in Oh, You Beautiful Doll, when Buddy Clark, who had sung for Stevens in I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now, was killed in a plane crash. For some inexplicable reason, the Disneyland soundtrack album of The Sleeping Beauty does not use Bill Shirley's voice. With this exception, almost all the dubbed performances mentioned in this article are included on whatever soundtrack albums have been released.

There is a popular rumor that Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave, and Franco Nero were all dubbed in Camelot. This is not precisely true. Mr. Nero was indeed dubbed by Gene Merlino; but due to contractual restrictions, it was impossible to dub either Mr. Harris or Miss Redgrave, despite an overwhelming need to do so. The performances on the soundtrack are their own, but they had to be assembled by vocal arranger Ken Darby from hundreds of snippets and snatches into coherent renditions.

That these nonsingers could be made to sing at all is the result of Ken Darby's career-long devotion to film music. Mr. Darby entered pictures in 1929, when he and three other singers, John Dodson, Rad Robinson, and Bud Linn, formed the King's Men. They appeared first in Sweetie and then in many Paramount pictures before joining Paul Whiteman's band during the mid-1930s.

By the end of the decade, Darby had become a vocal arranger at MGM, where one of his most exacting projects was The Wizard of Oz. Although the principals all sang for themselves, the midgets who portrayed the Munchkins did not. Darby himself sang the role of the mayor of Munchkin City, while his old partners Rad Robinson and Bud Linn are heard as the coroner and the district attorney (who wants "to verify it legally"). Linn, Robinson, and Dodson play the three toughs of the Lollipop Guild, while the popular girl trio, The Three Debutantes, are heard as the toe-dancing Lullaby League.

At that time, all film recording was made optically, using cameras that ran at a standard speed of ninety feet a minute. In order to speed up the Munchkin voices, it was necessary to slow down the recording camera. This was accomplished by the director of MGM's sound department, Douglas Shearer, who ground special gears to slow down the recording camera to proper speed. Only deep voices were used for the male characters, as tenors would have sounded too squeaky when sped up. Similarly, the Winkies, who guard the witch's castle, were recorded faster than is natural to sound very ominous and deep-voiced, and tenors were used for this group.

The practice of movie-dubbing continues into the present. In Paint Your Wagon, Jean Seberg's voice is that of Anita Gordon; Margaret Whiting sings for Susan Hayward in Valley of the Dolls; and in the current Cabaret, the voice of the blond Nazi youth who sings Tomorrow Belongs to Me is that of Mark Lambert, a West Coast singer who was located after a long search both in Germany and in the U.S.

Obviously it is the ideal of the studios to find the singing voice that most closely matches that of the on-screen performer. Ponder then this most remarkable combination of dubber and star. When Lauren Bacall sang Hoagy Carmichael's How Little We Know in To Have and Have Not, her voice was that of...yes, Andy Williams.

The screen is, after all, a medium of illusion.
by Elmer Bernstein

What Ever Happened to Great Movie Music?

High Noon and his own Man with the Golden Arm were partially to blame for the decline in quality of background music, says a distinguished film composer.

The events of the past few years in the field of film scoring seem to indicate that any discussion on this great art may indeed have to be a historical summary at the end of its era of greatness. As a working film composer and an evolutionary product of the works of Aaron Copland, Bernard Herrmann, Max Steiner, Erich Korngold, Hugo Friedhofer, Franz Waxman, Alfred Newman, David Raksin, George Antheil, Miklos Rosza, Dimitri Tiomkin, and Bronislau Kaper, and a contemporary of Alex North, Jerry Goldsmith, Henry Mancini, Lalo Schifrin, and André Previn, I find it inconceivable that this sophisticated art has in such a short time degenerated into a bleakness of various electronic noises and generally futile attempts to "make the pop Top 40 charts." Today the trend is most obviously to the nonscore, the song form, and General Electric. It appears that the king is dead and the court jester has been installed in his place. Before we consider the causes of death, let us first proceed to an examination of the corpus while its remains are still with us.

Music is the art that begins where words and images leave off—which is what makes it so effective in films. Sonic vibrations set part of the body in motion and touch the listener in an almost purely visceral manner. Music can stimulate the greatest possible range of moods, shades, and fantasies. Also, it is an art that envelops the listener, who cannot escape it save by leaving the area. Unlike the written word or visual image, there is no need to intellectualize its existence. That its source is unseen and that it can enter and leave at almost imperceptible levels makes music an invaluable tool with which the skilled film composer can practice emotional seductions upon the viewer of a movie. Parenthetically, it is of interest to note that in the days of silent films David Wark Griffith used musicians to inspire his actors to passion on the set.

Some of us are old enough to remember the orchestras that accompanied the lavish first runs of silent films, or the inevitable pianists who created moods to help the neighborhood audiences hiss villains and applaud heroes. Many scores were composed and tailored to the films of their day, with written descriptions of the screen action so that the performer would know whether he was playing slow or fast enough to suit the image. The earliest piano scores for movies I know of—and which are still extant—were written for the films of Georges Méliès in the closing years of the nineteenth century. In these primitive scores, music was used to mimic the action on screen: fast music for fast action, lumbering music for lumbering action, low and menacing notes for the villain, trumpetlike themes for the hero, and so on. The music became a series of representative clichés rather than an emotional communication, and a whole set of conventions quickly grew up by which one could easily identify villain, hero, the chase, and love. Today one laughs at them, but in their heyday audiences looked forward to these conventionalized clichés.

It was quite natural, of course, that when sound came in audiences were more interested in hearing the voices of their favorite movie stars and musical performers. The earliest use of music in connection with nonmusical films seems to have been the filling of "dead spots" with some sort of sound. Today the results appear quite amusing—the music seems to drone on quite unrelated to the events in the picture. In this sense the lack of sophistication, integration, and skill is not unlike that of many contemporary motion pictures where the score functions merely to introduce popular material not often integrated into the film.

Max Steiner arrived in Hollywood in 1929. Very quickly his work educated the film colony to the possibilities of film music tailored to the needs of specific dramatic situations. Strange as all this may seem, it was in its time an original and thrilling concept. Steiner also pioneered musical authenticity.

Elmer Bernstein, winner of an Academy Award (Thorougly Modern Millie) and an Emmy (The Making of the President 1964), wrote the background music for To Kill a Mockingbird and Hud, among others.
Nowadays we assume that a composer will research the music indigenous to the country in which a film story takes place. It is difficult then to remember how fresh and exciting was Steiner's attempt to create an Irish musical ambience for *The Informer*.

During the following generation Hollywood scores, at least the best of them, developed into a sophisticated art form using sophisticated techniques. The techniques of course were not always apt. Take the leitmotif. The leitmotif—a specific theme continually used to identify a specific character, situation, or emotion—is a time-honored musicodramatic device raised to great heights by the genius of Richard Wagner. Its application in film scoring is obvious, but unless used well it can become another boring and trite device. My own score for *The Ten Commandments* made extensive use of the leitmotif. This score is in many ways the least characteristic of my works as it was written while working under the close supervision of the producer, Cecil B. DeMille. DeMille believed the function of music in a motion picture to be an adjunctive story-telling device, with each character having a particular theme or motif to accompany his moments on screen. In *The Ten Commandments*, DeMille insisted upon identifying themes for Moses, Joshua, Ramses, Nefretiri, Lilia, and Daathan. In addition, there were to be motifs for two opposing themes: the power of God and the force of evil. The motifs were heard whenever the characters were on screen and in cases where there was an interplay between two characters, a Wagnerian interweaving of the tunes was expected. Changes of mood created by the dramatic necessities of the story were accompanied mainly by changes of orchestral color. Thus when Moses is an infant in the bulrushes, his theme is performed by woodwind solo to a 6/8 lullaby accompaniment. Later, when he has become the prophet, his theme is announced by trumpets and horns in a martial tempo. And in this way one finds the score retelling the events on screen. This technique requires great skill in its execution to avoid extreme banality and is, I believe, one of the least attractive uses of film music since it serves merely to repeat what should be clearly evident in a good film. The leitmotif functions best in a film of epic proportions, for not many characters merit the grandeur of an accompanying musical theme. In other situations the constant repetition of a theme for a character becomes an unpardonable intrusion upon the dramatic integrity of the film. Besides, how many melodies have been created for films that one would want to hear twenty times in the course of ninety minutes?

Even more dangerous than the leitmotif device is the monothematic score. The single theme can designate a particular overriding emotion, as in Alfred Newman's *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing* (85 per cent of that score is based on one tune), or it can even identify a character, as in David Raksin's eternal *Laura*. A technique that can be—and nowadays usually is—a boring cliché had its classic expression in *Laura*. The film portrayed a man falling in love with a ghost: The mystique was supplied by the insistence of the haunting melody. He could not escape it. It was everywhere. It was there when he was in Laura's apartment. It was there when he turned on the record player. It was never absent from his thoughts. We may not remember what Laura was like, but we never forget that she was the music and in that music she has of course come into our lives to stay. In that instance, the music and its insistence was the most compelling feature of the film.

For me, film music functions best when it is able...
to deal with that which is implicit but not explicit in a scene. It can thus add to the film art rather than simply ape another element in it. Here is another example from my own work: In *Men in War* one scene shows a group of soldiers walking through a Korean forest which they know to be mined. They are quite understandably terrified by the possibility of sudden death at every step. As I looked at that scene and considered what I wished to do musically, I thought of how many battles had been fought in the midst of beautiful country. As these men were making this walk their surroundings were a forest full of birds singing, leaves rustling, twigs snapping—sweet aural counterpoint that made the possibility of death even more terrible. I decided to emphasize this less obvious counterpoint in my music. While I called for an almost imperceptible tremolando in the basses, timpani, and bass drum, I had the cellos gently guide the wind through the leaves in delicate pianissimo glissandos and trills, the woodwinds play quick, disjointed birdlike calls, the xylophone and other percussion play staccato woodsly figures, and I gave any sustaining lines to the ominous-sounding bass flute or the bass clarinet. This approach served to deepen the terror of the scene as it added an interesting subliminal note to it.

One of the surprising attributes of the film score is its ability to speed up or slow down the action. In my early career I believed that the accompanying music must have a kinetic energy equal to that of the scene for which it is written. Cecil B. DeMille changed my mind about that. In the Exodus scene of *The Ten Commandments* there is the moment in which the Hebrews begin their march out of Egyptian bondage. DeMille used approximately 8,000 people in that scene, with the effect that the start of their march was passive and lumbering. The first music I wrote for the scene was a ponderous Hebrew marchlike anthem. DeMille hated it. When I insisted that it had truly reflected the pace of the scene, he readily agreed, and stated that that was the trouble with it. If I would write music with a faster pace than that of the scene, the Hebrews...
would appear to move more brightly, the elation at their freedom would be more prominent. I was skeptical, but tried it. DeMille was right.

I remembered my lesson when I composed the score for The Magnificent Seven. The unhurried pace of the film as a whole was always a potential danger in a story that demanded tension and suspense. To help this situation I wrote the music in temps always somewhat faster than those of the film’s, and made considerable use of vigorous rhythmic patterns as well as repeated sixteenth-note figures. Again, I believe it worked.

The main body of a film composer’s work is done after the editing is completed, though in some instances the composer may be called in for conferences even before shooting begins. This would be necessary for instance where musical material must be included in the shooting of a film. When the film is finally assembled, the composer and the producer or director view the film together and begin their general discussion about the character and use of music. In most cases the composer is left to decide such fine points as where the music should begin and end. The music editor then writes a description of every action and word of dialogue in the scene accurate to one-tenth of a second. The composer usually works from these descriptions, but some composers prefer to have the film and a Movieola in their homes. Since film is a medium locked in time, the composer must learn to compose music that falls naturally within the time confines.

In the recording session, the film is projected as the musicians perform. There are various visual metronomic devices such as streamers and punches on the film to aid the conductor in his job of synchronizing the playing of the music to the action of the film. The final process is one in which music, sound, and dialogue are united into one soundtrack.

One of the many problems besetting the film composer is the rapidity with which a device that seems fresh in one film so quickly becomes commonplace. One reason for this is the tremendous exposure afforded by motion pictures. The concert hall composer is lucky to expose his work to perhaps two thousand people at a time. But films are seen (and heard) by upwards of fifty million. It is very difficult for a fresh musical idea to stay fresh long under these conditions. The bass flute solo, which could be used to engender terror only a few years ago, is now part of the everyday language of the film composer. The once effective romantic “piano concerto” style has become banal almost to the point of the comic. To many second-rate movie composers, this phenomenon is terrifying and sends them to frantic searches for “new sounds”—which are also soon exhausted.

Two innocent events in the early and middle Fifties, it seems to me, signaled the beginning of the end of the golden age of film music. The first of these was the extraordinary commercial success of the title song by Dimitri Tiomkin for the 1951 motion picture High Noon. How fresh and exciting that main title seemed then! But the free advertising resulting from the song—not to mention the enormous money that the song itself made—led to an instant demand by movie producers for similar title songs in almost every picture that followed. Lyric writers were beset with such problems as setting titles like The Revolt of Mamie Stover to music and the situation rapidly became ludicrous. But the commercial attitude has remained: To hell with the score—let’s get that title song on the charts!

The second event was the success of my own Man with the Golden Arm in 1955, which was compounded by Henry Mancini’s TV success with Peter Gunn. With the commercial bonanza of these “pop” sounds in two perfectly legitimate situations—my score was not a jazz score, but a score in which jazz elements were incorporated toward the end of creating specific atmosphere for that particular film—producers quickly began to transform film composing from a serious art into a pop art and more recently into pop garbage.

It is no secret that many title songs have made more money than the movies they came from. Movie companies suddenly became music publishing houses and recording firms so as not to allow any of the loot to slip by them. And in the process the serious composition of thoughtful film scores was given short shrift.

We live in times in which the soul must learn to live with the senseless killing of millions throughout the world; with the necessity of the double lock; with the knowledge of where not to walk after dark. We have learned to accept the philosophy that no person in public life can ever tell the whole truth, and that the future might hold annihilation either through man’s brutishness or through his ecological selfishness. In such a world, art tends to become sensation, aesthetics becomes a belief that the way to protest brutality is to reflect it in art. In motion pictures we are treated to an onslaught of violence and sensation, without form, without art, and without humanity. In this atmosphere the quality of film scores is being strangled by the search for effect, for “new sounds” without content and form on the part of the artist, and by avarice on the part of the producer. Today the once proud art of film scoring has turned into a sound, a sensation, or hopefully a hit. How ironic that in an era in which music enjoys its greatest popularity as an art, film producers are demonstrating the greatest ignorance of the use of music in films since the beginning of that medium’s history.
by Garry Margolis

Why Soundtrack Albums Don't Sound Better

If you want to hear well-engineered movie music recordings at home, maybe you should live in Radio City Music Hall.

Motion picture sound has often been referred to in disparaging terms by many listeners who are used to hearing magnificent recordings made for the home and who compare these with so-called "original soundtrack" discs. They wonder why a recording that sounded fine when they saw the film in a theater sounds so bad in the home.

The best sound ever heard in the motion picture theater was that of the "silent" film, when major motion pictures were released with scores to be performed live—by full symphony orchestras or on massive theater organs in first-run houses of large cities; by smaller ensembles in smaller cities; and finally on broken-down pianos in the small-town grind houses. The less prestigious films relied on the musicians' not always apt ingenuity to supply appropriate music. My father remembers seeing a film of the French Revolution in which a cheering throng began to sing, according to the title flashed on the screen, "La Marseillaise," while the theater pianist banged out. Yes. We Have No Bananas.

The cost of using live performers was always a problem, and with the advent of electrical recording and reproduction techniques, films were made with semisynchronized musical scores recorded on discs or (optically) on film. Silent films were doomed when The Jazz Singer was released. It had a few musical numbers recorded in lip synchronization on discs, a process called "Vitaphone." For a few years, sound on disc and sound on film competed on an equal basis, but by the early Thirties, sound on disc had expired due to editing and projection difficulties. Optical sound in the theater became king, and remains so to this day.

Having created the "talkie," motion picture sound engineers did not rest on their laurels but led the way in many important areas, all of which we now take for granted. Stereophonic sound, for example, was first utilized commercially in Walt Disney's 1940 film Fantasia. Recorded on multiple tracks of optical sound at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, and reproduced in multichannel stereo in major cities, Fantasia gave the general public its first taste of directional sound reproduction. In the early Fifties This is Cinerama and its sequels, as well as House of Wax, used multiple-track separate magnetic sound. While 20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope process, from the same period, introduced the commercial use of what we now call quadraphonic sound. In 1955 Around the World in 80 Days, filmed in 70-mm. Todd-AO, included six-channel music composed by Victor Young. Meanwhile, the only home stereo was from Audiosphere and Livingston prerecorded tapes and Cook double-banded binaural discs. Today we have advanced some twenty years in technical development, but the average soundtrack recording still sounds terrible in the home. The main reason is that film scores are recorded for a completely different listening environment than that of a living room. Taking the average size and reverberation of the motion picture theater into consideration, soundtracks are recorded relatively dry. Otherwise the sound reproduced in the cavernous theater would be muddy. In the living room, however, these recordings sound flat and dull.

Further, instead of trying for wide range, flat response in theaters, motion picture engineers have, over the years, created a quasi standard response curve, taking into account the limited frequency response, distortion, and noise of optical sound. The response curves of theater loudspeaker systems.

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and the acoustical characteristics of a large room with varying numbers of patrons absorbing sound and with air conditioning rumbles and whooshes. The resultant recording characteristics are antithetical to home listening, where an effort is made to get as wide and flat a response as is technologically feasible.

For reasons of economy, movie palaces were equipped with large, highly efficient horn speaker systems; such systems could move large volumes of air with only a few watts of amplifier output. Also, because of related mechanical and electronic problems, a lower limit of 60-70 Hz was placed on film soundtracks while problems with optical sound scanning slits in projectors and signal-to-noise ratios imposed a practical top limit of 8-10 kHz.

These restrictions continue to this day; even though improved technology has solved much of the difficulty, thousands of theaters are still using old equipment because their owners cannot afford to update it. Not that updating hasn't been tried—the CinemaScope process originally substituted four-channel magnetic striped prints in an effort by Fox to force theater owners to install new equipment. The effort failed because television was decimating the film audience and few independent theater owners could afford to make new installations. Most theaters either did not show stereo films at all, or installed magnetic heads, paralleled the outputs, and played the result as good old mono through their old systems. The CinemaScope format was later revised to allow for an optical soundtrack. The 70-mm. processes, with six channel magnetic sound on the film, survived only because they needed such a radical equipment change that only first-run houses could put in the new projectors the system required; and these theaters went whole hog with new sound systems as well. For multiple release, 70-mm. films are reduction-printed onto 35-mm. film with optical sound, which can then be shown in the neighborhood houses.

Even with old-fashioned optical sound, the result in a good theater can be quite satisfying, underlining the validity of Dr. Harry Olson's research in the Forties, which showed that in blind tests educated listeners preferred restricted range with low distortion to wide range with moderate to high distortion.

Let us say that after viewing *Gone With the Wind*, with its incredibly lush score by the late Max Steiner, the home listener decides to purchase the soundtrack album (MGM S1E10ST). He is in for a shock. The recording for that film was originally made in 1939 on optical film and has been gussied up with liberal echo and pseudo-stereo rechanneling. He finds to his dismay that the original sounded much better! This is an extreme case, of course. Since the early Fifties films have been recorded on magnetic originals, and most scores have been recorded on three channels for convenience, even though the final film may be released in mono only. However, most of the major soundtrack discs are still relatively unpalatable, for the reasons outlined above. To make up for soundtrack limitations, some companies—until recently, most companies—added reverberation to the commer-
cial releases, on the assumption that concert hall sound can be duplicated merely by adding echo to a dry recording, and the more the better. Such a muddy acoustic disaster as the disc release from *Music Lovers* (United Artists 5217), the Tchaikovsky "biography," makes one wonder if acoustical recording wasn't better than this—even though the film's original recording engineer was the skilled Jimmy Locke, who has worked on many Decca/London classical albums.

True, echoed releases can be quite tasteful and reasonable, such as "My Fair Lady" (Columbia KOS 2600), "Funny Girl" (Columbia BOS 3220), and "Fiddler On the Roof" (United Artists 10900), or at least acceptable, although hollow, such as "Born Free" (MGM S 4368) and "How the West Was Won" (MGM S 1E5ST).

The "West Side Story" soundtrack album (Columbia OS 2070), on the other hand, is essentially a straight transfer of the original sound from the film without acoustical modifications. In a theater this recording makes the orchestra sound as though it were spread out right behind the screen—in the home, it sounds dry and dull.

Soundtrack discs that sound fine in the home, such as "The Boy Friend" (MGM lSE 32ST) and "Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter" (Angel S 36789), become too distant and reverberant in the movie; instead of bringing the music into the theater, they put it somewhere outside the back wall.

Two different approaches have been taken to resolve this problem. The first and more expensive way is to completely re-record the music for home release, as was done with Miklos Rosza's score for *BenHur* (MGM S1E1). In fact, Henry Mancini used to insist on re-recording his film scores from scratch. He did this for "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (RCA LSP 2362) and "Hatari" (RCA LSP 2559), and in the process he reworked some of the fragmented cues into more complete segments.

Record companies, however, do not like to re-do film scores because the musicians who play in the film are paid for only one additional session if they don't have to play for a new recording, whereas a new recording entails many sessions. In Hollywood, Glen Glenn Sound, a major independent sound service, was the first to implement an obvious solution: Make the usual film-equalized recording and simultaneously cut a 16-track recording of the session for later remix. Their studio has the latest style of console and adjustable acoustics. The only film score recording from that studio I have been able to evaluate is "The Hawaiians" (United Artists 5210), composed by Henry Mancini. It is a good quality recording, though the violins sound as if they are being piped in over a telephone line from another room, with lots of reverberation to make a small section sound fuller—another common problem.

Rock film recordings, such as the Beatles' "Hard Day's Night" (United Artists 6366) and "Help" (Capitol SMAS 2386), are essentially artificial—no group can sound like that in live performance. When music is made in the studio, realism goes out the window, and the same recording made for the home can be quite acceptable in a film. The originals for "Woodstock" (Cotillion 500), however, were recorded on seven tracks (the eighth was used for synchronization), and the sound was separately remixed for the film and for the disc. This film is one of the finest examples of four-track reproduction yet made for a theater and the use of the single rear channel is extremely exciting. When, for example, Sly and the Family Stone bellows out "Higher" from three front speakers and a half million people roar back antiphonally from the rear, the sense of participation is spectacular. Another trick the engineers used was to record the dialogue at a relatively low level, necessitating keeping the gain high in the theater to make those sections intelligible. This made the music portions louder without requiring projectionists to adjust levels during the film. The disc is completely different in sound but is also quite good.

It could easily be said at this point that the answer to the compatibility problem is to record everything on eight or sixteen tracks and synthesize two versions from these multichannel originals. Unfortunately, while this can work very well for pop and rock, I have yet to hear an acceptable synthetic symphonic recording with acoustics supplied by equalizers and reverberation devices. So the big, schmaltzy symphonic scores will probably continue to be recorded at such places as the Goldwyn Studio scoring stage, which is so old that it still has a Vitaphone recording booth on one wall, but whose acoustics are ideal for such recordings. (The Goldwyn management would probably have remodeled the studio years ago except for the protests of musicians who fear that even one nail pounded into the wall will change the acoustics.)

One can only advise the purchaser of soundtrack albums to beware of the inherent problems in these hybrid beasts. Few symphonic film scores will sound right in the home even if they were well recorded for film purposes. One can only hope that separate sessions were held for the record buyer. Pop, jazz, and rock—particularly if dual masters were made—can be entirely satisfying, assuming that they were properly remixed. Unfortunately, there is no way of knowing whether any of this was done simply by looking at the record jacket.

Hopefully film producers and record companies will soon realize that merely adding echo to a film track will not satisfy the home listener. He has been spoiled by the superior product made for his listening environment, and expects the same standards on every disc he buys regardless of its origin.
Take another look at your collection. There may be gold in that nostalgia.

The Investment Market in Movie Music Albums
by Ken Sutak

Several months ago, two copies of John Green's double album "Raintree County" soundtrack surfaced in a New York City record store, selling for $2.99 a set. The first person to discover them walked out of the store's storage room hopefully holding one set in each hand. Both sets were immediately wrenched from both hands by two of Hopeful's friends, who thereupon raced toward the checkout counter, threw a few dollar bills toward the register, and escaped with their prizes.

To make up for his lost opportunity the store's salesmen promised Hopeful to hold for him two other "Raintree County" sets, then in transit from the store's warehouse. But when Hopeful appeared the next day to claim his records, he was told that a third friend had just picked up the two sets on Hopeful's behalf. Hopeful, of course, never did see those sets. He had made the fatal error of mentioning that "Raintree County" had appeared in Greenwich Village at $2.99 a set.

What followed became known, in record-collector circles, as "The Return of Raintree County." Within a week, scores of record buyers had entered the store asking for the set. More buyers took to cars and sped from Brooklyn to Queens to Harlem, hoping that other stores in the chain had received similar shipments. Some even invaded the chain's warehouse and devoted whole days to opening boxes, fingering files, leveling stacks, and—necks bent at 45-degree angles for hours on end—reading the spine identifications of thousands of shelved LPs. The final New York tally on "The Return" was twelve "Raintree County" sets.

These buyers, for the most part, were film music collectors. Several were soundtrack investors. Both groups make up a large part of what is known as the soundtrack market. Within this market, the "Raintree County" set (RCA) carries a $100 price tag, though individual sales of $125, even $150, have occurred. Which means that the twelve-set haul was worth well over $1,000 and was collectively acquired for a nominal $36 investment.

"Raintree County" is hardly the only film music recording that generates such behavior. Nor is it the highest-priced item in the marketplace. Bernard Herrmann's "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" has brought a $250 check, and Herrmann's "Vertigo" has been sold for as much as $180. The LP combining the music of Max Steiner's Now, Voyager, The Informer, and Since You Went Away with Alex North's A Streetcar Named Desire goes for $200. Alfred Newman's The Song of Bernadette, Miklos Rozsa's Ivanhoe/Madame Bovary/Plymouth Adventure, and Rozsa's Thief of Baghdad/Kipling's Jungle Book are in the $100 class. While Steiner's The Caine Mutiny, which was withdrawn from record stores within a few days of its issue in 1954, is today so rare that nobody can guess what a do-or-die collector would pay for it.

These sums are, to put it mildly, a lot of money to pay for records. And they also represent opportunities to make a lot of money by selling records. To avoid the former, or to take advantage of the latter, one must understand the soundtrack market itself.

Consider the economics. Today there exists an already large and continuously growing market for recorded film music by those composers deemed to be good, and sometimes great. But the supply of these recordings is, with isolated exceptions, continuously shrinking. The shrinkage is due to the fact that those composers of greatest interest to this market are almost invariably dead, unemployed, retired, employed but irregularly recorded, or so disgusted with the current state of film music that

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$150

High Fidelity Magazine

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they refuse to leave the concert hall. Almost all of their serious work in films occurred prior to the early 1960s, and almost all of their recordings were issued, and then deleted, in the 1950s and 1960s. If a music lover happened to be born in 1955 and discovers William Walton only in 1972 via a televised rerun of Henry V, he'll have to pay $40 to buy "Henry" on record if he wants to hear Walton's music uninterrupted by dialogue or sound effects, for the album "Henry V" is very, very difficult to locate.

The soundtrack market is composed of thousands of such persons. Many, of course, are old enough to have had the opportunity to purchase these records when they were available. Consequently their collections sometimes extend from 1932 Max Steiner to 1972 Jerry Goldsmith. These collectors search only for what they bypassed way back when.

But most collectors are young, in their teens or early twenties. In fact, most of the market grew up paying homage to Presley or the Stones, refusing to recognize the existence of a full orchestra until individuals came to realize that, say, the incredible musical thunder announcing Errol Flynn's ready-for-battle posture in The Sea Hawk generated a great deal more excitement than the wail of an electric guitar. Yet the realization comes when it is approximately twenty times more expensive to purchase the recorded thunder than to purchase the recorded wail.

Why? Because the soundtrack market, which did not exist ten years ago, today extends throughout America and Europe. It consists of an intricate web of mail-order dealers, rare-record stores, nostalgia shops, soundtrack traders, and mobile investors who buy on a shoestring and sell at huge profit margins. Thus the rare albums by distinguished composers who devoted entire or partial careers to writing for films command uniformly high prices.

This is not to say that all rare film-music albums are high priced. Thousands of these albums—most of them soundtracks—have been issued since the appearance of the 78 rpm "Kipling's Jungle Book" narrated by Sabu and with music by Miklos Rozsa in the mid-1940s. But perhaps 400 are considered worthwhile—musically, cinematically, or both. About 300 of the 400 are rare. As for the thousands beyond the 400, well, the market has coined a rubric—"junk albums." Junk albums are ignored.

Rare albums which do bring high prices in the market can be identified almost without exception by composer. The soundtrack market's "Who's Who" might begin with a listing of those composers who devoted whole careers not only to fixing the forms of film music but to developing creative styles within the format: Alfred Newman, Max Steiner, Franz Waxman, Hugo Friedhofer, David Raksin, Victor Young, and Bronislau Kaper. Dmitri Tiomkin and Frank Skinner are often included here. Especially valued are those composers who divided their careers between film and concert hall composition: Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Miklos Rozsa, George Antheil, and Bernard Herrmann. Rare albums of film music by composers who won fame outside of film work are always high priced within the market; the familiar names include William Walton, Ralph Vaughan Williams, Arthur Bliss, Sergei Prokofiev, Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Phillip Sainton, and David Amram.

Rare albums by "second-string" regulars like George Duning, Leith Stevens, Leigh Harline, Paul Smith, and Malcolm Arnold bring reasonably high prices. Composers who broke new ground in intelli-
TOM CURTIS BMITMER

$40

gent film work in the 1950s are admired and high priced: Elmer Bernstein, Ernest Gold, André Previn, Jerome Moross, Leonard Rosenman, and in particular, Alex North. Foreign composers like Georges Auric, Nino Rota, Mario Nascimbene, and Georges Delerue also have large followings.

A prime factor of the soundtrack market is that it is relatively easy to tap, especially for a collector who already owns several rarities by these composers. But any person can begin acquiring important film music albums now for future resale at large profits.

If you want to sell to the soundtrack market you should first price the albums somewhere between 25% (for the average rarity) and 50% (for blockbusters) below market. Second, print or mimeograph a few hundred copies of your list of albums for sale. Third, run a “Rare Soundtracks” ad in the classified section of this or any good music or film magazine. Fourth, send your listing to those who respond. The checks follow.

Market prices for rarities not listed here can usually be determined by inquiry at local record stores, preferably those that sell rare records. And note: Market prices apply to albums in excellent condition only. Even a quarter-inch scratch will turn a $40 item into a $10 special.

All rarities of course can be priced at full market value. But there is a risk involved—if the few collectors who are willing to pay the maximum prices for particular albums don’t see the ad, the albums won’t move.

There are alternatives to a personalized mail-order business. Most full-time mail-order dealers and rare-record retailers will purchase genuine rarities at about $10 to allow themselves a hefty profit margin upon resale. U.S. mail-order dealers to contact are:

- Filmusic Rec-Collections
  P.O. Box 197
  Roselle Park, N.J. 07204

- The Record Undertaker
  P.O. Box 437, Ansonia Station
  New York, N.Y. 10023

- Music Minstrel
  P.O. Box 15271, B Station
  New Orleans, La. 70115

- Orange County Fine Arts Assn.
  9281 Harle Ave.
  Anaheim, Cal. 92804

- Broadway/Hollywood Recordings
  Georgetown, Conn. 06829

Retailers include (all in New York City):

- Daytons, 824 Broadway
- The Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Ave.
- The Colony, 1671 Broadway
- Merit Music, 57 West 46th St.
- The Interesting Record Store, 220 West 23rd St.

The last two stores will also sell rare film-music albums on a 50% commission.

As for film-music investment, the threat of reissue presents a risk, but wrong moves in the soundtrack market—i.e., the purchase of junk albums—will almost certainly mitigate financial success and even insure over-all losses.

Rarities present few problems. If they can be found at all, they will appear in old record bins dubbed “dollar files” (regular record stores have them, and so do carnivals, open-air markets, and most discount stores) or in old record collections. And occasionally a rare item shows up in the regular-price soundtrack files of record stores. Many deleted albums by market-honored composers still flood the discount files. The market prices of the long-deleted “Cleopatra” and “Lord Jim” albums, for instance, have yet to surpass $1.00. Yet ten years from now, when the flood is history, both will certainly sell at respectable prices.

But albums by film composers disdained by the market will probably never sell at prices above $1.00, rare or not, if experience is any rule. And of newer composers writing for films, very few indeed are considered to be writing good film scores. Jerry Goldsmith and John Williams are admired, but only for scores attempting something much more serious than a succession of pop tunes. Goldsmith’s “The Blue Max” (Mainstream), “A Patch of Blue” (Mainstream), “In Harm’s Way” (RCA) and “The
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<tr>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Record Details</th>
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<td>The Pride and the Passion (Capitol)</td>
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<td>Aaron Copland</td>
<td>Music for the Movies (MGM)</td>
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<td>Hugo Friedhofer</td>
<td>An Affair to Remember (Columbia)</td>
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<td>The Young Lions (Decca)</td>
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<td>Bernard Herrmann</td>
<td>The 7th Voyage of Sinbad (Colpix)</td>
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<td>Vertigo (Mercury)</td>
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<td>Twisted Nerve (Polydor, England)</td>
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<td>A Certain Smile (Columbia)</td>
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<td>The Long Hot Summer (Roulette)</td>
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<td>David Rakusin</td>
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<td>Miklos Rozsa</td>
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<td>Moby Dick (RCA)</td>
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<td>Walter Schumann</td>
<td>Night of the Hunter (RCA)</td>
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<td>Man of a Thousand Faces (Decca)</td>
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<td>Mischa Spoliansky</td>
<td>Saint Joan (Capitol)</td>
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<td>Max Steiner</td>
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<td>Destination Moon (Omega)</td>
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<td>Virgil Thomison</td>
<td>Louisiana Story (Decca)</td>
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<td>Dimitri Tiomkin</td>
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<td>William Walton</td>
<td>Henry V / Hamlet / Richard III (Angel)</td>
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<td>Taras Bulba (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Samson and Delilah / The Quiet Man (Decca)</td>
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<td>Elmer Bernstein</td>
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<td>The War Lord (Decca)</td>
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<td>Andre Previn</td>
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<td>The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse (MGM)</td>
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<td>Leonard Rosenman</td>
<td>East of Eden / Rebel Without a Cause (Columbia or Imperial)</td>
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<td>Edge of the City / The Cobweb (MGM)</td>
<td>$40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nino Rota</td>
<td>War and Peace (Columbia)</td>
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Note to Film Music Collectors
(warning to film music investors)

Those interested in the music of the golden age of film scores might like to know of a new record club formed by movie composer Elmer Bernstein (whose own article on the subject appears on page 55). This club intends to record the great soundtracks of the past, said "greatness" being decided by the members themselves. If you would like more information, write to Mr. Bernstein, c/o HIGH FIDELITY, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230.

Sand Pebbles" (Fox) can still be found and make excellent $1.00-$2.00 investments. Williams’ "The Reivers" (Columbia) and "Jane Eyre" (Capitol), both still in print, will one day bring high out-of-print prices. France’s Georges Delerue is well liked, and "King of Hearts" (U.A.) goes for $30. The later careers of Henry Mancini and John Barry have not gone unnoticed. The recordings of "Elizabeth Taylor in London" (Barry, Colpix) and "Two For the Road" (Mancini, RCA) are good bets for future prices of respect.

But as far as the soundtrack market and the newer film composers go, that’s it. France’s Maurice Jarre, Michel Legrand, and Francis Lai, despite the huge popularity of "Doctor Zhivago," "Summer of ‘42," and "Love Story" among the pop-song syndrome [see Bernstein’s article on page 55) go unrecorded.

In fact, of the really high-priced composers, only Herrmann, North, Raksin, Friedhofer, and Elmer Bernstein still write for films, and only Bernstein is still extremely active in film scoring. And their current scores, devoid of the pop-song syndrome [see Bernstein’s article on page 55] go unrecorded.

For the investor this means that virtually the last of the big-time soundtrack market opportunities are now in print or were recently deleted and can still be found for a few months at least. Among the former: Newman’s "The Robe" (Decca) and "The Egyptian" (Decca), Herrmann’s "Music From the Great Film Classics" and "The Great Movie Thrillers" (both on London), Young’s "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (Warner Bros.), and Alex North’s "Spartacus" (Decca). Among recent deletions presenting major investment values: North’s "Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf" (Warner Bros.), Young’s "Around the World in Thirty Days" (Decca), Newman’s "Nevada Smith" (Dot), and Bernstein’s "The Ten Commandments" (Dot), "Hawaii" (U.A.), and "Where’s Jack?" (Paramount). All may sell for $50 or more within ten years of cut-out date unless Bernstein’s germinating club [see accompanying boxed "Note to Film Music Collectors"] or some other outfit re-records or reissues them.

The reissue, a boon to the market’s collectors, is a pitfall to the market’s investors. A London reissue of Arthur Bliss’s "Things to Come" knocked $35 off the market price of the old RCA recording. Aaron Copland’s "The Red Pony," on Columbia, which went for $30 last year, is now $2.98, having been reissued on Odyssey in the interim. These are not isolated examples: reissues are becoming more prevalent. Their source, oddly enough, has been not the U.S. record companies but the European, which are reissuing, and sometimes recording for the first time, many important film scores by U.S. composers.

Italy’s Nino Rota, composer of the music for The Godfather, Romeo and Juliet, and all the Fellini films, explained why in the July 1971 issue of Films in Review: "In the U.S. you take these men for granted and treat their great film work as ephemera. In Europe they are considered to be important artists and the harvest of their genius is yet to be reaped. Serious music for films is as distinguished as that for the concert hall."

So from Europe comes the beginning of what could, within a few years, turn the "blockbuster" part of the market upside down. In England, Walton’s "The First of the Few" suite has been recorded anew (EMI), and Polydor has recently re-released Steiner’s "Gone With the Wind." Newman’s "How the West Was Won," and Kaper’s "Lili" and "Mutiny on the Bounty." England’s Pye was the first company to record Herrmann’s "Citizen Kane" and "All That Money Can Buy," and Pye encored by releasing several of Herrmann’s concert works. Polydor has promised to reissue every recorded Miklos Rozsa film score it can obtain the rights to; "Ben-Hur," "King of Kings," Julius Caesar," and "Great Film Themes" have already appeared. Britain’s Sunset is responsible for the return of Jerome Moross’ "The Big Country" and Elmer Bernstein’s "The Magnificent Seven."

If such news goes far to please the market’s collectors, it sends investors—who this year began purchasing these former cut-outs in quantity for future resale at enormous profit margins—racing for the aspirin.

Nevertheless, most obtainable film music recordings of market interest can only become rare, and most rare film music recordings already widely sought can only become rarer. And as more and more young people discover the orchestra while watching Scarlett return to Tara, Henry V enter battle, Spartacus and the slaves march toward the sea, or Robin Hood stride into Prince John’s castle with a deer on his shoulders, the market for these albums can only continue to grow.

Dollar for dollar, they represent the best investments a music-loving investor can make.
No-Nonsense Nonsense

Two new recordings of Façade to celebrate Walton's birthday

Façade itself that is one of a kind, not only in its phantasmic-impudent music but also in the synaesthetic silliness of Edith Sitwell's sonically experimental poems. Façade is where Walton got his creative personality together and where it came to triumphant full flower. More's the pity that its atypical instrumentation (flute/piccolo, clarinet/bass clarinet, alto sax, trumpet, percussion, and cello or two cellos, plus reciter) has denied the piece any viable concert hall status from the beginning. Perhaps that is why the composer adds his personal prestige (as conductor) to the Argo performance, having attained the bibliucal summit of his career, he has earned the right to hope that his most illustrious progeny may be legitimized at last—if only potential listeners can be induced not to think of it as chamber music! As long as the imperatives of public performance remain in force, however, this extraordinary amalgam of verbal and instrumental sonorities (not unlike its distantly related Central European forebear: Arnold Schoenberg's 1912 Pierrot Lunaire) will continue to owe its lusty survival to the phonograph.

As published, Façade comprises twenty-one poems. Two of the previous recordings conform to the Oxford University Press score, but one of these (the Edith Sitwell-Pears edition under Anthony Collins: London mono LL 1133) already has been deleted. That leaves the Decca, a 1964 release on which the poems are divided more or less evenly between Hermione Gingold and Russell Oberlin, with Thomas Dunn conducting. And for unreconstructed admirers of Dame Edith's delivery there is also a Columbia "Special Products" issue deriving from a 78-rpm album; Frederick Prausnitz directs this almost-complete performance (twenty numbers), but do not try to hear it with score in hand because the sequence of poems is quite different and indeed so are many of the lines.

Each of the more directly competitive new editions is excellent, and both provide better sound than the Decca version of eight years ago. But the unlikely team of Gingold and Oberlin (yes, the countertenor!) did a smashing good job and their collaboration ought not to be dismissed without a hearing by anyone who has acquired a taste for this congeries of musicoliterary comestibles.

It is consoling to rationalize that all who love Façade probably own the Decca recording (if not others as well) and will now hasten to get the Argo and the Angel. Those who want only one performance in their library are guaranteed satisfaction with either of the birthday releases—provided they do not decide to audition the other, in which case they are guaranteed a dilemma. But the following may help. (That is not guaranteed.)

To start with, the printed score calls for a "Reciter"—i.e., one. All of the post-1951 recordings have used two, not excluding Walton's own. The assignments by gender...
in the present pair represent agreement in fewer than a third of the twenty-one poems. Walton enlists his speakers in tandem five times. In the Angel edition there is much more symmetry, if that be a virtue: Each speaker there does ten poems, with each twice drawing two consecutively, and they join forces only at the end. Argo offers band separations throughout, which would account for some but certainly not all of the disparity in total timings; the Angel performance is faster by something over four minutes. So much for readily quantifiable differences.

Rank-ordering the speakers is an exercise in frustration not because it is difficult but because it is easy (granted that this is an adjudication fraught with subjectivity). After several hearings I would unequivocally rate them thus: (1) Fielding; (2) Scofield; (3) Flanders; (4) Ashcroft. As you see, that gives you a strength and a weakness in each pair. In No. 11 both Ashcroft and Flanders depart from the text in the score to substitute "thick" for "flat"—the same word appears in the accompanying leaflets, however, suggesting that Dame Edith may have made the change herself. (Or simply that there was a typographical error in the score.) And there is a general inconsistency in the pronunciation of such words as "wind" (what I should have thought to be the noun comes out a verb instead, as in winding the clock), though I concede that this kind of quibble may reveal some profound ignorance on my part. Nola contendere.

Fielding is wonderful almost everywhere, though she does have trouble with her tra-la-la's in the Polka (No. 13). I am not sure that Dame Edith would share my enthusiasm because she viewed her poems as abstractions, as explorations of sound and structure, whereas Fielding cannot resist acting with her voice. But oh, what acting! Flanders has a tendency to muffle his patter passages, but he gets better and better as the performance unfolds, and his last solo reading (of No. 19: Popular Song) is marvelous. Ashcroft's obvious devotion to the text is sometimes vitiated by an unsettling quiver, though she excels in the Jodeling Song (No. 17). Scofield, as one would expect, is a joy. He is sensational in the Scotch Rhapsody (No. 18—the one that begins "Do not take a bath in Jordan/Gordon"), for which he provides a most magnificent burr; and the deadpan he achieves in the Fox-Trot: Old Sir Faulk (No. 20) is if anything even more virtuosic in its way.

All of the musicians in these performances are thoroughly professional. Certain of them may be heard on both discs for all we know; Angel's are identified, but Argo's are not. The fact that Sir William conducts the latter group automatically affixes an imprimatur that cannot be gainsaid, though Marriner's brisker tempos are exhilarating. And the uninhibited high jinks of his crackerjack soloists add real pizzazz to Dame Edith's immortal no-nonsense nonsense.


Selected comparisons:
Gingold, Oberlin, Dunn
Sitwell, Prausnitz

by David Hamilton

Five Metropolitan Opera Stars, 1918–66

DIGGING INTO the Columbia archives, Odyssey has come up with a quintet of vocal reissues—five singers whose activity centered at the Metropolitan Opera, their overlapping careers covering nearly a half century of that house's history. From Rosa Ponselle's debut in 1918 to Eleanor Steber's last appearance at the 1966 gala farewell to the old house. Even the conjunctures of these names suggest specific occasions: Ponselle and Pinza in Norma and Forza del destino; Pons and Pinza in Lucia. Steber, Savo, and Pinza in Figaro and Don Giovanni. However, Columbia's access to their recorded pasts is (with the exception of Ponselle) limited to the years beginning in 1940, a period that catches them in different states of vocal mastery. Further, the repertory chosen does not always reflect the roles for which they were best known (e.g., Pons never sang Mozart during her New York career; except as interpolations in the Lesson Scene of Il Barbiere). There is nevertheless some valuable material here.

Rosa Ponselle made her Met debut at the age of twenty-one in Verdi's Forza, and started soon thereafter to record for Columbia. Although these discs have not had the réclame of her later Victor, they constitute a significant part of the Ponselle legacy—for example, the Trovatore and Vespri selections were never remade—and it is good to have them brought again before the public ear. All the published Ponselle Colombias have been dubbed before, on three Scala discs, but with indifferent care (e.g., the 'D'amor sull'ali rosee' is desperately below pitch on Scala 803); I'm pleased to report that the Odyssey job is excellent: good clean copies (with one exception), played at the proper speed, with no evident gimmickry.

There is certainly no less vocal mastery here than on the Victors; rather the opposite is the case of the Vespri Bolero, a dazzling piece of coloratura singing by any standard, well worth hearing through the lash of surface noise that besets this single band. And the Trovatore pieces are also noteworthy for the precision of the duet (Stracciani is a strong partner here) and the security of the top notes in "D'amor" (even the D flat is taken). One deduces, too, that the voice had less spin and richness than in later years, a "straighter" sound, though the limitations of acoustic recording may be in part responsible for this impression. As I noted with respect to last year's Victrola reissue, sometimes the masterful phrases and details do not add up to a coherent whole—the occasional rushed tempos, nibbling cuts, orchestral scrabbles, and the truly abysmal barbershop gathering that passes for a chorus in "La vergine degli angeli" can hardly have...
Odyssey reissues of Ponselle, Pons, Pinza, Sayão, and Steber

been conducive to total artistic concentration. But the best of this disc is pretty near the best singing there ever was: I hope Odyssey will favor us with more Ponselle.

Pinza, whose Met debut took place in 1926 (opposite Ponselle, in La Vestale), was over fifty when he came to record for Columbia (much of his work for Victor in the late Twenties is reissued on Victrola VIC 1418 and 1478); these tracks, in fact, represent the immediate pre-South Pacific period, when there was less bite to the forte sound, a slight "hoarse" quality at lower dynamic levels, and a chancy top that tends to come apart from the rest of the voice. At the same time, the legato and intonation were otherwise unimpaired, the declamatory authority and musicianship remarkable as ever. If no single item on this disc can be counted among the very best versions of the arias in question, several are still quite fine, within the tonal limitations mentioned—the two Verdis, the "La calunnia" (a bit of hamming, but very ripe in character), the Norma (trouble here at the top, and some roughness from the chorus), and the Coat Song from Bohème. The duets with Rise Stevens are effective reminders of her generous natural endowment and temperament; the Mignon is especially attractive, with fine intonation and ensemble.

From Columbia's 1944 Boris "highlights" in Italian (the favored language for this work at the Met until Bing's advent), we have Pimen's, Act IV Narrative and the Tsar's final scene (with chorus but no Evdor); these are on the hasty side, without much tension. Least good are the Don Giovanni numbers, especially the Champagne Aria with piano(!), which might have passed muster in the theater but will not stand up on its own. Almost all of these tracks have been on LP before, except the duets, but there are only four duplications with ML 5239, the last Pinza reissue on Columbia.

Lily Pons was Met Class of 1931, and the reissue of her Fille du régiment arias doubtless relates to the current Met success of the work: the last previous revival was that for Pons, some three decades ago. Fluent enough in the passage work, she hardly commanded the accuracy of intonation that we now look for in this music, let alone the tonal richness and dynamic range for the slow arias (even though the last two selections here are transposed up a tone). Without a context (not even a chorus is provided, let alone the soloists required at certain points) and the visual impact (surely quite different from Sutherland's!), not much comes through here. And the attempt to "re-create" a special feature of the 1940 revival—the interpolation of the Marseillaise at the opera's close—mistresses badly; at the Met, only the anthem's refrain was
used, sung by the entire company while Lily waved the Croix de Lorraine, but here we have a squally solo version of an entire stanza (recorded in 1946) absurdly tacked on via a Kostelanetz lead-in.

The Pons Mozart is no more recommendable. I fear, despite the presence of a distinguished Mozartian on the podium. The linguistic inconsistencies are risible. of course, but the singing is not more than mildly accurate, and occasionally less than that. Only Blondchen and Seixas seem to have been an appropriate Pons part (although she also sang Cherubino and the Queen of the Night during her early French career), and in "Welche Wonne" she comes to life rhythmically, whereas elsewhere the thin breathy tone and literal delivery are quite without vitality.

The fortuitous presence of "Voi che sapete" on both the Pons and Sayao discs is suggestive. not only with regard to the very different vocal characters—although that in itself is striking. the roundness and absolute security of the Brazilian soprano's tone being so obviously a better medium of musical transmission. Whereas Pons, singing in her native language, conveys nothing (hardly even convincing the listener that she is singing in French!). Sayao gives every word full value without sacrificing her impeccable legato.

If you want to hear the kind of perfectly tuned and linked singing that Pons achieved only erratically, try any band on Sayao's disc: for example, the opening chromatics of Juliette's Waltz, where the precision would seem to have been an appropriate part (although she also sang Cherubino and the Queen of the Night during her early French career), and in "Welche Wonne" she comes to life rhythmically, whereas elsewhere the thin breathy tone and literal delivery are quite without vitality.

Once or twice, one disagrees—I feel that the first Figaro aria misses the appropriate breathless quality in favor of a timidity and perrness that more properly belong to Susanna (which was, after all, Sayao's usual role). But the Gounod pieces could hardly be better (the Jewel Song here is a different take from the one previously issued, including some introductory recitative), and the Puccini is sui generis—even the Butterfly that she never sang on stage. though you wouldn't guess it from the dramatic authority. In the later recordings (Musetta and the Pagliacci numbers) the top is tangibly thinner, but the projection remains unimpaired. A singer who could this well define character in all its implications through sheer sonic means must also have been an unusual actress, and I regret never having seen her on stage.

Eleanor Steber was twenty-four at her debut in 1940, so the present selections, taken a decade or so later, should have found her in her prime. That she was already frayed, slightly tremulous and edgy, suggests the strenuous labors to which young voices were subjected during the Met's wartime dearth of singers; what should have been—on the basis of physical endowment and obvious musical intelligence—one of the great careers, never quite reached that level. All the same, Steber never seemed to have been the best part of that assumption, for the tone is strained and scrappy, the requisite vivacity dampened by stress. The more dramatic selections benefit from the (somewhat generalized) warmth of Steber's musical gestures, but the roughness of detail is a serious handicap on disc. Best are the Otello pieces, with Vinay's forcefulness evidently an effective stimulus. Often—as with the breath-control problem in the opening phrase of the Don Carlo piece—it is evident that technical limitations are undermining the musical intentions, and the over-done vowel sounds would probably tell the specialist something fundamental about the difficulties that beset this very sympathetic singer. (After hearing Ponselle express the wish, in an interview on her disc, that the LP had been invented sooner, it is more than a little ironic to find old-fashioned snippet-pruning in Steber's "Selec" and Don Carlo, as if the LP still hadn't been invented.)

In general, the dublings of the post-Ponselle material are well done, although occasional distortion on high and/or loud notes suggests that copying levels somewhere along the line were not perfectly controlled: unfortunately, I have no originals for comparison. No tects are provided, just anecdotal blurbs in imitation of the Francis Robinson manner (although that master would hardly have blundered into identifying Fanessa as the work of Menotti!) and handsome cover photos—but since when is the Marschallin a "Verdi heroine"?

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**VERDI HEROINES.** Eleanor Steber, soprano; nuclear orchestra, Pietro Cimarosa, con. Odyssey Y 31149, $2.98 (mono; from 78 originals, recorded 1944–47).

**MUSIOGEBSK: Boris Godunov.** Rimsky's "I will not be bound" (sung in Italian). **VERDI: I Trovatore.** Voi che sapete (in French). **Mozart: Flute in the "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman."**

**DONIZETTI: I Capuleti ed i Mit Inganna."**

**VERDI: I Trovatore.** "Tacea la notte placida" (arr. Leinsdorf; cond, by Erich Leinsdorf); "Mira, d'acerbe lagri me" (with Leon Dierxson). **Mozart: Don Giovanni.** "Ah, non ch'io desolato amico" (arr. LaForge); "La Vergine degli angeli" (with chorus). **Puccini: La boheme.** "Ave Maria." **Giacomo Puccini'sVerdi: II Trovatore.** "Tacea la notte placida." **Mozart: Requiem.** "Kostelanetz."

**ROSSIINO: II Barbiere di Siviglia.** "La calunnia" (arr. La Forge); "Salut a la France.** **Mozart: Don Giovanni.** "Ah, mon Dieu" (arr. La Forge); "Re pastore." **Puccini: La boheme.** "Voi che sapete." **Verdi: II Trovatore.** "Tacea la notte placida." **Mozart: Requiem.** "Kostelanetz."

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**AN EIZO PINZA RECITAL.** Ezio Pinza, bass; Rosa Linda, piano (in Finch's version of the Mzto Variations), cond; orchestra, Bruno Walter, con. (in other Mozart selections). **ODYSSEY Y 31148, $2.98 (from 78 originals, recorded 1944–47).**

**MUSIOGEBSK: Boris Godunov.** Rimsky's "I will not be bound" (sung in Italian). **VERDI: I Trovatore.** Voi che sapete (in French). **Mozart: Flute in the "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman."**

**DONIZETTI: I Capuleti ed i Mit Inganna."**

**VERDI: I Trovatore.** "Tacea la notte placida" (arr. Leinsdorf; cond, by Erich Leinsdorf); "Mira, d'acerbe lagri me" (with Leon Dierxson). **Mozart: Don Giovanni.** "Ah, non ch'io desolato amico" (arr. LaForge); "La Vergine degli angeli" (with chorus). **Puccini: La boheme.** "Ave Maria." **Giacomo Puccini'sVerdi: II Trovatore.** "Tacea la notte placida." **Mozart: Requiem.** "Kostelanetz."

**ROSSIINO: II Barbiere di Siviglia.** "La calunnia" (arr. La Forge); "Salut a la France.** **Mozart: Don Giovanni.** "Ah, mon Dieu" (arr. La Forge); "Re pastore." **Puccini: La boheme.** "Voi che sapete." **Verdi: II Trovatore.** "Tacea la notte placida." **Mozart: Requiem.** "Kostelanetz."

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**ROS PONSELLE SINGS VERDI.** Rosa Ponselle, soprano; orchestra, Romano Romani, con. Odyssey Y 31150, $2.98 (mono; from 78 originals, recorded 1920–22).

**VERDI: I Trovatore.** Tacea la notte placida (with Ricicardo Stracciari, baritone). **Mozart: Don Giovanni.** "Ah, non ch'io desolato amico" (arr. LaForge); "La Vergine degli angeli" (with chorus). **Puccini: La boheme.** "Ave Maria." **Giacomo Puccini's Verdi: II Trovatore.** "Tacea la notte placida." **Mozart: Requiem.** "Kostelanetz."

**ROSSIINO: II Barbiere di Siviglia.** "La calunnia" (arr. La Forge); "Salut a la France.** **Mozart: Don Giovanni.** "Ah, mon Dieu" (arr. La Forge); "Re pastore." **Puccini: La boheme.** "Voi che sapete." **Verdi: II Trovatore.** "Tacea la notte placida." **Mozart: Requiem.** "Kostelanetz."

**DONIZETTI: I Capuleti ed i Mit Inganna."**

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**A LILY PONS RECITAL.** Lily Pons, soprano; Columbia Concert Orchestra, Pietro Cimara, (in the Donizetti) and Andre Kostelanetz (in the Mozart Variations), con.; orchestra, Bruno Walter, con. (in other Mozart selections). Odyssey Y 31152, $2.98 (mono; from 78 originals, recorded 1941–47).

**DONIZETTI: I Capuleti ed i Mit Inganna."**

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**A BOLO SAAYAO RECITAL.** Boi Sauy, soprano; orchestra, Rosita Sanches, (in the Mozart Variations), cond.; orchestra, Bruno Walter, con. (in other Mozart selections). Odyssey Y 31151, $2.98 (mono; from 78 originals, recorded 1941–47).

**MUSIOGEBSK: Boris Godunov.** Rimsky's "I will not be bound" (sung in Italian). **VERDI: I Trovatore.** Voi che sapete (in French). **Mozart: Flute in the "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman."**

**DONIZETTI: I Capuleti ed i Mit Inganna."**

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**MUSIOGEBSK: Boris Godunov.** Rimsky's "I will not be bound" (sung in Italian). **VERDI: I Trovatore.** Voi che sapete (in French). **Mozart: Flute in the "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman."**

**DONIZETTI: I Capuleti ed i Mit Inganna."**

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**A BIDU SAYAO RECITAL.** Bidu Sayao, soprano; orchestra, Fausto Cleva, Erich Leinsdorf, and Pietro Cimara, con. Odyssey Y 31151, $2.98 (mono; from 78 originals, recorded 1941–47).

**MUSIOGEBSK: Boris Godunov.** Rimsky's "I will not be bound" (sung in Italian). **VERDI: I Trovatore.** Voi che sapete (in French). **Mozart: Flute in the "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman."**

**DONIZETTI: I Capuleti ed i Mit Inganna."**

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**MUSIOGEBSK: Boris Godunov.** Rimsky's "I will not be bound" (sung in Italian). **VERDI: I Trovatore.** Voi che sapete (in French). **Mozart: Flute in the "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman."**

**DONIZETTI: I Capuleti ed i Mit Inganna."**
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A Mass of Life

Delius' important and lovely score in a welcome new recording from Angel

by Donal Henahan

Delius' A Mass of Life is of course not a Mass in any traditional sense, no more than is his Requiem. In the album notes accompanying this welcome and generally quite splendid Angel release, the composer's onetime amanuensis, Eric Fenby, strongly suggests an ironical inquietude splendid Angel release, the composer's onetime revision sense, no more than is his Requiem. In the Angel recording, made in 1952, ever has entered the catalogue, and live performances fall squarely in the hen's-tooth category. Musical and physical problems do exist of course: a score that calls for six horns, four trumpets, and double chorus with soloists presents more than ordinary obstructions. But more difficult pieces are regularly performed and recorded—think only of Mahler's Resurrection Symphony with its ten horns, five clarinets, eight trumpets, and armies of singers. Then why such reluctance about A Mass of Life, Delius' most ambitious and in many ways his most satisfying work? The Nietzschean philosophy that permeates the score no doubt is partly responsible: Nordic Superman dropped out of fashion in art some twenty-five years ago and have not really been back since. But people do listen to the Ring, despite Wagner's distressing philosophy, don't they? Could Delius be suffering—one raises the possibility with great diffidence—not because of any unattractiveness in the Mass itself, but from the persistence of the Beecham legend?

Indeed, it must have taken some gumption on the part of Charles Groves and Angel to pitch into a fresh recording of this work. Even though the old Columbia (SL 197) mono recording has been unavailable in this country for years, the reissue in 1970 by British CBS gave any new version something extraordinarily difficult to match: major Delius, Beecham at his mature best, and sound that could hardly be better for its early-LP time. Sir Thomas did, after all, conduct the first performance, in 1909, and his recording should never be out of circulation. His reading of the Mass is consistently more alive to subtleties of atmosphere and drama than that of Groves, and the tension of the sustained big line never leaves the Beecham performance, even though it is on the whole a broader and more leisurely conception. Actually, Groves goes his own way in the matter of tempos—faster in The Night Song, more deliberately in The Dance Song, for instance—and moves over the ground more quickly in the final portions, when interest is in danger of running down: exactly where Beecham, with his keen instinct in these matters, slows down and luxuriates over details. At Noon in the Meadows, heard through a mist that at times turns almost opaque, is quintessential Beecham and Delius.

But is there another Delius, one whom Beecham does not own in perpetuity? Charles Groves in this richly recorded version suggests there can be. His vocal soloists are on the whole more accurate and more in focus than Beecham's, and they adopt a more intimate style that contrasts interestingly with some of the quasi-operatic singing heard from Charles Craig, Monica Sinclair, Rosina Raisbeck, and Bruce Boyce in the original. The most significant gain in the Angel version, however, is in cleaning up the orchestral and vocal picture so that one actually can hear Delius' score in proper balance.

For a telling instance of the new recording's virtues in this respect, listen to The Midnight Song, where the bass intone the portentous "O Mensch! Gib Acht! Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht!" while the contralto continues her nostalgic apostrophizing of Zarathustra. In Beecham, the solo voice rises as in an aria, and the chorus is so muffled that the text does not emerge. In Groves, both solo and choral parts come through, and the marvelous complexity of the passage can be heard. (An unreconstructed Beechamite of course could contend that Delius intended a muffled effect here, but it is undeniable that to hear such interweaving detail in this composer's music, so often smothered under impressionist gauze by Beecham imitators.) Angel's soloists all make exceptionally pleasing sounds, and Benjamin Luxon brings to Zarathustra's musings both a wide-ranging baritone and much sensitivity to the text's nuances. (One hears that Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau had been scheduled as the baritone in both the Beecham and Groves recordings, but took sick each time.)

So here is a major milestone in the Delius revival, done with love and care, sumptuously played and elegantly sung. Will it help give this exercise in music and philosophy some deserved circulation? If not, we may have to agree with Nietzsche that "philosophy is not suited for the masses. What they need is holiness." Delians may also hope that Columbia will be jogged into reissuing the Beecham performance in this country so that we may consult the Rosetta stone, if we wish.

This great performance of Mahler’s “Tragic” Symphony makes us even sadder that Szell will never repeat it.

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The BASF jamproof cassette. Because it'll never get stuck on you, you'll always be stuck on it.
Daniel Chorzempa's name came to my attention for the first time only a few months ago when these records were reviewed in the European press. Though he was born in Minnesota (in 1944) and has a degree from the University of Minnesota, Chorzempa has apparently chosen to make his career in Europe, where he is off to a blazing start to judge from the enthusiastic notices.

Now we have the records available here and can hear for ourselves just what the European critics have been so excited about. I must say Chorzempa's Bach record does sport the most exciting playing I've heard since Anthony Newman's sensational record debut more than two years ago. Newman's name comes immediately to mind because the two players approach Bach from a very similar point of view. One might summarize their stance by saying that they both have thoroughly immersed themselves in the historically correct stylistic approach to the music and then forgotten all the pedantic do's and don'ts in order to give very free, very individual, and tremendously exciting performances. Both are endowed with what must be called truly phenomenal technical facility with the instrument and both favor quick tempos, though to be sure Chorzempa doesn't even approach the extremes to which Newman is sometimes prone.

Like Newman, and a few other of the best Bach players around, Chorzempa phrases and articulates with extreme crispness and clarity. Yet there are so many good points that one should perhaps simply be grateful for her many insights into the mysteries of this complex score. It is a notable achievement, and there is still much here to be learned and enjoyed. R.P.M.

**BACH:** Organ Works. Daniel Chorzempa, organ (organ of Our Lady's Church, Breda). Philips 6500 214, $5.98.

From the catalogue fills a significant historical gap. Modern listeners accustomed to the less personal approach of Landowska's frequent rhythmic eccentricities, particularly noticeable in the slower variations, all seem unaffected, forming normal extensions of her somewhat rhetorical view of the music. More bothersome, however, is her puzzling quirk of sometimes repeating the opening phrase of a variation immediately after its final cadence (namely in Nos. 5, 7, and 18), thereby undermining the remarkable symmetry of Bach's formal plan. Yet there are so many good points that one should perhaps simply be grateful for her many insights into the mysteries of this complex score. It is a notable achievement, and there is still much here to be learned and enjoyed.

R.P.M.

**BACH:** Goldberg Variations, S. 988. Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. RCA Victrola VIC 1650, $2.98 (mono) from RCA Red Seal L M 1080, recorded in 1945.)

Landowska's Goldberg Variations marks the third volume of the late harpsichordist's Bach performances to be reissued by RCA. Dating 1945, her Goldberg represents an important milestone in recorded Bach performances, and its return to the catalogue fills a significant historical gap. Modern listeners accustomed to the less personal approach of Kirkpatrick or the more dazzling one of Anthony Newman may find her playing a bit old-fashioned, yet there are so many good points that one should perhaps simply be grateful for her many insights into the mysteries of this complex score. It is a notable achievement, and there is still much here to be learned and enjoyed.

R.P.M.

**BACH:** Organ Works. Daniel Chorzempa, organ (organ of Our Lady's Church, Breda). Philips 6500 214, $5.98.

Toecata and Fugue in D minor, S. 565; Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor, S. 582; Prelude and Fugue in D, S. 532; Prelude and Fugue in A minor, S. 543.

**LISZT:** Fantasy and Fugue on "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam": Variations on Bach's "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen." Daniel Chorzempa, organ (Flentrop organ of the Concert Hall "De Doelen," Rotterdam). Philips 6500 215, $5.98.

Daniel Chorzempa's name came to my attention for the first time only a few months ago when these records were reviewed in the European press. Though he was born in Minnesota (in 1944) and has a degree from the University of Minnesota, Chorzempa has apparently chosen to make his career in Europe, where he is off to a blazing start to judge from the enthusiastic notices.

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**BRAHMS:** Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in B flat, Op. 83. Artur Rubinstein, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3253, $5.98. Tape: RS 1243, $6.95; RK 1243, $6.95.

Selected comparisons:
- Bachhaus, Bohm
- Ruzpinstein, Krips
- Serkin, Selle
- Lon: 8550
- RCA 2296
- Col: 6697

The Brahms B flat Concerto has been recorded with great frequency over the years, but I wonder how many collectors recall who made the first one. None other than the pianist listed above, Artur Rubinstein! His 1930 HMV shellac set with Albert Coates and the London Symphony Orchestra was issued here as RCA orthophonic album M 80. Without Rubinstein's blessing, I might add: He is said to have loathed the performance and withheld approval (his bargaining power then wasn't what it is today).

Until recently, it seemed unthinkable that an octogenarian could summon the strength needed for this burly opus, surely one of the most demanding hurdles in the entire repertoire. Then, lo and behold, the eighty-year-old...
Wilhelm Backhaus re-recorded his performance for stereo and went on to confound the skeptics by performing it just as effectively at a live concert in Salzburg a year later. Rubinstein at eight-five went his late colleague one better by playing the piece in concert with the New York Philharmonic and then going to Philadelphia for recording sessions. Tapeing the Brahms and the Rachmaninoff Second as well in the space of two days.

Backhaus’s performance was impressive enough from a geriatrics standpoint. But for all its magnificent authority, the playing was patently that of an old man, and one gratefully accepted the flaws in the face of the many overwhelming strengths. Rubinstein’s work here is simply unbelievable. It is not an old man we hear on this record, but the voice of an eternal youth, full of energy, rhapsody, and romance. There are no fluffs, no tiny hesitations, no passages even slightly lacking in suppleness or fluidity. All the technical problems are met head on and conquered; everything sounds rock solid and completely limpid and spontaneous. From a musician of Rubinstein’s accomplishment such as this would be magnificent from an eighty-five-year-old veteran it is well impossible.

Indeed, Rubinstein has given the finest Brahms No. 2 I have ever heard from him, and there are reasonable grounds for preferring it to even so memorable an achievement as the Serkin/Szell/Columbia of a few years ago. I heard M 80 only once, nearly twenty years ago. It was terrifically exciting, as I remember, but a complete mess technically. The 1953 Rubinstein/Munch, while better controlled, was still rather erratic and flamboyant. By 1958 when he recorded the concerto for a third time (with Krips and the Symphony of the Air), Rubinstein had toned down his reading considerably. But even then the pianist did not seem to have the real measure of Brahms in his bloodstream. There were too many fancy rubatos and nuances, episodes of inspired lyricism alternating with finicky overphrasing and even a remnant or two of the old slovenliness. It seemed at the time that Rubinstein had come as close as he could to a work whose essential qualities nevertheless still eluded him.

In preparing this review, I heard the Krips and Munch performances. Plainly, it is Rubinstein who has changed, not the Brahms tradition. The style is bass-oriented—planned from the bottom up. Phrases have superb solidity and simplicity. Everything fits together in a kind of grand arching momentum. It’s a bit gruff, but full of humor when that ingredient is called for. Ormandy gives firmly delineated, richly inflected support. He is an old hand at this music and has no less than five recorded performances of it to his credit (equally, incidentally, the record held by the late George Szell in the D minor Concerto). The orchestral work, even by Philadelphia standards, is first-rate, with especially splendid contributions from first cellist Samuel Mayes and the French horn (an RCA spokesman tells me that Mason Jones was out sick that day and that his assistant pinch-hit for him). RCA’s sound is also euphonic and spacious. The piano is very close (which flattens Rubinstein’s newly found impact) and yet everything in the ensemble comes through with ideal audibility. You must of course accept the fact that the Rubinstein/Ormandy approach is more blended and generalized than, say, the Serkin/Szell. In sum, this recording does everyone proud.


Selected comparison (Chopin): Ashkenazy
Selected comparison (Falla): Rubinstein

Strange as it may seem, discophiles have had to wait until now for Mme. De Larrocha’s reading of the most popular Spanish concerto piece in the repertory. Actually, she did make a prior recording for Spanish Hispavox, but it never appeared domestically. London’s sound is opulent and full-throated, while Comissiona’s orchestral framework pulsates with luscious color and passionate excitement. These surroundings are a perfect foil for the distinguished Spanish artist’s glorious interpretation. She plays with scintillant bravura, whipping the tempo or ruminating introspectively with astonishing freedom. It is a very different interpretation than the beautiful one the late Clara Haskil gave us on a deleted but unforgettable Philips disc (which also contained Chopin’s F minor Concerto). Mme. Haskil phrased with unexpected power and a great deal of tensile strength but her playing did seem a bit sparer coloristically and classically oriented rhythmically. I personally like
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Debussy: Preludes for Piano, Books I and II.
Jean-Rodolphe Kars, piano. London CSA
2330, $11.96 (two discs)

Selected comparisons:
Gieseking
Gieseking
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As on his recent Schubert recital for London, the prodigiously gifted young French pianist Jean-Rodolphe Kars revealed himself as a primarily "beautiful" player. In Debussy, his dreamy, pellucid, multicolored legato style manages to project the poetry of the music without softening its profile (as with his Schubert Wanderer). Generally, Kars opts for leisurely tempos but he makes them sound convincing. Danseuses de Delphes moves with a shadowy, almost pantomimic suggestiveness. Des pas sur la neige is ineffably sad, inwardly expansive. This is an undeniably ultraromantic interpretation, but I feel that it is a bit "much." Often De Larrocha's rubato seems to segment the longer paragraph lines unduly, stopping here and there for rather lazy, pointless emphasis. Were the Haskil/Markevitch Philips disc still listed, her structure, powerfully ascetic but still poetic reading would be my first choice—this in spite of Markevitch's dubious decision to use the souped-up Cortot orchestration. As it is, I am torn between the present disc, which has breadth and musicality despite its occasionally mannered transgressions, and the other London edition by Vladimir Ashkenazy and David Zinman, which is completely straightforward and unaffected but sometimes a mite too objective. The classicist in me leads me to rule in favor of Ashkenazy, but always with the proviso that the Haskil might return. London's sound for the Chopin is as gorgeous as for the Falla.

H.G.
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These artists are indeed the venture's raison d'être. Their many fans will probably not be disappointed, though more impassioned listeners may not be so easily satisfied. Domingo's voice, however, is a fine instrument, short at the bottom of its range (the D at "Un tal gioco, credeitemi" is low for him), but in this recording, excitingly youthful and vibrant. There isn't much evidence of personality in this performance as a whole, but at least Domingo does not possess by the character of Canio as the work proceeds. "Un tal gioco" is emotionally remote, even dull; "Vesti la giubba" is self-conscious and untouched (and seems, incidentally, to be the same version as on "Domingo Sings Caruso"), but "No! Pagliaccio non son" is fine, splendidly firm in voice and conviction. Serrill Milnes's characterization has no such chance to develop. Apart from the Prologue, Tonio is too much of a filler for Side 4. Leoncavallo is a one-work composer and Pagliacci is the only lasting success he enjoyed. But there is much in the rest of his output that is worth at least an occasional hearing. His ill-fated La Bohème, soon routed by Puccini's version, contains a pair of fine tenor arias—one is included here; the other, "Testa adorata," is to be found on "Domingo Sings Caruso"—and a strikingly effective declamatory piece for Rodolfo (in Leoncavallo's version a baritone) in which he gives vent to his wild despair. This shows Milnes at his very best, and is possibly the most engaging item in the whole set. Mimi's Act I aria is pleasant, but not very dramatic and in an opera calling for veristic passion that is a great handicap. For one thing, she has a tendency to sing rhythmically slack, and for another, she tends to underplay the earthy willfulness that belongs to Mimi. Her style is too soft-grained, too reflective and private for this tale of perverted emotions. She needs more vocal body. When she does let out her voice at full volume, however, there is a decided unpleasant bit in her tone.

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under par. Neither is helped in the least by Santé's flaccid beat. Nor is Domingo in the Chatterton area which in any case sounds rather insipid by comparison to the rest.

D.S.H.

LISZT: Fantasy and Fugue on "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam", Variations on Bach's "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen"—See Bach: Organ Works.

LISZT: Operatic Fantasies for Piano Four Hands and Two Pianos. Richard and John Contiguglia, pianos. Connoisseur Society CS 2039, $5.98

Reincences de Don Juan (Mozart); Reincences de Norma (Bellini); Fantaisies sur des motifs favoris de l'opéra La Sonnambula (Bellini); Tschenkessenmarsch from Ruslán and Ludmila (Glinka).

As the Contiguglia brothers justly observe in their intelligent annotations for this unusual disc, many have mistakenly overlooked Liszt's own adoptions of his paraphrases for four hands and two pianos as mere simplifications of the original. In fact these revisions almost never heard nowadays, are amplifications in every sense of the word. For one thing, the general noisemaking power is amplified—the combined sonority of two pianos creates an impressive thunder impossible to achieve on a single instrument. The agile glitter of the well-known solo incarnations sometimes gives way to a kind of generalized heft, but there is true splendor at the climaxes, particularly when the playing and teamwork are as good as they are here. These essays are also "amplified" in yet another way: The music often contains passages either elided completely or watered down in the solo versions.

The Contiguglia twins have a lot of fun with this repertory and pass their enjoyment on to the listener (this one, at least). They rise to the splashes moments earnestly, but they are far above the usual blood-and-thunder cheapness often encountered in duo-piano teams. Basically, they phrase with a heartwarming juxtaposition of freedom and discrimination. They know how to declaim a phrase with romantic license, but they always give shape and continuity to what they play. The music, so often dismissed as cheap bombast, sounds so much the better for the touch of civilized reserve.

Very resonant reproduction, yet the interplay of passage work between the two players is excellently caught in stereo. A refreshing party record.

H.G.


Selected comparison (violin concerto): King. Lou P 636

Few new recordings are as welcome as this superb release of two important works by Swiss composer Frank Martin. Throughout his long career, Martin has produced an extraordinarily varied series of works each bearing the remarkably strong personal features of his composer. Most of Martin's compositions, for instance, are dominated by a moody and often ambivalent harmonic language in which one finds an enormous preponderance of minor modes (and, correspondingly, an extremely characteristic use of bare, minor thirds in various contexts). Such is the case for all six movements of the two concertos offered here (with the possible exception of the last movement of the violin concerto, which does end on a solid E major chord). But whereas the earlier violin concerto moves in an essentially tonal direction, the opening piano theme of the double concerto is based on a tone row, and the entire work revolves around an intriguing interplay between tonality and atonality. Martin's work also maintains an extraordinary equilibrium among the various elements of his art. Although lyrically oriented (the emotional impact of certain works can be almost overpowering at times), Martin never allows his themes to separate themselves from and overwhelm the broader architecture he has conceived for his works. The violin concerto, for instance, opens with a toneless passage that is pure atmosphere (inspired, according to Martin, by Shakespeare's The Tempest); by the time Martin introduces his typically expansive melodies, the listener is already caught up in a movement in which the themes are defined by ingenious yet sensitively conceived forms combined with a strongly defined rhythmical language and perfectly appropriate instrumental configurations (including Martin's distinctive use of the saxophone, which one finds in both concertos). By the end of the first movement the opening material has been slowed down in order to lead directly into the second movement, which rises to a climax that can only be called tragic.

In his much more austere Second Piano Concerto, on the other hand, the composer concentrates on obsessive motor rhythms that are unusually dynamic even for Martin. This rhythmic idiom, along with the more obscure harmonies, seems to have necessitated a much more straightforward melodic development, in which a kind of neoclassical transparency in the formal structure replaces the more intuitive movement of the violin concerto. Thus, the concerto's second theme is introduced by a brilliant fugue in the winds before the piano finally takes over. The instrumentation, in which the battery plays a strong role, has likewise been perfectly tailored to the more percussive style of this concerto.

Fortunately, Frank Martin as a conductor admirably secures his own efforts, and he leads the Luxembourg Radio Orchestra (which is usually, if not always, up to the task) in two exceptionally vital and moving performances. His two soloists also seem particularly inspired. In all his concertos, Martin has displayed a distinct talent for giving strong relief to the solo instrument and any sort of letdown by the performers would stand out immediately. But there are no letdowns here, Schneiderhan's rhythmic sensitivity is striking, and his warm, vibrant tone allows the melodies to soar when they need to. Paul Badura-Skoda, for whom the Second Piano Concerto was expressly written, has a somewhat brittle style that admirably suits this work, and he is able to maintain a momentum throughout the first and third movements that is almost exhausting. The splendid recorded sound on this
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release simply adds to the over-all excellence. The complete lack of distortion in the percussive piano part and the brilliantly captured highs have restored my faith in Dolby.

Were the Schneiderhan/Martin interpretation of the violin concerto not infinitely superior to the version with Klang currently available on Louisville, I would be tempted to grumble about the logic of making a third recording of this work when one of the twentieth century's indisputable masterpieces, Martin's 1965-66 cello concerto, has yet to appear on disc. Perhaps Candid might now be persuaded to fill this incredible gap. R.S.B.


Percussion programs usually are of severely restricted appeal to specialists in these instruments and to those looking for a spectacular sound demonstration. Cambridge’s disc is an exception only to the extent that it represents—for the first time in an American release—an outstanding Danish virtuoso and in its more substantial than usual musical interest. Bent Lylloff, still in his early forties, is a former Saul Goodman pupil, now a member of the Royal Danish Theater Orchestra, and a renowned exponent and proponent of music for percussion.

His present “Percussion from Denmark” program’s most important work is the pioneering Varese Ionisation in the first really good recent recorded performance I’ve heard (from a live Aarhus, Denmark, Music Conservatory concert). But more novel are the two works by P. Norgaard (b. 1932), both dedicated to Lylloff. Waves which sustains non-specialist listeners’ attention better than almost any other comparably long (over fifteen minutes) work for a percussion soloist I’ve encountered up to now; and Rondo for percussion sextet which, while more uneven, features some extremely imaginative permutations and combinations of percussion timbres and stereo spacings—as well as some of the most subtle level passages ever put on disc. These are so soft as to be inaudible at first, emerging only gradually above what is very quiet surface noise by current standards. Lylloff’s own Places is interesting primarily for an ingenious gimmick: a tune—phrase that’s repeated ostinato by a few string players while a percussion ensemble indulges in quasi-variations and ornamentations of the motiv. Throughout the program the performances are notable for their zest as well as their competence, and the crisp, clean playing (all of 1971 vintage) are models of sonic authenticity and presence.

R.D.D.


This is, I believe, the first new recording from this exciting pianist in over a decade. Following the 1970 Gürten music festival at the 1960 World Cup competition—where he won first prize—and the Chopin E minor Concerto, recorded for EMI directly thereafter (it is still listed on

Seraphim). Pollini taped all the Chopin etudes and Beethoven’s Third Concerto, but neither saw the light of day. The Prokofiev here is exceedingly fast—too staccato in feeling, insensitive, and playful. The actual playing of course is spectacular—lean, effortless, proportioned. And in its low-keyed way it has nuance and color as well. The three excerpts from Petrushka are breathless, finely spun rhythmically, and breathtakingly exciting. Everything is spaced with reserve and accuracy, nothing impedes the flow, and as a result the music is heard in unbroken forward motion. Pollini is less grim than most virtuosos, and Petrushka can take the humor and pathos he brings to its pages.

DGG’s reproduction is of the spacious, slightly distant variety with a crystalline clarity, an agreeable airiness, and wide dynamic range. H.G.


There’s a lot going for this sure bet seller. It includes a full fifty-seven minutes of Ravelian masterpieces: Karajan the executant, who can make any orchestra play well, draws the very best from what is now France’s finest orchestra, and EMI engineers enshrine its beautiful, always idiomatically Gallic, sonorities in arresting—nervously, naively, transparent recording. Karajan the interpreter, who can be so superficial and even brutal, seems intent here on matching the sophistication and polished craftsmanship of Ravel himself. Except for a somewhat deliberate and contrasted Alborada del gracioso—which does better justice to the letter of the score than to its pictoresque spirit—the performances are surely the most stylish of any available on records today. And Karajan’s La Valse, the slowest over-all of any version whose timing I know (some three minutes slower than Munch’s dramatically dramatic reading) is the most seductively sensuous, even decadent performance I’ve heard on records or off.

And yet... and yet... While I’d be deflecting my duty if I failed to give full credit to the many outstanding merits of this remarkable disc, Karajan’s Ravel is not mine or that of such long-acclaimed Ravelian authorities as Monteux, Ansermet, Munch, and Martinon. Their Ravel has more ironic humor and jauntness, as well as much more poetic eloquence. But of course I still have to admit that most of my favorite Ravel recordings are technically outmatched, if certainly not superseded by this one, and (like the interpretively very different “Boulez Plays Ravel” Columbia program of last January) Angel’s new disc reveals more felicitous details in these fantastically intricate scores than we have ever heard before in home listening.

R.D.D.


Revisionism has at last come to Rossini. Partly because of the free-and-easy atmosphere in which opera flourished during the composer’s lifetime and partly because of the lack of musical respect with which his works were regarded after the advent of Verdi, Rossini’s operas have been subject to all manner of “improvements.” An obvious example is the substitution in Barbiere di Siviglia of a soprano Rosina for the original mezzo. Even more damaging to the nature of Rossini’s works have been story revisions, cuts, large-scale transpositions, wholesale recomposition and the rearrangement of his musical sequences. Cenerentola, an enchanting work that seems once again to have come into its own, has existed until now only in a corrupt edition, with its recitatives, two of its arias, and a chorus all by Rossini’s contemporary, Luca Angolini—not to mention anonymously amplified timpani, thickened sonorities in the orchestral parts, changed harmonies, and a set of exaggerated dynamic markings at variance with Rossini’s original intentions. In addition, some of the composer’s arias have been deleted, together with most of his recitatives.

A new edition of the opera made by Alberto Zedda from Rossini’s original manuscript in Bologna forms the basis of this recording, itself a souvenir of performances given by these participants with great success at last year’s Edinburgh Festival. The first thing to say is that this venture restores the opera to its original state of respect. Not quite to its original form however, Puritanism has (rightly, I think) eliminated all of Angolini’s arias, even though these were commissioned by Rossini himself when pressed for time just prior to the opera’s premiere. The harpsichord-accompanied recitatives remain, however, and a grand aria for Alidoro, “La del ciel nell’aroma...”
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CIRCLE 48 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Paolo Montarsolo, a famous Don Magnifico, is splendidly foolish; his characterization is thankfully free from the grossness we have grown accustomed to from ambitious basses in the last few years. The voice sounds old now, but less from exhaustion than rapine. There is real relish in his handling of Magnifico's big patter aria at the start of Act II. He goes at the music with a will, making something very enjoyable out of the varying moods and quiddities with which Magnifico looks forward to what he imagines will be a rosy future. Renato Capecechi characterizes Dandini very well. In his aria of entrata the air of mock solemnity he brings to it is irresistible. A perfect blend of poker-faced dignity and self-derision. Indeed, throughout the opera his sense of fun keeps much of the comedy afloat. But there can be no denying that a lot of the music is technically beyond him. In passages where he is not acting for the benefit of Magnifico and his two unpleasant daughters, but simply reflecting the mood of the piece (e.g. just after Cenerentola's entrance at the Prince's ball), he runs afoul of the florid demands Rossini makes upon him. At times like these—and there are several of them—the joke is on the singer, and the results are not much fun. But even so, Capecechi is better by far than Ugo Trama, whose Alidoro must be accounted a failure. Vocally Trama sounds rusty from beginning to end, and in any case the tessitura of Alidoro's big aria is far too high for him. Listening to his struggles with this imposing, magisterial music is like watching a poor swimmer desperately to stay afloat in a stormy sea. The screech and strain in his phrasing is not the slightest bit comic. The chorus is excellent, though not in command of double consonants. The LSO is a fine body and plays with real theatrical commitment for Abbado.

The only serious rival to this recording is London's version dating from 1964. But on two accounts there can be no real comparison between these performances, since the older set makes use of an unclear score and has, moreover, an inadequate Cenerentola. Giulietta Simionato was a wonderful artist (on balance, the LSO's Miss Quickly I have ever seen), but she was so distant in spirit. Her runs are labored, heavily aspirated, and full of threadbare patches. She also sounds vocally tired, in general, and her characterization is too overbearing for the music. Benelli is a pleasant Ramiro, but is quite eclipsed by Alva. However, Montarsolo, who also sings Magnifico on London, sounds even better on the earlier recording because his voice was then far freer, and Sesto Bruscantini's Dandini is a great improvement on Capecechi's, being both liveness and inconsiderably better sung than on the debut side again. Olivero de Fabritius is no more than adequate. There cannot be much doubt that DGG has the field to itself. Maybe the company could now turn its restorative attentions to Le Comte Ory.

STOCKHAUSEN: Mantra. Alfonso and Aloys Kontarsky, piano Deutsche Grammophon 2530 208, $6.98.

In the religion of Hindustani, a "mantra" is a formula (it may even consist of one single word) which is sung or recited; and in Stockhausen's recent (1970) composition for two pianists bearing the same name, the formula is a thirteen-note "theme" which forms the kernel for the variationlike structure of the entire work. Like the mantra itself, Stockhausen's soundformula is always present, although it is frequently transformed through expansion and transposition to the limits of recognizability. On the surface, Mantra would seem to represent a return to strict serialism, a method abandoned by Stockhausen some years ago, yet although technically speaking the composer handles the mantra in a manner not unlike his former use of a series, his attitude or "philosophy" toward it has much more in common with his more recent mystical tendencies (as indeed the title of the piece would indicate) than with serialism in the usual sense. The presence of a central tone around which the others are grouped and to which they have clearly established degrees of relationship turns out to be crucial to Stockhausen's conception of the piece as a whole. Divided into thirteen sections, or "cycles," each cycle is itself of a single pitch. The tones of the mantra, and since these occur in the same order as in the original formula, the first and last sections revolve around the same pitch (A), thus giving the entire work a tonal orientation mirroring that of the kernel.

The original conception of serial technique is his projection of the tonal sense of Mantra in a way easily perceivable to the ear. Not only does the central pitch of each section receive sufficient emphasis through repetition, accent, and the like to stand out from its neighbors, it is also clearly differentiated through timbre. Stockhausen accomplishes this differentiation through an ingenious device whereby an electronic apparatus modulates the sounds of the piano relative to their degree of consonance with the central tone. Thus the central tone itself sounds "normal," while other pitches closely related to it (octaves, fifths, etc.) are mildly distorted, and those further removed (seconds, sevenths, etc.) are more strongly disorted. As a result, the timbral quality of the sound supports the pitch organization in a literally one-to-one correlation.

Like most of Stockhausen's music of the past few years, Mantra is quite long (some what over one hour), but it is much less static than other recent pieces I have heard. Although it shares with them the tendency toward a more tonal orientation, here this function is placed effectively through an active framework. Put simply, a great deal happens in Mantra, and although its variationlike structure obligates the composer to work with the same material at all times (that is, with the mantra and its transformations), this is done with such skill and variety that the piece continues to progress effectively without losing its intended span. Since each section is characterized not only by its central tone but also by a performance characteristic originally associated with this tone in the mantra (for example, regular repetition, tremolo, etc.) the forward motion from section to section is quite clearly defined. The energetic, on-going quality of the work is further strengthened by the appearance of...
of the Crusade: his brother Pagano, disguised as a penitent hermit after inadvertently killing his father. Giselda, Arvino's daughter, and her infidel lover, Oronte, son of Acciano, tyrant of Antioch.

Colorful material certainly, but unfortunately for Verdi Solera's libretto seldom makes consistent dramatic sense and lacks the direct, clear development of the same author's book for Nabucco. And at this early stage, the composer had neither the security nor experience to lead his librettist by the hand as he did later with the malleable Piave. The first performance was a great success, however, primarily because La Scala's audience had little trouble in identifying with the crusading Milena against the Turkish oppressors, who for them represented the current Austrian domination—just as they had earlier found a common bond with the enslaved Hebrews in Nabucco. All this is irrelevant today, of course, and frankly I Lombardi's choruses rarely match the power and immediacy of those in Nabucco which still can impress us on a purely musical and theatrical level.

The individual characters are pretty incredible too, although their actions are more complex than the one-dimensional (yet very effective) types in Nabucco. Giselda's horror at all the holy bloodletting (her furious cabaletta, "No, Dio, non valere," is an ironic negation of Pope Urban II's original call for the First Crusade, "Deus le vult") sets her up as a forceful anti-war figure, but after Oronte dies in the desert, she suddenly becomes just as martial as her father. For that matter, everyone in the opera functions with annoying inconsistency—Crusaders and heathens are equally repellant, the "good" Arvino a little more than a religious bigot, while Pagano hardly gains in stature after his Christian repentance. An interesting note by the anonymous producer (Erik Smith?) in Philips' lavish quadrilingual booklet suggests that this may be a conscious attempt to symbolize stylization, but the crudities of the libretto can scarcely sustain this.

Luckily there is still plenty of music in I Lombardi to keep us involved—even when he is nodding or simply trivial. Verdi never writes dull music. Perhaps the opera's greatest strength lies in its irrespressibly healthy vulgarity—it is reminded of Shakespeare's early histories in which the vitality of youthful genius simply refuses to be contained by narrow dictates of taste. Giselda, for all her unpredictable reactions, clearly interested Verdi and

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**Shostakovich's Fifth—A Unique Father-Son Collaboration**

*by Royal S. Brown*

It's about time! This definitive recording of Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony by the composer's son should have been made as soon as it became evident, in the late 1960's, that Maxim Shostakovich had the musical authority as a conductor to back up his famous name. What makes Maxim's interpretation of his father's symphony outstanding, what distinguishes it immediately from all the other recordings of the symphony is its dynamism, its rugged and decidedly Slavic energy, and its avoidance of any compromises with the musical intentions. Where Bernstein takes the last movement at breakneck speed, obviously embarrassed by some of the musical plaitudes, Shostakovich creates an almost rhythmic pulse while bringing out big blocks of instrumental color that one never realized were there. Where Previn begins the development section of the first movement at a low temperature and gradually works up to a sweeping, romantic climax, Shostakovich immediately breaks the previous mood and starts the ostinato in a frenetic vein; by the time the climax is reached, the music has built up to an almost incredible frenzy. This is as it should be. Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony is not romantic as has often been maintained, but expressionistic; instead of following in the footsteps of Mahler, it moves the way of Berg. Nor is this musical realism. It is a subjective, tragic artistic expression whose link with reality is made clear not through the use of quasi-popular material but through the ingenious and innately musical employment, as in Berg, of transparent (and often classical) formal structures combined with a thematic style that is decidedly lyrical but rarely melodic.

This, it strikes me, represents the essence of Dmitri Shostakovich's aesthetic, and no conductor, at least where the Fifth Symphony is concerned, seems to have fathomed this inherent musical meaning better than the composer's son. There are a few flaws: The orchestral playing is occasionally below par, the first movement's dynamic contrasts are not always pronounced as they should be, and the recorded sound, while deeper and fuller than the smooth sonics of the Previn recording (the only rival in this department), seems unduly harsh at times. And the liner notes defy belief: When will Russian music criticism graduate beyond the stage of puerile weather-reporting (a symphony's movements are always stormy, or cloudy, or sunny, or various combinations thereof) and enter the twentieth century? But in spite of the excellence of other versions (notably Previn and Bernstein), Maxim Shostakovich offers by far the most authentic, the most profound statement of this music yet to be put on disc. One can only hope that whoever is in charge of such things will continue to take advantage of this unique father-son collaboration.

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**Shostakovich: Symphony No. 5, Op. 47**

U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra, Maxim Shostakovich, cond.; Melodiya/Angel SR 40163, $5.98

Selected comparisons: Previn

RCA 2866

Bernstein

Col. 6155

July 1972
virtually every scene in which she participates comes alive. The exciting caballetta already referred to follows the relatively familiar "Se nono" cavatina, a lovely piece of writing that shows the composer's superbly integrated purposeful coloratura into his melodic style. The "baptismal" trio for Giselda, Oronte, and Pagano, with its florid violin solo, is another justly celebrated set piece—how marvellously Verdi twists the melody and overlaps the phrases to reach a satisfying emotional peak (a procedure that he adopted with equal success in the subsequent soprano-tenor-bass trios in Ernani, Aroldo, and La Forza del destino). The Act I quintet and finale foreshadow the great ensembles to come—the entire opera, in fact, contains a wealth of stylistic and expressive gestures that the composer was to extend and develop right up to Otello.

The Philips performance is an enjoyable one on the whole, and if there are disappointments, these records definitely outclass the ancient Cetra/Evenstar version on every count. The chorals portions fare well, and the character of each scene is vividly caught by the spirited, smooth-toned Ambrosians. Gardelli handles these straightforward passages with disciplined dispatch and his crisp, no-nonsense direction keeps the music percolating nicely. He is less happy in shaping the lyrical side of the score—the trio never builds properly and the ensuing phrases are stitched together in a choppy fashion (the old Toscanni recording, even with its unprepossessing soloists, is still the paradigm here).

The three principals are only intermittently satisfying. Cristina Deutekom has a basically fine instrument, and when she hooks on to a top note the clariion tone can often be quite thrilling. I'm afraid, though, that she is not Philips' answer to Sutherland, Caballe, or Sills: Her coloratura is clumsy, the voice develops an ugly tremolo in midregister, her Italian pronunciation is most peculiar, and she seems to have little musical or dramatic imagination. Domingo should have been perfect for the not too demanding role of Oronte; the sheer sound of the voice is lovely as usual, but he frequently phrases and articulates rhythms carelessly, almost as if he were sight-reading. Raimondi may be dull as Pagano and his pitch may slide now and then, but his warm, roasy bass also falls pleasantly on the ear. In the thankless role of Arvino, Jerome L Monaco outshines his more illustrious colleagues: Not only does his bright tenor ring out bravely, he also shapes the line with real sensitivity. The sonics are rich, spacious, and mellow; some may prefer a brighter ambience to his sensibility and at a price every music lover can afford. 

**Recitals and miscellany**

**Montserrat Caballé**: "Verdi Arias." Montserrat Caballe, soprano; Elizabeth Bainbridge, mezzo; Thomas Allen, bass; Ambrosian Opera Chorus; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Anton Guadagnio, cond. Angel S 36830, $5.98. This is one of the most beautiful and thoroughly satisfying records I have been pleasure to review in some years. John Wilbye lived from 1574 to 1638 at the height of the Elizabethan Golden Age. Unlike his contemporaries, he held no church posts, he wrote no instrumental and keybord music, he was not active in the exciting uncertain hurly-burly of London's musical life. He was instead carefully nurtured as the resident musician of a wealthy, cultured, and musical family named Kyson in Suffolk. For them he wrote sixty-four of the ornate madrigals ever composed and retired, comfortably off, for the last ten years of his life.

Each of Wilbye's settings is as finely worked as a Fabergé ornament and glints with the same delicate light as the pink and gold enamel and the tiny sparkling jewels of the miniatures in madrigal literature than the close of Happy, a happy he with its implied promise of heavenly resolution to man's "weary pilgrimage" through life.

This is the first time I have heard Peter Pears as a director and he is magnificent. The Wilbye Consort as they are called are all familiar English singers, and fine ones they are. But what lifts this from being a good performance to a great one is Pears. Perhaps this is really his métier. He has been singing for many years, a superb musician hampered by a peculiarly unpleasant instrument. It is obvious that he knows this music intimately as well as he knows the most familiar Schubert songs. Each phrase has been beautifully thought out, modeled, shaped within itself, and modulated with perfect regard for the other voices and the concept of the entire piece. There are the familiar Pears mannerisms too, yet sung so well and with such unerring taste that we see what they really mean; they cease to be mannerisms and instead become appropriate expressive gestures. The blend and balance of the voices is matchless, the over-all conception of each piece superb. Even the engineering is up to these extraordinary standards. Only dare I complain that there are no texts? Despite the excellent dictation, I do not know these pieces by heart and a glimpse of the poetry per se would perhaps enhance Wilbye's achievement even more. Nevertheless, a recording of great beauty and sensitivity and at a price every music lover can afford.

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Montserrat Caballe is a good, often very beautiful singer, but this recital is a setback. Caballe, it seems to me, has little temperament and evenness of mood, not for the burning drama, the emotional turmoil of Verdi's tragedy—the lineaments of which can be discerned even in such moments of evaluation as Leonora de Vargas' prayers for peace and Desdemona's melancholy meditations. It isn't that Caballe ignores the music's representational requirements. She does indeed try to act with her voice. She points the text with intelligence and skill, and she attempts to infuse her singing with dramatic appropriateness. But the results are neither especially vivid nor especially characterizing, and these performances fail to do justice to either the scale or the scope of Verdi's music. There is a lack of urgency here which, coupled with Guadagno's all too compliant orchestral accompaniments, robs the arias of their imaginative vitality. Placing "Ritorna vincitor!" after "O patria mia" doesn't help much, either. Everything, in any case, tends to sound alike. Lady Macbeth (the role for which Verdi wanted not a beautiful vocal sound but "the voice of a devil") draws, from Caballe nothing very different from Aida or Leonora or Desdemona—that is, a certain rather generalized grave lyricism. They all come across as ladies in roughly the same sort of predicament. Part of the trouble is that Caballe doesn't command much variety of tone color. The sound is almost unvaryingly pure and childlike, often at the cost of clear consonants. Caballe's high piano singing is of course lovely. The D flat in Lady Macbeth's final phrase, Aida's top C, Leonora's B flat in "Pace, pace." Desdemona's final A flat on "Ave Maria."

To have repeated herself over and over again. Borgia she seems to me to have marked time, her resources are striking, but still severely limited. Her Nedda, her recent recording of Elisabetta di Valois, the present recital—these show that she has only one vocal mode to bring to her operatic assumptions, so that all her performances are now, in the worst sense of the term, predictable. Surely it is not too much to ask of an operatic star that she be able every so often to surprise us into delight?

D.S.H.

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Most of the recordings are quite old, going back to the mid and late 1950s. These have now been reprocessed for stereo, which has always struck me as an odd idea, especially for keyboard music. But if we must put up with rechanneling in order to retain Dalt’s sparkling performance on the catalogue, then so be it. An expensive set but a classic that will never go out of style. S.T.S.

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**CIRCLE 9 ON READER SERVICE CARD**

**MUSIC OF THE CRUSADES. Early Music Consort of London, David Munrow, dir. 2673, $5.98.**

Music by Carcassi, Gaudete di Dijon, Willem von der Vogelweide, Le Chatelain de Coucy, Gaucelm Faidit, and others. Richard Cœur de Lion, Thibault de Champagne, and Anon.

"Music of the Crusades." What romantic visions of that title conjures up—knightly leaving their castles for the long weary march toward the Holy Land; ladies left at home to mind the castle for years, perhaps with no news if the lord is returning, the wonder and astonishment of the crusader, knight, foot soldier, or retainer when he first lays eyes on the goal of his holy pilgrimage. All these are evocatively captured in the poetry and music of the time and brought to us in attractively musical performances by the Early Music Consort under David Munrow. There are some lovely pieces in this collection whose fascination is by no means dimmed by their historical connections.

Two songs by kings, for instance: Richard the Lion-Hearted's wistful lament from prison. Au vent souffle las and a more political cry from Thibault of Champagne and Navarre. Au resplend de feolanne which urges his fellow barons to join up with him rather than the opposition. More beautiful is Li nemausus by the Châtelain de Coucy who went on three crusades himself, dying during the last.
How bittersweet is his spring love song touched with sorrow and pain at the thought of the violets, the nightingale, and the sweet love he must leave at home. Or from another point of view, the contemporary Champeau por mon corage, "I sing to comfort my heart." Perhaps the best of the lot is by Walther von der Vogelweide, a composer who thoroughly deserves his fame. His Palatinalied of 1228, describing what was probably his personal reaction to the sight of the Holy Land, is a masterpiece that ranks among the best of his time. The superb performance by James Bowman with lute and harp should make this record a classic in the medieval repertory.

The other performances by and large are very fine. David Munrow has picked up a few tricks in the way of drones, interludes, and moderate ornamentation from the experiments of the Early Music Quartet though he by no means goes as far as they in inserting a Mediterranean-Arab flavor to the music. There are some particularly lovely effects like the echo of the lamenting troubadour of Fauré chausse es in the tiny sad voice of the singer's lute and the popular ballad style of Paru di muel, a pretty song from the Third Crusade. A nice record from every point of view especially if you find the popular music of the middle ages more nostalgic than that of the 1940s.

P.H.L.
THERE'S a MAY DAY in Acapulco, Mexico, where RCA officially declared war on Columbia by 1) announcing that it had a name for its four-channel disc—Quadradisc—and 2) by placing its first two Quadradiscs on the market. If anybody doesn't already know, RCA's discs are "discrete" while Columbia's four-channel SQ discs are "matrixed." Anyhow, enough has been written about these concepts in this and other publications; the question at hand is how good are the first releases? A related question, about which more later, is why Acapulco?

On the first album Hugo Montenegro, believe it or not, a long-time student of Tibor Seryf ("all those years down the drain," he moaned to me, half humorously, half seriously), has done a generally bang-up job of arranging for the four-channel medium. In at least half the arrangements one can sense the joy of creation, of inventing musical techniques for the Quadradisc of pure fun. The methods of composition Montenegro has hit upon will undoubtedly become clichés as other arrangers follow suit, but since he is the first Quadradisc arranger, these pieces will one day have to be considered classics—that is, if the Quadradisc survives.

As an example of Montenegro's techniques, you must consider that one of the limitations of RCA's Quadradisc is that once you have determined from which of the four directions a given sound will come, you have no further choice as to which of the two directions (left or right) the sound will emanate from when the disc is played on a conventional stereo system. Since RCA, unlike Columbia (which has opted to issue both SQ and conventional stereo discs), has decided to put all future albums as Quadradiscs, one choice that an RCA arranger must make is how to use four channels in such a way that as little as possible will be lost when the signals are "folded up" into two channels for the vast majority of purchasers. In "folding up" the channels, the rear left channel will merge with the front left and the rear right channel with the front right. Montenegro has made considerable use of the figure-eight pattern, choosing to answer, say, the right rear channel with the left front rather than with the right front, so that the antiphonal effect will not be lost on the two-channel user. When Montenegro wants to move an instrument while it is playing, he will again generally choose to move it laterally, as he does with a cello tone in his arrangement of Bach's Adagio from the G String. (Bach isn't the only "classic" quadrAZed: the album also contains Faure's Pavane.)

Easily the most spectacular arrangement on this Quadradisc is Me and My Arrow, which begins and ends as a carousel, the music rotating around the room. This band, incidentally, was remastered at the last moment, when somebody pointed out to Montenegro that carousels go counterclockwise. But, Hugo, you were right the first time. The music doesn't go around you in a carousel; you go around it. The speaker is usually in the center, and its relationship to the revolving horses and their riders is clockwise.

The last band on side 1 is by Montenegro's teenage son John, to whom Daddy presented an ARP synthesizer last year and who seems to be enjoying playing with it. The final band on side 2 was a quickly written filler called Statutory—"inspired," by the speaking difficulty of Pete Spargo, one of the two producers of the album (the other was Jack Pfeiffer). Although sounds spit out from all four speakers, this not-too-successful composition betrays its rushed writing.

What can one say about the Philadelphia Orchestra album? That the four warhorses are played with great virtuosity? Of course they are. The Philadelphians are incomparable. Or should one point out the booo-buzz that could easily have been edited out—like the accidentally struck open G string in the Danse macabre violin cadenza? That would be relevant only if it were another example of the rush with which these first releases were issued. Which brings us back to the question: Why, Acapulco?

This past May 1, the International Music Industry Conference held its annual meeting in that city. Last year Columbia had introduced its SQ disc at IMIC in Montreux. Thus, RCA reasoned, come what may, the first Quadradiscs had to be ready by May 1. Come what may came. There was no time to Doablyze the master tape. There was no time to ensure adequate quality control. I listened to these first releases at the Acapulco sessions, and on three different setups. First a Panasonic system (SL 800 turntable with an EPC cartridge tracking at 3.5 grams; an SU 3604 amp; an SE 405 modulator; and SB 550 speakers), then a JVC system (5250 turntable with a Shibata-tip 4M120X cartridge tracking at under 2 grams; a 4V R.5455 receiver; a 4DDS demodulator; and VS 5308 speakers), and finally RCA's own system (which will mercifully remain nameless). On all three setups, and using three different Philadelphians discs, pops and clicks spattered out of the four speakers as though a mad drummer were racing around the room. On both non-Doablyzed recordings this was obtrusive. It would seem to me that RCA, in introducing a revolutionary sound process, should have been more concerned with making their first releases as sonically splendid as possible—with at least as much care as is given the ordinary stereo record—than with making that May 1 deadline. I have heard some similarly discrete discs pressed and released in Japan by Japan Victor during the past year, and although these were simply made from remastered tapes rather than with four-channel concepts in their germination, the sound was fine. As for RCA's first releases, while I can give them A for effort and even A for achievement, I will have to mark them B minus for neatness.

The amount of music per Quadradisc side—about which there has been some controversy—ranges from sixteen to a little more than twenty minutes. In the present state of RCA's art, the latter is within about two minutes of the maximum amount of music that can be put on each side, as opposed to the half-hour-plus that the stereo disc (and the matrixed quadrophonics disc) can contain. RCA, however, is looking forward to a year-end "breakthrough" that they hope will expand the Quadradisc's limits to a half hour per side.

Since RCA has announced that it will release no discs but Quadradiscs from now on, one wants to know how good they sound on two-channel playback. The Philadelphia Orchestra album presents no problem when the two rear channels are folded into the front since they are used solely for ambience. Except for a slightly pinched sound—and I sensed this when I listened quadraphonically as well, so this "defect" might very well have resulted from a rushed master tape—the album was comparable to other Philadelphia recordings. But I must point out that it sounded spectacularly better in four-channel playback. Montenegro, as I said, has been careful in his album to give the two-channel listener as much as possible, but some devices are of necessity lost when divorced from quadrophonics—the carousel effect, for instance.

RCA could have a winner in its Quadradiscs, if the company realizes that not only musical values are enhanced by four channels, inadequacies are too. If in my heart I know they're right, in my ears I hear that different, mad drummer.

LEONARD MARCUS

NOTE: Since this review was written I have discussed the problem with RCA. The noise on the recordings was apparently caused by the discs' tendency to pick up static electricity, especially in Acapulco's humid climate. As a result of these discussions, RCA assures me that they will scrap the first batch of pressings and add more anti-static material to the compound. This should improve these recordings considerably, although at the present time they will still remain un-Doablyzed.


"THE FANTASTIC PHILADELPHIANS, VOL. 1," Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. RCA Red Seal ARD1-0002, $5.98.


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H/J

JULY 1972
Mary Travers—a splendid statement.

Mary Travers, vocals, Lee Holdridge, arr. and cond. "Morning Glory: Man Song, That’s Enough for Me; seven more. Warner Bros. BS 2609, $5.98.

Mary Travers is, of course, the Mary of Peter, Paul, and Mary. She’s the prototype of female folk-singers, with her long straight blond hair, her sexual, sensitive voice, and her singular commitment to and involvement with her material. But wasn’t all that crazy about her first solo album last year. “Morning Glory” is another story. Another several stories, in fact. Mary brings to her great talent, vast experience, and excellent taste to make this album a splendid artistic statement, executed with understanding, wit, and vigor. The Lee Holdridge arrangements are all but perfect, an unself-conscious synthesis of contemporary American music in which elements of country, rock, jazz, blues, and pop are drawn into the whole fabric unobtrusively and unaffectedly.

Highlights for me are It Will Come to You Again (dedicated to her daughter, Julie), and a beautiful reading of Roger Nichols’ and Paul Williams’ “That’s Enough for Me.” There’s a thoughtful Lloyd Stone lyric set to the theme of Sibelius’ “Finlandia.” But Edna St. Vincent Millay’s Conscientious Objector doesn’t fare as well. The words of that 1933 poem stand by themselves and aren’t aided or abetted by the slightly awkward music superimposed upon them. I also happen to love Millay, and I didn’t enjoy witnessing a conflict between two ladies I admire.


This is a study in how two folk-rock superstars can gather together a group of famous musicians (Dave Mason, Jerry Garcia, and others) and still do nothing. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young was—how do you say it—low key, but by comparison with this new release it was a tornado. There is little on the LP to raise the eyebrows from a position of slumber, save the opening track, Southbound Train, a familiar type of contemporary folksong.

If this LP is selling—and I have no doubts that it is—the success story becomes one of creative marketing and not music. M.J.


Nils Lofgren has been hailed as a rock-and-roll Wonderkind. He continues to impress on “1 + 1,” his second LP for Spindizzy Records. At twenty-one, Lofgren is a veteran of twenty bands: he played for Neil Young on Young’s mammoth album “After the Gold Rush.” He also sang lead and played on Crazy Horse’s first recording and pulled together his own three-man musical outfit, Grin.

The disc reveals a genuine talent, and Lofgren may very well be the next rock-and-roll superstar. One side of the record is labeled the “Rockin’ Side,” in which he rocks; the other, the “Dreamy Side,” a lifting collection of country-and-western style ballads that build to an epic finale. Soft Fun, replete with strings and a chorus of children’s voices. Lofgren’s own voice is perfectly suited to the gentle ballads he writes and can take on the huskiness of a Rod Stewart when the band begins to cook on numbers like End Unkind. Some of Lofgren’s rhymes are infantile; the themes are often juvenile. (Last a number, a song about the lost phone number of a first date, speaks for itself.) But, after all, isn’t rock-and-roll an extended stay in the land of adolescence? Lofgren is an excellent musical tour guide.

The organ/guitar/bass/drum rhythm section blow like the brass section in Woody’s band or Buddy Rich’s. They have power attack, cohesiveness, shading, and they know that the word “dynamics” means more than just loud. The level of musicianship is superb.

The songs on Side 1 range from medium to good. Side 2 is Ennea, a suite/collage of words and music indebted to Greek mythology in that it includes Greek gods sketches of Cronus, Zeus, Poseidon, Aphrodite, and Hades. I couldn’t always understand the words, but the liner includes the reprinted lyrics. And with a band that plays like Chase, who cares?

Mick Greenwood: Living Game. Mick Greenwood, vocals and acoustic guitar; Jerry Donahue, electric guitar, Pat Donaldson, bass guitar; Jerry Conway, drums, Tony Cox, piano, and harmonium. Taxi; Friend of Mine; Living Game. Decca DL 75318, $4.98.

Mick Greenwood is the latest English balladier to arrive on our shores. In a whirlwind cross-country tour, he provided the opening act for some of pop’s biggest attractions. Audiences everywhere were impressed with the professionalism and talent of this new singer/guitarist. While Greenwood’s first LP does lack the intensity of his on-stage performance, it does display his gift for melody and his thoroughly legitimate way with words. In the title song, Greenwood defines his attitude toward contemporary life by writing: “It’s the living game/You’ve got to play it by the rules/It’s the living game/Play another way and you lose.” Greenwood’s solution to the falsity and superficiality of modern life is genuine feeling. A tasteful set of arrangements enhances his powerful, compelling, agonized voice and helps him get his message across. His other songs are mainly songs of escape. Luckily, this young-man-on-the-run has talent as a traveling companion.

Chase: Ennea. Bill Chase, Ted Piercefield, Alan Ware, and Jerry von Blair, trumpet, Phil Porter, organ, Angel South, guitar, Dennis Johnson, bass, Gary Smith and Jay Burrid, drums, G. G. Shinn, Terry Richards, and Ted Piercefield, vocals. Swanee River; So Many People; Night, four more. Epic KE 31097, $5.98.

Bill Chase, with chops like Maynard Ferguson and a flawless technical virtuosity like Don Ellis, leads a group that sounds a lot like Blood, Sweat & Tears, even down to the vocals by G. G. Shinn, who sounds like David Clayton-Thomas at his best.

The organ/guitar/bass/drums are right-cool rock. But those trumpet players blow like the brass section in Woody’s band or Buddy Rich’s. They have power attack, cohesiveness, shading, and they know that the word “dynamics” means more than just loud. The level of musicianship is superb.

The songs on Side 1 range from medium to good. Side 2 is Ennea, a suite/collage of words and music indebted to Greek mythology in that it includes Greek gods sketches of Cronus, Zeus, Poseidon, Aphrodite, and Hades. I couldn’t always understand the words, but the liner includes the reprinted lyrics. And with a band that plays like Chase, who cares?
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back-up band, a veritable Who's Who of the best available in L.A. studio musicians; the requisite vocal chorus; some strings arranged by Jimmie Haskell imbedded somewhere in the final mix; and liner photos of Stewart, kids, his dad, his friends, and his dog.

But for all of that, it never gets together. The mechanisms of being "natural" and "honest" are too pretentious and they stick out all over the place. The songs are not artful but artificial, while the whole package seems devised by the cynical hit makers who are so creative they bore you to tears. I'd rather listen to the Kingston Trio. J.G.

**HOT TUNA:** Burgers. Jorma Kaukonen, guitars and lead vocals; Jack Casady, bass and vocals; Papa John Creach, violin and vocals; Sammy Piazza, drums and vocals, vocal and instrumental accompaniment. **True Religion:** Highway Song; Keep On Truckin', six more. Grunt FTR 1004, $5.98. Tape: PBFT 1004, $6.98. PKFT 1004. $6.98.

Hot Tuna has a lighted hearted touch with folk blues, one that makes for a pleasant, bounce-along music not too laden either with message or musicology. They're good players. Kaukonen and Papa John Creach in particular, but they're not working in the type of genre that creates musical milestones.

Nice, pleasant stuff done in a popular vein but without commercial gloss. Best are their gospel treatments like True Religion.

**THE MOTHERS:** Just Another Band from L.A. Frank Zappa, guitar and vocals; Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan, lead vocals; Ian Underwood, keyboards and vocals; Aynsley Dunbar, drums; Don Preston, keyboards and mini-Moog; Jim Pons, bass and vocals. **Burgers.** Jorma Kaukonen, guitar; Steve Kers, bass; Frank, vocals, drums; Aynsley Dunbar, keyboards and vocals;键盘 and vocals; Aynsley Dunbar, keyboards and vocals. Keep On Running, another number in the familiar r & b pattern. Love Having You Around, one of the most solid r & b cuts in quite some time. Life in the Fast Lane, written by mechanical and contrived mechanisms and contrivances of being "natural" and "honest" are too pretentious and they stick out all over the place. The songs are not artful but artificial, while the whole package seems devised by the cynical hit makers who are so creative they bore you to tears. I'd rather listen to the Kingston Trio. J.G.

**STEVIE WONDER:** Music of My Mind. Stevie Wonder, composer, arranger, vocals, piano, drums, harmonica, organ, clavichord, clavinet, Arp and Moog synthesizers. Love Having You Around: Superwoman; I Love Every Little Thing About You; six more. Tamla T 314L, $5.98.

Stevie Wonder's new LP has been hailed as the most important r & b record since Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On." Some have already called it the "Sgt. Pepper" of r & b. It is an important and impressive recording and will probably influence the forthcoming work of many other r & b artists.

For this disc, Wonder has shaken loose from the constricting Motown structure. Most Motown artists do not have the freedom to choose their own material and their own recording personnel. Determined to have total musical and creative freedom, Wonder has done it entirely on his own. He has written all of the album's songs and performed all of the vocals. He plays every instrument (except for two short solos and some assistance on the synthesizers) and created all of the arrangements. He produced the album himself. He has set a precedent.

In addition, Wonder is probably the first r & b artist to utilize the Arp and Moog as an expression of Soul. There are no avant-garde effects here even though the synthesizers do create some eerie, unusual, curious, and fascinating sounds. These effects however serve the music.

R & b songs usually deal with man-loves-woman or man-needs-woman or man-loses-woman or man-is-hurt-by-woman (or the reverse). Wonder's songs follow these traditional patterns—Love Having You Around is one of the most solid r & b cuts in quite some time—but they now have a new feeling. Keep on Running, another number in the familiar r & b mode, has a brand-new kind of tension because of the pulsating, quivering sounds Wonder has laid on the tracks. Throughout, Wonder's voice, as always, is marvelously compelling and expressive.

"Music of My Mind" displays a fertile mind
Dr. John: Gumbo. Dr. John (Mac Rebennack), piano, guitar, and vocals; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. Iko Iko, Big Chief, Mess Around, Let the Good Times Roll, Junko Partner, Stack-A-Lee, Tiptina, Huey Smith Medley, Little Liza Jane; three more. Atco SD 7006, $5.98.

Dr. John is best known for his first Atco release, "Dr. John, the Night Tripper (Gris-gris)," a mixture of Afro-Cuban rhythm and Bayou folklore. Although a bit self-consciously ominous with all the talk of spells and "gilded splinters," that album nonetheless has a kind of splendor and is highly regarded. It was released about four years ago, and Rebennack followed it with several "son of Gris-gris" LPs, none particularly noteworthy. Now, with "Gumbo," he changes entirely and plays the piano-bar blues he recalls from his childhood and adolescence in New Orleans.

Some of the songs are familiar: Stack-A-Lee and other blues of varying degrees of fame. The arrangements are local New Orleans efforts, dating mostly from the period of intense blues and rhythm-and-blues activity in that city in the early 1950s. Also, the musicians for that session included many that Rebennack knew from the days he did studio work in New Orleans.

"Gumbo" was produced by Jerry Wexler, the Atlantic Records executive and producer who was responsible for many great R&B recordings. Rebennack sings in the sultry style popularized by fellow New Orleans singer Fats Domino, and plays the piano in an exuberant style seldom heard except at after-hours jams. Rebennack pays tribute to many of his influences, particularly Huey "Piano" Smith, and in the exuberant liner notes he tells who they are. One item conspicuous for its absence from most rock and popular releases is the liner notation that tells exactly what went on at the session. This LP may inspire a revival of that tradition. It's hard to pick one track over the others, but I lean toward the arrangement of Stack-A-Lee and the Huey Smith medley, which includes Smith's 1957 hit, Don't You Just Know It.

New Orleans rhythm and blues has never been as popular as it is today, and this LP is a welcome addition to the collection of fans of that style. It's worth a call.
been properly appreciated on a nationwide basis. This warm and knowing treatment is very welcome.

M.J.

**Jazz**

* Gary Burton and Stephane Grappelli: Paris Encounter. Gary Burton, vibes; Stephane Grappelli, violin; Steve Swallow, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums. Falling Grace: The Night Has a Thousand Eyes, Sweet Rain: six more. Atlantic 1597, $5.98.

What a happy conjunction, this meeting between Stephane Grappelli and Gary Burton! Although they are almost two generations apart—the difference in age is thirty-five years—their musical personalities complement each other beautifully. For Burton, the presence of Grappelli's violin puts him in a refreshingly different context without really removing him from the essential group style he has developed. For Grappelli, he is playing in the most vital surroundings since his days with the quintet of the Hot Club of France.

The program they have chosen is a delightful mixture of past and present. Side by side are Dupone, a tune by Django Reinhardt, which Grappelli recorded with Reinhardt, and Miles Davis' Blue in Green. A recent ballad that Burton often plays, Here's That Rainy Day, is balanced by a pop song from the Hot Club quintet days—Coutoue. Grappelli's lovely composition Arpegge stands alongside a Mike Gibbs original, Sweet Rain, which is a Burton standby.

Both Burton and Grappelli bring something fresh to the other's material and in the process, bring a fresh glow to each other. Grappelli's Day is balanced by a pop song from the I lot that Burton often plays. Here's That Rainy Day, is balanced by a pop song from the Hot Club quintet days—Coutoue. Grappelli's lovely composition Arpegge stands alongside a Mike Gibbs original, Sweet Rain, which is a Burton standby.

But don't depend on it. Despite the general coloration is now jazz instead of rock. And there is a good deal of Eastern influence as well. This is quite overt in Mudras (in which Mariano plays a South Indian reed instrument, the Nagaswan). In Mirror (as he blends his alto and the voice of Asha Puthli), and in his composition Vasi Bindu, Mariano ventures down a lot of varied and interesting paths in this collection, avoiding any one particular groove except for the consistency of his own personality as a musician.

**Charlie Mariano:** Mirror, Mirror. Charlie Mariano, alto and soprano saxophone, flute, and Nagaswan, David Spinozza, guitar, Pat Peblilot, electric piano and organ, George Mraz, string bass, Tony Levine, electric bass; Ray Lucas, Alto Moreira, and Ralph McDonald, percussion; Asha Puthli, vocals. Himalaya: F Minor Happy, Mirror, four more. Atlantic 1608, $5.98.

Charlie Mariano's last recording, two years ago, was an unfortunate attempt at jazz-tinged rock with a group called Osmosis. Apparently he has thought better of that project because he is back in his proper métier on this disc, playing alto and soprano saxophones with the disciplined drive and passion that have always been characteristic of his work since his days with the Kenton hand almost twenty years ago. Here he is on a much more legitimately contemporary kick, for him, than trying to turn himself into a rock superstar.

For a two-and-a-half-minute summary of what he can say on alto—and how well he can say it—his Show is a remarkable wrap-up. But that is just a sparkle along the way in this set. Most of the pieces are long enough to give Mariano and his sidemen (notably David Spinozza on guitar) time to develop their ideas but not so long that they run dry.

Mariano is using some of the electric ideas he might have developed with a group such as Osmosis, but the bass and the general coloration is now jazz instead of rock. And there is a good deal of Eastern influence as well. This is quite overt in Mudras (in which Mariano plays a South Indian reed instrument, the Nagaswan), in Mirror (as he blends his alto and the voice of Asha Puthli), and in his composition Vasi Bindu. Mariano ventures down a lot of varied and interesting paths in this collection, avoiding any one particular groove except for the consistency of his own personality as a musician.


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THE EDDIE CONDON CONCERTS: Town Hall, 1944-45. Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, and Muggsy Spanier; trumpets; Lou McGarity, Matt Malneck, and Benny Morton; trombones; Joe Marsala and Pee Wee Russell; clarinets; Ernie Caceres, baritone saxophone; Gene Schroeder and Jess Stacy; piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Bob Casey, bass. Can you remember when radio networks actually broadcast weekly jazz concerts? That was the first way Eddie Condon's broadcasts on Saturday afternoons in 1944 and 1945 on NBC's Blue network. broadcasts that were held just before Condon's weekly concert (*) at Town Hall. The transcriptions of those broadcasts have been acquired by Chiaroscuro Records, which plans to use them as a basis for a series of releases.

For openers, here's a disc built around Condon concerts including Pee Wee Russell on clarinet. The sound reproduction is shrill but the performances are full of brush enthusiasm and, along with Condon's introductory remarks, project the slam-bang spirit of those occasions. In addition to Pee Wee, there are strong samplings of Ernie Caceres, Muggsy Spanier, Matt Malneck, and Bobby's Hackett in this album and a tempting glimpse of Jess Stacy.

JIM HALL: Where Would I Be? Jim Hall. guitar, Benny Aronov, piano, Malcolm Cecil, bass, Artie Moreno, drums and percussion. Careful, Vera Cruz; Goodbye My Love; five more. Milestone 9037, $5.98

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1971. The differences are the addition of Arto Moreira on percussion and the presence of Malcolm Cecil on bass in place of Ron Carter. But a key man in the Top of the Gate trio was Benny Aronov on piano—he proved to be an ideal complement to the guitar-and-bass duo which had been Hall's regular format for some time. Again on this disc, Aronov, playing both regular piano and electric piano, is an important part of the musical cement that holds the group together. Hall, as usual, plays with a warmth of tone and a precision of phrasing that allows him to suggest the classical guitar even when he is playing unadulterated jazz.

The set includes one of his beautifully stated unaccompanied solos—I Should Care—but it has the range to get him up into a romping hit of Braziliana on Simple Samba and to concoct some fascinating sounds in conjunction with Aronov's electric piano on Minuante. The presence of Moreira is, as always, enlivening—he does marvels of accenting with his little clicks, whirs, and clomps—and Cecil is an able fill-in for Ron Carter, although he does not project Carter's personal authority. J.S.W.

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**in Brief**

**The Dramatics:** Whatcha See Is Whatcha Get. Volt VOS 6018. $4.98.

Here's a lively bop set featuring a vocal group that can really wail. In the Rain, with its dramatic running-water effect as an intro, is especially effective. H.E.

**David Clayton-Thomas:** Columbia KC 31000. $5.98.

The first solo album by Clayton-Thomas after he left his post as lead singer with Blood, Sweat & Tears. A lot of work went into this disc, but over-all it's disappointing—too much clamat and not enough of the great heft he can lend to a song when he so desires. M.J.

**Henry Mancini and Doc Severinsen:** Brass on Ivory. RCA LSP 4629. $5.98.

Yawn. No surprises at all... pleasant or otherwise. The only wonder is why would two such infinitely capable musicians waste their time manufacturing such an exercise in bland dullness. Don't bother to buy it. It'll soon be on every Muzak tape in the Western world. J.G.

**Jack Wild:** A Beautiful World. Buddah BDS 5110. $5.98.

Jack Wild looks like the next teenybopper sensation. He also sounds like it. In addition he writes his own material, which makes him a triple threat man. David Cassidy, watch out! There's someone who is hot on your trail! H.E.

**Doc Watson:** Elementary Doctor Watson! Poppy PYS 5703. $4.98.

Doc Watson has generally kept to traditional folk music. Here he departs from that to include some country & western, one Tom Paxton song (The Last Thing On My Mind), and Summertime. It's a bit too polished. Though nothing is offensively slick. I prefer his Vanguard LP's, where the rough edges are preserved rather than sandpapered. M.J.

**Fat City:** Welcome to Fat City. Paramount PAS 6026. $4.98.

Taffy Nivert and Bill Danoff are the authors of John Denver's huge hit, Country Road. They are also Fat City, a performing/songwriting duo. Their LP is a gentle collection of softly rocked country songs and includes The Fat City High School Fight Song—a pro-marijuana marching tune. H.E.

**Brown Dust:** Family Productions FPS 2701. $4.98.

Another debut album by another rock group. So what else is new? Well, anyway, it's a nice try. They play well enough and sing well enough—nothing is really wrong with it. But Brown Dust doesn't really grab you like the first time you heard, say, Santana or Chase or Basic or Cannonball. But courage and encouragement to all. You never know when a John Kay or a Sandy Denny or the like may emerge from the gray twilight of obscurity. Or the brown dust. J.G.

**Yogi Adonasis:** Getting It Together. Universal Awareness 722. $4.98.

Yogi Adonasis is known in counterreligious circles as the “Naked Yog” because of his meditation sessions in the nude. One side of this two-record set is devoted to the Yogi, his voice amplified through an echo chamber, explaining the nature of his Universal Awareness Institute and his dependence on “metaphysical transitions.” The Yogi then rips through some pretty awful renditions of This Is My Life, Make Someone Happy, and I've Gotta Be Me among others. (You see, he used to be a singer before he discovered Universal Awareness.) Strictly for believers. H.E.

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the tape deck

BY R.D. DARRELL

Grandest of All Grand Operas. Berlioz' masterpiece, Les Troyens, finally achieved a complete recording in 1970, but although Colin Davis' magnificent reading won all kinds of kudos (Montreux International Record Award, etc.), no tape edition was forthcoming. Only recently did tape collectors, by now grimly resigned to their neglected stepchild status, discover that they hadn't been entirely forgotten after all. A flood of major Philips tapings and rejuvenated flow of open-reel releases has culminated in a long dreamed of highwater mark: Les Troyens, which essentially duplicated the famed 1969 Covent Garden production (Philips/Ampex U 9002, four 7½-ips reels, $36.95; text-and-notes booklet included).

Both performance and recording have been so enthusiastically and unanimously praised here and abroad that all I need add is the assurance that first-rate, quiet-surface tape processing does full justice to the crispness, liveness, and spaciousness of the sonics themselves. But I can't help also reassuring potential listeners that there's no need to be intimidated by the work's much touted length. It runs a full four hours, to be sure, but so does Tristan and Isolde. And it's only after one has heard all of Les Troyens that one becomes really aware of its monumentality. Along the way there are many delectably quiet and intimate moments as well as overwhelmingly impressive big ones. Every listener will make his own unexpected discoveries while listening to this work—in any case, no one can afford to miss a supreme, quite incomparable musical experience.

Still More Berlioz by Davis. Conductor Davis himself has been unduly neglected by tape producers in the past. Except for his 1963 Beatrice et Bénédict (now lamentably out of print on tape) and 1969 Roméo et Juliette, plus a few works on imported Philips cassette editions only, his history-making Berlioz series has been available to discophiles only. That is, until recentenst Philips/Ampex open-reel activities brought us the Te Deum last May and now prodigally follow it and Les Troyens with the great Requiem (D 7019, two 7½-ips reels, $14.95; text-and-notes booklet included); a collection of five overtures (L 5367, $7.95); and the Symphonie fantastique (L 5131, 7½-ips reel, $7.95; text-and-notes booklet included). Yet despite the fine singing, playing, recording, and processing here, for once I can't give a Davis version first place in my personal library. That's still securely held by the now out of print 1963 Osseau-Lycé/Ampex reel conducted by Anthony Lewis—primarily because its more informal, heart-twistingly tender approach better captures, for me at least, the composer's intentions in writing this work specifically for schoolgirls' performance.

But Davis surely would be supreme again, if any competition existed, in a strikingly original and effective contemporary English opera, The Midsummer Marriage by Sir Michael Tippett, recorded in its 1969-70 Covent Garden production (Philips/Ampex R 3027, two 7½-ips reels, $21.95; text-and-notes booklet included). Whether this work matches Britten's better-known operas or whether its Magic Flute-derived symbolism and mysticism are aesthetically potent today are moot questions. More to the point are the music's highly individual flavor and its forceful grip even when the "story" or the able soloists aren't completely convincing. But be warned: There are unconscionably long stretches of blanket tape at the beginning of each "A" side here (and that of the Dido and Aeneas reel above)—a practice which may possibly be justified to achieve smoother side breaks; but if so, unwary home listeners should be apprised of the fact on the tape box.

Completing a Colin Davis Festschrift. I hadn't deliberately planned to devote an entire "Tape Deck" column to open reels all bearing the same label, let alone to a single conductor. But it just happens that Philips and Davis have persuasively convinced me that they triumphantly steal the show—not only in Berliozian and British works but also in even more subtly demanding ones by Mozart. And Davis' Mozaritana involve nothing less than a major Mass and a major opera. His 1968 Requiem, K. 626, appears at last in 7½-ips reel format (there are also imported Philips cassette and cartridge editions) in Philips/Ampex L 2862, $7.95, text-and-notes booklet included; and the recent Marriage of Figaro appears more promptly as Philips/Ampex R 7014, two 7½-ips reels, $21.95, text-and-notes booklet included.

Unfinished by the composer, the Requiem is well-nigh impossible to bring off with complete success, but Davis comes closer to meeting my own expectations than any other recording conductor I've heard so far, and he certainly is given better audio-engineering support. And I feel much the same about his Marriage of Figaro, even though it inevitably falls short of Mozart's own perfection. For the first time in some seventeen years I'm pushing aside (but never off my shelves!) the magical Kleiber/London version. In any case, the Davis set is arrestingly notable not only for its superb present-day sonics but for featuring three exciting new (to me, at least) singers. They are the fine baritones Vladimir Ganzarolli and Ingvar Wixell and—with a potentially truly great voice—soprano Jessye Norman.
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But if you're looking for the definitive Dolby deck with everything you need for near-professional operation, only the 350 will do. It has TEAC's high-density ferrite heads. These “brown jewels” are so extraordinarily durable that we warranty them for the original owner's lifetime. Add to these a Type B Dolby System that improves the basic signal-to-noise ratio of the 350 by an additional 10dB. You can count on superior performance from conventional, high-density/high energy, and chromium dioxide tapes.

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