10 Lab Test Reports

- Radford SPA-60 Mk. II power amplifier
- Ace Audio Zero-Distortion preamp
- Superelex PEP-79 electrostatic headphones
- Concord CR-250 receiver
- Kenwood KR-9340 quadriphonic receiver
- Rectilinear X1a speaker system
- Microtower MT-2 speaker system
- Dual 701 turntable
- Hitechi Model TRQ-2040D cassette deck
- Shure SFG-2 tracking-force gauge
If size doesn't impress you, perhaps the numbers will.

### SPECIFICATIONS OF FISHER CUSTOM-COMPONENT SPEAKERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Frequency response</th>
<th>Max music power</th>
<th>Bass speaker diameter</th>
<th>Voice coil diameter</th>
<th>Free air resonance</th>
<th>Magnet structure</th>
<th>Mid-range</th>
<th>Voice coil diameter</th>
<th>Magnet structure</th>
<th>Treble speaker diameter</th>
<th>Voice coil diameter</th>
<th>Crossover frequencies</th>
<th>Impedance</th>
<th>Dimensions</th>
<th>Weight</th>
<th>Cabinet</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>XP-7-S</td>
<td>$169.95</td>
<td>33-20,000 Hz</td>
<td>90 Watts</td>
<td>12 inches</td>
<td>1 inch</td>
<td>25 Hz</td>
<td>3 pounds</td>
<td>5 inches</td>
<td>5/8 inch</td>
<td>1/2 pound</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XP-56-S</td>
<td>$199.95</td>
<td>35-20,000 Hz</td>
<td>70 Watts</td>
<td>10 inches</td>
<td>1 inch</td>
<td>25 Hz</td>
<td>2 pounds</td>
<td>5 inches</td>
<td>5/8 inch</td>
<td>1/2 pound</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XP-55-S</td>
<td>$159.95</td>
<td>37-20,000 Hz</td>
<td>30 Watts</td>
<td>8 inches</td>
<td>1 inch</td>
<td>38 Hz</td>
<td>2 pounds</td>
<td>2 pounds</td>
<td>3/4 inch</td>
<td>1/2 pound</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XP-44-S</td>
<td>$138.00</td>
<td>19,000 Hz</td>
<td>20 Watts</td>
<td>6 inches</td>
<td>1 inch</td>
<td>38 Hz</td>
<td>2 pounds</td>
<td>2 pounds</td>
<td>3/4 inch</td>
<td>1/2 pound</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PL-6 Sound Panel</td>
<td>$138.00</td>
<td>40-18,000 Hz</td>
<td>50 Watts</td>
<td>6 inches</td>
<td>1 inch</td>
<td>38 Hz</td>
<td>2 pounds</td>
<td>2 pounds</td>
<td>3/4 inch</td>
<td>1/2 pound</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- **XP-7-S**
- **XP-56-S**
- **XP-55-S**
- **XP-44-S**
- **PL-6 Sound Panel**

Available at all Fisher dealers.

The Fisher

Numbers speak louder than words.
### Specifications of Fisher Studio Standard Speakers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Effective Frequency Response</th>
<th>Impedance</th>
<th>Continuous Power-Handling Capacity</th>
<th>Minimum Continuous Power Requirement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ST-550</td>
<td>$349.95</td>
<td>35-20,000 Hz</td>
<td>8 ohms</td>
<td>300 Watts</td>
<td>25 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ST-530</td>
<td>$249.95</td>
<td>38-20,000 Hz</td>
<td>8 ohms</td>
<td>200 Watts</td>
<td>25 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ST-500</td>
<td>$199.95</td>
<td>40-20,000 Hz</td>
<td>8 ohms</td>
<td>100 Watts</td>
<td>25 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ST-465</td>
<td>$169.95</td>
<td>40-20,000 Hz</td>
<td>6-8 ohms</td>
<td>50 Watts</td>
<td>25 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ST-445</td>
<td>$99.95</td>
<td>50-20,000 Hz</td>
<td>6-8 ohms</td>
<td>50 Watts</td>
<td>15-20 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ST-425</td>
<td>$79.95</td>
<td>55-20,000 Hz</td>
<td>6-8 ohms</td>
<td>60-15 kHz</td>
<td>15-20 Watts</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Additional Specifications

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
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<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Woofer cone diameter</td>
<td>15&quot;</td>
<td>15&quot;</td>
<td>15&quot;</td>
<td>12&quot;</td>
<td>10&quot;</td>
<td>8&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voice-coil diameter</td>
<td>2&quot;</td>
<td>2&quot;</td>
<td>2&quot;</td>
<td>2&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnet structure</td>
<td>13 lbs.</td>
<td>13 lbs.</td>
<td>6 lbs.</td>
<td>6 lbs.</td>
<td>4 lbs.</td>
<td>2½ lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midrange speaker type</td>
<td>soft dome</td>
<td>soft dome</td>
<td>soft dome</td>
<td>scare dome</td>
<td>cone</td>
<td>cone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diameter</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>3½&quot;</td>
<td>3½&quot;</td>
<td>3½&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voice-coil diameter</td>
<td>6 lbs.</td>
<td>6 lbs.</td>
<td>6 lbs.</td>
<td>6 lbs.</td>
<td>6 lbs.</td>
<td>6 lbs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Magnet structure</td>
<td>4 cones</td>
<td>4 cones</td>
<td>4 cones</td>
<td>4 cones</td>
<td>4 cones</td>
<td>4 cones</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tweeter type</td>
<td>9½&quot;</td>
<td>9½&quot;</td>
<td>9½&quot;</td>
<td>9½&quot;</td>
<td>9½&quot;</td>
<td>9½&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dome or cone diameter</td>
<td>2 cones</td>
<td>2 cones</td>
<td>2 cones</td>
<td>2 cones</td>
<td>2 cones</td>
<td>2 cones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voice-coil diameter</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Side dispersion speakers</td>
<td>2 soft domes</td>
<td>2 soft domes</td>
<td>2 soft domes</td>
<td>2 soft domes</td>
<td>2 soft domes</td>
<td>2 soft domes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voice-coil diameter</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
<td>1½&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossover frequencies</td>
<td>600, 6,000 Hz</td>
<td>600, 6,000 Hz</td>
<td>600, 6,000 Hz</td>
<td>450, 5,000 Hz</td>
<td>450, 5,000 Hz</td>
<td>2,500 Hz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Controls</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Midrange</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TWEETLE</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Side-dispersion speakers</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
<td>3 pos.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>75 lbs.</td>
<td>65 lbs.</td>
<td>56 lbs.</td>
<td>56 lbs.</td>
<td>56 lbs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dimensions</td>
<td>30&quot; x 17&quot;</td>
<td>27½ x 16½&quot;</td>
<td>26&quot; x 15&quot;</td>
<td>24½&quot; x 14½&quot;</td>
<td>23½&quot; x 13&quot;</td>
<td>22½&quot; x 12½&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cabinet finish</td>
<td>Walnut</td>
<td>Walnut</td>
<td>Walnut</td>
<td>Walnut</td>
<td>Walnut</td>
<td>Walnut</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Studio-Standard speakers are available only at Fisher Studio-Standard dealers.
Fair trade prices where applicable.
Prices slightly higher in the Far West and Southwest.

---

**Free $2 value!** Mail this coupon for your free copy of The Fisher Handbook. This entirely new, revised edition of the famous Fisher reference guide to high fidelity, stereo and 4-channel is a magnificent 68-page book.

Fisher Radio, Box 1001, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

**At Fisher, we believe that numbers speak.**
So for your convenience, we list here the important specifications of the Fisher loudspeakers. Pick out the Fisher loudspeakers and compare its numbers with those of any speaker you may have.

It's just this sort of comparison that has made Fisher the largest manufacturer of high-fidelity speakers.
Fisher is probably the world's largest manufacturer of high-fidelity speakers.
music and musicians
Edward Greenfield MOZART VS. THE GREMLINS 20
Behind the scenes in London
Gene Lees DICK HAYMES COMES HOME 26
A top singer of the '40s rebuilds his career
David Hamilton THE RECORDINGS OF MARIA CALLAS 40
John McDonough GENE KRUPA: THE BEAT GOES ON 50

audio and video
TOO HOT TO HANDLE 28
NEWS AND VIEWS 36
Another stab at stereo AM . . . The tube lives!
EQUIPMENT IN THE NEWS 36
EQUIPMENT REPORTS 57
Microtower MT-2 speaker system . . . Radford SPA-60
Mk. II power amplifier . . . Kenwood KR-8340
quadraphonic receiver . . . SupereX PEP-79 headset.
Hitachi Model TRO-2040D cassette deck . . Dual
701 turntable . . . Rectilinear XLa speaker system . .
Concord R-250 receiver . . . Shure SFG-2
tracking-force gauge . . . Ace Audio Zero-Distortion preamp

record reviews
John Rockwell, Abram Chipman
THE SYMPHONIES OF SCHUBERT AND SIBELIUS 75
Bohm and Karajan's complete sets are more DG birthday presents
Royal S. Brown LILY: CHALLENGING MUSICAL THEATER 79
The first part of Kirchner's opera-in-progress reaches disc
CLASSICAL 80
Rachmaninoff's Vespers . . . Mercury makes a comeback
IN BRIEF 104
Robert Long FOUR-CHANNEL DISCS AND TAPES 106
Four-sided Night Music . . . Forever Sousa
LIGHTER SIDE 108
JAZZ 114
Ben Webster . . . Marian McPartland . . . Duke Ellington
R. D. Darrell THE TAPE DECK 124
Ambience vs. surround sound . . A better Boheme
etc. 117

LETTERS 6
Sousa corrections . . . Finding four-channel discs
PRODUCT INFORMATION 10
An "at-home" shopping service
ADVERTISING INDEX 116
From here to hear

With Superex Stereophones, you've got the best seat in Philharmonic Hall. You're in the control room at every recording session. And you can change seats simply by changing the volume.

Transport yourself to the center of the brass section, or see what it feels like to sit under the cymbals.

The Superex PEP 79 will carry you there. According to Stereo Review, "... though one of the lowest-price electrostatic headsets we know of, sounds about as good as the best and most expensive ones we've tested thus far — and that is no small achievement." Write for complete report.

You'll have a pair of Superex Stereophones with a 10-22,000 Hz. frequency response, a handsome console that works off any amplifier, and a one year guarantee.

PEP-79
Sugg. Retail Price $85.00

Superex Stereophones. Feel what you hear.

For Free Literature Write:
Superex Electronics Corp., Dept. FT, 151 Ludlow St., Yonkers, N.Y. 10705.
In Canada, Superior Electronics Inc.
Is it live or is it Memorex?

If anybody knows what Ella Fitzgerald sounds like, it’s her old friend Count Basie.

So we set up a test. First, we put Ella in a soundproof booth and recorded her singing on Memorex with MRX, Oxide. Then we invited the Count into the studio.

He listened, but didn’t look, as we alternated between Ella singing live and Ella recorded on Memorex with MRX Oxide.

After switching back and forth a number of times, we asked the Count which was Ella live and which was Ella on Memorex.

His answer: “You gotta be kidding, I can’t tell.”

Now it just stands to reason that if an expert like Count Basie can’t tell the difference between “live” and Memorex, you probably can’t either.

But, why not buy a Memorex MRX Oxide Cassette and listen for yourself?

MEMOREX Recording Tape.
letters

Sousa

The first NEW amplifier design since the ORIGINAL Super Amp

You remember the first super power amplifier - the Crown DC300. Well, most of its competitors are still using those six-year old circuit designs pioneered by Crown. Most every amp but Crown's new DC300A - a totally redesigned amplifier inside and out. Frankly, the DC300A is not created for the hi fi mass market, but for demanding commercial and professional applications. However, we know there are discerning audiophiles, perhaps like yourself, who can appreciate the difference.

The new DC300A has double the number of output transistors, effectively twice the muscle of the old DC300 for driving multi-speaker systems. Each channel has eight 150-watt devices for 1200 watts of transistor dissipation per channel. Advanced electronic output protection permits the DC300A to drive the toughest speaker loads at higher outputs before going into protection, and even then there are no annoying flyback pulse noises or DC fuses to blow.

The new DC300A has unprecedented signal purity. IM and harmonic distortion ratings are 0.05%, although typically below .025%. Hum and noise rating is 110dB below 150 watts, while typically -122dB. The difference in increased listening comfort is impressive.

Although totally new, the DC300A has inherited some important traits from its predecessor:

PRICE - still under $700
WARRANTY - three years on all parts, labor and round-trip shipping.
POWER RATING - 150 w/ch continuous at 8 ohms; power at clip-point typically 190 w/ch at 8 ohms, 340 w/ch at 4 ohms, 500 w/ch at 2.5 ohms, or plug in two parts for 600 watts continuous mono power at 8 ohms.

There are many new super-power amplifiers. But when you buy a Crown DC300A, you're buying more than just an amp. You're buying the Crown company - a professional audio equipment manufacturer with a 26-year reputation for solid quality and lasting value. There are thousands of Crown amps in the field still working to their original specifications, and still outperforming most new amps. Visit your Crown dealer to hear the difference. For detailed product data, write Crown International, Box 1000, Ekhart, Indiana, 46514.

R. D. Darrell's "Sousa on Disc and Tape" (November 1973) understandably emphasizes Sousa or half-Sousa albums currently available in the U.S. The effect - though surely not the intention - is to exclude a wealth of Sousa in miscellaneous and foreign albums. In addition to the sixty-five works listed, twelve more are available here and there: Beau Ideal, Belle of Chicago, Daughters of Texas, and New York Hippodrome. For instance, are included in a British album, "The Royal Marines Play Sousa." (Columbia Studio-2 235), with what I consider the best recordings to date of "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty."
Columbia announces the brand new Quadraphonic Music Service and invites you to take any 3™ QUAD records or cartridges $1.00

If you join now and agree to buy as few as 4 selections (at regular Service prices) during the coming year...

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>QUAD CARTRIDGES</th>
<th>QUAD RECORDS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>33% more records</td>
<td>$1.00 each</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

An important new service from the world's largest manufacturer of quad recordings

Now there's a great way to get the quadraphonic records and cartridges you want—it's the brand-new Columbia Quadraphonic Music Service—and it brings you the same savings and convenience that made the Columbia Record & Tape Club the world's largest for regular stereo.

Look over the selections on this page. They give you an idea of the kinds of great entertainment you can choose from as a member—classical, popular, rock, country—-the best-sellers from Columbia and many other leading recording companies.

Think of it! No more searching through record stores for quad recordings—no more limiting your selections to whatever they happen to stock...no more buying an album in stereo and then discovering it was also available in quad! And, as a new member, you get to pick any three albums on this page—all three for just $1.00!

Your only membership obligation is to buy just four more quad albums (at the regular Service prices of $6.98 for records, $7.98 for cartridges, plus processing and postage) in the coming year...quad recordings you'll want to buy anyway—and then discovering it was also available in quad! And, as a new member, you get to pick any three albums on this page—all three for just $1.00!

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There are some things you'll appreciate about a Dual right away.

Others will take years.

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MA-4  Artist Life
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MA-6  Debuts & Reappearances

MA-8  Here & There

MA-10  James Levine
  Robert C. Marsh

MA-12  The Dance
  Jacqueline Maskey

MA-14  What's New?
  John Rockwell

MA-16  The Metropolitan Opera

MA-24  Summer Festivals, part 1

MA-27  The Taos School of Music
  Forrest Miller

MA-30  Book reviews
  Patrick J. Smith, ed.

Monday  4  WNET Opera Theater presents the world premiere of Hans Werner Henze's Rachel, La Cubana, a vaudeville with music. Peter Herman Adler directs.

Tuesday  5  Thomas Pasatieri's The Seagull is given its premiere by the Houston Grand Opera, which commissioned the work. Evelyn Lear and Frederica von Stade are among the principals.

Wednesday  6  The Opera Orchestra of New York, Eve Queler directing, performs Donizetti's Parisina d'Este for the first time in New York. Montserrat Caballé stars.

Tuesday  6  Paganini's "Sonata per la grand viola" is played for the first time anywhere by Ernst Wallfisch and the Baltimore Symphony, Sergiu Comissiona conducting.

Wednesday  27  Luigi Dallapiccola's Commiato receives its world premiere, performed by New York's Musica Aeterna; soprano Susan Belling is soloist, Frederick Waldman conducts.

Sunday  31  Violinist Jaime Laredo and pianist Richard Goode play the first performance of a violin sonata by Karel Husa, at a Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society concert.
**Puccini and Torre del Lago**

To Torre del Lago, Puccini is more than a genius who chose to live there. He was a man whom everybody knew; Spadaccini's own grandfather was a friend of Puccini. Everybody in the town has family stories and memories and mementos of the composer. He went hunting with the townspeople. He drank and played cards with them and dreamed up elaborate practical jokes.

The Puccini Center has many projects it promotes in addition to the annual Puccini season and its permanent theater. It presents a yearly Puccini Prize, it collects and disseminates material about the composer, and it is hoping to acquire, repair, and restore the Puccini house which, through neglect, lack of money, and humidity, is gradually falling apart.

We were given a booklet published by the Center. It is dedicated with these words: "Noi onoriamo in Giacomo Puccini colui, che alla domanda che l'universo pone ad ogni mortale, rispose con la parola amore." This means that "in Giacomo Puccini we honor that person who, to the question the universe puts to every mortal, answers with the word love." Puccini once described himself as a hunter of wild birds, opera libretti, and attractive women. Adone Spadaccini said: "Puccini did not write about wars and battles. He did not write a Battaglia di Legnano. He wrote about one thing—love."

The fiftieth anniversary of Puccini's death, the exact date, is November 29. Was the Metropolitan doing something about it? We said we had not heard of any special plans. But, we explained, the Metropolitan celebrates Puccini every year. It is a long love affair.

**Buy Britten**

One famous composer at least had a famous dish named after him—*Tournedos Rossini*, which is a small round of filet mignon sitting on a piece of fried bread, covered by goose liver previously marinated in Madeira and topped by truffle slices! Now a great composer of our day has something about it. We think gourmet Rossini would not have approved the food—the *linguine* (a sort of narrow flattened spaghetti)—served to Mustafà, the lover-born Bey of Algiers (basso Fernando Corena) in the last act of *L'Italiana in Algeri* at the Metropolitan. This is the hilarious scene where the Bey is initiated into the order of the Pappatacci—the mock rules of which are to eat and be silent—thus allowing the Italian girl whom he had captured and with whom he is captivated to escape with her enslaved lover. Corena, from plumed and jeweled turban to upturned golden slippers, was quite a sight as he dutifully attacked his heaping plate of pasta and tried obediently to ignore the goings-on around him. We met him later, after the first performance, at a reception at the Metropolitan Opera Club, now in a comfortable red sports shirt. We asked him if the pasta had been good. The basso buffo shook his index finger: "It was hot. But was full of garlic. Must come from Naples." Wasn't the cheese good? Parmesan was very expensive these days! "That was no parmesiano," snorted Corena. "Very cheap cheese. No taste. Must come from New Jersey." Then he started to question us. Did we think they had graters at that time? Was it right to eat the *linguine* with a fork? "In such countries they ate with their fingers—even the sultan. Should I eat the *linguine* like a cous-cous? It will be difficile." He sounded concerned. After twenty years at the Metropolitan Fernando Corena still broods over the smallest detail of every part he sings. You have to be molto serio about your art to be buffo about it.

We have mentioned President Nixon's fondness for *Home on the Range*. Later we heard of another...
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March 1974
debuts & reappearances

CHICAGO

Chicago Sym., Wilkomirska (Gielen)

A German-born conductor and a Polish violinist sold the audience at the Chicago Symphony concert of December 6 a very pleasant bill of goods. By the end of the lengthy program, maestro Michael Gielen (in his debut with the orchestra) and soloist Wanda Wilkomirska had everybody believing that Szymanowski's Second Violin Concerto, Penderecki's Capriccio for violin, and Scriabin's Third Symphony were worthyindeed.

They accomplished this elevating feat with flair and smart programing. Gielen established his authority at the evening's start with a stylishly bold reading of Haydn's Symphony No. 95. Miss Wilkomirska then proved herself a virtuosa of the old school via the corelessly eccentric Szymanowski Concerto for 1933. The violin playing was tremendously exciting, thoroughly deserving of the cheering ovation. The soloist danced back for a bow, threw kisses to the orchestra, and delighted her audience to the point that even the most conservative witness had no choice but to adore her next solo offering. Penderecki's gimmicky Capriccio of 1967, in its first performance at these concerts, claimed both color and whimsy. Miss Wilkomirska, the work's dedicatee, played with heart and hellish conviction while Gielen and the orchestra made the modish effects seem almost substantial.

More slushy overkill closed the program. But the conductor fortunately realized that Scriabin's talk of ecstasy refers to a frame of mind, not actual performance practice, and endowed The Divine Poem of 1904 with clarity and well-tempered drama. Compositional solipsism is a bore, but it was easy to eke pleasure from the luxuriously beautiful sound of the Chicago Symphony.

KAREN MONSON

LOS ANGELES

Music Center Opera: “I Puritani”

Los Angeles, long lacking a major resident opera company—still lacking such a company—now boasts the materiel of a major opera production. Ironic? Consider further that L.A.'s Music Center Opera Association chose Bellini's musically charming but inevitably physically drab I Puritani for its first production vehicle (financed by grants from the Adolph's Foundation and the National Opera Institute). Done in conjunction with and utilizing the considerable human resources of the New York City Opera, MCOA's Puritani” was unveiled in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion on November 28.

No less a personage than Beverly Sills negotiated the coloratura intricacies of Elvira, with Enrico di Giuseppe tackling the treacherous tenorism of Lord Arturo Talbot. Baritone Richard Fredericks contributed energy and vitality to the role of Sir Riccardo Forth, and bass Robert Hale made bluff good sense of Sir Giorgio Walton.

Devised and directed by Tito Capobianco, this was a Puritani struck with dramatic activity of a geometrically formal design. Partner to this formalism and ultimately accessory to its rather static results were Carl Toms's sets. Among their massive

Continued on page MA-19
Announcing the seventh
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Write the Institute Director for an appointment. Those not living near these audition sites, please write for information about sending tapes and letters of recommendation.
here & there

The Vancouver Symphony will become the first Canadian orchestra to visit the People's Republic of China next September, giving five concerts in Peking and one other city. The Phoenix Symphony Association has announced a new business sponsorship plan in which a local firm contributes $3,000 toward the cost of a pair of concerts. In return, the sponsor receives a special four-page insert in the program book (plus reprints if requested) and a number of tickets for his own use. Three businesses have taken up the option of an instrument.

Mr. Izier Solomon will terminate his position of music director and conductor of the Indiana State Symphony at the end of the 1974-75 season.

A previously unknown requiem by Charles Gounod has been discovered in Vienna's Karlskirche. The Commission for Music of the Academy of Science will issue the score, which Gounod dedicated to the patron of the church choir in 1842.

Mannes College of Music has received an anonymous donor's library of taped broadcast performances by Arturo Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony between 1946 and 1954. There are fifty-four tapes in all.

Jaime Laredo will be the first to fill the Manhattan School of Music's special Mischa Elman Chair for violin studies, beginning next September. The Chair is made possible through a grant from the violinist's widow. The Presser Foundation of Bryn Mawr, Pa., has awarded a grant of $5,000 to Temple University's College of Music for the establishment of an instrumental music learning center.

W. McNeil Lowry, vice president of the Ford Foundation's division of arts and humanities, will leave his post in June to head the first national private foundation for the arts and humanities. It is predicted that within five to seven years endowment from private patrons will amount to several hundred million dollars.

Because of chronic financial problems the Metropolitan Opera has been forced to cancel its 1975 June Festival, reduce its 1974-75 season by one week, and cut annual employment contracts from a full year to between forty and forty-four weeks. In addition, its administrative staff has been cut by twenty per cent.

The 1974 season of the San Francisco Opera will present four new productions: Manon Lescaut, with Leontyne Price singing the title role for the first time; Don Giovanni; Tristan und Isolde with Birgit Nilsson and Jess Thomas; and Esclarmonde with Joan Sutherland singing the title role for the first time.

Eve Queler, music director of the Opera Orchestra of New York, made her Royal Festival Hall debut last February conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Later in the month she made her first appearance at the Philadelphia Academy of Music conducting Berlioz's La Damnation de Faust. The Fine Arts Quartet made its twelfth European tour last fall, presenting a complete Bartók cycle and works by Widor, Babbitt, Husa, and Ben Johnston.

Appointments

Leon Thompson, conductor and director of the New York Philharmonic's education division, has been appointed music director of Opera South in Jackson, Mississippi. Associate Conductor of the Milwaukee Symphony John Covelli has been named Exxon-Affiliate Artist Conductor as part of a grant program initiated by the Exxon Corporation and Affiliate Artists Inc. The program is designed to further the career development of young American conductors and increase community awareness of the country's symphony orchestras. Adrian Sunshine has been appointed principal guest conductor of the Cluj Philharmonic Orchestra in Romania. He is the first American conductor to hold an eastern European post.

Christopher Keene succeeds Harvey Lichtenstein as general director of the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto.

William Schuman has become the fifth composer to be elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The Miami Philharmonic Music Director Kenneth Schermerhorn has been appointed to the Planning Section of the Music Advisory Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts.

Rosalyn Tureck has been appointed to a visiting fellowship at Oxford University; her term commences next month. Former Metropolitan Opera General Manager Rudolf Bing has been appointed director of college-community cultural affairs at Brooklyn College.

Awards

The Juilliard String Quartet received the University of Chicago's Rosenberger Medal at the school's Convocation ceremonies last December. Professor Emeritus in composition at the University of Cincinnati Felix Labunski has received the National Endowment for the Arts a Composer-Fellowship Grant for 1973-74. A $500 first prize has been awarded to the Pacific North West Music Camp in Washington by the National Federation of Music Clubs/ASCAP program honoring summer festivals for performance and promotion of American music.

Competition

High school junior and senior instrumentalists are eligible to enter the nineteenth annual Young Artists Competition of the Fort Collins Symphony. Deadline for application is March 2. Write Mrs. Stuart Young, Chairman, Young Artists Competition, 601 Monte Vista Avenue, Fort Collins, Colorado 80521. Applications for the Minna Kaufmann Ruud Fund Distinguished Performer Awards auditions may be obtained from the Minna Kaufmann Ruud Fund, c/o Chatham College, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15232. Deadline for application is March 1; auditions will be held in New York City on April 23-25.

Amateur musicians are invited to apply to the Greater Spokane Music and Allied Arts Festival. Deadline for application is March 1. Entry forms may be obtained from Mrs. Harold E. Laing, W. 1916 Courtland, Spokane, Washington 99205. Pianists between the ages of seventeen and twenty-eight are eligible to enter the first national competition of the Southwest Pianists Foundation. Write to the Southwest Pianists Foundation Competition, 6841 East 4th Street, Tucson, Arizona 85710. Deadline is April 1.

Pianists and instrumentalists between the ages of seventeen and twenty-eight are eligible to make application to the annual Civic Orchestra auditions for soloists. Deadline is February 25. Write to Civic Orchestra of Chicago, 220 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60604. March 15 is the deadline for application to the Pittsburgh Flute Club's fourth Composition Contest. Write to the Pittsburgh Flute Club Contest, William Crister, Chairman, 443 Royce Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15216. The Prince Pierre of Monaco Musical Composition Prize will be awarded this year for chamber music. Write to The General Secretary of the Foundation Prince Pierre of Monaco, Palais Princier, Monaco. Deadline is April 1.

Obituaries

Composer Nevett Bartow, chairman of the Blair Academy Music Department, died November 10; he was thirty-nine. Former opera singer and G. Schirmer director Ann Swinburne Munroe died on November 17. She was eighty-seven. Mezzo soprano Jennie Torel died on November 24 of lung cancer. She was sixty-three.
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March 1974
After twenty years as a professional listener, one experience stands out in my memory as the supreme ego trip. The date was August 1967, and the place was Severance Hall in Cleveland. George Szell had flown back to prepare the Cleveland Orchestra for its third (and as things turned out), final European tour under his direction, a festival circuit with stops at Salzburg, Edinburgh, and Lucerne. Severance was getting new seats downstairs that summer, and the rehearsals fell right in the middle of the job, so the main floor was temporarily bare. But Szell wanted a select group of ears in the house to deal with questions of balance, and three majestic chairs were brought from the green room. Surrounded by this vast open space, an audience of three heard Szell and the Clevelanders play the European tour for them alone. The three listeners were Louis Lane, James Levine, and myself.

After each concert we would compare notes, and it was at this time that my friendship and respect for Levine began. His career has come a long way in the seven years since then, but the speed with which it has progressed, and the solid achievements on which it is founded, make clear that James Levine is no whiz-kid but an independent young man with the force of artistry and intellect from which great things come.

Every distinguished musician is a unique combination of ideas, insights, passions, and skills, but of all the young conductors associated with Szell during his American years, Levine is the one whose career most nearly parallels that of his mentor. Both served a memorable apprenticeship with a master, Szell in Berlin with Richard Strauss, Levine in Cleveland with Szell. Both turned to conducting after initial successes as a pianist, although Levine, for the present anyway, is continuing his public role as a pianist more than Szell permitted himself to do. Both compressed into a short time the long period of apprenticeship and obscurity that is the common lot of young conductors, and secured important posts while quite young. Szell at twenty-seven was first conductor of the Berlin State Opera. Levine at thirty is principal conductor of the Metropolitan Opera of New York. Both were deeply influenced by Toscanini, not merely in the manner of his performances, but by his dictum that the musician exists to serve music, not the other way around.

Although in ideas and attitude Levine is in many ways typical of his generation, in other respects he reflects an older and much more conservative approach. He could, if he liked, be jetting around the world with three never-fail programs, doing guest engagements from Tokyo to Tam-
piano. Instead he stays at home and concentrates on his principal jobs. He reports, “I’m eager to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic, but I’ve had to decline three invitations because I was busy at the Met. Next time I’ll simply have to do some rearranging so I can go.”

Ideally Levine would like a schedule that permits him to center his activities in three or four places, each of which is well suited to a particular type of musical repertory. At the Metropolitan he gets ample exposure to opera during the course of forty performances a year. He opened the current Met season with Il Trovatore, led the new production of I Due Foscari at the close of January, and will open the 1974 season with that score. Also in the current Met schedule for him are Don Giovanni, Salome, and Otello, while his Covent Garden debut will be in June with Der Rosenkavalier.

On the 1974-75 list for the Met, in addition to I Due Foscari, are Falstaff, the first uncut Met production since heaven knows when of La Forza del Destino, and Wozzeck. Szell gave up conducting opera in the final decades of his life because he found it impossible to realize these scores as fully and successfully as he could instrumental music. Levine plainly feels that opera is too important to pass by, even if it isn’t perfect. And he is in there pitching to make it as fine as he can.

At the Ravinia Festival in Highland Park, Illinois, where he will be spending his second year as summer music director of the Chicago Symphony, Levine alternates between conducting symphonic concerts and appearances at the piano (often appearing in both roles in the same evening). Also on the Ravinia calendar are four evenings of Schubert Lieder in which Levine will be joined by Paul Sperry. For Ravinia Levine has developed a festival philosophy which stresses unity and diversity: unity in themes (three composers are emphasized each year); diversity in the range of music presented. In his first summer, Ravinia underwent a miraculous transformation from summer music stereotypes to the kind of place where anything from opera to art song might be encountered in performances planned and realized with tender loving care.

For his two years at the head of the May Festival in his home town, Cincinnati, he has a different approach, stressing choral music that local audiences are unlikely to encounter in the seasons of the other local music producing organizations, the Cincinnati Symphony and the Summer Opera. “Another of the festival’s primary goals,” he says, “must be to continue to perpetuate the choral tradition with new works.” This requirement will be met in the 1974 opening concert with Donald Erb’s New England’s Prospect. Elsewhere on the schedule is Berlioz’s Damnation of Faust and a concert performance of Lohengrin, Wagner being somewhat outside the scope of the Summer Opera.

The fourth element in the present scheme is guest conducting, and he prefers to concentrate on a few places which he feels provide unusual opportunities to do things he finds interesting. He’ll be in London this spring for a Mahler Second with the LSO. Next year will find him a guest in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, and (again) London. “I could do quite a bit more,” he notes, “but it would mean working ten to fifteen percent more than I feel is right, giving up the chance to study scores, play the piano, relax and think a few thoughts of my own. It’s not worth it.”

As Levine sees it, there is a fundamental division between his public life and his private life and each should be kept in its proper place. “The public is present when I am working as a musician. It is part of the role of the musician in our society that his is a public activity, and the public has every right to know about things which enter into the musical performance they hear. But the members of the audience can come to a concert without sacrificing any of their privacy, the performers should have the same right to privacy on their part. It is not that I have anything to conceal, it is simply that when a musician becomes a personality, a celebrity, someone with an image to maintain, it takes something from his music.

“One of the gratifying things about Szell was that he made his public role a direct reflection of his musical activities, so when we think of him we think first of his music, and its stature was his stature. That is the way I want the public to think of me.”

ROBERT C. MARSH

March 1974
the
dance

JACQUELINE MASKEY

AFTER THE DREARY spectacle presented last month by the National Ballet of Washington, D.C., it was with considerable reluctance that I plodded out to the Brooklyn Academy of Music to view the Pennsylvania Ballet (November 15-18), yet another of those companies whose publicity releases inevitably characterize them as "critically acclaimed as one of America's major ballet companies..." (According to publicists every group is "major"; how refreshing if one release to cross this desk heralded its client simply as "minor but worth a visit.")

Surprise! If the Pennsylvania Ballet is not yet a major company it has taken a giant step during the past year and a half toward becoming one. After the group's first program I actually experienced a feeling of pleasurable anticipation toward the second.

Pennsylvania premieres

Not that the New York premieres by the company's associate artistic directors—Benjamin Harkarvy's Quartet, set to Toru Takemitsu's Dorian Horizon, and Robert Rodham's In Retrospect to Benjamin Britten's Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge—were overwhelmingly impressive. Harkarvy's was decent enough, a neatly designed pas de quatre of ambiguous relationships in the modern dance style of Glen Tetley, and danced with admirable finish and control by Enid Britten, Dane La Fontsee, Gretchen Warren, and Janek Schergen. As for Rodham's work, I must admit that even though I once proclaimed that there was no ballet of that gentleman's through which I would willingly sit twice, In Retrospect had run fully two-thirds of its course before I was assailed by such a churlish reflection. Its basic idea is a workable one: a man (Lawrence Rhodes) in maturity reviewing his emotional past, searching for the explanation of his incapacity to commit himself fully and finally to anyone. Each significant episode in his past is represented by a pair of dancers—Constance Ross and Barry Leonard, Alba Calzada and Ramon Rivera, Barbara Sandomato and Dane La Fontsee—and the eternally mysterious and ungraspable female by Michelle Lucci with David Kloss. Rodham does not do badly by his romancers—they are given smooth and energetic variations on stylistic themes made familiar in the works of Antony Tudor and John Butler—but he gets tripped up by his symbolism. The Eternal Feminine in order to emphasize her enigmatic quality disguises her features with a veil. There is, unfortunately, a lot of business in-
volting that veil which, as it goes on, seems less a veil than a hot potato. How to get rid of the damn thing? Thus the ballet in its last third turns from sincere and sober to silly.

No silliness about Mr. Rhodes, however. What a dancer this man is! He has a quality not often seen in ballet dancers, that of pushing oneself to and beyond one's physical limit. Rhodes's every performance is illuminated by his daring and his courage.

Looking past Rhodes, the Pennsylvania Ballet as a company are dancing cleanly, confidently, and at a more forceful performing level than I remember from their previous visits. It seems undeniable that the influence of Harkarvy is a salutary one. No master choreographer he, yet his ballets—pleasant and uncomplicated ones such as Madrigalesco (Vivaldi) and Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers (J.S. Bach)—make good display pieces for the group. Sensibly, the company also retains the more challenging ballets like Balanchine's Four Temptaments, Raymonda Variations, and Scotch Symphony. Certain advances by the Pennsylvania Ballet are worthy of congratulation: the stronger lineup of principal dancers and soloists, the upward surge in quality of the male dancing, the excellence of the orchestra under the direction of Maurice Kaplow. What the company needs now is what it has always needed, an A-1 choreographer of the resident variety. And it might also look to its corps de ballet; one flop in Scotch Symphony is understandable, two unwarranted, three unforgivable.

Ailey's "Carmina Burana"

Alvin Ailey's City Center Dance Theater played a three-week season (November 27–December 16) at the New York City Center, presenting during the engagement new productions of John Butler's Carmina Burana and José Limón's Missa Brevis.

While new perhaps as a company vehicle, the Carmina Burana is fairly familiar stuff to New York audiences. It was a popular part at one time of the New York City Opera's repertoire, for which company it was created in 1959. The Pennsylvania Ballet also produced the work in 1966, the first American ballet company to do so.

As staged by the Ailey company, this celebration of earthly love and secular pleasures, devised by its composer Carl Orff as a theater piece for chorus, orchestra, and three soloists (in this case Jeanne Faulkner, Walter Turnbull and Arthur C. Thompson), is much like the original production of 1959. However, its leading roles are danced with somewhat less impact. If memory serves, the original quartet of soloists consisted of Glen Tetley, Veronika Mlakar, Scott Douglas, and Carmen de Lavallade. Mlakar and Douglas were both strong, classically trained dancers (leading dancers with American Ballet Theatre, in fact), Tetley a brilliant modern dancer, and the beautiful de Lavallade a sumptuous being who moved in her own dream of feminine radiance.

An unlikely quartet perhaps, but each vivid in his own particular way and—three of the four, anyway—accomplished technicians. Ailey's quartet consists of Judith Jamison, Sara Yarborough, John Parks, and Michiko Oka. What is immediately apparent is the technical limitations of the men and, in a less apparent way, the miscasting of the women. Yarborough, Ailey's own "divine Continued on page MA-29
what's new?
JOHN ROCKWELL

National Chinese Opera—some political and aesthetic problems

The West Coast continues to be the principal conduit through which Oriental culture influences new American art. But fortunately the visiting Asian troupes of dancers and singers come to the East Coast, too, and their presence provides continually fresh inspiration for those composers, choreographers, theater people, and artists who respond to them in various ways. This past fall New York was honored—and that really is the proper word—by touring performers from China, Japan, and India. And just to prove that it isn't only young Western artists who are reaching back to the East, there were two experimental Japanese troupes that tried to blend both old and new.

National Chinese Opera

The Chinese contribution, enjoyable as it was, turned out to be the least impressive of the three traditional offerings, and there were both political and aesthetic reasons for that. This National Chinese Opera

MA-14
HIGH FIDELITY / musical america
Theater Company, which played at the City Center in late November, may well be the leading present-day practitioner of the two-thousand-year-old Peking opera style. But that is only because the Red Chinese have radically disrupted that style in their recent efforts to make Chinese opera more responsive to their political needs. The troupe that visited New York comes from Taiwan, and although it had its charms, it lacked the virtuosic brilliance of individual artistry and ensemble that characterized the Peking style in its great days—or so say those who have seen both. Chinese opera is a fast-moving, colorful affair, full of acrobatics and lavish costumes; only the clattering, whining music seems alien to a Western sensibility. But one shouldn’t over-stress the lightness of this form: The tour programs chopped up the extended operas into what amounted to a string of pops highlights. It was all rather like trying to judge the Western musical tradition on the basis of an Arthur Fiedler program. Hazardous at best.

Shingon Buddhists

The Japanese and Indian performances were also excerpted from longer totalities, but neither could be accused of pandering to Western tastes. The Shingon Buddhist monks appeared for three poorly attended performances in mid-October at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (the audience seemed to consist mostly of avant-gardists). Buddhist chanting survives all over the Eastern world (although once again the Communists have suppressed it in China and Tibet), and the ceremonies can literally go on for days. The Brooklyn program began with a solo narrative chant on an epic secular theme—a form that was the direct ancestor of the Japanese Noh and Bunraku theater. Chanted by an ancient blind musician who is reportedly one of the last surviving masters of the style, this episode from a "war tale" made a pronouncedly hieratic effect. The actual chanting ceremony was more striking still. From a musical point of view, the monks’ work revealed a marked kinship with Indian chanting and even with the Eastern Orthodox and Gregorian styles. But this was a spectacle that transcended pure sound from the very first, a piece of musical theater that betrayed its links to communal religious mysteries in a way that Greek and Western theater itself once did. The entire forty-five minutes amounted to a dazzling overload of time-tested coups de théâtre, from the setting itself to the entrance of the monks to the ministrations of the presiding Dai Shojo (archbishop) to the grand climax, in which the chanting broke into an angry gabble as complex as anything in contemporary choral literature, with the monks unfurling their accordion-like prayer books in sharp flourishes.

Kerala Kalamandalam

If the Shingon monks recalled Greek tragedy implicitly, the Kathakali dance dramas of the Kerala Kalamandalam Company at Carnegie Hall around Thanksgiving re-

Continued on page MA-26

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March 1974

MA-15
THE
METROPOLITAN OPERA

L'Italiana in Algeri

When Rossini wrote L'Italiana in Algeri he was four years younger than the Mozart who wrote Idomeneo, and two years younger than the Pergolesi of La Serva Padrona, whose prodigiousness has long been celebrated by music historians. No other opera that still holds the boards was written by anyone so young, and the experience of Rossini's youthful high spirits is among the most delightful entertainments an opera house can offer. There are, inevitably, excesses and stylistic confusions, especially during Rossini's touching attempt in the first-act finale to blend Mozart into his own genius—the Cosi-like trio for two sopranos and tenor before the first ensemble of confusion, the very chromatic Figaro-like section that leads to the second ensemble of confusion, which is pure Rossini, tonic/dominant, four-square, and very funny. It is hard to believe that in the declining years of the twentieth century a presentation of this bright bundle of semi-precious stones could be a source of controversy on the musical scene, but so it is: New York's critics have been quarreling about the new Met production. Wagner has long been celebrated by music historians (though the French dialogue that resulted was spoken in a variety of accents, any one of which would have respectfully) did he give the music the tension it requires if it is not to seem a lot of rum-tum-tum. Though the singers get all the attention and the credit, the fact is that all these bel canto operas are conductor's operas: the singing can be effective only in a frame. They could not flourish under leaders like Molinari-Pradelli in the Bing days, and they cannot survive an Otvos now.

Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's boxy set was charming in its arabesques, and it was a joy to have a Met production done by someone with a truly sophisticated sense of color. His mise-en-scene was faintly unprofessional, however, and lacking a consistent conception for any of the characters. The twenty-man chorus was handled very well, though, from the charming eunuch-masks to the sewing motif that stressed their role in the harem.

Something special should be said too for the new chorus-master, David Stivender: though he couldn't get everybody on stage for every scene (I'm sure nobody was counting but me), he did get the most crisp attacks and consistently sonorous execution that I have ever heard from a chorus at the Met.

Les Contes d'Hoffmann

The second performance of the Met's new production of Tales of Hoffmann (on December 3) was the occasion for as glorious a piece of sustained evening-long vocalism as I have heard in the new house: Placido Domingo's Hoffmann. He did not even attempt to sing in a French style (given Offenbach's execrable prosody it may not be possible to sing correct French in Hoffmann, anyway); but his work in the Italian style was beyond praise, and the sounds he made will remain with this auditor for a long time. He was also dramatically a plausible Hoffmann; and if he slouched a little, well, one could remember that his was, after all, a hard-luck story par excellence.

It was a pleasure, too, to encounter in the flesh the Richard Bonynge edition of the score, which he recorded a year ago. He has stripped away the recitative, in itself an excellent idea (though the French dialogue that resulted was spoken in a variety of accents, any one of which would
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Continued from page 14

Max I further reassure your numerous readers that they need not play "Quadropolis" in all record outlets. Lafayette Radio's eighty-five retail outlets handle all the four-channel discs available. Our store here in Minneapolis currently has in stock over 160 titles, separated neatly into SQ, Quadradisc, and compatible encoded sections, displayed prominently in our sound studio and backed up by expert and knowledgeable salespeople.

The future of audio rests. I believe, in four-channel sound, and the disc situation is not quite so bleak as Mr. Rockwell projects.

Kenneth M. Rhodes
Lafayette Radio
Edina, Minn.

Lafayette is indeed a welcome exception to the chaotic picture depicted in "Quadropolis." But it only emphasizes Mr. Rockwell's point. For a full selection of available four-channel discs, you have to go to an audio dealer! As for the available repertory, the list of missing conductors and performers were designed to suggest the glaring gaps in the quadraphonic-disc catalogue: four-channel remains a dubious alternative to two-channel stereo with such a lopsided repertory.

I've had no problem finding all the four-channel discs I want. In fact, they find me. Since the Ormandy recording of the Shostakovich Fifteenth Symphony (RCA) is available only as a compatible Quadradisc, I actually have one more than I wanted—which was not.

If the present exponential trend in the number of channels (1, 2, 4...) continues, we will presumably wind up with a separate channel for each instrument in the orchestra—so that we can have a 128-channel recording of the Mahler Resurrection Symphony. Sly little devils, those amplifier and speaker manufacturers.

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behind the scenes

Mozart Weathers an Energy Crisis, the Middle East War, and Other Minor Irritations

LONDON

In EMI's Studio No. 1 in St. John's Wood. Peter Serkin was recording a Mozart piano concerto with the English Chamber Orchestra under Alexander Schneider. Upstairs in the playback room. André Previn was listening to a playback of one of his latest records— as pianist, with Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Symphony. In another Mozart piano concerto. Then suddenly disaster struck: The electric power gave up the ghost. An RCA representative arriving to inspect the Serkin session was nonplussed to see candles everywhere. Was this EMI's idea of an electronic age? Had the energy crisis come so soon?

The explanation was much simpler. An Irish workman excavating a hole in the road outside (the very place where the Beatles were photographed for their album "Abbey Road") had jabbed his spade rather too enthusiastically. The cable supplying the whole of the studio was damaged, and candles were the order of the day for Mozart until the engineers had mended it.

Happily the mishap caused only temporary disturbance. Serkin and his colleagues completed all five of the Mozart concertos scheduled—the five works of mounting inspiration from the K. 450s—while Previn's canceled playback at least allowed him a little more rest before his concert at the Festival Hall in the evening: much needed, as he has been showing a few signs of overstrain lately. The finished record, coupling K. 491 and K. 453, has already been rushed out as the EMI's seventy-fifth-birthday offering.

Don Giovanni Delayed. Mozart projects have been coming thick and fast, and others too have suffered from unexpected mishaps. In the summer, when after his Edinburgh Festival performances of Don Giovanni Daniel Barenboim attempted to record the opera for EMI with the same cast (Roger Soyer as the Don, Helen Donath as Anna, Heather Harper as Elvira, Geraint Evans as Leporello, Luigi Alva as Ottavio, with the English Chamber Orchestra), disaster struck at the first session. Soyer acquired a throat infection, which so far from clearing up prevented him from doing any useful recording work at all. Producer Suvi Raj Grubb had the enviable task of devising a new recording schedule without the Don ("Talk about Hamlet without the prince," he says), and the rest is being slotted in from recordings being made with the same performers in London.

Stern and Zukerman in a Pinch. Yet another Mozart project was nearly sabotaged by the Middle East war. When Isaac Stern and Pinchas Zukerman arrived back posthaste from Israel to give their scheduled concert of two Pleyel sonatinas and the Mozart Concertone for Two Violins, K. 190, they found themselves with too little time to rehearse. Priorities had demanded their staying in Israel much longer than they had planned.

So it was that at the Festival Hall they substituted the great Mozart Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola, K. 364 (to no one's serious disappointment), but that did nothing to help get the recording sessions completed. Sessions covering both the Pleyel works (newly discovered by oboist James Brown) and the Mozart Concertone (with Barenboim conducting the ECO), not to mention a series of duos by Leclair and Spohr, as well as Mozart. Somehow the indefatigable pair did get by with the minimum of strain (the duos were also given live at the Festival Hall), and Zukerman repeatedly demonstrated what a superb virtuoso he is on the viola as well as the violin.

Barenboim into the Breach. It was typical of Barenboim that one morning, when Stern and Zukerman felt they simply had to cancel their recording session in favor of practicing, without a tremor he took the orchestra through Elgar's Serenade for Strings, recording it complete.

I went to the session that same afternoon when, with all three reunited, they recorded the Mozart Concertone in
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ELAC Products, Benjamin Electronic Sound Company, Farmingdale, New York 11735.

You can’t rush craftsmanship.

March 1974
A New Speaker from Advent.

The new Advent/2 speaker system is meant to be the most satisfying low-cost loudspeaker available. It has wider range, higher efficiency, and greater power-handling ability than other systems in its price class, and its overall sound quality is extremely close to that of the best speakers at any price.

If you would like absolutely convincing sound for the lowest possible cost, it is the speaker to buy.

Inside And Outside.
The performance of the Advent/2 is the result of a breakthrough - not in design principles, but in the quality of internal components built into a low-cost loudspeaker. Not only does it have more expensive drivers than other low-cost systems, but drivers of a cost usually associated with speakers of twice the price.

Its low-frequency speaker, for instance, has a magnetic system as massive as that of the original Advent Loudspeaker. And while one of its two high-frequency speakers would have been enough for the usual low-cost loudspeaker, it uses a pair to achieve power-handling equal to that of much more expensive systems.

Because our aim has been a low-cost system that will be unusually satisfying in all respects, we have also invested time and money to develop a new speaker enclosure with more to offer than the usual low-cost combination of pressed wood and simulated woodgrain.

The handsome, warm-white molded cabinet of the Advent/2 wasn't designed simply to look different or provide something new to advertise, but to help achieve the highest possible performance-per-dollar in a loudspeaker. It is a combination of high-impact thermoplastic for its outer shell and high-density polyurethane foam for its inner core. Lighter in weight than an equivalent wood cabinet, it is easier to mount on a shelf. Its acoustically transparent (and non-resonant) metal grille provides excellent protection for the drivers. And both the shape and finish of the molded cabinet have helped produce one of the very few loudspeakers at any price with something to offer the eyes as well as the ears, a really graceful and distinctive appearance that looks very much at home in a home.

Our ability to produce a speaker as good as the Advent/2 for so low a price is based on confidence that we can sell a large number of speakers to offset the unusually high investment in what's inside and outside. We believe your first hearing will tell you why we have that confidence.

What It Has to Offer.
There are some good low-priced speakers on the market, but the Advent/2 is intended to supply meaningfully better performance.

The specific difference is its combination of bass, efficiency, and power-handling. Some low-cost speakers simply don't produce enough bass to avoid a somewhat lightweight sound quality. Some of these - and others with slightly better bass - require more power than low-cost amplifiers and receivers can provide to play demanding music at satisfyingly loud levels. Others just won't produce enough acoustic power under any conditions to fill a big room, or a smaller room full of people, with low-distortion sound.

We feel that a speaker meant to be lived with happily for year after year, without continual urges for something a little or a lot better, must handle enough power to satisfy all likely listening requirements - including turning up the volume for a party or for some high-intensity listening with or without company. If it is to be a true low-cost speaker, it must also be efficient enough for satisfying use with low-cost, low-power amplifiers and receivers. And it must produce enough really low bass to give a solid foundation for all kinds of music, with no sense of missing weight.

We believe that the Advent/2 is demonstrably better than other low-cost systems in any of these respects. We are sure it is the only fully satisfying combination of all three.

The new Advent/2 costs $58.1 If you would like more information, please send in the coupon. We will include a list of Advent dealers who will be happy to give it the full demonstration, including comparison with more expensive speakers, that it deserves. Thank you.

1Slightly higher in some parts of the country.
Our Other Speaker(s).

We decided to call our new loudspeaker the Advent/2, rather than the Advent/3, because we consider the other two speakers we make to be different versions of the same loudspeaker.

We called our first two loudspeakers the Advent Loudspeaker and the Smaller Advent Loudspeaker. They were and are intended for flat-out comparison with the most expensive speakers available. Their overall sound, including frequency response to the lowest bass fundamentals present on recordings, is essentially identical. But the Smaller Advent, in return for its smaller size and lower cost, won't play quite as loud as the original Advent. If you are interested in an absolute maximum of useful performance in a speaker, or will take that maximum minus a few decibels of acoustic output for a considerable saving in money and space, these two versions of the same speaker are worth going out of your way to hear. A few minutes listening will begin to indicate why they have become best-sellers with relatively little advertising and a deliberately limited number of dealers. The original Advent costs $105-$125 (depending on finish and the part of the country you buy it in), the Smaller $70-$75.
EMI: Gabrieli and Delius. EMI mean-while has been reveling in the quadriphonic possibilities of King's College, Cambridge. David Willcocks directed the choir that he has long trained (but will soon give up when he becomes principal of the Royal College of Music) in a program of Gabrieli anthems. The EMI producer, Christopher Bishop, found obvious problems when it came to recording in four channels in so reverberant an acoustic, but the results have exceeded even his most sanguine expectations—a thrilling, atmospheric sound.

Bishop has also been responsible for the Delius Trust's latest recording, the opera Kyoung. One interesting feature of the casting is that the three principal roles are taken by black singers—Claudia Lindsay, Eugene Holmes, and Simon Estes—which could hardly be more appropriate for this exotic opera set in Florida (!). Sir Charles Groves conducted the London Symphony, and the complete work should fit neatly onto four very well-filled L.P sides.

Independent Mahler. One major project by a comparatively small company has been the second recording of a Mahler symphony by Independent World Releases. A firm set up by Isabella Wallich with some adventurous ideas on marketing, Isabella Wallich has been closely connected with the record industry from her earliest childhood. As niece of the pioneering Fred Gaisberg (in charge of EMI recording from the turn of the century), she herself heard many of EMI's classic recordings of the Thirties being made—as for example Casals' Dvořák cello concerto made in Prague with Szell and the Czech Philharmonic.

The products of her earlier company, Lyrita, are now marketed here by Decca, and she has ventured into the ambitious world of Mahler recording with Wyn Morris, a dedicated and expressive Mahlerian, conducting an orchestra specially gathered together. You would think that London had more than enough professional orchestras already, but the Symphonica of London finds a chink not covered before: Its personnel make their regular livings playing for television jingles and the like, generally regarded as the most lucrative field for a classical musician in London. The list of string players—not to mention those in other sections—is extraordinarily impressive, and when I heard the first take of the Symphonica's recording of the Mahler Fifth Symphony at the EMI studio, it was immediately obvious how much more than a pickup group this is.

The orchestra's quality had already been amply demonstrated by Independent World Releases' first product, a richly committed account of Mahler's Eighth Symphony [just issued in the U.S. by RCA, which is interested in the Fifth], and here—with Isabella Wallich herself producing (shopping basket nestled against her feet)—the aim was to achieve comparable qualities. One advantage of using such players is that they enjoy their return to classical work more than regular orchestral players who keep to the symphonic repertory year in year out.

Alan Civil, taking a break from his work as co-principal horn of the BBC Symphony, was in his element. After one playback of the third movement, Morris suggested in the confidential surroundings of the control room that Civil might make the most flamboyant sound he could. Civil nodded, but put in the reservation "as long as it doesn't sound coarse." Morris laughed, and insisted that Civil's horn tone could never be that.

Edward Greenfield

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Dick Haymes

Comes Home

The house is literally on a mountaintop. Its glass-walled living room commands an awesome precipitous view down the rugged slopes of the Santa Monica Mountains to Malibu and the Pacific Ocean, burning silver-white in the sloping and metallic afternoon sunlight.

The man sits at ease in a deep leather armchair, occasionally putting on a pipe he has forgotten to light, and talks with surprising unselfconsciousness about his unhappy past and his contented present. He wears khaki shorts and sandals and a gold cross that hangs from his neck on a fine chain—nothing else. His hair is now as silver as the sea out there and it has changed remarkably little. Two deep character lines in the cheeks parenthesize the sensitive mouth, but any character lines are silver-white in the sloping and metallic afternoon sunlight.

Haymes was a graduate of the old Harry James and Tommy Dorsey bands. Indeed, he followed Frank Sinatra into the singer’s chair in both bands, and then, in the mid-1940s into solo singer status and movie stardom. His rich baritone voice became as well known as Sinatra’s and his boyish face familiar to millions through such films as State Fair, One Touch of Venus, and Do You Love Me. Then followed several stormy—and well-publicized—marriages, one of them to Rita Hayworth; a period of drinking; and then obscurity. For the past ten years he has been living in Europe—not quite the refuge show business people imagined, since Haymes had been partly raised in Paris and educated in Switzerland and speaks French almost as well as he does English. In England he married Wendy Patricia Smith of Windsor; that was 11 years ago. And he quit drinking.

“Fortunately,” he says, “I never had much tolerance for alcohol. I could get falling-down drunk on four drinks. I was rather fortunate in that, unlike friends I have who can put away a couple of bottles a day. Thus when I stopped, I hadn’t done that much physical damage to myself.”

When Haymes made his successful comeback a year and a half ago at Hollywood’s Coconut Grove, before a “star-studded,” as they used to say, audience, it was his first appearance in Hollywood in fifteen years, and it ended a ten-year absence from the U.S. (You can’t call it his native country; he was born in Buenos Aires of Irish and Scottish parents and raised in boarding schools all over the world, including Loyola College in Montreal.) Why did he go away? Why did he stay so long?

“I got to the point where I’d loosened up my life so much that I thought it was time to leave town. I wouldn’t advise people to go away to some distant place to find their heads. But it happened to work for me. I figured I’d worn out my welcome in the business. And I went away to try to find myself.

“It must have been the right move, because I did, after some more blunders. In 1965, with no problem whatsoever—which is a blessing in itself—I stopped drinking.” (Behind Haymes, as he talked, there was a well-stocked bar. Neither he nor Wendy uses it; it’s for visiting friends.) “I came to a crossroads that gave me a choice of either winding up on skid row or functioning with the things I had to think through in my life, skin-diving, sailing, skiing, tennis, writing, singing, performing, communicating with people, all came back to me in such a crystal clear concept that I really wondered what the hell I’d been trying to prove. In my case—and everyone has to find his own thing—it seemed to be a form of inferiority complex.)

Continuing the conversation: “You see, I love my audience. They are a reflection of me and I am they. There’s a communal meditation, if you wish to call it that. People will sometimes ask me after a performance, ‘How can you move me so much?’ The truthful answer is that I am you.

“I firmly believe there is a spark of beauty in everyone, and I try to tap it. I try to find it.”

It would seem that he has at very minimum found it in himself.
Every audiophile knows AR is famous for its superb speaker systems. Each has become the standard of the industry in its class. AR speaker engineers have designed a range of speaker systems priced as low as $69 and as high as $600. Regardless of the investment you plan, each AR speaker system will provide the greatest accuracy in sound reproduction.

The AR-2ax is a good example. This 3-way speaker system offers a well-balanced, accurate and finely dispersed response over all frequencies. Natural reproduction of music without exaggeration or artificiality of sound. Separate controls on the back permit independent adjustment of the level of the mid-range and high frequencies.

You'll find it difficult, if not impossible, to find any speaker to equal its performance anywhere near its $149 price. For more detailed information, please write.
One part of the Pioneer ad in your September issue says, "When switching from four-channel to two-channel reproduction, power is substantially increased with the new and advanced Power Boosting circuit. . . . [This switching] can be instantly achieved without the usual reconnecting of speaker wires." Does this imply that in the usual receiver it is necessary to disconnect and then reconnect the wires? That would be hopeless.—W. R. Auger, Claremont, Calif.

If we understand this feature it is a type of internal "strapping" intended to pair the four amplifier sections so that two are driving each channel in the stereo mode. Therefore while the term "Power Boosting" may be an exclusive with Pioneer, the properties of the design do not appear to be new. Early quadriphonic receivers did come with instructions for the reconnection of speaker leads to achieve parallel ends; presumably this is what Pioneer's copywriter was thinking of. Of course many quadriphonic receivers have no provision—either in the equipment or in the instructions—for such strapping, and with some attempt to parallel amplifiers can end in disaster.

It is my belief that High Fidelity has curiously overlooked a major development in the high fidelity industry that has had the most profound effects on consumers like myself. I refer to the purchase of component manufacturers by larger corporations that are not themselves knowledgeable about the industry. AR, KLH, Fisher, Electro-Voice, Dynaco, and others have lost their independence. What effect does this have on their products? I see that AR has given up its electronics line, leaving many people—including myself—with equipment that has lost a good deal of its resale value. KLH's Model 6 is being sold in Baltimore with a vinyl cover at a price that strongly suggests that more speaker outer surface has been changed. The bloody dismemberment of that fine mail-order house, Allied Radio, by Radio Shack is too recent to leave anyone hopeful about the future. One can only wonder whether the drivers in AR, KLH, and other speakers are the same ones that were reviewed in High Fidelity.—William Rothstein, Baltimore, Md.

We're not sure that any generalizations on such a subject can be entirely valid, each case is to a large extent unique. Consider, for example, that some companies are sold because the principals want to retire (or perhaps are simply tired of the business), while others must look for outside capital because they already are in financial trouble. A company that is operating soundly when it is purchased usually will be allowed to continue on its demonstrably successful course; one that already is in trouble is asking for changes. But except for Allied Radio, all the companies you cited, even those that we know to have had problems, have continued with many of the same executives, objectives, and standards after the purchase. A change in drivers (often representing an improvement, by the way) or a switch from veneer to vinyl certainly is not unique. Furthermore, the Allied Radio is something of a special case because shortly after Tandy Corp. (which also owns Radio Shack and planned to integrate the two) bought the government decided that the purchase had been illegal under the terms existing antitrust laws. Consequently Allied has been in limbo ever since while Tandy looked unsuccessfully for a purchaser. (At this writing it appears that one may finally have been found.) So, while there may be individual causes for disgruntlement with any company, we can't agree that the sale of a manufacturer implies a sellout of its customers.

A Rectilinear ad in the October issue advises the reader that foam grilles are better at absorbing sound than at transmitting it. This surprises me since so many reputable firms are using foam grille cloths with apparent success, and test reports don't note a problem with the highs being absorbed. Should I avoid buying a speaker with a foam grille?—D.J. Smudey, South Bend, Ind.

It depends on the foam grille itself. Fad— and the current rash of brightly colored, sculptured grille treatments is at least in part a fad—often form around the nucleus of a good idea that may get lost in the shuffle. The original reasoner, using the foam grille was its excellent acoustic transparency, but not all of the present sculptured grilles share that virtue. Some are, as the Rectilinear ad suggests, a step backward—aping the appearance, but not the virtues, of the original concept. Of course speaker designers have for years been building speakers whose characteristics compensate for any high-frequency absorption in the grille treatment; if the speaker sounds good despite a less-than-ideal material the design is hard to fault. And to top it all, the best foam grilles alter the sound less—not more—than conventional grille cloths. Either way, we can see no reason for either preferring or rejecting a speaker system just because its grille has the foam look. Listen first.

My present stereo system consists of a Kenwood KR-5150 receiver, a Pioneer PL-25A turntable, a Teac 4010S tape deck, Sonics AS-447 speakers, and a Sansui SS-20 headset. I hope you'll agree that this is an outstanding stereo system as is. But with quadrophonics here to stay—as I believe it is—exactly what (brand name and model number) would I need since conversion? Or if you think I should sell what I have and buy a new quadrophonic system, what would you recommend? I want only the best.—John Hord, Taylorville, Ill.

We can't undertake research projects on behalf of individual readers; nor would we have the temerity to make all the necessary assumptions in picking specific units from among the many possibilities that would—in our opinion if not in the reader's—yield approximately comparable end systems. We would suggest, however, that since quadrophonic equipment is changing rapidly (what with new ICs replacing the prices of available circuitry and new circuits improving on the performance of old ones), and since you obviously are happy with your stereo system, you should think in terms of conversion for the present. Perhaps a decoder/back-amp unit plus two more speakers would be a good starting point, with a CD-4 demodulator as the next step and quadriphonic tape deck as the third. That will give you a breathing space of some years to become still more familiar with quadrophonics and make up your own mind what is "best" in terms of your needs.

Can you please find me some blank 8-track tape cartridges for quadriphonic recording?—Dale Means, Fairbanks, Ind.

Sure: Any 8-track blanks will do. Of course they won't have that little slot to trigger the automatic 2/4-channel switching, but the switching normally works in playback only and you can do it manually on any equipment we've examined. If you insist on having the slot you may be out of luck. At least we've seen no blank tapes with it.

Can an ordinary SQ decoder work in reverse as an encoder so that I might record from CD-4 Quadradics onto a stereo cassette deck for quadriphonic playback via the decoder? I'd be willing to buy the demodulator, but not a discrete-quadriphonic open-reel deck.—Michael Randall, New York, N.Y.

Matrix decoders can't be used for encoding. You'd better stick to playing the original Quadradics instead of copies.

I've seen some headphones marked Scintrex that look suspiciously like Sharpe models I've looked at before. Are they made by the same supplier, and if so who is it?—M. E. Eberhardt, Scottsdale, Ariz.

They are, the manufacturer is Scintrex, and "supplier" is not quite the right word. The Sharpe Audio Division of Scintrex in Tona wandaw, N.Y., has been making headphones for years. Recently it changed its name to the Scintrex Audio Division, and the name on its products has changed accordingly.
The classics from KLH. Four bookshelf loudspeakers of such extraordinary quality that each has set the standard of excellence in its price range. Pictured to the far left, our popular little Thirty-Two ($55.00). Next, one of the best selling loudspeakers in the country, the Seventeen ($79.95). Up front, everybody's favorite, the Six ($139.95). And finally, our most spectacular bookshelf model, the Five ($199.95). If you really want to know what KLH is all about, we suggest you listen to any one or all of these fine loudspeakers. And when you do, also look for our other bestsellers—the KLH stereo receivers. The Model Fifty-Five ($219.95), the Model Fifty-Two ($319.95); and our newest receiver, the stereophonic/quadraphonic Model Fifty-Four ($525.00). KLH—the best thing to happen to bookshelves since books.

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The full Luxman line of preamps, power amps, and tuners includes some tubed models (Lux is one of the few Japanese companies still manufacturing tubed components—see “Warm and—Some Say—Wonderful” in this column), but initially all units sold in the U.S. will be solid-state.

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Now in Hi-Fi: Automated Diagnosis

It's happened to us all: You suddenly get the feeling that something isn’t quite right with your system. Your ears sense that performance has deteriorated, or that your new component doesn't sound quite as good as the advertised specs had led you to believe. Ever tried to explain a complaint like that to a repairman?

If you live in the New York City area, Audio Diagnostics of New Hyde Park, N.Y., may be able to help you. They will analyze amps, receivers, tuners, and tape recorders for prices ranging from $7.50 to $12.50. Test data for tape recorders, for example, include THD in both channels, measured at 1 kHz; wow and flutter, weighted and unweighted; speed accuracy; signal-to-noise in both tracks; and a frequency-response chart.

You can either take the results to your own repairman, or use Audio Diagnostics’ shop, where half the analysis cost will be applied toward repairs.

CIRCLE 157 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Warm and—Some Say—Wonderful

Are there still people who buy vacuum-tube audio equipment? Yes, especially in Japan, where sales of tubed amps have taken a sudden spurt. Big brand-name manufacturers no longer produce them, but they are available generally and one new company (Onlife) offers only tube amps, both mono and stereo. What accounts for this revival? Our Japanese correspondent cites several reasons. Japanese radio/TV/audio monthly magazines regularly feature do-it-yourself tubed-amp projects, and veteran audiophiles who have built these find it hard psychologically to change to transistors. A naked tube amp in operation is warm and alive, compared to a cold transistorized unit hiding in its case. It's also a status symbol: The recording studios and broadcasting stations use tubed amps. Some Japanese audiophiles believe that while transistorized amps appear to have attained better signal-to-noise and distortion performance, tubed amps still have better power-handling capacity. And they somehow feel that the warm tubes produce warmer and fuller sound.

Many Japanese also prefer tubed amps over transistorized units because usually they can get more power per dollar; contrary to some press reports, hard-core Japanese audiophiles are not overly enthusiastic about quadraphony—but a customer for a high-powered amp in Japan is hard-pressed to find a non-quadriphonic transistorized component.

Also, more than a million Japanese youths are estimated to work with short-wave radio, and most of the self-built ham-radio equipment (including the much-desired high-power rigs) is still in the vacuum-tube stage. Many radio enthusiasts are audiophiles as well and apparently favor the tubed amp because it complements their other equipment. Vacuum tubes and tubed-amp parts are readily available in the main shopping areas, and their prices have increased at a slower pace than those of transistorized equipment.

Some American audiophiles also continue to debate the same pros and cons of tubed vs. transistorized equipment, and tubed components are still available in the U.S., primarily from Audio Research Corp. Eventually Lux may introduce tubed models here. . . . (See “Lux is Back,” in this column.)

An electret headphone from Telephonic

ISC's Telephonics Div. entered the high fidelity field last summer with the Telephonic headphone line after forty years in acoustic products design and production. Their latest model is the TEL-111, an electret unit. It reportedly has distortion of only 0.2 per cent at 115 dB SPL, will handle up to 65 watts, and has a frequency range of 18 to 24,000 Hz. A simple impedance matching box with a speakers/phone switch is provided; the electret element supplies the needed electrostatic polarization bias so no power supply like that of conventional electrostatic phones is needed. The TEL-111 sells for $87.50.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

news and views

Stereo AM Update

In November 1972 we reported on an experimental stereo AM broadcasting system, which was scheduled for testing early in 1973. Those tests never occurred, partly because what was to have been the original participating station, WWDS, was sold. WFBR in Baltimore, Md., recently expressed interest in the project, and has since filed with the FCC for permission to carry on the experimental broadcasts.

The system was developed by Leonard Kahn, president of Kahn Research Laboratories in Westbury, N.Y., and utilizing the upper and lower sidebands of the station’s normal frequency—1300 kHz in WFBR’s case. To receive a stereo broadcast one currently would need two AM receivers, one tuned slightly above 1300 and the other slightly below. Technology for stereo AM reception in a single receiver is available, however.

Kahn says everything depends on FCC action, but he’s hoping tests will begin within a few months.

Lux is Back

As reported in last October’s issue (“New Equipment for 1974”), the Lux Corp. of Japan is reintroducing its component line into the U.S. However, the Marubeni Corp., known in this country for Midea products, and not Audio Technica, as in our report, will handle marketing. Lux’s first bid to enter the U.S. market four years ago through British Industries Corp. (remember BIC/Lux?) was ultimately unsuccessful.

The joint Lux-Marubeni venture will be called Lux America, the brand name “Luxman.” Equipment will be top-of-the-line, the company says (L & G, a subsidiary of Lux, makes components in what is termed the “medium-high” price bracket), and geared to compete with McIntosh, Audio Research, Inc., and Scientific Audio Electronics (SAE). The first models to be introduced this spring will likely be two integrated amps: the Luxman 700, 20 watts per channel, $187 in Japan; and the Luxman 507, 50 watts per channel, $349 in Japan. U.S. prices are expected to be two or three times as high.
Heath has broadened its component kit line with the AD-1013 Audio Scope. It allows visual checking of either two- or four-channel sources for such parameters as channel separation, phasing, multipath, and center-tuning. Rear-panel inputs for left-front, left-back, right-front, and right-back quadriphonic signals can be switched and observed on the screen independently or in combination. A front-panel input permits use of the unit as a conventional oscilloscope for checking out equipment malfunctions. The AD-1013 also includes a built-in oscillator covering the range from 20 to 20,000 Hz. The price of the AD-1013 is $199.95.

Audio Dynamics introduces bookshelf speaker

A newly developed 10-inch woofer with an extremely rigid, lightweight cone and specially treated surround, plus two 2½-inch tweeters, comprise the heart of the ADC XT-10, a new $115 bookshelf speaker system from Audio Dynamics Corp. Frequency response of the 8-ohm unit is rated at 37 to 20,000 Hz ±3 dB. A contour control allows flat response to be cut 3 dB at 10 kHz. The speaker is said to offer very flat frequency response, excellent high-frequency dispersion, extremely low harmonic distortion, and outstanding transient response. The airtight cabinet is oiled walnut.

Akai's top-of-the-line quadriphonic open-reel deck

The GX-400DSS from Akai (a four-channel version of the GX-400D) features Quadrasync, which allows synchronous dubbing of one track on another without any time delay. This bidirectional deck has stereo/quad erase and record/play heads for forward tape travel, and stereo erase and record/play heads for the reverse direction—allowing bidirectional stereo operation in both recording and playback (with sensing foil). The deck accepts 10½-inch reels and has three speeds (15, 7½, 3½), ADR (Automatic Distortion Reduction), input mixing, and three motors. The price is $1,495.

A new preamp-equalizer from Soundcraftsmen

The PE-2217 preamp-equalizer ($499.50) is the latest addition to Soundcraftsmen's equalizer-oriented equipment line. This model includes light-emitting diodes for continuous visual monitoring of input-to-output balance and overload warning, as well as ten octave-equalizers ±12 dB for each channel. Front panel controls allow tape dubbing with two recorders, with the output equalized or unequalized while monitoring either input or output. Other features include two front-panel stereo headphone jacks, multiple phono preamps, unity-gain adjustments for each channel, and dual main output. Specifications are given as 90 dB of S/N, 10 to 100,000 Hz -0.25 dB response, and less than 0.02 per cent distortion. The unit comes with a walnut-grained cabinet; a rack mount is optional.
NEW BUDGET RELEASES

THE COMPLETE SYMPHONIES OF HAYDN—Vol. 8
(Symphonies Nos. 1 to 19)
The Philharmonia Hungarica—Antal Dorati
STS 15310/15 (6 records)

BAROQUE FLUTE SONATAS
Sonatas by Loeillet, Gaultier, Handel, Telemann, Vinci, Blavet
Andre Pepin (flute), Raymond Leppard (harpsichord), Claude Viala (cello)
STS 15198

J. S. BACH MOTETS—Vol. 1
Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied; Der Geist hilft uns rer Schwachheit auf; Furchte dich nicht; Sei Lob und Preis mit ehren.
The Aeolian Singers—Sebastian Forbes
STS 15186

Haydn: SYMPHONY No. 94 IN G MAJOR (“Surprise”)
SYMPHONY No. 101 IN D MAJOR (“Clock”)
The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Pierre Monteux
STS 15178

Mendelssohn: PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 IN G MINOR
PIANO CONCERTO No. 2 in D MINOR
Peter Katin—The London Symphony Orchestra—Anthony Collins
STS 15236

Khachaturian: VIOLIN CONCERTO
Ruggiero Ricci—The London Philharmonic Orchestra—Anatole Fistoulari
STS 15237

Glazunov: STENKA RAZIN
L Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Ernest Ansermet
STS 15240

Tchaikovsky: SYMPHONY No. 3 IN D MAJOR (“Polish”)
The Paris Conservatoire Orchestra—Sir Adrian Boult
STS 15152

For the past four years Rogersound Laboratories has sold speaker systems out of its California factory. Recently the company began national distribution, and has since introduced the RSL Max Tower system. It comes with an external passive crossover for use with single amps but is set up for triamplification with an optional electronic crossover, which Rogersound says it will introduce soon. The system includes a 12-inch absorption-tuned woofer, a transmission-line-tuned 8-inch midrange driver (125 to 8,000 Hz), and two extremely light cone tweeters, one facing the front, the other the rear. The Max Tower costs $350, and is available in white, blue, avocado green, orange, or walnut veneer.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
The Technics SA-5400X.
4-amplifier 4-channel
and 4-amplifier 2-channel.

Technics doesn't force you to choose between 2-channel and 4-channel. We give you both in one unit. The SA-5400X.

It's a very impressive 4-channel receiver. Each of its amplifiers delivers 8 watts RMS at 8Ω, all channels driven.* (4 x 8w = 32w.) And its full discrete capabilities include jacks for a CD-4 demodulator. Plus jacks for both 4-channel and 2-channel tape sources. And two tape monitor circuits.

There are also two matrix decoding circuits that can handle all the popular matrix methods.

The SA-5400X is a great 2-channel receiver, too. Because it has Balanced Transformerless (BTL) circuitry. Our special way of strapping the front and rear amplifiers in tandem for 4-amplifier 2-channel. Which more than doubles the power per channel in stereo. Producing 20 watts RMS per channel at 8Ω, all channels driven.* (2 x 20w = 40w.)

The amplifiers all have direct-coupled circuitry which vastly improves their low-frequency performance and power bandwidth.

And a special phono-equalizer circuit so you can use virtually any kind of phono cartridge efficiently.

There's also a very potent FM section that boasts sensitivity of 2.0μv (IHF). With a 4-pole MOS FET and IF amplifiers whose ceramic filters yield 65dB selectivity.

We knew you'd have a hard time trying to make up your mind about which kind of receiver to buy. So we put both 2-channel and 4-channel in one easy-to-afford unit.

The SA-5400X. The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.

*THD: less than 0.8%. Power Bandwidth: 7Hz—28kHz, -3dB.
The Recordings of Maria Callas

The artistry that has profoundly influenced subsequent opera singers and repertory is evident on her many discs.

by David Hamilton

Twenty-five years ago, in a Radio Italiana studio in Turin, Maria Callas made her first records. A few weeks earlier, this New York-born soprano of Greek parentage had garnered headlines all over Italy by replacing the indisposed Margherita Carosio in Bellini's I Puritani—immediately after singing the Walküre Brünnhilde! The Turin session made obeisance to this striking conjunction of Bellini and Wagner: three 78-rpm discs containing "Casta diva" from Norma, "Qui la voce" from Puritani, and the Liebestod from Tristan (sung in Italian).

These discs reveal an apparently sizable, rather flexible voice, with a slightly squillante quality in the upper register, a strange, veiled color to the lower-middle tones. Noteworthy are the care for clear, forward diction, the spacious phrasing, and the rhythmic vitality: In "Casta diva" the coloratura is firm and confident; in the Puritani cabaletta, it is light, although descending scales are not ideally clean. It isn't a conventionally beautiful voice, but all of the singing is expressive. "Qui la voce," in particular, carries a heavier weight of emotion than with most singers, first intimated in the plaintive upward portamento on the word "speme" ("O rendetemi la speme") and further adumbrated in much uncommon dynamic shading.

Up to the time of these recordings, Maria Callas' Italian career had been pretty much in the dramatic-soprano repertory. Since her debut at Verona in August 1947, her roles had been Gioconda, Isolde, Turandot, Aida, and the Forza Leonora. Within the next two years, she added Kundry, Norma, Abigaille (in Nabucco), Tosca, the Trovatore Leonora, Fiorilla (in Rossini's Turco in Italia), and Violetta to that repertory—mostly roles exploiting the special combination of power and flexibility that the Turin recordings demonstrated.

While versatility was perhaps the first source of her celebrity, it was not, eventually, the literally historic aspect of the Callas career. The early 1950s
were an era of exhumation, of restoration in Italian opera houses: the *ottocento* repertory, hitherto shrunk to the standard Rossini (mostly comic works), Bellini (*Norma, Sonnambula, and Puritani*), Donizetti (*Lucia* and the comic operas), and Verdi (*Rigoletto* on), was subjected to extensive re-examination, and the particular abilities of Maria Callas played an essential part in this process.

Callas was neither the conventional *soprano leggero* nor the Gioconda-Aida dramatic soprano: she approached this music neither in the bird-call style nor in the gusty Puccini-*verismo* manner. With brilliant, if probably instinctive, stylistic insight, she conceived the soprano roles of the earlier nineteenth century afresh, and showed the way to a new generation of singers who, in the 1960s, made these operas standard fare the world over. None of them were carbon copies of Callas, but each, in her different way, was clearly indebted to the same predecessor: The careers and achievements of Sutherland, Scotto, Caballé, Sills, Horne, Souliotis, and Gencer are inconceivable without that example.

Her recordings—and indeed her American career—do not adequately reflect this historic aspect of Maria Callas’ achievement. Consider the list of her Italian revivals: at the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Verdi’s *I Vespri siciliani* and Haydn’s *Orfeo ed Euridice* (1951), Rossini’s *Armida* (1952), Cherubini’s *Medea* (1953); at Milan’s La Scala, Verdi’s *Macbeth* (1952), Gluck’s *Alceste* and Spontini’s *La Vestale* (1954), Bellini’s *La Sonnambula* (1955), Donizetti’s *Anna Bolena* and Gluck’s *Iphigenie en Tauride* (1957), Bellini’s *II Pirata* (1958), Donizetti’s *Polibo* (1960). Of these, only two (*Medea* and *Sonnambula*) were recorded commercially. North America (Chicago, New York, and Dallas) heard her on the stage in *Norma, Traviata, Lucia, Puritani, Trovatore, Tosca*, and *Medea*, plus a concert version of *II Pirata*. And the recordings included all of these (except *Pirata*), plus standard literature: *Barbiere, Rigoletto, Ballo, Forza, Aida, Giocanda, Cav ’n’ Pag, Manon Lescaut, Bohème, Turandot*—some of them works she hardly ever, or never, sang on the stage.

For this reason, the accompanying discography incorporates (in brackets) a number of so-called “underground” recordings, which help us to fill in the audible history of the Callas career; without considering these, an accurate appreciation of its significance is hardly possible. [In publishing Mr. Hamilton’s documentation complete with “underground” recordings HF is not expressing its approval of them: as a publication of record, we are simply acknowledging their existence.—Ed.] Few of them, alas, are of sufficiently good or consistent quality to be considered for commercial release; their technical failings are legion, for the majority...
never coasted—there is not, in any Callas performance I have ever heard, a line, a phrase that is thrown away, carelessly shaped. All the resources available to a musician—tempo, accents both dynamic and agogic, pauses, rubato, dynamic shading, portamento, types of attack, timbral variation—are brought to bear, to give each phrase momentum, coherence, a sense of destination, a clear function within the whole.

And, of necessity, to give a dramatic function. To the question, "Why are you singing this?" (or, more specifically, "Why do you put an accent on that note," etc.), one feels sure that Callas would never answer simply "Because the score says so." To be sure, she generally does what the score says—and in the process illuminates the music-dramatic reason for the composer's instruction. Too, she does a lot more than the score says, always within the framework implied by the notes. In her master classes at the Juilliard School in 1972, she turned out to be less articulate about such matters than one might have hoped, but her sung examples of "how to do it" were invariably instructive. She is, I suspect, primarily an intuitive artist, but one whose instincts range over a much wider spectrum of possibilities than do those of most contemporaries—and one who is infinitely self-critical.

All of this doesn't make her a perfect singer, nor her recordings "the best." Callas is important, not because she combines all the virtues of other singers, but rather because she commands particular virtues that few others had, and used them with great integrity. During the period when the voice remained pretty completely subservient to the intellect and the instinct, however, she was incomparably the most fascinating and illuminating performer on the operatic stage. This had very little to do with the figment of publicity ("The Tigress") that grew up, especially from the time of her Metropolitan Opera debut in 1956. Not that she isn't a complex woman—she obviously is—but it was her ability to draw upon every bit of this rich fund of emotional energy in realizing her operatic conceptions that made her such a special performer.

Eventually, to our loss, a combination of physical and emotional problems seriously undermined the workings of the voice: by the end of the 1950s the diminished vocal possibilities seriously limited the interpretive range, and during the "comeback" of 1964-65, most of her appearances were touch-and-go between imminent vocal disaster and infinite dramatic resource. I don't propose to explore the reasons for this decline; I am a musician, not a psychoanalyst, and sopranos are entitled to private lives just like the rest of us, even if their friends, fans, and publicity agents don't always seem to think so.

The tragedy is that such a career should have ended so early—after 1958 her operatic appearances fell off drastically, and ended completely in 1965 when she was only forty-one years old (the parallel with the career of Giuditta Pasta, 125 years earlier, is very striking). Also unfortunate is the circumstance that many have encountered her through the later, stereo recordings (e.g., the two-disc sampler set "The Art of Maria Callas"), and consequently either turned off or acquired unfortunate ideas of what great singing sounds like: to these listeners, I commend fresh attention to the earlier recordings (the discography is arranged chronologically, partly for this reason).

The Recordings

Let us turn now to consideration of the Callas discography as a representation of her repertory. Of Gluck, she sang two operas; judging from the complete Iphigenia in Tauris (Scala, 1957), she brought to Gluck's meticulous recitatives and long-lined but often rhythmically square arias more declamatory resource and subtlety of phrasing than any other singer of recent years. This performance, sung in Italian and slightly cut, is an estimable one, and quite plausibly recorded; the commercial 1963 recording of "O malheureuse Iphigene" is edgy and strained, hardly representative of her best work. From the 1954 Scala Alceste, some excerpts are in circulation—foggily recorded, but similarly eloquent in their breadth of phrase; the 1961 "Divinités du Styx" captures much of this intensity, if with lesser vocal bloom, and the Orphée aria from the same year is very touching.

Mozart was not a Callas enthusiasm, although she sang Konstanze in an Italian-language Entführung (Scala, 1952); no recording of this has turned up, but at least two concert performances of "Martern aller Arten" are floating around—exciting evidence of what a really powerful, flexible voice can do in this music. By the time of her 1964 Mozart/Beethoven/Weber recital (now out of print), registral disparities were playing havoc with the phrasing; the recitative passages are invariably gripping (one particularly regrets the omission of Anna's narration before "Or sai chi l'onore"), but the cantabile singing is pretty strenuous. Most intriguing of the lot is Elvira's "Mi tradi," which manages to be at once headlong and rhythmically secure, with the final return of the main tune (at "pal-pi-tan-do") set movingly into relief. Callas sang in Haydn's Orfeo (Florence, 1951), but no recording has surfaced yet.

Two important Callas revivals involved Parisian operas by Italian composers, which she sang in Italian-language versions: Cherubini's Médée and Spontini's La Vestale. The first of these became one of her most celebrated parts, although the trans-
The use of Franz Lachner's undistinguished recitatives (written in 1854) made for an anomalous product, without any consistent stylistic reference point. Surely the impact of these performances derived more from Callas' intensity of declamation and mercurial presence than from any great interest inherent in Cherubini's rather static material; in later years, her reading of the part became strikingly free. The 1957 commercial recording, made at the end of a strenuous summer, is vocally weaker than the 1953 Scala premiere but still representative; the 1958-59 live-performance takes show signs of serious difficulties, but—especially at Covent Garden—the lines are delivered with awesome ferocity (I haven't heard the 1961 tape).

The Spontini, a more concise, Gluckian score, survives in a noisy, somewhat fragmentary tape (Scala, 1954): happily, three major arias were done in the studio a few months later. Although Callas does not rival the sumptuous tones we remember from Ponselle's disc of two arias, she yet sculpts the phrases with grand authority, and "Tu che invoco" is appropriately shot through with characteristic dusky undertones of terror.

The 1952 Florence revival of Rossini's Armida—an opera in which the use of fioritura is driven to the extremest limits of elaboration—was a landmark in the modern reappraisal of his serious works. As the Italian critic Fedele d'Amico has written, "In Rossini, coloratura passages could well mean ecstasy, lyrical rapture, fury; in other words, they were vehicles for dramatic expression ... it was not until I heard Callas in Rossini's Armida ... that I really understood the true coloratura style of the golden age." The surviving recording of this performance is, alas, extensively marred by obtrusive crosstalk and other complaints, but through it all one can hear what D'Amico is talking about: The imperious voice pours out roulades and spins scales of many colors and moods. A Semiramide should have followed—even the flawed "Bel raggio" on the 1964 Rossini/Donizetti record is delivered with unique authority (although for the most part this disc, now unavailable, is the nadir of the Callas discography).

Her two comic Rossini roles are fortunately, and delightfully, captured on commercial records: the shrewish Fiorilla of Il Turco in Italia (1954), and the minxish Rosina of Il Barbiere (1957). In the latter, she hews frequently to the conventional soprano rewrite, but there are many welcome appoggiaturas in the recitatives—which, especially when Gobbi is involved, have never been played with such delicious humor. Also striking is the unusual note of passion Callas strikes in the middle of the Lesson Scene: not many Rosinas convince one that...
their need for Almaviva is even greater than their distaste for Bartolo.

Bellini's _I Puritani_ and _Norma_ were, of course, Callas' first incursions into the bel canto literature, and _Norma_ was the role she kept most consistently before the public throughout her career. In two commercial recordings and at least five underground versions, it is certainly well documented. Enthusiasts can, and will, endlessly debate the superiority of one or another of these—the earlier ones stronger vocally, the later ones manifesting fresh insights into the character. Despite the unattractive Pollione, I prefer the earlier Angel set (now on Seraphim) to the later one, and find the well-recorded 1956 Rome Radio version perhaps the happiest medium of all.

The Angel _Puritani_ was made in 1953, at something near the flood tide of her vocal strength, with a reasonable supporting cast. I can't find much of interest in the Mexican performance of a year earlier; in fact, it may as well be said at this point that all the Mexico City material is not only poorly recorded, but distressingly provincial in matters musical (to hear it is to understand completely why Callas became so fussy about her musical surroundings as soon as she could afford to do so!).

As from another throat entirely emerges Amina in _Sonnambula—leggiero_ in spirit and color, although not in scale. The commercial recording under Votto stems from the 1957 revival of Visconti's _Scala_ production; it is more sentimental, less vital than the original (1955) performances under Bernstein (and also less complete, while the tenor tessitura is further modified for Monti). I wish the earlier tape sounded better, for the reading is just that much more brilliant and pointed.

The 1959 New York concert performance doesn't represent either _Il Pirata_ or Callas very well; a very weak supporting cast, brutal cuts (for their sake and, presumably, to save the diva's resources for her final scene), and a tired-sounding star. The 1960 commercial recording of the entrance aria is not much better, but the 1958 finale (in the "Mad Scenes" recital) is pretty compelling. To date, I haven't encountered a tape of the 1958 Scala performance with Corelli and Bastianini.

As with _Norma_, so with Donizetti's _Lucia_. Complementary virtues can be discovered in the two commercial versions. Although in the case of _Lucia_ the first one is more strongly cast (in both cases, it may help that the earlier set is now on a budget label), since _Lucia_ was the opera of this group that Americans knew best (thanks to Lily Pons's annual broadcasts from the _Met_), the Callas interpretation was to us perhaps her most striking revelation—my
**Forza.** Callas apparently sang this only once on the stage (at Trieste in 1948), and recorded it compellingly six years later. The opening scene of the last act is omitted.

**Nabucco.** Another one-time role (1949); the pirate issue from that occasion includes all of Abigaille's music, the voice big and flexible, if not as distinctively colored as it later became. The 1958 commercial recording of the big aria has more pointed, forceful diction, but not quite the gutsy abandon of 1949.

**Trovatore.** Callas' first three productions of this opera can be sampled via the underground, but the 1956 commercial set is best of all (although the 1951 Naples version, a pretty hairy affair, is made memorable by the prodigious intensity of Cloe Elmo's Azucena). From tentative beginnings, the conception of the role takes on all kinds of light and shade (unfortunately, the top D flat in "D'amor sull'ali" disappears along the way). Karajan opens several cuts and affords really galvanizing support. Callas never sang the part again after that.

**Traviata.** Here the commercial recording is relatively early (1952) and the other singers relatively inadequate, although Callas is in fine voice and already offers many interpretive subtleties. Unfortunately, the 1955 Visconti production reaches us in congested sound, and I must confess to finding some of this (particularly the last act) somewhat overdone—too many fussy details, not enough line. The 1958 London performance is vocally weaker, but probably the all-round best of the lot.

**I Vespri siciliani.** The 1951 Florence performance benefits greatly from Kleiber's sure hand, and is not too badly recorded; tenor and baritone, alas, are thoroughly routine. As the 1954 studio recording shows, Callas took the so-called "Bolero" (actually, and correctly, labeled "Siciliana" in the score) at something less than the usual clip, achieving remarkable verve. The 1964 snippet from the fourth-act duet is surprisingly good until she must ascend above the staff; she bravely assays the difficult cadenza, with its chromatic scale from top C down to F sharp below middle C (cf. the recent limp rendition on RCA LSC 3229 by Katia Ricciarelli, who chooses the optional easy alternative).

**Rigoletto.** Another one-time-only part on the stage. The timbral control of the Mexican performance (1952) is extraordinary, but let's face it, there can rarely have been such a chaotic Rigoletto, with every line audibly (and, it would seem, necessarily) prompted. The Angel set (1955) is less successfully girlish, but has every other advantage.

**Macbeth.** A famous part, but only in one production (Scala, 1952), when Callas was in absolutely sensational voice. Once again, her colleagues are undistinguished. The recording muddy—but this is the Lady Macbeth. The three arias recorded in 1958 are undeniably impressive, with many subtle emphases, although the voice has by now lost thrust and focus.

**Don Carlo.** So far, no recording of the 1954 Scala production (with Stignani, Silveri, Orrtca, and Rossi-Lemeni; Votto conducting) has come into sight. The separate arias on the 1958 and 1964 all-Verdi discs—including Eboli's "O don fatale"—are some small compensation.

**Ballo.** Despite Gavazzeni's mannered direction, the 1957 Scala performance is quite good—but the 1956 Angel set is even better, with Gobbi's tremendous Renato a decisive factor of superiority.

In addition to these complete sets, there is the valuable 1958 disc of Verdi arias, and the rather less successful, although frequently absorbing, 1964 discs, which include some unusual repertory (why, though, was no Emilia hired for the Otello scene?—a ridiculous and debilitating economy).

Turning to other Italian repertory of the later nineteenth century, we find some conspicuous anomalies, such as a second recording of La Gioconda, made some seven years after Callas gave up the part on stage. The 1952 Cetra set is a very gutsy performance on everyone's part—perhaps rather too consistently so—but seems infinitely preferable to the weakly cast remake, by which time the register disparities in Callas' voice are beginning to cause real musical problems.

Then there are three operas (Pagliacci, Manon Lescaut, and La Bohème) that she never sang on stage, one, (Cavalleria) that she did only in her Athens "precareer"—all of them interestingly specific characterizations; I particularly like the Bohème (1956), an amiable all-round performance with a Mimi who manages to keep her illness clearly before us without sacrificing breadth of phrase when necessary. The Butterfly (1955) was recorded before her only stage performances; despite some high-register difficulties, this too is a brilliant job, and enjoys another of Karajan's former-style (i.e., not overrefined) conducting jobs.

Two Giordano operas that Callas sang in Milan (Andrea Chérier and Fedora) were taken down on tape: Boito's Mefistofele (Verona, 1954) apparently was not. I haven't heard the 1956 Fedora; Maddalena doesn't require from Callas much of what she does best, but she sounds fine, despite congested sound (1955). Some samples from this literature are on the 1954 "Coloratura/Lyric" recital: Margherita's "L'altra notte" is impressively moodful, but the Cilea and Catalani numbers miss fire somehow.

One would give a lot to hear a Callas Turandot from the years when she actively sang the part (1948-49), but the 1957 recording, albeit less plentiful of voice than some others, has such authority and force of delivery that other considerations seem relatively minor (not to mention the fact...
that Serafin conducts the piece better than anyone else on records). Fortunately, the Callas Tosca was captured in 1953 in the plenitude of vocal security, with a fine cast and ideal leadership; I'm afraid that the 1964 set, where she attempts to overcome crippling limitations of range and power through a surfeit of verbal artifice, simply doesn't compare, although Gobbi and Bergonzi are very strong colleagues. I've heard some of the taped 1965 performances, and regret to say that their audible interest is primarily sentimental.

The 1954 Puccini recital remains a startling demonstration of versatility, although in every relevant case, the complete performance offers a better view of the Callas powers in operation.

There is, surprisingly, a Callas Wagner discography—in Italian, to be sure: not only the 1949 Cetra Liebestod (a very sensuous and moving performance, incidentally), but also a 1950 Kundry from the underground—very clean, accurate, and tonally varied. Unfortunately, the tenor is just plain awful, but Gui conducts with distinction (early underground editions of this comprised the whole opera, and Wagnerians who do not jib at the wrong language are commended to Boris Christoff's truly majestic Gurnemanz). Apparently there is no trace of that famous Walküre: however, the existence of a Tristan performance is reliably rumored.

The French repertory (except for Gluck, Cherubini, and Spontini as noted above) was part only of that famous Walküre; however, the existence of a Tristan performance is reliably rumored.

The following listing includes:

1) All of the singer's commercial recordings, with current catalogue numbers. The few items not currently available from any source are marked “OP,” and the most recent number is given. Although the Everest pressings of the Cetra recordings are officially out of print, copies are still fairly common; Italian pressings (probably in fake stereo) may also be found in some shops (American rights to the Cetra catalogue have gone to Vox, so still another reincarnation may be expected). All the EMI complete operas currently unavailable from Angel can be obtained on EMI Odeon Italian pressings (imported by Peters International), in rechanneled stereo that, on the basis of some sampling, has not had a significantly deleterious effect on the sound.

2) All of her "live" performances of opera that I have traced on private records in complete or substantially complete form; these are indicated by "PR.

3) A selection of other significant performances in circulation on private tapes ("PT").

Listings for the private recordings (categories 2 and 3)are in brackets. These categories do not attempt to list the numerous individual aria performances available on private disc and tape.

All recordings are mono, unless indicated as "S" (stereo) or "R" (rechanneled). For the commercial recordings, the number of discs, if more than one, is indicated after the catalogue number. An asterisk (*) indicates Callas' first performance of the opera in question during her mature career (i.e., not counting the wartime years in Athens).

**VERDI: Nabucco**: excerpts. Bechi, Neroni, Sinanberghi; San Carlo, Gui, cond. PR.


**VERDI: Nabucco**: excerpts. Bechi, Neroni, Sinanberghi; San Carlo, Gui, cond. PR.


Bellini: "Il Pirata." Seattle, Ferrara, Ego; American Opera Society; Rescigno, cond. PR. Nov. 8, 1959.


[PUCCINI: Tosca. Corelli, Gobbi, Metropolitan Opera, Cleva, cond. PT. Mar. 19, 1965.]

[PUCCINI: Tosca. Tucker, Gobbi, Metropolitan Opera, Cleva, cond. PT. Mar. 25, 1965.]


Puccini: Tosca. Cioni, Gobbi, Covent Garden, Prêtre, cond. PT. July 5, 1965 (Callas' last operatic performance.)

From the commercial complete operas and recitals listed above, Angel has assembled several all-Callas albums. As noted in the discography, "Arias I Love. Album 1" (S 36929) is the only current source for the 1955 La Vestale and Medea excerpts. All the material on "The Art of Maria Callas" (SB 3696, two discs), "Arias I Love. Album 2" (S 36930), and "Callas and Di Stefano at La Scala" (S 36940) is still in print in its original forms. "Highlights" discs are available from several of the complete recordings, and of course Callas excerpts have been included in numerous miscellaneous vocal collections.

As Edward Greenfield reported in "Behind the Scenes," May 1973, Philips lured Callas into the studio last year to begin a duet album with Di Stefano. To lure Callas into the studio last year to begin a duet album with Di Stefano. To...
More than any composer or conductor or any other singer during the past 25 years, she has changed opera. In a very real sense, she revived it. For it was Maria Callas who brought back the heroines of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Cherubini, and the early Verdi. Every soprano singing those roles today owes a debt to her.

Ever since our label came to America in 1953, Angel has recorded Callas. Together, we have made history, and recorded it. The list of complete operas she has sung for us is awesome—24 in all, 18 of them from La Scala. All that, plus countless aria collections. It has been a most rewarding relationship.

Now, after 8 years away, Callas has returned in a concert tour with Giuseppe di Stefano, who shared most of her La Scala triumphs. In her own words, "It took courage." But courage is a quality she has never lacked. We honor her with Seraphim releases of her complete La Forza and Masked Ball. And with 2 Angel programs of La Scala duets with Di Stefano. And with our own heartfelt "Bravissimo!"
by John McDonough

There he would sit surrounded by his Slingerlands. The jaws chomping at a wad of gum. The right leg bouncing up and down giving a bass pulse to the beat. Shoulders hunched over a gleaming snare. Head swinging from side to side. A forelock of hair swinging in the air. Eyes open and alert. Lips slightly puckered and grinning at the edges. His entire body quivering with a subtle English. Arms and sticks splashing across the drums and transmitting rocking clusters of clean, ricocheting rim shots. Suddenly a pause—this man capable of so much sound also understood the value of silence. His arms are momentarily outstretched and suspended. Head is cocked to the side now, eyes closed, mouth open. Suddenly the air literally shakes with a booming bass figure, punctuated by the slightly discordant twang of a cowbell on the first, third, and fourth beats. An audience then roars its approval for the world's most famous drummer—Gene Krupa.

Buddy Rich, certainly a major pretender to that unique distinction, is supposed to have said once that every time a drummer climbs behind his gear he should first observe a moment of silence and face Yonkers, because there lived the man who first made the drummer a high-priced guy.

Gene would shrug off such adoration. World fame was something he lived easily with over the years. He was as unaffected and unpretentious a man as one could hope to find in a business of ego and image. Yet he occupied a place in the pantheon of American music figures, a fact belatedly certified in 1972 when he became the first drummer to enter the Down Beat Hall of Fame.

Considering his contributions, such recognition probably should have come sooner, but, you see, Gene always had this problem with the critics. It centered on his charisma, which some condescendingly dubbed showmanship. Surely in the heyday of swing there were corny routines that clumsily tried to package it—Drummin' Man, for example, and that nonsense lyric about a "cowhide kickin' fool." But Krupa was perhaps the most naturally charismatic figure of the swing era. He projected an image of sovereign independence, of cool power, of heroic stature. He was a section unto himself. Although modest by nature and the complete gentleman, he cut an incandescent figure that demanded complete attention on the stand. One recalls the stories of Benny Goodman's impatience at so much public enchantment flowing toward a mere sideman, and a drummer at that! A person once sat watching some silent home movies of Krupa in action at the Metropole and found himself tapping his foot to the mere sight of the man. That is charisma.

But the critics have always marched to the sound of a different drummer—Zutty Singleton, perhaps, or Chick Webb. These were supposed to be the originators, while Krupa was merely the one who took all the credit, or at least received all the credit from a vast unknowing audience. The odd thing is that Gene couldn't have agreed more. He openly idolized Zutty, Chick, and that other precursor of swing drummers, Baby Dodds. And he said so every time he was asked about his influences. It's likely that many of the writers who scorned Krupa as show biz became aware of Chick, Zutty, Sid Catlett, and others because of the great PR job performed by Gene in bringing the drummer—and that means all drummers—out of the shadows and into the spotlight.

And if Krupa was aware of his debt to the great drummers who preceded him, the ones who followed were no less aware of their debt to him. Be-

John McDonough, a free-lance writer and jazz buff, is a copywriter at Foote, Cone, and Belding.
before Gene died, Buddy Rich threw a dinner for him in New York, and they all came out for it: Jo Jones, Joe Morrello, even a partially paralyzed Zutty Singleton. In accepting the tributes, Gene stood before his peers visibly moved and said he was glad to be alive to see it all happen.

It was the sort of remark that turned up in much of his casual conversation near the end. He was not a well man and he knew it, in all its grim detail.

Since October 1967 Krupa's professional life had been sharply limited. First it was emphysema, the accumulated dividend of a lifetime of smoking. Even to the end he remained a captive of the habit, constantly setting time limits beyond which he swore he'd never touch another cigarette. "Two more hours to go before I quit for good," he'd declare as he lit up. The deadlines came and went, but the craving always remained.

Then in 1969 he developed serious back problems and underwent successful surgery. It continued to give him twinges, though. And then after about 1970 there was the frequent loss of energy, the curious, unexplained listlessness. In March 1973 there was further bad luck. Gene's Yonkers home, which he built in 1939, suffered $60,000 damage in a fire. A week and a half later Gene was to play a gig with Lionel Hampton in Pittsburgh. Although he didn't feel up to it mentally or physically, he flew out and checked into the Hilton there. Gene and his pal Frank Bellino, a Yonkers neighbor who'd been helping Gene in his travels in recent years, started the block-and-a-half walk to Heinz Hall for the concert. But after less than a block Gene felt too weak to continue. "Call a cab," he told Frank, who thought at first he was kidding. He wasn't.

Back home soon afterwards, he entered Yonkers Hospital for three and a half weeks of checkups. By the beginning of June the verdict was in: chronic leukemia, and suddenly the immortal drummer was brought face to face with his own mortality.

Often fatal in young children, leukemia in a man Krupa's age (sixty-four), so his doctors told him, can be controlled and stabilized through drugs and regular transfusions. His doctors also cautioned him against hypochondria—excessive worry and talk about imagined ailments and depression over the prospect of death, common in persons with chronic diseases. But death was very much on his mind from then on.

During a visit with Buddy Rich last July between shows at Chicago's Mr. Kelly's, Gene was in a jovial mood. Buddy asked if he could get him anything, meaning a drink. "Sure," joked Gene. "How about a quart of blood?"

There was slight nervous laughter from those present.

He told another friend the next day about a transfusion he'd received a week before. "Whoever had this blood before I got it," he quipped, "had a lot of pimples ... and no interest in sex."

His doctors may have cautioned him against hypochondria, but he still insisted that if he had a pain and it hurt or he sat down for dinner and had no appetite, that was what mattered. "And the fact is," he said, "I haven't had a day in the last year or two when I could get up and say I really felt good."

And sometimes his self-deprecation carried an ominous chill. Sitting in the lobby of the Sheraton North Shore Hotel near Chicago last summer, he was asked if he'd mind saying hello to the pretty young clerk at the registration desk. "She's dying to meet you," the general manager said in his enthusiasm. Gene smiled faintly to his companion.

"She's dying to meet me," he joked grimly as he pulled himself slowly from his chair. "She's doin' better than me. I'm just dying."

If 1973 had its share of bad times, it must also rank paradoxically as one of the most exhilarating years of his career. First, it was a time when his path crossed those of many of his old associates. Gerry Mulligan, who gave Gene's postwar band some of its most striking charts, visited with Gene backstage at Ravinia Park north of Chicago.

"I gave you plenty of hard times back then with all that temperament. I guess," confessed Gerry. "Not really," Gene said. "And if you did, you made up for it with your talent, man. That beautiful writing! And I was such a hard head. If I didn't hear that old ragtime, it wasn't right."

A few weeks before, Gene encountered another old chum at the Newport Jazz Festival, Roy Eldridge, the brilliant trumpet wizard of the late '30s who first broke Louis Armstrong's iron-clad hegemony over the instrument. The two had always enjoyed a particularly close professional friendship, having first met in the spring of 1936 in Chicago when Gene was with Benny Goodman at the Congress Hotel and Roy was with Fletcher Henderson at the Grand Terrace. Gene sought out the Henderson band because of Sid Catlett's drumming, but he and Roy hit it off well, and Gene used
him on his first record date under his own name, the famous Victor date that produced Swing Is Here ("Swing, Vol. 1." RCA Victor LPV 578).

In 1941 Roy joined Krupa's band and became Gene's right hand, a sort of concertmaster. When some unpleasant incidents occurred stemming from a black musician's presence in a popular white band, Krupa ordered that all contracts contain a rider giving Roy access to all facilities available to the rest of the band. Gene felt strongly about that, and on one occasion in York, Pennsylvania, when a restaurant refused to serve Roy, Gene made such a fuss that the local sheriff was called. Krupa was arrested and jailed.

The death of Eddie Condon in August 1973 hit Gene hard. Both had begun their recording careers together in 1927 on the famous Chicago date. Their relationship remained close, socially and professionally. Gene saw Eddie's two daughters, Liza and Maggie, grow up. He recalled how Eddie used to bring them up to Yonkers for visits, and how they would wear his little wire-haired terrier, Mr. Jerk, to a frazzle, playing with him. It finally got so that Mr. Jerk wanted no part of it. Gene insisted the dog could overhear his wife Ethel talking to Eddie's wife on the phone and inviting everybody up for an evening. "Well," Gene declared in all seriousness, "Mr. Jerk would catch that conversation and into the closet he'd go, and he wouldn't come out 'til the Condon kids left."

At Eddie's funeral, Gene's eulogy did not conceal his first afraid he wouldn't be able to make it, that he'd be a drag on the others, and his first impulse was to cancel everything. Yet few men get the chance to re-create and relive the triumphs of their youth and accompanying their own legend. If Krupa had had any of the vanity that inclines men to ponder their own legends, this prospect might have fired him. But that just wasn't part of him. What did fire him now."

The sound of the Benny Goodman Quartet (plus bassist Slam Stewart)—Teddy Wilson, Goodman, Lionel Hampton, and Krupa—was heard again at the 1973 Ravinia Festival. But that just wasn't part of him. What did fire him was not lost on his old boss, Benny Goodman—"the old man," as Gene called him affectionately, although Gene was four months older. The idea began to develop that it might be fun to get the old BG quartet together again for a couple of short gigs. Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson were found willing, so it started with a couple of numbers in a Central Park concert. Then it turned into a guest shot on the "Timex All-Star Swing Festival" taped in October 1972 in Philharmonic Hall. After a string of unspectacular sets by Basie, Ellington, and Brubeck, the original Benny Goodman quartet in the flesh laid down one of the most spontaneous sessions ever captured for American television. The carefully scheduled show ground to a complete halt while the live audience spent its enthusiasm. But it was much more than mere nostalgia. The pure tingle and electricity that radiated from the group was 100-per-cent musical in content. The fact that it was thirty-five years old only underlined the essential validity of the basic concept, which has refused to grow stale.

The next day George Wein was on the phone making arrangements for a Carnegie Hall concert during the Newport Festival. Ed Gordon began clearing space for the group in the schedule for the Ravinia Festival in Highland Park, Illinois. And Boris Sokoloff was scrambling to get them into the Saratoga Festival in upstate New York. Financial arrangements, it's been speculated, ran to $10,000 to $15,000 per concert against a percentage. Out of that Goodman would pay the others; Hampton first, then Gene, then Teddy. A bassist, Slam Stewart, was also added.

So as 1972 ended, Gene seemed on top of the world. In the fall of that year he sat in his den at home and told jazz writer Bert Korall that, in spite of his emphysema and recurring back trouble, "I've never felt more like getting out and playing than I do now." He knew he would have to measure his energy and spirit that was in him, and set out to make what he felt would be his last mark on

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ce to perhaps the largest audiences of their careers,
vastly larger. It's likely, than any single member
could have drawn alone. Even Benny, who came to
Ravinia from the Meadowbrook Festival in Roch-
ester, Michigan, where he drew a large (7,030) but
not record crowd with a pickup group, rarely saw
such receptions. At Ravinia, nearly 12,000; at Sara-
toga, almost 15,000.

There are few small jazz groups in which each
member pulls equally to create a near perfect bal-
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There is no star. The group is the star, because the
group is more than the sum of its parts. It is the clas-
example of musical alchemy, in which each of
the basic components becomes transformed and
magnified in each other's presence. Backstage at
Saratoga, Gene relaxed on a sofa in his dressing
room, which he shared with Teddy Wilson. He
looked drawn, almost gaunt, and his shirt and sport
coat tended to hang from his shoulders. As he
walked toward the stage door, he was slightly
stooped and looked very tired. But when the
spotlight caught him and he planted himself be-
hind his equipment and picked up his sticks, he
seemed ten feet tall, and unbelievably cool. And his
playing seemed to catch and compound the excite-
ment of the moment with every rim shot.

Krupa's was a very special sound, and it didn't
occur by chance. He would strike the drum head
and rim in such a way that the stick carried the im-
 pact from the rim down to the tip of the stick and
transmitted it to the head, which then acted like an
amplifier. Then—and this is the key—he would get
the stick away from the head immediately so that it
didn't kill the vibrations. Leave the stick on the
drum an instant too long, he used to say, and you
lose that echo that lingers after the shot and gives it
its musical quality. A Krupa solo was more than
rhythmic riffs; each stroke had a tone and each
phrase had tonality. To understand the inner me-
chanics of a drum solo, you can in effect put it un-
der a microscope by playing it under 16
rpm instead of 33 1/3. This allows you to really hear
instead of just feeling the subtle intonations of each
beat.

Gene's incredible playing directly affected
Benny, who became utterly transfigured in the
presence of his old colleagues. The feeling, the
emotion, the directness, the charging fluency, the
swaggering attack, the rich mellowness of tone, the
long sweeping notes that soared from his clarinet,
the superb control of tension—they all made one
pause to seriously consider whether this person up
there was really the same man who produced all
those sleepy and erratic records during the '50s and
'60s. Could they somehow have been made by an
imposter? Suddenly, everything Goodman played
seemed to justify the reputation he made in the
mid-'30s and has been riding on ever since.

But there was more than just Benny or Gene. It
was the near psychic rapport and interaction of
four men, the mutual musical understanding and
the ability of each to react instantly and with un-
canny intangibility to a note, a phrase, a feeling, an
idea, even a gesture by the other. And the capacity
of the group to sense and react to the crowd as one.

Gene and Lionel strike up a hair-raising exchange
at Saratoga on _How High the Moon_, and the per-
formance swerves into tightly uncharted directions
while shock waves can literally be felt fanning out
from Krupa's bass. Teddy Wilson spins bubbling
contrapuntal lines that spill over Goodman's clarin-
et like the sparkle of champagne. But time and
again it's Krupa, who like no other drummer un-
derstood the kind of aggressive, competitive
rhythm section Benny needs to play against. As he
unexpectedly spears Goodman's fierce lines with
those iron-wristed rim shots or snatches the initia-
tive from him with a careening break in the six-
teenth bar, the King of Swing realizes that here
among his peers he is a part of a musical unit he can
hope to control only by the sheer force of his play-
ing. Gene, Lionel, and Teddy know it too. The re-

result is a crucible of spontaneous competitive chal-
lenge that forces out the very best that each of these
brilliant men has within him. It is a near perfect
balance of superforces.

To many these concerts were an occasion for nos-
talgia, a particularly gratifying nostalgia in this
 case, since by all standards there was no erosion of
the original quality and no need to endure the sight
of toothless old men no longer in control of their
horns and to pretend that nothing had changed.
Indeed the group was vastly more commanding than
in any of its performances on the original Victor
records. Some parents brought their children to
share experiences they had savored 10,000 mid-
nights ago when their world was young and swing-
ing, and these parents seemed to glow with a sort of warm pride that whispered rhetorically across the generation gap. "We were right back then. Thirty-five years from now will you be able to say the same about Mick Jagger or Miles Davis?"

But nostalgia, in the final analysis, is the wrong way to judge such an occasion as this. This was, after all, music without gimmick being made in 1973 by four supremely cool and talented individualists who lived very much in the present and still had many exciting things to say. Moreover, swing is a music of extraordinary sophistication and complexity. Yet, it is by its very nature decisive music. It is certain of its tradition and mission without being a bit introspective or apologetic about itself. And because it is so cocksure certain of itself, it becomes totally persuasive. Such music has a life of its own apart from its times.

So it was the musical more than the sentimental elements of this reunion that attracted Gene. Although his relationship with Goodman stretched back more than forty years, it was essentially professional and not social. Each moved in his own circle of close personal friends. Although both stayed at the same hotel during the Ravinia weekend, they did not meet until a rehearsal the afternoon of the program, and then only for a quick exchange of pleasantries and small talk, like a couple of former fraternity brothers at a homecoming who find they no longer have a great deal in common. Gene retreated to the side of the pavilion while Benny examined the sound system and instructed the stage crew on the setup. No music was made (Wilson and Hampton hadn't yet arrived), and Gene soon departed without further comment to watch the Sox game on TV. At Saratoga their only meeting was on stage.

It was in stark contrast to the warmth that prevailed among Gene, Lionel, and Teddy. There was a comfortable, easy intimacy all around, while Goodman appeared to isolate himself. Even though these four giants were meeting as equals in 1973, there were vague undertones lingering about from earlier days years ago. There were flashes of friction between BG and Hampton as the clarinetist pressed his old role of leader a bit much. And at Ravinia, Wilson politely declined to play the number Benny called as his solo piece (I'll Get By). Teddy said Sophisticated Lady, and Sophisticated Lady it was.

The atmosphere was summed up in an exchange backstage at Ravinia shortly before show time. Gene and Teddy sat chatting with some friends in a dressing room adjoining Goodman's. Benny poked his head through the doorway.

"Teddy, can I see you a moment?" he asked.


"Things don't change, do they?" a visitor said philosophically as he looked up.

"No, I guess not," chuckled Teddy as he exited for the "master's" chamber.

It calls to mind the story that jazz enthusiast Hank O'Neal recently told about Eddie Condon and Goodman's old pianist Jess Stacy. Stacy met Condon about thirteen years ago, after taping a TV performance with Benny, Gene, and Lionel. Condon asked Stacy how Benny was these days. "There's been a vast change," Jess replied. "That's wonderful," Condon said. "How?"

"He's much worse."

If Jess never understood Goodman, Krupa did, and he was big enough to accommodate his ways. By 1973 there seemed little sense in carrying old feuds, real or imagined. For Gene, who had had all the fame and success his old boss achieved first, there was no time to match egos and think harsh thoughts. Goodman himself was always courteous, friendly, and in the best of good humor in his dealings with his associates during these events. If he failed to radiate warmth, it was only because he is a very private person who considers his feelings his own business. Gene seemed to appreciate this, and it guided the personal relationship of their partnership for years. No one need make any apologies. It was an incredible and brilliant partnership.

For Krupa, these concerts and the accompanying activity were trying. Benny privately described them as "heroic," and Benny knew. By the end of the Carnegie Hall concert, Gene was unable to rise from his drums between the last number and the encore. "I was really on the ropes," he admitted. And when he and Goodman finally departed the stage arm in arm, Goodman was literally carrying him off. But what the performances took from him physically, they repaid him emotionally. Weary as he was after Saratoga, he sat in his car for twenty minutes after the show signing his last autographs for fans.

Krupa's life was occupied with many other things during those last months. Although he was divorced from his second wife, Patti, in 1968 (his first wife died in 1955 after twenty-three years of marriage), his ten-year-old daughter, Mary Grace, and his eight-year-old son, Gene, were a great pleasure to him. During the summer, work went ahead on the rebuilding of his home, which was complete except for new carpeting at the time of his death. Professionally, there was to be a date in Indianapolis with Teddy Wilson, clarinetist Jerry Fuller, and vibist Don DeMichael on August 28, but his health was too far deteriorated by then and two days before he had to beg off. Saratoga thus became the final public performance of his career. Hank O'Neal, who recorded the "New School" LP in 1972, was also laying plans to record Gene with Teddy and Lionel for his Chiaroscuro label before a live audience. No one wanted to do it more than Gene, but time ran out before it got made.

Although no adequate recording exists of the
Ravinia concert (even a highly sophisticated sur-
reptitious attempt failed), both Carnegie and Sar-
toga were captured in fine form, which leaves open
the possibility of a final LP. Moreover, Columbia
has long been planning to reissue many of Gene's
old Brunswicks and Columbias from the '30s and
'40s.

Gene Krupa began his career in the Twenties as
a rebel, consolidating the work of past masters and
pointing the way for future masters. Then success
came, and he became the establishment. Others
came along, and he became a tradition. Then a leg-
end. Last October he became a heritage, but his
beat goes on.

Gene Krupa—Recommended Recordings

Unfortunately, many of Gene Krupa's record-
ings are out of print, including some listed below
(indicated “OP”), but the larger record shops
may still have them in stock.

Jazz Odyssey, Vol. 3: Sound of Harlem. Columbia C3L 33
(OP).
This collection of 48 tracks includes the four titles
from Krupa's first session (1927). They are landmark
performances in the history of jazz, proving Gene
rode with the winners from the beginning.

Swing, Vol. 1. RCA LPV 578.
This anthology offers four 1936 Krupa titles by an ad
hoc group that included Goodman, Eldridge, and sax
great Chu Berry. At least two numbers are absolute
sizzlers.

Benny Goodman: King of Swing. Columbia OSL 180.
Benny Goodman: Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert. Columbia
OSL 160.
Benny Goodman: At the Manhattan Room. Sunbeam SB 117
(Sunbeam, Box 4748, San Jose, California 95126).

Benny Goodman: Small Groups. RCA LPV 521
The Goodman years of Krupa's career are covered
best in the 1937-38 collection of broadcasts, the cream
of the crop. The Sunbeam record is also worth looking
up for an uncharacteristically slam-bang Ding Dong
Daddy. OSL 160 offers a definitive Sing Sing Sing,
and the Small Groups LP rounds up some typical trio
and quartet studio performances of the period.

That Drummer's Band. Epic EE 22027 (OP)
Gene Krupa and His Orchestra. Sounds of Swing LP 114
(available from Rare Records, 417 Broadway, Glendale,
California 91204).

To Be or Not to Be-bop. Sounds of Swing LP 119 (see above).
The years of the Krupa big band. C2L 29 offers the
basic course on the subject, and includes all his more
commercial work from 1938 to 1949. The Epic LP fo-
cuses on the peak prewar years of 1940-42 and fea-
tures vocalist Anita O'Day and Roy Eldridge. For
those who wish to delve deeper, the Sounds of Swing
collection contains such superb early pieces as Jungle
Madness (a follow-up to Sing Sing Sing) and Blue
Rhythm Fancies (LP 114) and a fine concentration
of postwar instrumentals (LP 119), some from a 1949 air
shot with Eldridge.

Gene Krupa and His Orchestra. First Time Records FTR 1512

MARCH 1974
Permit us this momentary bit of self-indulgence, because our intentions are pure: to assist you in choosing the best phono cartridge for your hi-fi system, within the practical limitations of your audio budget. To begin, if you feel uncomfortable with anything less than state-of-the-art playback perfection, we heartily recommend the Shure V-15 Type III, a cartridge of such flawless performance it is the perfect companion to the finest turntables and tone arms available today — and those coming tomorrow. At a more moderate level of performance and price, we suggest the Shure M91ED, a superb performer second in trackability only to the Type III. Finally, for optimum performance under a budget austerity program, the yeoman Shure M44E is for you. All in all, these are three great ways to enjoy music with the kind of system you have decided is best for you.

Shure Brothers Inc.
222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60204
In Canada: A. C. Simmonds & Sons Ltd.

CIRCLE 42 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
**Dual's First Non-Changer**


Comment: For years Dual has been offering automatic turntables that permitted you to stack records and have them play in sequence. Now comes the Model 701, which does not change records but instead plays one record at a time automatically. The distinction may be a fine one, but it is nonetheless real. By way of explanation, what Dual has been advocating over the years is not record-changing as such, but the idea of automation within the context of high-quality record-playing machinery. With the Model 1229 (HF test report, April 1973) this product approach was exemplified in Dual's top-performing "changer automatic" to date.

The new Model 701 is a "non-changer automatic." That is to say, functionally it is similar to the Model 1229 (with its short spindle inserted) in that the 701 will play a single record automatically and shut itself off at the end of play. Manual cueing options are, of course, possible too. However, the 701 is a new device and not merely a worked-over 1229—as witness its use of the increasingly popular direct-drive system. Its DC drive motor runs at the actual rotation speed of the platter and consequently eliminates speed-reduction systems, idler wheels, belts, and such. As in other recent direct-drive models, these mechanical parts have been replaced by fairly sophisticated electronic circuitry control.

The arm, while superficially resembling that on the 1229, has been refined in terms of its rear counter-weight, which incorporates two mechanical filters designed to damp separate resonances—one at 7.5 Hz that relates to the arm/pickup combination, the other at 70 Hz that relates to the chassis itself and its immunity to external resonances. The arm can be adjusted for height, although as supplied it was parallel to the platter (as it should be) during play, with sufficient clearance above the record during automatic cycling. Adjustments also are provided for stylus set-down, stylus overhang (via the gauge supplied), vertical tracking force and antiskating with separate dials for elliptical and spherical stylus. The vertical tracking force scale runs from 0 to 3 grams and was checked out at CBS Labs as being on the nose for 1 gram and a mere 0.1 gram high for settings of 2 and 3 grams. The antiskating action was deemed correct for both elliptical and spherical tips. Arm friction is negligible laterally and vertically; it takes 0.17 grams of stylus force (well within any normal value you might ever use) to trip the automatic cycling. The built-in cueing device works smoothly, with no side drift. Arm resonance is well down, showing a 5-dB rise at 6 Hz. During play, the arm—at a shade more than 1 gram of VTF with a new high-compliance cartridge—could not be dislodged from the record groove even with violent stomping on the floor.

The platter itself is a two-piece affair, the top portion being a 12-inch, well-balanced, nonferrous casting weighing over 6 pounds. It rests on a substantial lower section that is actually the rotor of the unit's motor. Speed is absolutely accurate, showing no error at either setting and with any test line voltage. Average weighted peak flutter measures (IEEE method) 0.1%, and rumble (CBS ARLL method) is −57 dB, which is about 3 dB quieter than former Dials.

There are two main operating levers, one for start and stop, the other to select the speed. Concentric with the upper portion of the start/stop control is the pitch, or...

Comment: In its native England the Radford SPA-60’s 50 watts per channel is considered a whopping output. Here we might characterize it as medium or moderately high power. But though we have become blasé about wattage numbers as such, we can’t help being impressed by the over-all performance of the SPA-60.

If you have seen its specs you may have been a bit confused by them however. Radford appears to have made a number of changes; the Mk. II version reviewed here—and the only version now available in the U.S.—has a respectable power bandwidth, for example. But the data show that even in the right channel output; from there, distortion rises so rapidly that only a slight increase in output power will raise distortion drastically. IM curves at 8 ohms regularly document this behavior.

For example, Radford specifies distortion (at 1 kHz) at the onset of clipping and at so many dB below that point—rather than at rated output. Some of its literature also includes a plot of maximum power output (again at 1 kHz) versus impedance. This is a particularly interesting curve, rising steeply to a maximum of some 90 watts at 6 ohms and then falling off almost as steeply as impedance rises. Perhaps such curves—particularly if they were to be taken at more than the one frequency—would prove valuable in comparing amplifier capability to speaker behavior, and therefore in matching the two components to each other.

A British Approach to the Superamp

When CBS Labs tested the amp, Radford’s specification methods resulted in some startling numbers. The rated output at 8 ohms (confirmed by the output/impedance curve) is 50 watts, no problem there. But rated distortion (short of clipping) is a staggeringly low 0.05%. We often encounter ratings below 0.5% these days, but this is a mere one-tenth of that figure. Again, though, this rating is specified only at 1 kHz; we wouldn’t expect distortion this low at all frequencies and hence didn’t expect a power-bandwidth curve based on such a rigid spec to be very impressive.

But the data show that even in the right channel (which, in our test sample, is not as impressive as the left and in several respects barely makes it within Radford’s specs), and with both channels driven, the full 50 watts was produced into the standard 8-ohm test load. And even the power-bandwidth curve based on this 0.05% distortion level is not at all bad, remaining above the 50-watt level at all frequencies where you might reasonably expect to need the full output power. At our standard 0.5% distortion the bandwidth curve does remain at or above the 50-watt line over the entire audible range, although it is only a hair better in the midband than at the 0.05% spec.

With one curve measured at ten times the distortion of the other, shouldn’t there be a bigger difference between them? No. The SPA-60, like most well-designed solid-state amplifiers, keeps distortion low up to rated output; from there, distortion rises so rapidly that only a slight increase in output power will raise distortion drastically. IM curves at 8 ohms regularly document this be-
POWER OUTPUT DATA
CHANNELS INDIVIDUALLY
Left at clipping: 57.8 watts for 0.024% THD
Right at clipping: 55.1 watts for 0.050% THD
CHANNELS SIMULTANEOUSLY
Left at clipping: 56.7 watts for 0.036% THD
Right at clipping: 50.0 watts for 0.050% THD

POWER BANDWIDTH
- For 0.5% THD: below 10 Hz to 48 kHz
- For 0.05% THD: 15 Hz to 13 kHz

FREQUENCY RESPONSE
+0, -3 dB, 11 Hz to 100 kHz, +0, -1 dB, 20 Hz to 50 kHz

INTERMODULATION CURVES
- 8-ohm load: 0.05%, 0.125 to 57 watts
- 4-ohm load: 0.5%, 0.4 to 30 watts
- 2-ohm load: 0.05%, below 0.1 to 32 watts

HARMONIC DISTORTION CURVES
50 WATTS OUTPUT
- Left channel: 0.18%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
- Right channel: 0.5%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
25 WATTS OUTPUT
- Left channel: 0.10%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
- Right channel: 0.05%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
0.5 WATTS OUTPUT
- Left channel: <0.05%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
- Right channel: <0.05%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz

Radford SPA-60 Mk. II Additional Data
Damping factor 52
Input characteristics (for 50 watts output)
Sensitivity 1.0 V
S/N ratio 102.5 dB

behavior as well. The SPA-60's are no exception. That at 4 ohms, however, rises more gradually with output power. While IM remains under 0.05% over the operating range at both 8 and 16 ohms, the amp will produce little more than 10 watts into 4 ohms without exceeding this figure. Put more realistically, IM into a 4-ohm load runs below 0.5% to about 30 watts. So though the 4-ohm curve is not as impressive as the other two it is certainly respectable, and its relatively gradual rise is common among transistor amplifiers.

What all this adds up to, then, is an ultraclean 50 watts per channel into 8 ohms, with most power into 6 ohms and some losses in both output power and measurable "cleanliness" into lower impedances. But we are talking about distortion levels so low that you shouldn't ex-ppect to hear the difference. The Radford "listens" beautifully. In its power class it does not have many peers. The care evident in the Radford is generally reserved for superpower 150-watt amplifiers and up. And the Radford SPA-60 Mk. II is as unobtrusive in appearance as it is in sound. The front panel has no operating controls—just a pilot light. On the back panel are an on/off switch, a pair of pin jacks for the input, and spring-loaded connectors for bared speaker leads. Outside of fuse holders and voltage selector, that's it. You may not even want to use the power switch, since AC switching can be handled by a convenience outlet on your preamp. We are planning to report on the companion SC-242 preamp/control unit next month.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

MAR( H 1974
An Efficient Bookshelf Speaker from Rectilinear


Comment: Although it looks like one and is about the same size, the Rectilinear Xla is not an air-suspension speaker system. It is, actually, a modified bass-reflex type using a tube or duct to vent the cabinet. This explains its relatively high efficiency, of course, since this design makes use of the speaker's back wave to augment the frontal radiation at low frequencies. (In air-suspension systems, and in the "infinite baffle" design too, the woofer's rear wave is suppressed.) The Rectilinear Xla is a woofer-tweeter system housed in a walnut enclosure. The duct opening is on the front baffle (behind the grille cloth); input connections—which accept stripped leads—and a tweeter level control are at the rear. As with any basic design approach, the bass-reflex can be used for an "all-out" perfectionist system (viz., the large, over-$300 systems from such companies as Altec), or it can be used to create a lower-priced reproducer of more modest design aims. It all depends on what the system designer chooses to trade off.

In the case of the Rectilinear Xla, it seems apparent that the widest bandwidth and maximum power-handling capability were not paramount design aims, although on both these counts the speaker is at least the equal of many others in its price class. On the other hand, what the Xla designers have tried for is smooth response over most of the audible range, good transient performance, and the ability to mate readily with many receivers and amplifiers in the low-to-medium power class. It also is apparent, judging from our tests, that the speaker achieves these design aims quite handily.

As the response graph shows, over the broad tonal spectrum of the midrange and into the mid-bass too (say, from just below 200 Hz to about 4,000 Hz) the speaker is exceptionally linear, varying in response by no more than ±1 dB. Taking the more usual variation we have applied to speakers in this price-class, say ±6.5 dB, the response covers the range from 42 Hz to 10 kHz, with an output level of 81.5 dB as the reference and the tweeter control set to its "normal" position. Raising this control will bring up the top highs by an average of 6 to 7 dB beyond 10,000 Hz, and since this control offers an unusually broad range for adjustment we urge that the listener experiment with it to find the most agreeable tonal balance in his room. Directional effects are moderate, increasing somewhat in the upper frequencies.
treble, although test tones as high as 13 kHz are audible somewhat off-axis of the system. A 14-kHz tone can be heard mostly on-axis, and from here the response dips to inaudibility. At the low end clean response holds up, at normal listening levels, to about 45 Hz; from here down to 20 Hz the response, at any audible level, is mostly doubling.

As stated, the Rectilinear Xla is fairly efficient. In the CBS Labs tests it took 2.8 watts to produce our standard output test level of 94 dB at 1 meter on axis. The speaker handled steady-state power inputs up to 40 watts before buzzing, and it could take pulses of 133.3 watts (266.6 watts peak) before distorting significantly. These data indicate fairly good dynamic range—not admittedly the best we have measured, but certainly ample for most listening in the low-to-medium powered type of system and in the normal-size room one would logically associate with this speaker. The input impedance measures 6 ohms following the usual bass rise and remains higher than 8 ohms across the range, indicating good loading characteristics and the ability to be run in parallel with other (8-ohm) speakers. Transient response, as judged by pulse-signal tests and confirmed in listening tests, is especially good, with no evidence of ringing and actually better "recovery" than noted in many speakers costing more. A pair of Rectilinear Xla's present a very firm stereo image that combines directional clues and a nice center fill. We would say, all told, that Rectilinear has succeeded notably in producing a speaker system aptly suited for a modest, though high-quality, installation—and at a very competitive price.

**Hitachi Offers a Medium-Priced Dolby Deck**

**The Equipment:** Hitachi Model TRQ-2040D, a stereo cassette deck with Dolby B noise reduction, in wood case. Dimensions: 16 by 4 by 10¼ inches. Price: $229.95. Warranty: one year parts and labor, excluding cabinet; transistors (parts only), five years; customer pays shipping one way. Manufacturer: Hitachi, Ltd., Japan; U.S. distributor: Hitachi Sales Corp. of America, 48-50 34th St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

**Comment:** Hitachi, a large corporation in its native Japan, has been selling a wide variety of electrical and electronic products here but, though it has displayed impressive-looking components at a number of trade and consumer shows in recent years, it has only recently established itself in what we would call the high fidelity marketplace. This is the first of its products we have tested.

At under $250, the TRQ-2040D must be reckoned a moderate-priced Dolby deck; premium units now are pushing rapidly into the $500 bracket, while the real budget Dolby decks go below $200. Despite its relatively simple controls, the appearance of the unit suggests a rather higher price. Exposed surfaces are mostly brushed metal and walnut veneer, with a minimum of plastic. The cassette well has a pop-up lid of usual design and the usual push keys in front of it. These keys allow you to go directly from play (or record) to the fast-wind modes and back again without pressing the stop button. The recording-interlock key is right next to the play key, allowing one-finger activation of the recording function but possibly threatening accidental erasure in overhasty use. The transport will stop and disengage automatically at the end of the tape in the play and recording modes, but not in fast wind or rewind.

To the left of the push keys is the main power on/off button; to their right is a three-digit counter equipped with a "memory rewind" button. If you will want to re-

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**Rectilinear Xla** Harmonic Distortion

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Output Level (dB)</th>
<th>80 Hz</th>
<th>Frequency 300 Hz</th>
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<tr>
<td>% 2nd % 3rd % 3rd</td>
<td>% 2nd % 3rd</td>
<td>% 2nd % 3rd</td>
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<tr>
<td>70 0.45 0.60 0.60</td>
<td>0.55 2.0</td>
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<tr>
<td>75 0.45 0.60 0.55 0.95</td>
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<td>80 0.50 0.60 0.55 0.68</td>
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<tr>
<td>85 0.75 0.70 0.55 0.60</td>
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<tr>
<td>90 0.95 0.80 0.55 0.68</td>
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<td>100 0.78 0.78</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>103 1.20 1.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Distortion data are taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds the 10 per cent level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.*
Hitachi significantly on any of these points. Far only those costing considerably more will outdo the greater versatility; but of the units we have tested that of the TRQ-2040D, more accurate metering, and job of this process, and it can’t be recommended for precise results.

The instruction manual (which is often obscurely typed in consumer equipment.) Being simple, the controls are virtually foolproof but not particularly versatile. For some purposes, however, it is less convenient than front-panel output controls, though it obviously is better than the common alternative: no output control at all. Also on the back panel are pin-jack pairs for these inputs and outputs plus a DIN input/output connector. There are no user-accessible Dolby adjustments.

The lab tests show some data better than we might have expected at the price. Speed accuracy is excellent; so is wow and flutter. On our sample the playback response of the left channel is exemplary, though that of the right channel droops noticeably at the high end. Note, however, that recording equalization compensates for this droop so that the two channels are well matched in the record/play curves. The poorest measurement is that for crosstalk; while 23 dB is not low enough to prevent normal stereo imaging, the lab generally gets readings above 30 dB even in relatively inexpensive portables and has clocked 50 dB or better for two decks (Yamaha TB-700 and Advent 201). So while we can’t honestly say we could hear the difference with normal musical program material, we could have wished for better figures here.

In making trial recordings on the TRQ-2040D, we found the meters to be fairly good, though small. Sharp increases in signal level produce an overshoot of no more than about 2 dB. (Instantaneous peaks—on percussives, for example—are damped out, as they are on professional VU meters and on all but the peak-reading type in consumer equipment.) Being simple, the controls are virtually foolproof but not particularly versatile. The instruction manual (which is often obscurely written but can be deciphered with a little thought) gives instructions for line/mike mixing, including the making of mono recordings from a stereo line input plus one mike in either jack. This is possible because, unlike most comparable decks we’ve worked with, the TRQ-2040D’s mike jacks don’t disable the line inputs when mike connectors are inserted. Lacking proper mixing controls, however, the TRQ-2040D makes a hit-or-miss job of this process, and it can’t be recommended for precise results.

All told, then, you can buy better performance than that of the TRQ-2040D, more accurate metering, and greater versatility; but of the units we have tested so far only those costing considerably more will outdo the Hitachi significantly on any of these points.
Concord Budget Receiver
Offers Above-Average Performance


Comment: Stereo high fidelity on a budget—a goal shared by many in this era of rising costs—can be realized with the Concord CR-250 as the electronic center of a home music system. Attractive styling, ample features, and very competent performance combine to make this set an appealing product for the cost-conscious but quality minded listener. The front panel, in brushed metal set in a walnut frame, contains a generously proportioned tuning dial for AM and FM. At its left are two tuning meters, one showing signal strength, the other, center-of-channel. Both meters operate on FM, the signal-strength meter on AM. In addition, the tuning indicator itself changes from an amber glow to red when a stereo station is received. The tuning knob is at the right; next to it is an unusual feature—a smaller knob for "fine FM tuning" which is a handy way to tune an FM signal precisely.

The lower half of the panel contains the normal complement of controls you'd expect on a modern stereo set. The selector knob has positions for AM, FM, phono, aux 1, and aux 2. There are six toggle switches for loudness contour, low filter, high filter, tape monitor, stereo/mono mode, and FM interstation muting. To their right is a stereo headphone jack and a speaker selector that lets you choose either, both, or neither of two pairs of stereo speaker systems. The headphone output is live at all times. The bass and treble control knobs handle their tonal ranges simultaneously on both channels; an unusual (particularly on a budget-priced model) feature here is the fact that there are stepped controls with numerical markings to facilitate precise and repeatable tonal settings. The channel balance control is also unusual in that it has a detent at its center position that removes any guesswork about whether or not both stereo sides are balanced electrically. This control, and the volume control next to it, also are numerically calibrated. The last control on the panel is a pushbutton power on/off switch.

Input jacks, corresponding to the selector knob positions, are on the back panel; so are stereo pairs for tape in and tape out. The set has a built-in loopstick antenna for local AM plus terminals for connecting a long-wire AM antenna. FM antenna terminals accept 300-ohm twinlead. A screw is provided for grounding a turntable. Speaker terminals are press-to-connect attachments that accept ordinary stripped leads. Two pairs of speaker systems may be hooked up at once—to beef up...
POWER OUTPUT DATA

CHANNELS INDIVIDUALLY
Left at clipping: 20.5 watts for 0.19% THD
Left at 1.0% THD: 22.8 watts
Right at clipping: 20.5 watts for 0.19% THD
Right at 1.0% THD: 22.8 watts

CHANNELS SIMULTANEOUSLY
Left at clipping: 18.6 watts for 0.21% THD
Right at clipping: 18.6 watts for 0.20% THD

POWER BANDWIDTH
- For 0.5% THD: 32 Hz to 42 kHz
- For 1.0% THD: 29 Hz to 65 kHz

FREQUENCY RESPONSE
- 22 watts output:
  - Left channel: 0.24%, 100 Hz to 20 kHz
  - Right channel: 0.25%, 100 Hz to 20 kHz
- 11 watts output:
  - Left channel: 0.23%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
  - Right channel: 0.25%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
- 0.22 watts output:
  - Left channel: 0.25%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
  - Right channel: 0.30%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz

HARMONIC DISTORTION CURVES
- 22 watts output:
  - Left channel: <0.3%, 100 Hz to 20 kHz
  - Right channel: <1.2%, 100 Hz to 20 kHz
- 11 watts output:
  - Left channel: <0.3%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
  - Right channel: <0.25%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
- 0.22 watts output:
  - Left channel: <0.25%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
  - Right channel: <0.30%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz

INTERMODULATION CURVES
- 8-ohm load: <0.9%, below 0.1 to 24 watts
- 4-ohm load: 1.3%, 1.58 to 25.2 watts
- 16-ohm load: 0.43%, below 0.1 to 14.2 watts

Concord CR-250 Additional Data

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<tr>
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<th>Tuner Section</th>
<th>Amplifier Section</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
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<td>Alternate-channel selectivity</td>
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<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
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<td>THD</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mono</td>
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<tr>
<td>R ch</td>
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<td>1.0%</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 kHz</td>
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<td>10 kHz</td>
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<td>19-kHz pilot</td>
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<td>+0, -3 dB</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch</td>
<td>+0, -3 dB</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch</td>
<td>+0, -3 dB</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Channel separation</td>
<td>&gt;25 dB, 20 Hz to 6 kHz</td>
<td>&gt;15 dB, 20 Hz to 13 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Damping factor</td>
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<td>Sensitivity</td>
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<tr>
<td>aux 2</td>
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<td>tape</td>
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<td>RIAA equalization accuracy</td>
<td>+1.5, -0.5 dB</td>
<td>20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
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</table>
the stereo in one room, or to pipe stereo into another room. The set's line cord, a fuse holder, and two AC convenience outlets (one controlled by the power switch) complete the rear-panel lineup.

The test results from CBS Labs, combined with our own listening tests, add up to the kind of product the British like to refer to as "cheap and cheerful." Cheap, that is, in terms of cost; cheerful in the sense of competent and pleasing. FM performance is adequate for reception of all but really distant or very weak stations. Amplifier output will handle speaker systems of medium to high efficiency with plenty of gain and low distortion. Response generally is smooth and linear over the audible range; signal-to-noise characteristics are very good. RIAA equalization is especially commendable; tone controls and filters all are adequate for their intended uses. The CR-250 produces a clean, undistorted sound; its controls all respond smoothly and effectively; the set, in short, works very much as advertised. Of course there are better units around, but we doubt that you'll find one at this price.

CIRCLE 158 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Superex's $85 Electrostatic Headphones


Comment: Superex calls the PEP-79 a "budget" electrostatic headset. If you haven't priced electrostatics, you may think $85 a rather high budget for a headset; but most electrostatics do run higher—often considerably higher. And considering the listening quality of the PEP-79s we would consider them perhaps the best buy we have yet encountered in an electrostatic.

On the headphones themselves you'll find the model designation PEP-71. The headset can be plugged into other Superex "consoles" (or energizers, as other manufacturers seem to call the power-supply/switching unit). The PEP-79 model designation applies equally to the console under test and to the combination of this console with the PEP-71 headset. On the back of the console are simple screw terminal strips for wires running from the output terminals of your amplifier and—should you need them—wires from the console to your speakers. A front-panel switch selects either speakers or phones; we preferred to drive the console from the remote-speaker terminals on our receiver and use its speaker switching to select between the two (that is, the main speakers or the headset), leaving the speaker/phones switch in the phones position.

The coiled cord of the headset plugs into a five-pin receptacle on the front of the console. There are no other controls or connections. The bias voltage required by the electrostatic elements is supplied by the audio, via the console, and no AC power is required. This bias supply is the most efficient we have yet tested in terms of continuing to provide the necessary high voltage no matter what happens to the audio. A note in the instruction folder points out that since the right-channel signal is the source (via a step-up transformer) of the bias, you may have to give the right channel a few seconds of signal every now and then if you are checking out your system's left channel—and therefore normally leaving the right unused. With the right input turned off, however, we were able to go more than fifteen minutes before we could hear a significant loss in left-channel output. Similar tests on other models in the past have produced noticeable change within only a few minutes; with some models long quiet passages in the program could even compromise performance. The sound from the PEP-79, then, is exceptionally stable for a signal-powered electrostatic.

It also is very smooth and wide-range. The bass holds up well down to about 60 Hz even at relatively high levels. Below this frequency, the tone becomes progressively subject to doubling; at lower volume levels, the doubling becomes noticeable only at lower frequencies, of course. We noted some roughness in the range between about 7 and 10 kHz, though—particularly by contrast to some dynamics we have tested—we did not consider it to be really severe. Rolloff at the top begins at about 12 kHz, and there is little usable output above 15 kHz. The sound is well balanced and without the exaggerated sibilance some listeners tend to complain of in electrostatics.

Though it is hardly luxurious in finish and detailing, the unit's mechanical properties were judged good. The headband is made of spring steel, and the degree of side pressure it exerts on the head can be varied by careful bending. Acoustic isolation is fairly high and long-term listening comfort is good. The headset itself (that is, not counting the cord) weighs some 14 ounces and is supported on the top of the head via a series of small cushions on the underside of the headband.

Again, the listening quality of the PEP-79s is excellent. If you don't need expensive niceties like a real wood case (the Superex console is covered in wood-grained plastic veneer) we can recommend the PEP-79 as a good value.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Ace Audio Preamp "Gets Rid of Distortion"

The Equipment: Ace Audio Zero-Distortion Preamp, a phono-preamp/control unit in metal case. Dimensions: 11 by 3 by 8 inches. Price: $87.50 (kit version: $69.95); optional cherry wood end caps, $2.50. Warranty: two years parts and labor; shipping paid one way. Manufacturer: Ace Audio Co., 25 Aberdeen Dr., Huntington, N.Y. 11743.

Comment: We're tempted to call this unit a "gutless wonder" because Ace Audio has reduced distortion by simply throwing away portions of the circuitry in a conventional preamp/control unit, so to speak. Its own "Basic" model, the conventional prototype, includes a phono preamp, input and tape-monitor switching, and an output section that provides additional gain plus an emitter follower to allow for relatively long leads without hum pickup. It is this last section that Ace has omitted to create the Zero Distortion model. (The kit version is the Basic; you may build it with or without the output section.)

We don't see how the resulting product could be made much simpler. There are inputs for magnetic phono, tuner, tape monitoring, and two auxiliaries; outputs are for tape recording and for feeding your power amplifier. All but the phono input are passive. Their volume can be reduced and they can be switched via the Zero-Distortion, but they are otherwise "untouched" in passing through it. The front panel has a selector, level-control sliders for each channel, a tape-monitor switch and one for AC power, and a pilot light. Aside from the pin jacks, the back panel has a mono/stereo switch for the phono Input and four convenience AC outlets, three of which are controlled by the front-panel power switch. One screw is equipped with a solder lug for a "true earth" ground (for instance to a water pipe) for minimum possible hum; no chassis screw is specifically designated for a turntable ground lead terminated in the usual spade lug, though there are several that can be used for that purpose.

Ace Audio evidently is one of those companies that classifies tone controls as relatively ineffective equalizers. The philosophy runs thus: If you want equalization, get an equalizer; don't compromise the phase coherence or linearity of your signals by putting in conventional tone controls. And an equalizer can of course be added between the preamp and whatever power amp you plan to use with it.

If you do—or even if you don't—you should look closely at the way the elements in your system will work together. Since the Zero-Distortion adds no gain whatever to high-level inputs, they will have to be intrinsically high enough to feed the rest of the system. And since the emitter-follower output has been omitted, the preamp's output leads should be kept as short as possible. Even if you buy the Zero-Distortion and only then find that you will need the output section, there's a way out. Ace Audio says it will convert the Zero-Distortion to the Basic for a cost equal to the difference in selling price between the two models—some $12. But then you will perforce pick up whatever additional distortion is inherent in the output circuitry.

And with high-level inputs there is, of course, no measurable distortion of any kind in the Zero-Distortion. Lab tests were made with a 100,000-ohm, 100-pico- farad load as a simulation of the loading one might expect in a typical system. Ace Audio says the load impedance should be at least 50,000 ohms, the lead capacitor no more than 190 picofarads (the equivalent of 10 feet of Belden No. 8421 audio cable). The over-all response of the unit is ruler-flat across the entire audio band and measures +0, -0.5 dB from 10 Hz to 100 kHz with the volume controls at maximum.

Response through the phono preamp is not quite as flat, showing some droop at the low end and a minute rise at the top; harmonic distortion at 1 kHz with the output driven to 5 volts is only about 0.05%. Only when the phono preamp was driven to beyond 12 volts did CBS Labs encounter clipping—indicating that the preamp's overload point is well above the normal operating range. Note, however, that the phono preamp's input sensitivity is relatively high (9.5 mV), meaning that unless the output of your cartridge also is on the high side you may not be driving the Zero-Distortion's output to the normally assumed peak levels of approximately 1 volt and hence may not be able to drive your amplifier to full rated output, even with the level controls all the way up. But assuming normal disc cutting levels—and the normal choice of an amplifier that will deliver a little more power than you actually will need—we wouldn't expect this to cause any practical problem in most systems.

In sum, we're undecided whether to consider the Zero-Distortion as a high-performance unit with certain peculiarities that also happens to be very low in price, or...
as a low-budget control preamp that measured astounding well in most respects. Given most components presently on the market (and assuming that your physical layout will allow reasonably short leads to the power amp) the "missing" output stage is certainly not a necessity, and its omission does eliminate a source of measurable (if not necessarily audible) distortion. But we suspect that for many readers the price will be the unit's most undeniably attractive feature.

Shure Gauge Checks

Tracking Force


Comment: As the use of high compliance cartridges increases, exactitude in setting vertical tracking force (VTF) becomes more important for good sound and for longevity of records and of the stylus. And while all high-quality turntables have VTF controls, their calibration sometimes is a little sketchy and rarely is totally accurate. Shure's answer is a simple, precise VTF gauge, based on the balance-beam principle and calibrated in 0.05 gram steps from 0.50 to 1.50 grams, but capable of measuring up to 3.0 grams.

The gauge consists of a base 3½ inches long with a mirror at one end near a notch that fits over the spindle on the turntable plus a calibrated 5-inch lever arm with precision-made roller pins that rests in a cradle on the base, much like a seesaw. A weight slides along the calibrated scale; two grooves at the opposite end of the lever arm hold the stylus—the outer groove for the scale markings from 0.50 to 1.50 grams, the inner groove for values between 1.0 and 3.0 grams (that is, double the values shown on the scale).

With the notched end of the base over the turntable spindle, and after making certain that the turntable itself is flat, you set the sliding weight at the desired VTF and place the stylus in the appropriate groove. Then you adjust the turntable’s VTF control until the tiny pointers on the base and on the beam are opposite each other as viewed in the little mirror. This indicates that—whatever the arm’s VTF calibrations may say—the actual tracking force is at the value where the SFG-2’s sliding weight is set.

Shure claims the unit to be accurate within 0.10 gram, and we found this to be essentially true. There is one possible source of error we were unable to measure precisely, however, with some statically balanced arms whose gravity-dependent balance requires careful leveling the precise balance of the arm—and therefore the precise tracking force—depends on the height of the stylus above the platter. Though the vertical displacement caused by the SFG-2 is not much greater than that of a disc (that is, the SFG-2 is thicker than a disc so to speak), it may be enough to compromise accuracy to some extent with some statically balanced arms. In the dynamically balanced arms—including the arms on many changers—it should introduce no inaccuracy whatever. For most applications, then, Shure’s SFG-2 is both uncomplicated and accurate.

Ace Audio Zero-Distortion Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Input characteristics (for 1 V output)</th>
<th>Sensitivity</th>
<th>S/N ratio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>phono</td>
<td>9.5 mV</td>
<td>77.5 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>high-level inputs</td>
<td>1 V</td>
<td>&gt;80 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frequency response</th>
<th>±0 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(channels simultaneously or individually)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>left channel</td>
<td>12.5 V for 0.70% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>right channel</td>
<td>13.0 V for 0.75% THD</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THD (1 kHz; 5 V output)</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>left channel</td>
<td>0.047%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>right channel</td>
<td>0.056%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Data taken with a load of 100k ohms, 100 pF.
Circular Sound Spread from New Microtower

The Equipment: Microtower MT-2 speaker system in walnut enclosure. Dimensions: 34 inches high; 8½ inches wide; 8½ inches deep. Warranty: 2 years, parts and labor; shipping paid one way. Price: $120 each; packed two to a carton. Manufacturer: Microtower Products, Inc., a division of Epicure Products, Inc., 126 Merrimac St., Newburyport, Mass. 01950.

Comment: Those seeking an "omnidirectional" type speaker system that occupies very little floor space might audition the Microtower MT-2. Physically it is an upright walnut cabinet (nominally intended for floor placement, although it conceivably could stand on a low bench too) that presents a neat and unobtrusive appearance. Around the top, facing out on four sides, are the speakers; middles and highs are dispersed from them, while the low frequencies radiate downward via openings below. Connections are made at the bottom to press-to-connect binding posts that accept stripped leads. Early models of the MT-2 came with no high-frequency level control; later models include a control that varies the upper-tonal balance by 2 or 3 dB. The MT-2 is rated for 8 ohms impedance.

As measured at CBS Labs, the impedance at the normal rating point (just past the usual bass resonance) was 7.7 ohms, confirming the manufacturer's rating. Impedance averages 8 ohms or a little higher across the range to about 2,500 Hz; above that it rolls off, reaching 4 ohms at 6,000 Hz and going down to about 20,000 Hz.

The MT-2 is not what could be called a "high-efficiency" system, since it requires as much as 31 watts to produce the standard test output level of 94 dB at 1 meter on axis. It can take up to 50 watts steady-state power before distorting significantly. On pulse-power tests, the MT-2 handles 162.3 watts average power (324.6 watts peak) before distorting, and it produces, for this input, a sound level of 99.2 dB. These figures indicate a relatively limited dynamic range and also suggest that while the MT-2 ought to be driven by an amplifier that can furnish 30 watts per channel, it probably should not be used with one that can pump out too much more than that. Pulse-signal tests show some ringing in both high and low frequencies at high power demands.

On audible test tones, the MT-2 has some noticeable peaks and dips but it does disperse the sound in a circular or "omnidirectional" manner. This observation confirms the response curves—see graph—which are all generally very close to each other, indicating uniform dispersion. The omnidirectional curve also confirms our observations of the MT-2's audible response at the low and high ends. The high end extends to beyond 13,000 Hz before response begins to fall off. The bass holds up at normal listening levels in an average-size room to just below 70 Hz. From this frequency downward, doubling is evident. Backing off on the volume control reduces the doubling, but it appears again at about 50 Hz. The MT-2 actually responds to a 20-Hz input signal, but the response down there is highly distorted. We'd say the cleanest useful low-end response of this system extends to about 50 Hz.

On program material, the MT-2 lived up to its wide-dispersion claim and a pair presented a good, firm stereo image. But this virtue was accompanied, in the judgment of our listening panel, by a noticeable "edge" to the sound—and whether that quality is a virtue or not you'd best judge for yourself.

### Microtower M-2 Harmonic Distortion*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Output Level (dB)</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>80 Hz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>% 2nd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>% 2nd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>.43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>1.4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

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**RESPONSE CHARACTERISTICS**

- **Average Omnidirectional Response**
- **Front Hemispheric Response**
- **On-Axis Response**

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HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Kenwood KR-9340: a Do-Everything Quadriphonic Receiver


Comment: The KR-9340 is the top model in Kenwood’s all-format group of quadriphonic receivers. All bear a strong family resemblance; the KR-9340 is the fanciest and most powerful, but it also is the only one whose price includes the KCD-2 CD-4 demodulator module, which is sold as an optional accessory to the others. That is, with the less expensive models you can postpone purchase of the CD-4 module if you want to spread the cost over a little more time. To this extent, then, we might call the present model the one to choose if you want to go the whole hog into quadriphonics. It is a massive unit, and most of those we consulted found it extremely impressive in appearance. The six illuminated meters (which, like the dial face above them, glow bluish-green with orange details) are most striking. The first two are for tuning (FM center tuning and AM/FM signal strength), while the remaining four show audio levels in the four amplifier channels.

CD-4 Testing, Second Time Around

Readers of our January issue, in which we published the initial results of testing with our newly produced CD-4 and SQ test discs, will remember that in both CD-4 products tested—a JVC separate demodulator and the Kenwood KCD-2 demodulator module supplied with the receiver reviewed here—separation figures were well below spec in the right channels. We commented at the time that these figures were suspect and that as soon as we could determine the cause of the anomaly we would pass the information on to our readers.

Recent reports suggest that the fault lay in the right-channel band on JVC’s widely distributed alignment disc, heretofore used as a standard for setting up CD-4 systems—and therefore used as our reference in setting up any demodulator for test, resulting in an incorrect setting of the right-channel separation control. JVC has remastered this disc and at this writing we are using the new version to remeasure some of the figures that appeared in January. We plan to report on it in detail in April.
To the right are large knobs for tuning, selector, and volume plus smaller ones for mode and balance. There are three balance controls (front channels, back channels, and front/back), each with a detent at its center position. The mode selector has positions for mono (identical signals to all four speakers), stereo (outputs to front channels only), RM (QS), SQ, and discrete. The last is used for CD-4 in conjunction with a special position for that purpose on the selector, which also has positions for AM, FM, two phono inputs, and aux.

Across the bottom are the headphone outputs (front and back stereo phone jacks, which are live at all times) and a series of pushbutton switches: AC power on/off, main speakers, remote speakers, audio meter sensitivity (high/low), tape monitors A and B, FM muting, loudness contour, high and low filters. The tone controls are at the extreme right in this bottom panel: separate two-channel knobs for front treble and bass and back treble and bass.

At the extreme left of the back panel is the large slot for AM, FM, two phono inputs, and aux.

There are a series of pin jacks: one for FM detector output (to be used with a quadriphonic-broadcast adapter, should a discrete system be approved by the FCC), pairs for phono 1 and phono 2 (the latter for CD-4 or a second stereo input), and quadriphonic sets for aux input plus the inputs and outputs for both tape A and tape B. DIN input/output connectors (one for the front, another for the back) also are provided for tape A.

Nearby are a knurled grounding screw that will accept large spade lugs or bared wires and a mono phone jack for a microphone. When you insert a plug, this jack automatically disables phono 1 and feeds the mike signal to both channels of the preamp. Mike signals can therefore be recorded (via the phono 1 selector position) but not mixed with other inputs. Also on the back panel are the built-in ferrite AM antenna, screwdriver terminals (accepting the bared wires or spade lugs) for antenna connections (long-wire AM, 75- or 300-ohm FM), spring-loaded clips for bared-wire leads to two quadriphonic sets of speakers, and three convenience AC outlets, one of which is controlled by the front-panel power switch.

CBS Labs' measurements of the power amplifier section show it to be conservatively rated at 40 watts per channel. Note that this is not one of Kenwood's "stipped" amplifier sections (in which per-channel power in stereo is considerably greater than that for quadriphonic), so the figures do not depend on the operation mode. With all channels driven simultaneously, power at clipping measures about 45 watts per channel; in single-channel and power-bandwidth tests the output measures about 50 watts per. We should note that figures were difficult to get at 20 Hz and below because full

Kenwood KR-9340 Additional Data

| Tuner Section | | | | |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Capture ratio | 1.5 dB | | |
| Alternate-channel selectivity | 64 dB | | |
| S/N ratio | 71 dB | | |
| THD | | | |
| Mono | | |
| L ch | 0.07% | 0.25% | 0.25% |
| R ch | 0.09% | 0.21% | 0.19% |
| 10 kHz | 0.30% | 15% | 15% |
| IM distortion | 0.15% | | |
| 19-kHz pilot | -48 dB | | |
| 38-kHz subcarrier | -65 dB | | |
| Frequency response | | | |
| mono | +0.5, -3 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz | | |
| L ch | +1, -2.5 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz | | |
| R ch | +1.5, -3 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz | | |
| Channel separation | >35 dB, 57 Hz to 3.6 kHz | | 
| >25 dB, 20 Hz to 6.6 kHz | | |
| SQ Decoder Section | | | |
| Uncorrected channel balance (1 kHz) | | | |
| LF ch: set 0 dB | RF ch: -2.0 dB | | |
| LB ch: -3.8 dB | RB ch: -3.8 dB | | |
| Separation at 1 kHz | LF ch | RF ch | LB ch | RB ch |
| LF signal | 0 dB | -15.5 dB | -2.5 dB | -2 dB |
| RF signal | -15 dB | 0 dB | -3 dB | -3 dB |
| LB signal | -3 dB | -2 dB | 0 dB | -13 dB |
| RB signal | -3.5 dB | -3.5 dB | -10 dB | 0 dB |
| Simultaneous-tone "crosstalk" (re 1 kHz 0 dB) | LF ch: -4.8 dB | RF ch: 4.2 dB | | |
| LB ch: -3.2 dB | RB ch: 3.4 dB | | |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Channel separation</th>
<th>LF ch: 1.2%</th>
<th>RF ch: 1.1%</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RF signal</td>
<td>LF ch: 1.2%</td>
<td>RF ch: 1.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LB signal</td>
<td>LF ch: 1.2%</td>
<td>RF ch: 1.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RB signal</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response</td>
<td>LF ch</td>
<td>RF ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LF ch</td>
<td>±2 dB, 40 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RF ch</td>
<td>±2 dB, 40 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LB ch</td>
<td>±2 dB, 40 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RB ch</td>
<td>±1.5 dB, 70 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmonic distortion</td>
<td>LF ch</td>
<td>RF ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LF ch</td>
<td>10 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RF ch</td>
<td>10 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio (re 1 kHz 0 dB, preamp, decoder, &amp; power amp)</td>
<td>LF ch</td>
<td>RF ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LF ch</td>
<td>66 dB</td>
<td>RF ch: 68 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LB ch</td>
<td>69 dB</td>
<td>RB ch: 69 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Amplifier Section | | | | |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Damping factor | 22 | | |
| Input characteristics (for 40 watts output) | | | |
| Sensitivity | S/N ratio | | |
| phono (1 or 2) | 1.32 mV | 61 dB | |
| mike | 1.48 mV | 57 dB | |
| aux | 131 mV | 74 dB | |
| tape A | 138 mV | 73 dB | |
| tape B | 138 mV | 74 dB | |
| RIAA equalization accuracy | ±1 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz | | |
output at those frequencies drives the protective circuit into "chattering" (rapid on/off alternation), but this in no way impugns the amplifier section's ability to deliver its rated power comfortably with normal program material. At most power levels, frequencies, and impedances the distortion—both THD and an intermodulation—runs no higher than about one-tenth of Kenwood's 0.5% rating.

The tuner section is no slouch either. Like most of the better units today it shaves two or three tenths of a microvolt off the 2-microvolt mono sensitivity figure that is considered a benchmark of excellence; far more important, it achieves 50 dB of quieting before antenna inputs have reached 5 microvolts.

Stereo quieting also passes the 50-dB level, with all inputs from 10 microvolts up delivering better than 40 dB of quieting. Similar excellence is displayed in the other tuner measurements. (Don't be alarmed at the 15% THD at 10 kHz for stereo reception; it represents spurious products, most of which are at frequencies above audibility. The lab has measured even higher percentages in superb tuners where no undesirable audible effects could be traced to these supersonic products.)

The measurements on the KCD-2 demodulator module appeared in our January issue. The figures matched quite closely those measured for a separate CD-4 demodulator unit, confirming that though it is relatively small the module can't be considered a compromise unit. Kenwood supplies a disc to aid in adjustment of the CD-4 module.

Measurement of the SQ decoder section had to be made through the headphone jacks—and therefore through the amplifier section of the receiver. In order to avoid penalizing the decoder for peculiarities of the amplifier (see the above discussion on low-frequency behavior at full output), distortion and noise measurements were made through a notch filter passing normal audio frequencies only. And these measurements are very good or excellent by comparison to other decoders we have measured so far. Separation figures appear to be about par for a decoder with no logic or other enhancement circuitry. But note that the 1-kHz separation figures (measured at our SQ test disc's 0 VU) are not quite as good as those in the full-bandwidth measurements (made at -10 VU). Decoder performance therefore appears to be a hair better at the lower level.

There is no quadriphonic-simulator position as such on the KR-9340. The instruction manual—which is both well laid out and very explicit on most points—mentions the use of the RM matrix position for this purpose. Actually the SQ position can be used this way as well. The effect through the SQ position emphasizes the front separation and sometimes presents more vivid spatial effects, though we did prefer the more "comfortable" simulation through the RM position with most stereo program material.

In sum, Kenwood has done a fine job. The receiver has plenty of power and doesn't skimp on stereo performance in providing its quadriphonics. It will handle all present forms of quadriphonics—including discrete tapes via the tape or aux inputs and QS-matrixed cassettes via the RM decoder position. And though the controls look a little formidable at first glance we found them easy to master and efficient at doing their respective jobs.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Technics RS-858US cartridge deck
Magitran Poly-Planar DS-60 speaker system
Sony TC-152 cassette deck

Next time you plan a trip to Europe, make sure you visit the unique country.

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CIRCLE 19 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MODEL</th>
<th>LIST PRICE</th>
<th>FREQUENCY RESPONSE</th>
<th>OUTPUT VOLTAGE (mv per channel)</th>
<th>CHANNEL SEPARATION (left to right)</th>
<th>CHANNEL SEPARATION (front to back)</th>
<th>TRACKING FORCE GRAMS</th>
<th>STYLUS TIP</th>
<th>STYLUS REPLACEMENT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Professional 4000 D/III</td>
<td>$149.95</td>
<td>5-50,000 Hz</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>more than 35 dB</td>
<td>more than 25 dB</td>
<td>1/4 to 1 1/4</td>
<td>miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius &quot;4 DIMENSIONAL&quot;</td>
<td>S 4000 D/III White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deluxe 4000 D/II</td>
<td>$124.95</td>
<td>5-45,000 Hz</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>more than 35 dB</td>
<td>more than 25 dB</td>
<td>3/4 to 1 1/2</td>
<td>miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius &quot;4 DIMENSIONAL&quot;</td>
<td>S 4000 D/II Yellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standard 4000 D/I</td>
<td>$ 84.95</td>
<td>10-40,000 Hz</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>more than 35 dB</td>
<td>more than 25 dB</td>
<td>3/4 to 2</td>
<td>miniature diamond with 1 mil tracing radius &quot;4 DIMENSIONAL&quot;</td>
<td>S 4000 D/I Black</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Schubert and Sibelius
auf Deutsch

Böhm's "Prussian" Schubert—and two more Unfinished (one of them finished!).

by John Rockwell

Schubert's most consistent perfection of expression came in his songs. The larger and more grandiose the form, the less often he found his own voice. But this is not to say, simply, that he lacked a mastery of those larger forms. True, he never wrote an opera that stuck in the repertory, but that has as much to do with his choice of collaborators as with any innate lack on his part. The supreme excellence of the Unfinished and the Great C major Symphonies suggests that he needed little more than time to evolve a sureness in the symphonic idiom. Once he had found that sureness, nothing but his early death could cut off his symphonic output.

As it stands, Schubert's symphonies fall into three periods. There are the first six works, of varying if lesser inspiration, from the Haydn-esque/early Beethovenian charms of the first three (especially Nos. 1 and 2) to the grander pretensions of the Fourth to the intriguing if not entirely focused experimentation of the Sixth. Then there is a period of more overt exploration, from about 1818 up to but not including the Great C major masterpiece. This period includes the Unfinished (1822) as well as the completed sketch for a Seventh Symphony in E minor and major (1821) and other sketches. (For years it was thought that there was a Gastein Symphony from 1825, and attempts were made to orchestrate the Grand Duo for Piano Four Hands, D. 812. But the latest evidence now discounts that notion.) As the third and final period, there is the Ninth.

The Ninth is, in fact, the best thing in Karl Böhm's "new" boxed set of the eight symphonies. It is also the oldest of these performances. DG reports that it was taped in June 1963, the Fifth and Eighth in February and March 1966, the First and Second in May 1971, and the Third, Fourth, and Sixth in November 1971. All but the last three have already been released separately (and presumably they too will appear on single discs in time). The sound is surprisingly consistent.

Visitors to the 1965 Bayreuth Festival were greeted with a special DG promotional disc that contained Böhm's rehearsal of the first movement of the Ninth. That disc suggests that Böhm regards himself as a keeper of the sacred Viennese flame (an absolutely overpowering Viennese dialect afflicts his speech). These performances of the symphonies and three Rosamunde excerpts, however, aren't particularly "Viennese"—at least if we think of Vienna in terms of charm, grace, and, yes, "Schubertian" lyricism. Really they are more Prussian, especially those recorded in 1971: grim, doggedly heavy, and earnest. There is always a certain classical rigor to Böhm's work that allows him to avoid the heaviness of some versions from American orchestras (e.g., Ormandy/Philadelphia and Steinberg/Boston). And in the Tragic Fourth, Böhm's approach makes more sense than elsewhere in Nos. 1-6. His Eighth is, simply, prosaic. His Ninth, however, is a more light-fingered performance, and the symphony itself is of sufficient weight to support the rigor that Böhm does bring to it.

Unfortunately the competition in integral Schubert sets is minimal. Denis Vaughan's RCA box, deleted from the U.S. catalogue nearly three years ago, was worthwhile conceived but indifferently played. Peter Maag's budget set (Turnabout TV-S 34334/8) isn't much competition at all. Especially in the first five symphonies, his versions are recorded in a distant, watery ambience that totally vitiates whatever virtues the performances may have. Maag has shown his strengths in early-nineteenth-century symphonic music, but these performances, with the Philharmonia Hungarica, sound too rough and ready for real distinction.

Kertész's cycle on London (CSP 6, all five discs also available singly) still boasts the best sound of all the available Schubert symphony records, though some of the performances date back almost ten years. The Vienna Philharmonic's playing too is mostly admirable, and Kertész's easygoing, relaxed, laissez-faire attitude may please those who object to big-orchestra, Master-Conductor overinterpretations of this outwardly most artless of music. For me, however, true artlessness can be obtained only through care and technique, and Kertész's versions sound consistently lacking in loving attention to details of ensemble and balance and to over-all conception. Schwann still lists (as of December 1973) all of Yehudi Menuhin's Angel cycle, though the Ninth has already been deleted and several others will probably follow shortly. What's left of the series is not competitive: The violinist's inexperience as a conductor results in persistent sloppiness of detail and interpretive inconsistencies.

Plainly the best way to collect the Schubert symphonies remains an assortment of individual records. Taking into account the couplings, I would begin with Karl Ristenpart's First and Second (Nonesuch H 71230). Both that disc and Georg Ludwig Joachim's pairing of the First and Third (Monitor MCS 2121) are budget-

the new releases
priced, and Jochum (seven years younger than his more famous brother Eugen) turns in admirably idiomatic, unpretentious performances. But Jochum's coupling causes some overlap in the Third, where my choice would be Karl Münchinger and the Vienna Philharmonic (London CS 6453), whose coupling is my preferred version of the Sixth. (Böhm's First, by the way, is the only currently available version that uses a first-movement textual variant recommended by Schubert scholar Otto Erich Deutsch; Vaughan also played the movement Deutsch's way.) Münchinger also wins my recommendation for the Fourth and Fifth, particularly since that disc is on London's budget Stereo Treasury label (STS 15095).

Other worthy performances of the first six symphonies include Beecham's inimitable traversals of the First and Second, in still passable mono sound, from Columbia Special Products (CML 4903); Walter's and Bernstein's Fifths (Columbia MS 6218 and MS 7295 respectively)—the former especially endearing, with Walter's equally lovable, lyrical Eighth, the latter with Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony.

From Schubert's period of experimentation, nothing is currently available domestically of either the Seventh or the so-called Gastein. Vanguard used to offer versions of both; they have been issued as a two-disc set in England and might profitably be reissued here.

There are two available recordings that attempt, in varying degrees, to finish the Unfinished. Max Goberman's, coupled with the Zauberharfe Overture (better known for its subsequent use as the overture for Rosamunde) and the otherwise unavailable Magnificat in C, offers the nine bars of the third movement that Schubert actually orchestrated (a few more orchestrated bars have been discovered since), blending smoothly into what we have of the piano sketch of the rest of the movement. A more ambitious attempt—if ultimately just as gimmicky as Goberman's—is now offered on an imported Odeon disc (available through Peters International). Here Gerald Abraham has orchestrated an entire third movement, taking a bit of music from Rosamunde to fill out the trio. Then Abraham boldly (foolishly?) tacks on the entire first entr'acte from the Rosamunde music for a first-movement repeat. The best budget version is undoubtedly Cantelli's (Seraphim 60002, mono, with an equally fine Mendelssohn Italian), unless you must have stereo, in which case I'd suggest Münchinger (Stereo Treasury STS 15061, coupled with an inferior Second that is uncharacteristically driven, thinly recorded, and skimpy on repeats). Of the historical performances, the fierce Toscanini (with the Schubert Fifth on Victorica VICS 1311 or with the Beethoven Fifth on VICS 1648, both rechanneled) and the mystical Furtwängler (with the Vienna Philharmonic on DaCapo C 047 00907, not the distinctly recorded Berlin Philharmonic version on Turnabout) are especially recommended.

The Ninth may be "the symphony of heavenly lengths," but none of the conductors with recordings currently on the market think it quite heavenly enough to take the repeats in either the first or last movements. Of the full-price discs, in addition to Böhm (available separately on DG 138 877) I can recommend the Bernstein (Columbia M 31012, full of idiomatic personality) and Kertész (London CS 6381, the best of his Schubert symphonies, still not to my taste but full of buoyant, exuberant detail). Interesting mono versions include the Furtwängler (Turnabout TV 4364, not to my taste—with its extreme tempo fluctuations—but fascinating) and the Kleiber (an Amadeo import, chaste and Mozartean).

RCA really owes it to us to reissue one of Toscanini's finest intense versions (although listed in the latest Schwann 2, the Philadelphia version is out of print). I hope Columbia will reissue Walter's lyrical if a little unsteady stereo version. Otherwise the budget collector can choose Krips (Stereo Treasury STS 15140), affectionately unmannered, and Barbirolli (Seraphim S 60194), lyrical and grave. Both can hold their own with the full-price competition.


Symphonies: No. 1, in D; No. 2, in B flat; No. 3, in D; No. 4, in C minor; D. 417 (Tragic); No. 5, in B flat; D. 485; No. 6, in C; D. 898; No. 7, in C minor; D. 759 (Unfinished); No. 8, in C; D. 944. Rosamunde: Die Zauberharfe Overture, D. 644; Ballet Music Nos. 1 and 2.


**Schubert: Symphony No. 8, in B minor, D. 759 (Unfinished).**


**Sonorities of a major orchestra yet still full of unman- nered personality.**

There are, of course, many fine versions of both the Eighth and the Ninth. These two masterpieces have attracted nearly all the great conductors of the recording era.

Among the full-price Eighths, along with the new Jo- chum my favorites are Walter (the same disc that contains his fine Fifth), especially wonderful in the second movement; Casals (Columbia MS 7126, with his unique Mozart Fortieth), theatrical, idiosyncratic, and emphatic; Karajan (DG 139 001, with three Beethoven overtures), superrefined in his best manner; and Bernstein (Columbia MS 7057, with the Mendelssohn Italian), the best of those few versions that take the first-movement repeat. The best budget version is undoubtedly Cantelli's (Seraphim 60002, mono, with an equally fine Mendelssohn Italian), unless you must have stereo, in which case I'd suggest Münchinger (Stereo Treasury STS 15061), coupled with an inferior Second that is uncharacteristically driven, thinly recorded, and skimpy on repeats). Of the historical performances, the fierce Toscanini (with the Schubert Fifth on Victorica VICS 1311 or with the Beethoven Fifth on VICS 1648, both rechanneled) and the mystical Furtwängler (with the Vienna Philharmonic on DaCapo C 047 00907, not the distinctly recorded Berlin Philharmonic version on Turnabout) are especially recommended.

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Symphonies: No. 1, in D; No. 2, in B flat; No. 3, in D; No. 4, in C minor; D. 417 (Tragic); No. 5, in B flat; D. 485; No. 6, in C; D. 589; No. 8, in B minor; D. 759 (Unfinished); No. 9, in C; D. 944. Rosamunde: Die Zauberharfe Overture, D. 644; Ballet Music Nos. 1 and 2.


**Schubert: Symphony No. 8, in B minor, D. 759 (Unfinished).**

Lush, post-Brahmsian Sibelius—and a bracing Third from East Berlin.

by Abram Chipman

Not until the LP era, by which time Sibelius was supposedly fading into eclipse, was a recorded cycle of the seven symphonies completed—and then by both Sixten Ehrling and Anthony Collins. Since the advent of stereo, no less than five Sibelius symphony sets have been completed, by the Japanese-Finnish maestro Akeo Watanebe (his went out of print with the rest of the Epic catalogue), Sir John Barbirolli (alas, not fully issued in this country), Lorin Maazel, Leonard Bernstein, and the current enterprise from DG (whose accompanying booklet claims this as the "fourth complete recording of his symphonies"). If it seem to be gloating, it is because I am pleased that considerable portions of the public pay less attention to fashionable notions of what is "in" or "sophisticated" than to what their guts tell them is imaginative, beautiful, powerfully conceived, and compellingly deep and vast in its human vision.

The Berlin Philharmonic recordings in the new DG package have all been previously issued individually. The two discs by Okko Kamu and the Helsinki orchestra are new to Schwann. Kamu won the first annual Karajan conducting contest in 1969 and proceeded to launch his phonographic career with Karajan's orchestra in the Sibelius Second, a highly personalized, flexible tour de force of interpretive willfulness in which the Berliners easily followed his somewhat convoluted ideas about the piece. Back home with his own band, Kamu's other Sibelius readings seem more straightforward, perhaps because he has his hands full with the less-than-virtuosic abilities of the Helsinki players.

This album does manage to argue a coherent and consistent point of view on the repertory at hand, despite the changes of venue and batons. DG's Sibelius fits him into a Germanic, post-Brahmsian zeitgeist (where, goodness knows, many think he belongs), characterized here by broad tempos, dark and weighty sonority, and a rather sweet, ardent shaping of the lyric melodies. If that is to your taste, you need not hesitate to purchase this flawlessly processed, beautifully packaged box of records. Otherwise, since the alternatively available Bernstein and Maazel sets do not consistently advance the opposite viewpoint (Sibelius as a writer of spare, gauntly snarling, nervously modernistic scores), you may want to hunt and sift through the various "singles" offerings. In my comparisons, I will stick primarily to the three integral versions now in Schwann.

Symphony No. 1. Kamu's statement is honest, solid, and reasonably paced. The only point to which I take exception is the failure to shift into lento for the scherzo's trio, but many conductors miss this contrast and one must go back to the long unavailable Beecham (Columbia) to hear how effective taking Sibelius at his word can be. The Helsinkians (or their hall) produce a somewhat opaque texture (cf. the violin line before cue B in the finale, where bassoons and cellos are lost under timpani and double basses). There are many blemishes in the playing, perhaps the most blatant of which are the off-pitch woodwinds in the scherzo's fugato episode (letters E to F). Maazel has clearer sound, and some exciting playing (particularly the timpani), but those Viennese cellos are a little too quavery for my taste. Bernstein, though much flawed in sound, gives a taut and passionate presentation of the music.

Symphony No. 2. Kamu, as I wrote in reviewing the latest Ormandy version [September 1973], subscribes to the heart-on-sleeve, reverent, even hysterical conception of this symphony. He twists tempos as if they were taffy, and interprets allegro as something like presto assai. He is so fond of inventing ritards in the finale that indicated changes to largamente lose their effect. This rendition is also replete with overphrasings and indiscriminate pouring on of tonal mush (cf. the violin line before cue B in the first movement). The Berliners, as I have indicated, keep their cool admirably, and the sound may even be the finest in the set. The rhetorical, blown approach is also subscribed to, though to a lesser extent, by Maazel and Bernstein (for redress, try Szell and the Concertgebouw on Philips 835 306 or Monteux and the London Symphony on Stereo Treasury STS 15098).

Symphony No. 3. What Kamu does most pleasingly here is to opt for a slower interpretation of the ambiguously marked (Andantino con moto, quasi allegretto) second movement. He shares the notion with all the Scandinavians who've recorded the symphony (Kajanus, Ehrling, Watanebe) that this section needs more gravity and repose than it gets in the goose-stepping waltzes of Bernstein. Maazel, et al. But, of our three "complete" contenders, it is the New York maestro who most alertly characterizes the ever-shifting speeds of the finale. The Helsinki players get into their share of trouble again, most pervasively the double basses who keep lagging fractionally behind the beat (most notably
Symphony No. 4. This masterpiece may well be the leanest, somberest, most concentrated score in the twentieth-century symphonic repertoire. Among current readings, only Maazel achieves a clear, grey texture and rapid, unswerving tempos. If you must have a bigger, more roundly "expressive" and colorful performance, Karajan could hardly be bettered: either in his deleted Angel LP with the Philharmonia or in this rich, solid, but not overbearing Berlin edition. Some scholars love debating whether "glocken" in the finale means big bells or glockenspiel (they even fuss over whether Sibelius' original manuscript has a period at the end of that instrumental indication). Karajan goes for the little tinkly ones; Bernstein for the big tubular bells; Szell, in a wonderful concert performance that should have been recorded, had the last laugh and used both.

Symphony No. 5. Karajan, who has now recorded the Fifth three times, takes what one could call a "majestic" view—portentious, measured, with loud climaxes and careful attention to every last dynamic swell. Sometimes he achieves a morbid expressionism that is well taken (cf. the bassoon's lugubre and paucitico three to six measures after K in the first movement). Elsewhere, though, I am reminded of the composer's statement about giving the public "a cool, clear drink of water instead of a musical cocktail." Karajan mixes too heady a brew in the slow movement's poco tranquillo section just after letter C. The final half-dozen tutti chords at the very end seem rushed. There is a general trend for string tremolando (with which the symphony abounds) to lack tension. Bernstein and Maazel also paint the piece with a wider brush than I care for, but less bombastically so.

Symphony No. 6. With this, Sibelius' most radiantly beautiful, perhaps even Mozartean, music, I drop all postures of open-minded tolerance. Since Georg Schenkevoigt's 78-rpm version for the old HMV/Victor Sibelius Society, I have heard nobody direct this score properly. Despite sloppy moments, the crispness, grace, and stark simplicity of that venerable recording by the Finnish National Orchestra have never been equaled. Most conductors are too slow, too lush, too "smooth" (except Maazel, who is too fast and brutal, though surely exciting). And no stereo recording has opposed first and second violins antiphonally, which this score simply cries out for again and again! Karajan's woodwinds between E and F in the scherzo are sluggish, the strings at G in the second movement very flaccid. In the theme of the finale that begins eight measures before D, the horns playing quarters overbalance the strings' eighths and sixteenths. And so forth and so on. [The Schenkevoigt Sixth was reissued last year in England in a two-disc set, "The Great Sibelius Interpreters" (World Records SH 173/4), available through Peters International.]

Symphony No. 7. I will spare you descriptions of some of Karajan's questionable tempo relationships in this highly unified one-movement work. The more important problem is a sense that the rhetorical heaviness overwhelms the music. Of the three integral sets, Bernstein's does best by No. 7.

Shorter works. Orchestral imbalance and under-nourishment are the bane of Kamu's En Saga. Tempos are pretty steady, except where he seems to give the strings more room to articulate clearly. When the brasses carry the major melodic line, they rarely rise out of the texture except seemingly, by sheer accident. The Bard makes fewer demands, and these forces acquit themselves better on the whole. Karajan's readings of the three familiar potboilers are all rather interesting. The outer sections of Finlandia have never sounded more Wagnerian, and the hymn section does everything but sob. The Swan of Tuonela is light and flowing. The False triste from Kuolema (when will we have a complete recording of that incidental music?) is churning meller-drama that even late-period Stokowski couldn't outdo (it happens that Stoky's shellac Philadelphia recording, on Victor 14726, is still my favorite).

Where does this leave the three sets on balance? Bernstein has a clear victory in Nos. 1 and 7. Maazel in No. 4 and perhaps No. 6—but this reflects my own persuasion about hard-nosed Sibelius conducting. Others will find Kamu/Karajan the most consistently successful in conveying the sheer mass and lyric sweep of the music. It also contains the most filler works (at the cost of an extra disc) though Maazel perhaps balances this in quality (Tapiola and Karelia Suite). Only London offers all the discs singly, though as noted DG is nearly there. Of Bernstein's cycle, only Nos. 1, 2, and 5 are available separately. I regret having to leave Watanabe's set out of these calculations, for it has many fine things in it: should Columbia reissue it on Odyssey, that would be a "best buy."

Not to get buried in this multidisc package (I hope) is a very fine new Third by Kurt Sanderling, whose remarkable set of Brahms symphonies I reviewed in June 1973. Though Sanderling's tempo for the center movement is again more hurried than I would wish, it has plenty of lift and feeling. In the finale, he (like Bernstein) is adroitly responsive to the many nuances of movement and shading, while the opening of the work has all the powerful swagger one could ask. The East Berlin ensemble, though less widely acclaimed than its West Berlin counterpart, is at least as stylish a Sibelian orchestra. It is also a clean and responsive outfit that seems capable of doing Sanderling's (and Sibelius') every bidding with no fuss and bother, and plenty of warm and translucent tone. The overside En Saga (the coupling puts it into potential direct competition with Kamu; should DG decide to reissue the latter as a single) has all the control and sweep that Kamu's doesn't, with perhaps less rugged fire than Dorati's (Odeon ASD 2486). It joins a long list of outstanding En Sagas from different periods (Beecham, De Sabata, Van Beinum, Collins). On both sides, Eurodisc's team has provided sonics that are extremely open and clear, with nearly ideal spread, depth, and balance.


Comparisons: complete symphonies—Bernstein: New York Philharmonic, Col. M55 794; Maazel/Philadelphia, Col. MS 794; Sanderling: Eurodisc 80 683 KK, $6.98; Kamu: Angel LP with the Philharmonia or in this rich, solid, but perhaps No. 6—but this reflects my own persuasion about hard-nosed Sibelius conducting.

Lily: A Challenging Vision of Musical Theater

The first part of Kirchner’s opera-in-progress to reach disc blends electronic and live performance in a striking extension of his evocative musical language.

by Royal S. Brown

ONE THING becomes immediately evident when you read Leon Kirchner’s intentions for the staging of Lily, presented here as a chamber work: Henderson (from Saul Bellow’s novel Henderson the Rain King). Kirchner’s projected total-theater work from which Lily is extracted, will be anything but “grand opera.” Both musically and scenically, Kirchner’s composition, instead of enacting drama, evokes it via a wide variety of psycho-sensorial phenomena with roots reaching into the deepest mythological structures of both the prehistoric past and what will probably become the posthistoric future.

Musically, Lily opens with a long, evocative flute solo (recorded here with a sumptuous reverberation that greatly enhances the junglelike atmosphere) accompanied here and there by different varieties of bells—including the wind chimes heard in Kirchner’s Music for Orchestra (also a part of Henderson). Chinese bells, celesta, and vibraphone. This is followed by a much more chaotic section that brings in other instruments of the chamber orchestra and introduces what is probably the principal motive in this nondevelopmental work—a single note repeated in a free accelerando, a rhythmic pattern that can be heard in any number of Kirchner’s compositions, including the Second String Quartet recorded here on the flip side. To complement scenically this opening instrumental prelude, Kirchner has envisaged a stage whose darkness is broken only by flashes of various colored lights and, later, by moving screens on which are projected visual realizations of some of the primordial nature symbols that pervade the Bellow novel.

From the midst of the extraordinary musical ambience created by Kirchner arises the voice of Mitalba, who sings, in an unrecognizable language that is “perhaps African or Aztec... or ancient Polynesian,” an “aria of love and submission” to Henderson. Although hardly operatic in the traditional sense, this aria is nonetheless a coloratura show-piece—including a fiendish leap to the F above high C—that should satisfy anyone’s desire for vocal acrobatics, and it is sung here with perfect control and expression by Diana Hoagland.

This bizarre and yet curiously moving love aria gives way to a central section in which electronic material is heard for the first time, accompanied by various outbursts from the “live” instruments. Among other things, we hear a vocalizing female voice (sung by Kirchner’s wife, Gertrude) that doubles and triples itself and moves about freely within the sonic ambience; and as the taped voice multiplies, new images on the moving screens are seen in double and triple exposures, visually reproducing what is being heard, creating what should be an almost overwhelming impression of totality. Then, as Henderson is seen for the first time (“in a cathedral-like clearing of an immense jungle forest”), Henderson’s long, spoken monologue, occasionally dying away in echoes, is superimposed over the mingled instrumental and electronic sounds. It is Kirchner himself who offers an impassioned reading of the narration, in which Henderson reminisces on the meaning of wasted life.

Eventually, the electronic sounds are reduced to occasional buzzes and breezes, evoking once again the scattered bits of animal and insect life in the quiet jungle; and then, following an almost romantic violin solo (vaguely recalling Kirchner’s Sonata Concertante) and an extremely melancholic piano introduction, we hear the voice of a slightly tipsy Lily (also sung by Diana Hoagland). Henderson’s abandoned wife, singing an occasionally jazzy song that begins with the unlikely lyrics, “Meet me in my orgone box with a double bourbon on the rocks.” Mitalba is heard once again before the music simply dies away into a darkness from which the strange electronic chatter, once it has begun, is no longer fully absent.

What is perhaps the most rewarding in all this, over and above what I find to be one of the most brilliantly original conceptions of musical theater I know of, is that
Kirchner's music, in spite of the many new directions it takes vis-à-vis the composer's earlier works, remains unmistakably Kirchner. Kirchner has shown here a rare ability to explore new territory with enough skill and care so as not to lose sight of the old, thus giving Lily a richness that can be felt even if one is unfamiliar with the rest of the composer's output. Even the pop elements of Lily's aria, instead of falling into the facility of the mixed-media genre, maintain the distinct profile of the composer's personal style.

This disc realization of Kirchner's efforts could not be more gratifying—the composer leads the skilled soloists of "The Ensemble" (a chamber group of Marlboro people including James Buswell IV, time violin and Lorin Hollander on the celesta) in a beautifully co-ordinated and expertly balanced interplay of sound and silence, and the recorded sound maintains a perfect equilibrium between clarity and resonance, between live performance and taped effects. I might add that, although I have so far heard only the two-channel version, in which stereo directional possibilities have been turned into an integral part of the work, the quadrophonic potential of this recording is ear-boggling.

The Second String Quartet, composed in 1958, shares with Lily that moody, highly personal and expressionistic quality that represents a Kirchner trademark and that has its roots in the era and state of mind that produced Schoenberg's Erwartung and almost all of Alban Berg's compositions. And even in the much more conventional, three-movement quartet, one can see that Kirchner is consistently more concerned with an almost abstract definition of musical space than he is with developing anything resembling a theme, tonal or otherwise. Thus, although this austere work offers certain motives (many of them rhythmical) that are recognizable when cyclically repeated in the last two movements, the work's greatest impact stems from the manner in which carefully conceived networks of rhythm, timbre, and pitch are interwoven and then juxtaposed within each movement, all of this done in accordance not with quasi-mathematical calculation but in a seemingly romantic flow. And thus one is moved more by the sudden shift from low to high by the appearance of a solitary rhythmic pattern than by the recognition of a particular melodic or harmonic progression. The work represents a perfect complement for Lily and, although I feel that the Lenox Quartet has sacrificed the definition of certain motives to attain an ensemble sound, the Second Quartet has been expertly and energetically performed by the Lenox group and recorded with exceptional clarity.

Kirchner: Henderson, Lily; Quartet for Strings, No. 2. Diana Hoagland, soprano. The Ensemble, Leon Kirchner, cond. (in Lily). Lenox Quartet (in the quartet). [Jay David Saks, prod.]
COLUMBIA M 32740, $5.98. Quadriphonic: MO 32740 (SQ-encoded disc), $6.98.
The LaSalle Quartet—one of the finest quartets presently performing.


This is a really excellent Choral Fantasy. Panenka's opening cadenza is alert, well structured, full of nuanced light and shade, and yet massively powerful. Smetacek leads his forces with pulse, discretion, admirable detail, and a welcome cumulative grasp. One or two episodes strike me as overly stand. but only when measured against the ideal Serkin/Casals/Marinbor rendition that Columbia is inexorably withholding from the music-loving public. By any other standards, this is more than admirable. I am tempted to call it the best Choral Fantasy on commercial records. Strongly reproduced too.

The overide concerto seems to be a much older, and diller, reproduction. The balance is good but the strings lack bloom and color. As a performance it has sturdy rhythm and good classical structure. But Panenka's sturdy fingering lacks the nuance and personality of a true soloist. He sounds rather stolid and neutral. Incidentally, he uses an unfamiliar cadenza in the first movement (his own?). H.G.


Comparisons: Quartetto Italiano (both finales) Phil 839 795; Yale Quartett (rev. version) Card C 10096.

The LaSalle Quartet, which makes its home in Cincinnati, is well known to those interested in twentieth-century music for its excellent DG set of the complete works for string quartet by Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg—as well as for its recordings of quartets by such contemporaries as Ligeti, Penderecki, and Lutoslawski. As far as I know, however, this is their first issue of a piece from the more standard repertoire. But it is good enough to leave no doubt that this is one of the finest quartets presently performing.

The LaSalle plays the original version of Op. 130—that is, with the Grosse Fuge as finale. Their reading is very careful, even meticulous, and some may feel that they sacrifice too much excitement for control. It is true, certainly, that this is a rather subdued performance, but I find that the sense of the piece comes through very well. They give the impression, however, of allowing the work to take shape as if "on its own"—by scrupulous observance of the markings and a careful gradation of balances. In other words, they do not hammer home their points through "dramatic punctuation" of various kinds. The differentiation of parts in the texture is particularly good. A point that becomes especially important in the fugue. Rarely have I heard this movement sound clearer and less forced. It does not, as is so often the case, become a sort of tortured, wildly scrambling tour de force that completely overpowers the rest of the quartet. But simply takes its place as the logical climax for the piece as a whole.

Despite a few reservations—such as the opening of the second movement, which sounds overly "flabby" due to the way the crucial chords are articulated (very hard and loud, but with little sense of real rhythmic weight)—this seems to me the most successful of the available single recordings of Op. 130. The Yale Quartet provides a very fine performance of the second version, which replaces the Grosse Fuge with an alternate finale, composed by Beethoven some nine months after the other movements were completed. The Yale's playing is somewhat more assertive in character, although it is also very convincing musically. But I confess that I am now so committed to the original version that the new finale seems something of a letdown. The Quartetto Italiano gives both versions (i.e., both finales are played), but since the Grosse Fuge is placed first, the closing movement comes out sounding like a weak afterthought. Moreover, their performance is still by comparison with the other two, lacking their unforced and flexible rhythmic flow.

DG is already represented in the catalogue with a complete issue of the Beethoven quartets as played by the Amadeus Quartet. This is one of the best integral versions available, but this new issue is certainly good enough to warrant continuation. And I would very much like to hear what the LaSalle would do with the other works.


This recording has a certain value, for it disproves the myth of Liszt as the flamboyant artist who knew all music to serve his own interests. As scholars know, his edition of the Beethoven piano sonatas is one of the most self-effacing of all—virtually an Urtext. That same fidelity comes through in this remarkably unadorned two-piano reduction of the Ninth Symphony.

Of course a distinction must be made between such a literal translation and the familiar Liszt-Rachmaninoff type of paraphrase. It is one thing to seize upon a composition and give it new creative life in another instrumental medium: Liszt's brilliant études after Paganini, for example, brilliantly re-create violinistic fireworks in pianistic terms. But I can't believe that Liszt's piano versions of the orchestral repertory were intended as more than vehicles for disseminating this music in prephonographic days.

Indeed this Ninth is preferable to not hearing the music at all, but once you know the original it sounds mighty pale. True, certain details emerge more clearly from this monochromatic watered-down reduction than from most orchestral versions. But two pianos cannot approximate the thrilling sounds of a large orchestra: a full chorus, and four vocal soloists. Surprisingly, the choral finale strikes me as far the least unsuccessful movement.

The Contiguglia brothers play with a refined sense of nuance and tonal precision but—even as pianists—they lack the requisite vigor and dynamism for Beethoven's music. This is particularly so in the scherzo (shorn of all repeats) and in the Adagio, though all the movements are somewhat anemic and tentative in their cool-headed, salonish rendition.

There is even less justification for recording Liszt's own Festival Cantata (also a reduction of a choral-and-orchestra original). This unfortunate remnant of an 1845 Beethoven Memorial Festival at Bonn is a really dreadful potpourri that has as its centerpiece a truncated and woefully sentimentalized abomination of the third movement of Beethoven's Archduke Trio. Surely it does no honor to either Liszt or Beethoven to dig up this long-lost, best-forgotten corpse.

I did not hear these discs quadraphonically, but in stereo the tone is full and resonant, with some astute separation and an alarming number of scratches, pops, ticks, and other pressing defects. What has happened to Connosseur Society's quality control of late? R.P.M.
partisan of Berlioz' vocal music. Nowadays we are so used to Berlioz, so at ease with his musical personality, that it comes as something of a shock to realize how very recently he has been incorporated into the ranks of standard composers. *Nuits d'été,* for example, received its New York premiere a mere twenty years ago.

Listening today to the song cycle's voluptuous lyricism, we find it hard to see why the composer's idiom should for so long have appeared inaccessibly exotic. Now, however, though the music still has the power to thrill every time it is heard, we seem to have known it always.

Eleanor Steber and Dimitri Mitropoulos, who joined forces to give New York its first *Nuits d'été,* recorded the music shortly afterwards. Actually, though, there was not the first complete recording. That honor fell to Suzanne Danco and the Cincinnati Symphony under Thor Johnson, who, interestingly enough, introduced Steber to the music. But the Steber/Mitropoulos version was the more successful artistically. Indeed, this recording had a lot to do with the development of interest in Berlioz' music. In the intervening years there have been several versions for soprano and orchestra and there has also been one, under the baton of Colin Davis (Philips 6500 009), that preserves the composer's specifications of different voices (soprano, mezzo, tenor, and baritone), and obviates the necessity for transposition.

To hear Steber and Mitropoulos after a lapse of time is not, I fear, an unmixed pleasure. We have, I would suggest, learned to ask more of Berlioz' interpreters than we did in our days of comparative ignorance. The gorgeousness of Steber's vocal timbre is still apparent, and so is Mitropoulos' drive. But equally apparent is the soloist's lack of variety and the conductor's heavy-handedness. Steber, who sings in very good French indeed, finds it hard nevertheless to color her words with meaning; to make illuminating distinctions of emphasis, to convey moods. She also has difficulty in lining down her voice to meet the composer's requests for softness. Consequently, both *Absence* and *Au cimetière* lack the necessary dynamic range. Nor is Steber really dramatic enough in *Le Spectre de la rose,* or sufficiently delicate in *Villanelle.* There is, indeed, something aggressive about Steber's approach to what should be a mood of tender longing, of bittersweet regret. The problem is aggravated by the soprano's lack of ease in the high register. so that she often seems to be singing in the teeth of the music. But where the specter is low, as in a lot of Spectre and St. John's, the sound she produces is wonderful and the voice is simply wanting in both cases. "Charming," well made, and very satisfying music that should provide many a pleasant moment to those not ashamed to listen to music that simply wants to please. William Boyce—simply wanting to please.

Mid-eighteenth-century London was not an easy place to work for a native composer; there were many resident celebrities from across the Channel, and a giant whose shadow was practically inescapable. William Boyce (c. 1710-1770) shared the general admiration for Handel, but did not fear him, frankly acknowledging his indebtedness to his overpowering presence. Burney, who justly recognized Boyce's fine qualities, said that "there is an original and sterling merit in Boyce's productions ... he neither pillaged nor servilely imitated Handel."

Boyce's is indeed a very attractive musical personality, relating those who maintain that there was no worthy native composer between Purcell and Vaughan Williams. These are of course no symphonies in the familiar sense. Walsh, the famous publisher and pirate extraordinary, called a number of instrumental pieces from Boyce's odes and theater music, publishing them in 1760 as "Eight Symphonies." This is charming, well made, and very satisfying music that should provide many a pleasant moment to those not ashamed to listen to music that simply wants to please.

The performances are superb; there is a well-executed, excellent balance, and first-class sound. In *Nuits d'été* the sound she produces is wonderfully rich.

**Bruck: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1—See Mendelssohn Concerto.**

**Cage: Three Dances—See Reich: Four Ornaments.**

**Crumb: Songs, Drones, and Refrains of Death. Sessions: Concertino for Chamber Orchestra, Lawrence Welker, baritone; Philadelphia Composers' Forum, Joel Thome, cond. (in the Crumb) Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago, Ralph Sharpey, cond. (in the Sessions). Desto DC 7155, $5.98.**

*Songs, Drones, and Refrains of Death* is one of several Lorca settings that occupied George Crumb throughout most of the 1960s. It seems to have caused him considerable trouble, for although it was begun in 1962 Crumb did not complete it until 1970. The obvious care accorded the work has brought its dividends: It is, I think, with *Ancient Voices of Children* (recorded on Nonesuch H 71255), the most impressive piece of the Lorca group.

As the title indicates, the work consists of a series of songs (there are four) based on texts dealing with aspects of death, each of which is preceded by an instrumental introduction. The latter, the refrains of the title, make use of similar material. (The last song also takes up this material, as well as material from earlier songs, thus tying together the piece as a whole.) The drones, on the other hand, which consist of long pedal points played on the double bass, do not constitute individual sections but are heard superimposed over (rather than under) the refrains and songs at three or more or less evenly spaced points in the piece.

There will be few surprises for those who know other works by Crumb from the same period (the pieces sound almost like variations on another). There are the usual chantlike lines for the voice, alternating with other vocal effects ranging from whispered speech to shouting: instrumental writing that is extremely colorful and virtuosic, frequently calling for special performance techniques (such as a percussionist playing with mallets on the strings of the bass or guitar), and a formal structure that is relatively simple in outline but articulated internally by a musical continuum of pronounced rhythmic elasticity. The overall atmosphere, however, is in this case unusually intense; a quality supported by the generally dark instrumental coloring. Especially effective is the third song, the *Cancion de Jara* (*Song of the Rider*), which gradually builds up to a cadenza for the two percussionists that is at once evocative of the text and musically convincing as the climactic moment, not only for this song but for the cycle as a whole up to this point.

The Philadelphia Composers' Forum, under the direction of Joel Thome, plays the piece with great authority and with an impressive command of its special idiom, which is in some respects primitive, but is at the same time extremely sophisticated, refined, and differentiated. Crumb has a certain affinity for Philadelphia and has been associated with Thome's group for some time (he has even played in it on occasion), and one feels that the performers have absorbed the work to the point where they have completely identified with it. Baritone Lawrence Welker, who sings the principal vocal part (a necessity because all the players are required to perform vocal parts off and on throughout the piece), makes up for what he lacks in an innately beautiful sound—at least judging by this performance—with a fine grasp of the dramatic qualities of the score. The two percussionists, Michael Sirota and David Woodhull, should also be mentioned for their unusually virtuosic and sensitive playing. But the whole ensemble is good.
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It is difficult to imagine a more diverse score than Chamin's "Rogger Sessions" concerto for chamber orchestra, written in 1972, yet this piece is equally impressive in its way. Sessions is still concerned with large-scale linearity and musical motives, a language that is goal-oriented, unfolding gradually over an extended, sectionally articulated form. The piece is a fine example, perhaps somewhat less richly complex than the composer's other recent works, but nevertheless a composition of remarkable technical achievement and sincere power. Sessions is known, mainly as a symphonist, and it seems to me that there are moments when the concertino is straining at the limits of its medium (the work could, I feel, be effectively scored for large orchestra), although this may to some extent be a reflection of problems in the performance. The latter is by no means bad, but it fails to communicate the same sort of conviction that is heard, for example, in the Chamin. Everything is there, but the players seem a bit unsure, and consequently the effect is somewhat constructed, too careful to convey the strong character of the music.

Both composers supply excellent notes on their pieces. In addition there is a four-page insert that includes the Lorca poems in their original Spanish (the language in which Chamin sets them) and in translation, and, moreover, the first line of the full score for each of the eight numbers in the Chamin piece. This is particularly welcome here, as Chamin's scores are in themselves objects of considerable visual beauty and interest. Despite their unusual format, they are relatively easy to follow once the reader has accustomed himself to the layout. Perhaps this will encourage some readers to go out and purchase the complete score.

R. P. M.

DEBUSSY: Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, Rhapsody for Clarinet and Orchestra, Rhapsody for Saxophone and Orchestra. Marylène Dosse, piano; Serge Danain, clarinet; Jean-Marie Londeix, saxophone, Luxembourg Radio Orchestra, Louis de Froment, cond. Candide CE 31069. $3.95

Comparison—Piano Fantasy: Kars, Gibson/London Sym.
Comparison—Clarinet Rhapsody: Drucker, Bernstein/N. Y. Phil.
Comparison—Saxophone Rhapsody: Rascher, Bernstein/N. Y. Phil.

If you, like me, are fascinated by fledgling works of the great composers, a knowledge of Debussy's Fantasy will be essential. Completed in 1890, the piece was held back from public performance during most of its disinterested creator's lifetime. The first movement travels a long and significant stylistic path. At one point, literal homage seems to be paid to D'Indy's Symphony on a French Mountain Air. Moments later, the woodwind writing takes us into the subterranean grooves of Pelléas. Debussy is the young Frenchman's demand of musical seam and substance, however, that the altitude change hardly disturbs. After a murmuring slow movement, there is a crescendo, dancelike finale.
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D.H. dances. correspond to the texts sung in these performances. It was unwise to have taken part in it at so late a date.

Both sets come with Met house librettos that describe, with some charity, as routine—although the first voice you hear, that of James McCracken, is clearly a rather potent sound. But what is Lucia without Lucia? As the history books tell us, Lily Pons was a Metropolitana fixture in this role—or, rather, a Metropolitana monopoly. From her debut in 1931 until 1944, except for a single performance nobody else sang the part in the house, and she continued to do it, if sporadically, until 1958. At one time, it seems to have been a performance of charm, if hardly of power. That time had passed when this recording was made. The tone is unsteady when sustained, limited in dynamics, breathy in color. A very sketchy gargle passes for a trill, and the floritura is pumped out in an effortful nonlegato. As always, she takes the Fountain Aria up a semitone (thus restoring, if inadvertently, the key of Donizetti's manuscript) and the Mad Scene up a whole tone; her top notes were never a problem, but the middle register was always weak.

The Pons intonation was never of the surest—and the old cliche of a group playing like a single instrument applies threefold to the Woodwind Arts ensemble—the tutti work (particularly difficult in the pieces recorded here) approaches the uncanny, the interpretive spark is intense, and the blending of the instrumentalists' superb tones is remarkably smooth. And in spite of some occasional distortion and echo, the sound and stereo balance of the Orion disc highlight every one of the quintet's attributes.

The Downey piece suffers. I feel, from over-intellectualization. Besides referring to a Greek word (agora) implying the kind of democratic discourse of which the five instruments are supposed to offer a musical example, the title Agort furnishes one of its letters to each of the work's five movements, which are supposed to capture the phonetic essence of the particular letter. The result, as one might expect, is a melange of styles—a device that seems to be coming into its own these days—mixing in some modernistic uses of glissandos and micro-intervals in the A movement, a few tone clusters in the T movement, and some relatively conventional writing in between. It is easy to see how the melodic patterns of the R movement are supposed to capture the liquidity of that consonant; but I found myself less spellbound by the whole idea. Agort offers a few hints of the highly inventive rhythmic language that pervades Downey's brilliant cello sonata (Composers Recordings SD 234). But my advice is to buy the CR disc, which contains not only Downey at his best, which is quite impressive, but also Alan Stout's haunting and intense cello sonata.

R.S.B.
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THORENS

MARCH 1974

CIRCLE 14 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
By now Karl Richter has emerged as one of the most distinguished interpreters of eighteenth-century music of both halves of the century. The Royal Fireworks Music is given a spacious performance, and they pleasantly reflect the feeling of the out-of-doors. The concertos a due cori are really for three, not two, "choirs": strings, woodwinds, and brass; this is not profound music and Handel casually borrowed from Messiah, but it is buoyant and brilliantly orchestrated. Perhaps the pieces were written for still another water party, with three barges for the musicians. Richter is in turn solemn, bantering, and elegiac; the antiphonal effects and the contrasting timbres are well brought out; the winds are marvelously in tune, and the horns in particular play their difficult parts without ever hitting a wrong tone.

With the overtures we leave the alfresco style; they are of the French type, but Handel manages a great variety within the generic scheme. They begin with a slow introduction full of pathos, pomposity, which is followed by a loosely constructed fugue: Handel does not stop here, however, adding a minuet or gavotte, making the French overture into a sort of suite. His fugues are a delight. He ignores the established rules and just goes ahead with gusto, for he had only one supreme rule: The choral is very good.

Perlman's playing has a technical brilliance—his Handel is in turn solemn, bantering, and elegiac.

Karl Richter—his Handel is in turn solemn, bantering, and elegiac.
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brilliantly detailed—is once again a key ingredient in the success of Angel's Previn/LSO series. Milstein too is a first-rate Romantic stylist, but of a very different sort. What struck me on first hearing as a lack of involvement I now realize is simply a studious eschewal of the neuroticism of Romanticism at its most indulgent. His elegant rubato is inarguably Romanistic, but he maintains a clarity of line that, in this repertoire, sounds positively classical. As a result these performances have a structural integrity and singing quality—without being in any way unidiomatic—that should wear extremely well.

Technically the seventy-year-old Milstein is in remarkable shape: Virtually every note is comfortably in place. Only where sheer strength is required—as in characterizing the tone of individual notes in a rapid passage—does his age show. Abbado does a fine job of following the soloist, and naturally the orchestra plays well. I wish only that he had paid more attention to the voicing of orchestral textures for optimal ensemble sound—but then who does these days? (Previn. for one.) Otherwise, the sound is up to the extremely high standard DG has maintained in its Vienna Philharmonic recordings.

Both of these discs offer sensibly (and popular) couplings in deeply committed performances. Now that Perlman and Previn are reunited, there should be a lot more to come. Milstein, following his debut disc for DG (and his first recording for anybody in a good number of years), is working on a set of the Bach solo sonatas and partitas. That's good news on both fronts.

The performances are good, but Colin Davis was unable to impart to the Young American pianist the vitality of his own straightforward way with Mozart. Bishop is a good pianist who plays cleanly and clearly, but he misjudges the nature of these works: The grandeur is missing and, except in the vivacious finales, the playing is subdued and a little placid.

The melodies in these Allegros may seem simple, and they are simple—until taken up by the elaborate symphonic development. It is precisely in these development sections of the opening movements that Bishop is unadventurous, treating his part as if it were a rococo piece. He takes the strength out of the melodies by almost invariably playing a diminishing on every vaulting step of a fifth or larger.

There is no point in trying to imitate the "Mozart piano"; it only results in a shallowness. Since the strings and particularly the winds, which are full-fledged partners in these concertos, play naturally—that is, with the best tone they can produce—the piano must do likewise. In the old Epic recording of K. 503 (which deserves to be resossed on Odyssey), Leon Fleisher, teaming up with George Szell, obtains beautiful pianos that still have substance, body, and color and the grand design and virtuosity of the work come through despite the old stereo sound.

In the heavenly slow movement of K. 467, clearly echoing southern Italian church music with its garlands of bittersweet suspensions, every measure seems to carry the super-scription "cantabile," but Bishop does not sing; he plays muzzy but with a decent tone. The orchestra is good, though its winds are no match for Szell's Clevelander. Davis is his usual expert stylistic and musical self. P.H.L.


NENNA: Vocal and Instrumental Works. GESUALDO: Gagliarda a 4. Accademia Monteverdiana, Trinity Boys' Choir, Accademia Chorus, Jaye Consort of Viols, Denis Stevens, cond. NONESUCH H 71277, $2.98.

Pomponia Nenna is scarcely a household word. In fact his name doesn't even appear in some of the most scholarly history books. Grove's Dictionary gives him a scant para-graph and while John Eliot Gardiner's Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart allots him a full column, there isn't much known to say about this southern Italian contemporary of Monteverdi and Palestrina. Even his birth (c. 1550-60) and death (1615?) dates are obscure.

Why then issue a full disc devoted to his music? Well, first, because he was a good composer, if not the equal of some more talented and hitherto unrecorded contemporaries—Marenzio jumps immediately to mind. But I suspect that Nenna's possible appeal lies more in his similarity to that most personal and unusual of composers, Carlo Gesualdo, prince of Venosa. Nenna and Gesualdo came from a similar background. The boot of Italy produced a number of fine musicians around the turn of the sixteenth century: Nenna from Bari; Giovanni Maaße, Scipione Dentice, and Gesualdo from Naples; Sigismondo d'India from Palermo. These men shared a common dialect of the contemporary musical language. Chromaticism and the surprise effect which could be produced by a sudden shift to an unexpected chord were the basis for their music. Nenna was one of the first; we know he was a member of Gesualdo's musical society.

MOZART: Missa in C, K. 317 (Coronation); Missa brevis in C, K. 220 (Sparrow), Ave verum corpus, K. 618. Edith Mathis, soprano (in K. 317 and K. 220), Norma Procter (in K. 317) and Tatiana Troyanos (in K. 220), mezzos, Donald Grobe (in K. 317) and Horsl Laubenthal (in K. 220), tenors; John Shirley-Quirk (in K. 317) and Kieth Engen (in K. 220), basses; Elmar Schloter, organ, Regensburg Cathedral Choir, Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 356, $7.98.

This is a curious recording; one would think that each side of the disc has its own conductor, performers, and engineers, yet only a couple of soloists are different. The Coronation Mass is featureless, because Kubelik drives his forces relentlessly, even the pauses between movements are uncomfortably brief. The result is a quality of restlessness and overexcitement, and though the orchestra is well recorded the chorus is only variably so. The solo quartet is not balanced. and soprano Edith Mathis, the only one who can be heard distinctly, wobbles.

Turn the record and everything changes. The so-called Sparrow Mass is an intimate and joyful work that does not deny life; it is the kind of church music that the Austrians love but the Northerners decry as being too "worldly." At any rate, Kubelik caught the spirit of innocence of this delightful composition and he is ably supported by his engineers. This time the singers are not driven. Mathis does not wobble, and she carries the treble of a well-balanced solo quartet commendably.

The bonus piece, the Ave verum corpus, also goes well, the chorus sings with quiet dignity and Kubelik avoids everything that would disturb the magic simplicity of this ineffable piece.

P.H.L.

March 1974
Wandsworth School Boys' Choir; John Alldis
Jailer
Sciarrone
Cesare Angelotti
Mario Cavaradossi

The soloists of the Accademia Montever-
diana are predictably excellent, as is the direc-
tion and total concept of the recording by
Dennis Stevens. I am less enthusiastic about the
chorus, but they certainly do an adequate job
with the motets. Nonesuch is again to be con-
tented. Gone, too, are the coarse chest notes.
Like her first effort, the new recording offers
less a portrayal of the fascinating Flora
Tosca-capricious, témperamental, volatile,
yet steadfast and resourceful—than a general-
ized account of Puccini's notes and the Giaco-
sa-tillica words they clothe. In an interpretive
sense, the two performances can be thought of
together: to all intents and purposes, they are
the same.
Leontyne Price's voice will suffice. There has been no di-
mension of vocal sumptuousness. The top
vocal lines are predictably excellent, as is the direc-
tor's way with this music, while the instru-
mental capricios of Gadski tells us that this composser needed a poetic impulse to
inspire his musical imagination.

Puccini: Tosca.
Flora Tosca
Placido Domingo (t)
Leontyne Price (s)
Paul Plishka (bs)

Oddly enough, he fails to meet his own stand-
ards in the tender quietude of "O dolci mani," where the voice lacks proper support and the
phrasing is faulty. Elsewhere he is very fine.
Scherill Milnes is not an effective Scarpia. His portrayal lacks irony, refinement, shrewd-
ness. He is more bulky boy than manipulator.

The most significant products of the 1973
Rachmaninoff centennial were RCA's gala
fifteen-disc revival of the great man's own re-
corded legacy [reviewed in January and Feb-
uary 1974] and the first truly adequate record-
ing of the Vesperas [reviewed on page 97].
This superlative sampling of the preludes,
however, is something to be admired. Sur-
Richter playing Rachmaninoff is as hard to
fault as Rachmaninoff playing Rachmanin-
off! As pianist, it takes one's breath away:
such ease, such color, such utter style and di-
versity. The intricate textures are re-
solved with a seductive clarity as daylight, the
tone lustrous and always singing. For all the effortless perfection of
Richter's work, the noble humanity never van-
ishes. His way with this music, while wonder-
fully idiomatic, is quite different from the
composer's. He tends to be more open-
ended.
Nakamichi 1000 used to be the world’s only 3-head cassette deck with quality and performance comparable to professional 15 ips. reel-to-reel machines.

Now there’s another.

Nakamichi 700

That’s right... only two cassette decks available today parallel the performance and reliability of professional 15 ips. reel-to-reel machines... and Nakamichi has them both!

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The surprise is how much of these outstanding features are shared by the new Nakamichi 700. Like frequency response 35-20,000 Hz ± 3 dB; wow & flutter less than 0.10% (WTD Peak); better than 60 dB signal to noise ratio (WTD at 3% distortion); total harmonic distortion less than 0.2% (at 1 KHz, 0 dB). A lot of deck for $690.

For complete information on these unique Tri-Tracer 3-head Cassette Systems, write...
Reich's first pieces of his compositional maturity involved taking a short phrase (first vocal, later instrumental) and letting it gradually go out of phase with itself, in stereo. The result was that what started sounding like the same phrase being repeated over and over again through two loudspeakers gradually shifted, one speaker lagging behind the other, such that the end of the piece, what with the continual overlapping, the denotative meaning (or linear sense) of the original phrase had disappeared, to be replaced by a roving, rushing, rhythmically bustling melange of vowel and consonant sounds (or different clouds of pitches).

Reich's next period involved getting live players to duplicate this process, going deliberately and precisely in and out of phase with one another. The structuralist-minimalist notions behind these earlier periods (parallel to similar ideas current in the world of the visual arts in New York in the Sixties) have more recently shifted and developed again. Reich has long been fascinated with African drumming and the Indonesian gamelan, and his pieces of the past couple of years have involved whole teams of players tapping out cross-rhythms on a heady variety of percussion instruments, mostly of the xylophone type.

Four Organs, composed in 1970, represents one of the last and most opulent of the pieces that just precede the composer's current period. The underlying notion is simple enough to describe: the effect it makes (so sympathetic or unsympathetic ears) is not. Against a steady grid pattern of even eighth notes from the maracas, the four electric organs begin to reiterate a single eleven chord, which inexorably resolves, unresolved, and resolves again. Gradually, each player begins to augment individual notes within the chord, stretching it slowly out against the maracas grid. By the end (the piece is nearly twenty-five minutes long), the original chord has been protracted into a chattering, droning continuum (an absurd-looking chain of tied, dotted whole notes and smaller notes in the final bar of the score).

Reich is, among other things, one of the most provocative writers about music, and his notes for this record are almost as intriguing as his music. He is an unabashed champion of "ear music" over "eye music." In other words, he believes that the principles behind a piece of music should be audible to the reasonably instructed listener. But it is not uninteresting, very similar to that on the Shandar disc, and the sound is much clearer (although the more resonant acoustic on the French record, recorded live at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, has its charms). Thomas and Angel deserve a special vote of thanks for bringing him back into general circulation. (DG may record some of his more recent music this year in Germany.) The Four Organs performance here is not, surprisingly, very similar to that on the Shandar disc; in fact, the forte-piano pieces are themselves specifically inspired by gamelan music, and although all of his work is very different from what Riley, Reich, and Glass do, he and La Monte Young were still crucial in preparing the way aesthetically for the birth of their kind of music. Three Dances, written as it is for two prepared pianos (and made for the four-way spatial separation in mind, it might well make an extraordinary effect that way).

After all of this, the Cage (which does get first billing on the jacket) holds up very well. Cage's prepared-piano pieces are themselves specifically inspired by gamelan music, and although all of his work is very different from what Riley, Reich, and Glass do, he and La Monte Young were still crucial in preparing the way for the birth of their kind of music. Three Dances, written as it is for two prepared pianos (and made for the four-way spatial separation in mind, it might well make an extraordinary effect that way), is even more lavishly colored than his many pieces for solo prepared piano, and the performance it receives from Thomas and Angel seems to have backed off from its original plans to ballyhoo a quad release of Four Organs; although it wasn't composed with four-way spatial separation in mind, it might well make an extraordinary effect that way.


Cage's better-known composer here, and his Three Dances (1945) is a most charming work that well deserves a recording as good as this. But it is the Reich that will raise the hackles of some listeners and the consciousness of others.

Steve Reich was born in New York in 1936 and classically trained. Since the mid-Sixties he has been a pioneer in the kind of static, repetitive, orientially influenced music that has been claiming increasing attention in recent years (Terry Riley and Philip Glass are other composers of this general persuasion, although there are marked differences among the three, and all of them—particularly Reich—have grown increasingly sensitive about being lumped together.)
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And the SQA-2030 gives you something extra—a built-in stereo amplifier. It delivers 18+18 watts, RMS into 8 ohms at every frequency in the audio range (20-20,000 Hz)—plenty of power to drive your back channel speakers. It's distortion-free (THD less than 0.8%). And it's easy to enjoy. Once you've balanced your system, the SQA-2030's master volume control is about all you'll have to adjust.

Thanks to new integrated circuits, developed and manufactured by Sony, this full logic decoder, control center and stereo amplifier is housed in a cabinet about half the size of a standard receiver. It costs just $239.50.

Sony offers two other choices to go four channel. The full logic SQD-2020 has all the quality and control convenience of the SQA-2030 plus four calibrated VU meters to help you balance your system visually. If your stereo system has high power output, add a basic amplifier of equal power plus two speakers. The SQD-2020 costs $229.50.

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Introducing the $240 full logic decoder.
With an amplifier to boot.
One Thousand and One is of course the mythical enumeration of Arabian nights during which the Sultana Scheherazade postponed her threatened death by strangling as she praised the Sultan Schahriar's curiosity to hear the next instalment of her spellbinding tales of legendary marvels. But to a veteran discophile it sometimes seems that this 1,001 tales account for 101—if never 1,001—Scheherazades. So it might just be possible to account for 101—and that Stokowski's (despite all its imperfections) is the finest Scheherazade interpreters. He has preferred choices. Among them the Ansermet and Beecham Scheherazades in both eloquence and musicianship but that the long-since, indeed incomparable, sonic presence of the Ansermet/London version remains admirably straightforward and as musicianly as ever. It was undeniably perfunctory but that the long-since, indeed incomparable, sonic presence of the Ansermet/London version remains admirably straightforward and as musicianly as ever.

There are no new challenges to these leading from the current reissues of the roughly contemporaneous Monteux/London Symphony and Dorati/Minneapolis versions. Monteux at his best was surely one of, if not the finest Scheherazade interpreters. He has claimed a very special place in my heart ever since I played hooky from high school to join the Symphony Hall rush line and hear him in his antepenultimate season with the Boston Symphony—provide my first Scheherazade experience. But unlike the situation in 1942, when he first recorded the symphonic suite with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the London Symphony seasons of some sixteen years later found the French maestro far from his best. While his reading remained admirably straightforward and as indistinct as ever, it was undeniably perfunctory in spirit. It was recorded by English Decca engineers. I believe (although the original release was under the RCA Victor label and the rights have only recently reverted to Decca in England and London in this country) and the sound qualities are quite effective, so the present budget-priced reissue is indeed a bargain. But don't kid yourself that you're hearing the real Monteux Scheherazade here!

Dorati's first recording of the suite for Mercury in 1952 (following his 1938 78-rpm version with the London Philharmonic for RCA Victor) was successful enough to warrant his doing it again in stereo in 1959. But that performance was regarded at the time routine at best. "colorless and undramatic at worst— and present-day re-hearing confirms that verdict. Many of the follow-up recordings by Dorati and others, of the early stereo era were memorable enough to justify revival in the new series of Golden Imports—so named because the pressings are done by Philips in Holland. But this Dorati Scheherazade is scarcely worth that honor and certainly not worth its present premium price.

It's only when we turn to the one brand-new version in the present group, this one engineered as well as played by Philips, that we are truly transported from one sonic era to another new and nobler one. For the first time in well over a decade, a detailed series of A/B comparisons have forced me to realize not only that a new reading can match the Ansermet and Beecham Scheherazades in both eloquence and musicianship but that the longest-since, indeed incomparable, sonic presence of the Ansermet/London version has been at last superseded. Superb as that still sounds, and always will, the new recording's sonics are no less solid and authentic (indeed even more immediately "natural" in their freedom from the slightest suggestion of "spotlighting"), while patently more airy, transparent and warming. Following this Haitink version with a score reinforces one's immediate impressions of well-nigh ideal tonal balances and detail-versus-mass proportions, and heightens still further one's admiration for the conductor's (and his players', notably solo violinist Fiduccia's) unsurpassing fidelity to the letter, as well as the spirit, of Rimsky's magical score.

If you're a jaded veteran snugly sure that so familiar a work as this can hold no new surprises or rewards, prepare yourself for a shock. If you're a younger who's never before listened carefully to Scheherazade, here's your lucky chance to experience musical and sonic revelations you'll never forget. I have no hesitation in predicting that years from now, when the number of recordings may actually
A couple of years ago the conversion of Philips records from domestic to imported pressings was completed; the results have been dramatic both in disc quality and in sales—despite the premium price tag.

Lately U.S. Phonogram has been looking at its own classical catalogue—the Mercury recordings of the Fifties and Sixties. Popular impression to the contrary (what with cuoput bins full of Mercury discs), many Mercury titles have remained in print. Now Phonogram is gambling that a more reliable product might revive interest in the Mercury catalogue. To test the idea, they have chosen nineteen titles (those listed here plus a Dorati Scheherazade, reviewed separately)—many out of print—for pressing in Holland. The result: Mercury Golden Imports.

The processing is everything Philips imports would lead us to expect—silky smooth, noise-free surfaces. Which means that if you want any of these titles you can now buy them without qualms. And those who found Mercury's "Living Presence" sound overbrilliant will find the highs tamed in typically European fashion. Personally I prefer the brighter original sound. Listening through the surface garbages of my old copy of Dorati's 1912 Overture (the cannon-and-bells pioneer), I heard more impact than on the new pressing. (I was surprised too to hear how rough and routine this "classic" performance—it was one of the first classical discs I bought—sounds.)

For me only a few of these titles are of special interest musically. Fennell's Holst-Vaughan Williams-Grainger band disc is genial, tuneful, absolutely captivating—a welcome restoration to the catalogue. The two Dorati Respighi discs offer the only available recording of the Brachian Impressions and of all three charming suites of Ancient Airs and Dances—all well performed. The Hanson coupling of the two Bloch concerti gross not only makes good sense; it also offers the only current version of No. 2.

Apart from the Bloch, Mercury's American-music series is represented by the Hanson and Hovhaness-Giannini discs. Hanson would, I think, have been better represented by his Four Psalms, coupled with Virgil Thomson's Symphony on a Hymn Tune. It would be nice too to have some of the Barber material Hanson recorded, and of course his Ives disc of the Third Symphony and Three Places in New England.

If you're looking for Franck organ music, the Dupré disc offers a sensible selection well performed. And the Janis/Kondrashin Prokofiev-Rachmaninoff coupling—if you want it—is well done.

Several selections are bizarre: Dorati's Scheherazade and Paray's Organ Symphony might just pass muster at budget price. And at this date can one say about the resuscitation of Sir Hamilton Harty's Handel travesties? Otherwise one notes that Antal Dorati is represented almost exclusively by his least interesting Mercury repertory—the pops stuff that presumably "sells" (are Philips repertory decisions made that way?). The notable exception is the Bartók concerto, a recording thoroughly superseded by the later Menhuhn/Dorati recording with the New Philharmonia (Angel $ 3 6360).

Perhaps if some of these discs sell well we can look forward to having some of Mercury's best material: for example, the fine Starker recordings. Dorati's major recordings (such as his Tchaikovsky suites and Nutcracker), more Fennell (such as his Sousa series and his Coates disc).


BARTÔK: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2. Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. MERCURY SRI 75002, $6.98 [from SR 90003, 1957].


FRANCK: Piecë héroïque; Three Chorales. Marcel Dupré, organ (organ of St. Thomas' Church, New York City). MERCURY SRI 75006, $6.98 [from SR 90168, 1958].


HOLST: Suites for Military Band, Op. 28: No. 1, in E flat; No. 2, in F. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Folk Song Suite; Toccata marziale. GRAINGER: Hill Song No. 2. Eastman Wind Ensemble, Frederick Fennell, cond. MERCURY SRI 75011, $6.98 [from various original].


RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Le Coq d'or: Suite. BORODIN: Prince Igor: Overture; Polovtsian Dances. London Symphony Chorus (in the Dances) and Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. MERCURY SRI 75016, $6.98 [from various original].

BLOCH: Concerti Grossi for String Orchestra: No. 1; No. 2. Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Howard Hanson, cond. MERCURY SRI 75017, $6.98 [from SR 90223, 1960].


AN EVENING WITH THE ROMEROS. Celodonia, Pepe, Celia, and Angel Romero, guitars. MERCURY SRI 75022, $6.98 [from various original].

RESPIGHI: Gli Ucelli; Impressioni brasiliane. London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. MERCURY SRI 75023, $6.98 [from SR 90153, 1958].

BRAHMS: Sixteen Hungarian Dances. London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. MERCURY SRI 75024, $6.98 [from SR 90437, 1966].
SAINT-SAENS: Le Carnaval des animaux—See Walton: Façade

SCHUBERT: Sonata for Piano, in G, D. 894. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. [David Harvey, prod.] London CS 6820. $5.98.

Comparisons: P. Serkin, RCA LSC 2874; Kempf, DG 139 104; Kuerti, Mon. MCS 2109

This composition is, along with the B flat, D. 960, the most purely lyric of Schubert's late piano sonatas. It is instructive to compare the various ways its disc interpreters have dealt with its challenge. The young Peter Serkin (he was seventeen when he made his RCA recording) takes a daringly slow tempo for the first movement and builds with fierce dramatic outbursts in the development section. On the other hand, but without the insistence of either Kempf or Kuerti, his sound, as reproduced here, remains pellucid without a real hard core. A super-technician is of course at work here, and for my taste he makes too light of the pianistic demands. I seek more stress and angularity in music of this sort.

Ashkenazy takes what one might call a middle ground. In terms of tempo, he veers closer to the younger Serkin without ever lapsing into his occasional exaggerations and vehement outbursts. The new performance also keeps the formal dimensions well in hand, but without the insistence of either Kempf or Kuerti. As pianism, Ashkenazy's work is completely limpid and relaxed. Even when he plays a good hefty fortissimo, his sound, as reproduced here, remains pellucid and without a real hard core. A super-technician is of course at work here, and for my taste he makes too light of the pianistic demands. I seek more stress and angularity in music of this sort.

Subjective aesthetics aside, Ashkenazy offers a superlatively clear, intelligent, and in many ways affecting account of an elusive work. Like Peter Serkin, he observes the exposition repeat in the opening movement. One objective fact, however, ought not to be overlooked: This disc lists for $5.98, while the Kuerti gives you two excellent performances for $2.98. My favorite G major, regardless of price tag, is the Kempf; but all four are distinguished.

H.G.

SCHUBERT: Symphonies (8). Rosamunde: Excerpts. For a feature review of recordings of these works, see page 75.

SESSIONS: Concertino for Chamber Orchestra—See Crumb: Songs, Drones, and Refrains of Death

SIBELIUS: Symphonies (7); Orchestral Works. For a feature review of recordings of these works, see page 77.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D—See Mendelssohn: Concerto.

VILLA LOBOS: Quintette en forme de choros—See Francaix: Quintet.


This must be one of the Odyssey programs’ happiest inspirations: to bring back into active circulation a coupling of two of the outstanding examples of recorded music-cum-speech. One is the embodiment of Saint
Saites' popular "zoo&alogue fantasy" with the late Ogden Nash's witty verses, read in the idiomatic manner unique to the late Noel Coward. The orchestral playingnow seems only slightly routine, except for the bravura duet-piano playing by Hambro and Zayde, and the recording still seems unduly dry, but of course it's the Nash/Coward contributions that have kept this version in constant broadcast demand even after the original edition finally went out of print several years ago.

However, it's the coupled melodrama, the saucy divertissement that launched young William Walton first into notoriety and then into genuine fame, that makes this bargain-priced release a necessity for the collection of every serious home listener who doesn't already own at least one of the three versions starring Dame Edith Sitwell reading her own verses. And if this one can't erase the memory of the original English Decca 78's of around 1931, which co-starred Constant Lambert in sheerly pyrotechnical performances of the more virtuoso patter numbers, it is preferable to Sitwell's (even more mannered version with Peter Pears on a London LP of the mid-'50s. Except for the lack of printed texts (a serious lack indeed in the case of verses as fancifully involved as these), there can be only lively praise for the quality of this release—no less in the quieter disc surfaces but in cleaning up and brightening the sonics themselves. Even allowing for the heavy wear of my treasured copy of the original ten-inch LP, it now seems in comparison to be intolerably gritty and dull-toned. As for the work itself, if you don't know it, there's no possible way to describe its completely sui generis characteristics. Let's just say there's nothing else in the whole realm of music that can simultaneously tickle as galvanically both one's funnybone and one's most far-out dream-world imagination.

R.D.D.

**WEBER: Der Freischütz.**

**Agathe**

Gundula Janowitz (s)

**Arenoffen**

Evelyn Lear (ms)

**First Bridesmaid**

Ursula Boden (ms)

**Second Bridesmaid**

Pauline Boesiger (ms)

**Third Bridesmaid**

Kajsa Ingstroem (ms)

**Fourth Bridesmaid**

Brigitte Pfretzschner (ms)

**Max**

Renate Krahmer (s)

**Caspar**

Eveline Pimlott (s)

**Hermann**

Bernd Weikl (t)

**First Huntsman**

Friedrich Kind, made no attempt to universalize his really paired characters. Each of whom personifies a basic Teutonic trait: uncomplicated by subtler shades of psychological meaning. The most elemental types are the Hermit and Samiel, one a force of goodness and rationality, the other a force of evil and destruction. On the human level, the two huntsmen, Caspar and Max, face life's temptations like stalwart German lords; the former is corrupted and destroyed, while the latter emerges with greater moral fiber and a keener sense of duty. Agathe is the ideal German woman—sweet, loving, sensitive, modest, and exuding a virginal suppressed but distinct sensuality; her companion, Aenechen, is high-spirited, lovable, and quick to put a human monument. And like the best national monuments, it may inspire admiration and respect from tourists, but only the natives can really identify with it.

It is this intense parochial flavor that has kept Freischütz off international stages despite music that has always been highly regarded for its melodic spontaneity, boundless vitality, harmonic originality, and instrumental ingenuity. But then Weber and his librettist, Friedrich Kind, made no attempt to universalize their really paired characters, each of whom personifies a basic Teutonic trait: uncomplicated by subtler shades of psychological meaning. The most elemental types are the Hermit and Samiel, one a force of goodness and rationality, the other a force of evil and destruction. On the human level, the two huntsmen, Caspar and Max, face life's temptations like stalwart German lords; the former is corrupted and destroyed, while the latter emerges with greater moral fiber and a keener sense of duty. Agathe is the ideal German woman—sweet, loving, sensitive, modest, and exuding a virginal suppressed but distinct sensuality; her companion, Aenechen, is high-spirited, lovable, and quick to put a human monument. And like the best national monuments, it may inspire admiration and respect from tourists, but only the natives can really identify with it.

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**ANIMALS OF AFRICA:** Sounds of the Jungle, Plain, and Bush. Live recordings from East Africa of the leopard, vervet monkey, hyrax, rhinoceros, zebra, wildebeeste, lion, hyena, wild dog, silver-back jackal, elephant, and hippopotamus. NONESUCH H 72056, $2.98.

What we have here is exactly what the jacket advertises, nothing more and nothing less. The record is a short one (28 minutes, 38 seconds), but there is more variety on it than in your average five-disc set. If the rhinoceros (eroticism incarnate), hyena, elephant, and hippo were my own special favorites, all of these nicely varied and crisply recorded grunts and growls will give pleasure.

But the question is, to whom and for what purpose? Naturalists should like this disc, and people in search of a party record, and Hugh Hefner types who want to add a bit of spice to their grappling before the roaring fireplace. The jacket annotator, composer/pianist William Bolcom, argues that "at least some of these animals' speech is as articulate as ours," but that strikes me as pushing the insecurity of the relativistic white liberal a bit far. I mean, these are animals, after all. I can believe that the ants are getting ready to take over, but it will take a while before I'm threatened by a vervet monkey. J.R.

DOMINGO CONDUCTS MILNES! MILNES CONDUCTS DOMINGO! Placido Domingo, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; John Alldis Choir; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Sherrill Milnes and Placido Domingo, cond. [Richard Mohr, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0122. $5.98.

Although the sincerity of the participants is beyond question, this recital has about it a distasteful air of gimmickry. The exclamation points in the title set the tone only too accurately. Neither conducting debut is sufficiently astonishing to distract attention from the fact that the singing is the more important element. Not that the singing is very good. It remains, however, the only valid reason for listening to these performances.

Despite the lack of experience on the part of both Domingo and Milnes, the conducting is not by any means bad. Each conductor has a distinguishable personality. Domingo is musicianly and relaxed. He is not flaccid: he is measured and judicious, and a bit dull; but he allows the full weight of the musical phrases to make themselves felt. "'Avant de quitter ces lieux' (Milnes) is comprehensively shaped; "'Il cavallo scalpitò' has a pleasant lil.

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spirit" rushes helter-skelter to its conclusion: too much in the way of phrasing - grace, charm, emphasis - is lost. "Giunto sul piano" that eloquent dream of the soul's fulfillment, is unpoetic, unreflecting, and unaffectionate. "Come un bel di" is harried.

Milnes, though he gets the better guidance and support, does not come off very well as a singer, either. Polly's Song (as in the almost frenetically paced Canon High Fidei.11 Y Magazine Phase -4 sound seems particularly suitable for Polly's Song (again from the Weill) and the other record-industry trend. Right on the heels of Nonesuch's pairing of the Weill Romanza with Stravinsky's Ragtime to round out what is referred to in the liner notes as "The Four Faces of Jazz." Though Domingo doesn't sing too well here, at least sounds tired rather than vocally diminished. Some of the tenor's details are careless (for example, the thirty-second note on "lagrime" at the beginning of the Melanges on I Got Rhythm, for Piano and Orchestra (with David Parkhouse's piano) STRAVINSKY: Ragtime. McGurk: Zueignung, Caprice. (three discs, mono) [recorded 1937-46].

It would appear that we are in the midst of another record-industry trend. Right on the heels of Nonesuch's pairing of the Weill Kleine Dreigroschenmusik with the Milhaud Creation. Phase 4 comes out with the same coupling (minus the overture and finale of the Weill, plus Gershwin's I Got Rhythm variations for piano and orchestra and Stravinsky's Ragtime to round out what is referred to as "The Four Faces of Jazz" (what happened to the other dozen or so?).

Well, in spite of the Weill truncation and the relative availability of good versions of all the pieces recorded here, the disc is not unwelcoming. Bernard Herrmann turns in subtle, understated performances that nonetheless supply the appropriate bounce when necessary (as in the almost frenetically paced Canon Song, referred to in the liner notes as "The Big Show," from the Dreigroschenmusik, on which Herrmann attains a genuine Charleston clip). I also particularly like the way Herrmann brings out the nostalgia of such pieces as Polly's Song (again from the Weill) and the opening of La Creation du monde. And the Phildisc record is particularly suitable for these works - the double-lead player sound, as if he's sitting on the listener at the beginning of the fugue in La Creation, and no other recording brings out as well the acerbic instru-

mental clashes of Stravinsky's marvelous Ragtime, the earliest of the four works on this disc. I do prefer Earl Wild's performance of the Gershwin variations to David Parkhouse's here, but Herrmann's orchestral accompaniment does the work much more justice than Fiedler's rather hammy backup job.

R.S.B.

**LAURITZ MELCHIOR**

but does the album do him justice?

It doesn't require much imagination to figure out how this package came about. I fear: Somebody in RCA's reissue department had put together a new Melchior single, containing his unreleased Pagliacci arias and a selection of other pieces. Then someone else - perhaps up, closer to the balance sheet and the other's most important "hometown" line -decided to repackage it as a three-record set, surrounding the songs with a lot of Wagner material that has been around for quite some time, and mostly at Victrola prices (too: VIC 1369 has a bracing if improbable Svartaforns, VIC 1100, an aria collection, has the standard Wagner, and a bracing if improbable Siegmund). VIC 1316 includes the first part of the Walkure scene (and what is a Melchior collection without Siegmund's monologue?). VIC 1369 has no further Melchior, but Toscanini did go on to play the Rhine Journey, which has been clipped out here, the duet leading into Humperdinck's dreadful concert ending VIC 1681 has the Lohengrin and Paraisis duets with Flagstad. You can buy all of those records for the price of this set, and that's just what you should do: boycott RCA's wasteful and expensive chiseling practices and wait for them to issued the song record as a single.

I'm not going to say anything more about the Wagner, which has all been often reviewed in these pages, except to add a few more complaints. No texts are provided, even for the obscure Scandinavian songs. One of the Meisner arias is not located where the leaflet says it is. The first two Grieg songs are listed in reverse order on both label and label. In general, the labeling is clumsy, with accompaniment data given only on the back of the box, recording dates and side layout only in the booklets, and even there, a hodgepodge.

If and when that single record is issued, it will contain some vintage Melchior vocalism, applied to a variety of material, some more appropriate than others. Opera singers are not necessarily good singers of songs - or they may be good at certain types of songs. As I think was the case with Melchior. In his day, in fact, a kind of recital vocalism was common that seems to have been designed for opera singers. The La Forge item here, for example, revolts around the welling phrase and the ringing high note Sibelius' Svara rasa, introduced some time ago, and the Melchior voice wraps itself comfortably around the up-and-coming lines.

Strauss songs too sometimes fit this description - in fact, you may think that Melchior's is the voice you always wanted to hear in Cavalleria and Heimliche Aufforderung. You are not wrong about that, but these particular performances just don't fit into the already critical mass (to fit on the same ten-inch 78 side with the "wisiest" is a scramble, the whole thing very choppy as it gallops to the ringing bath at the end. And Melchior's famous rhythmic sloppiness is very much to the fore in Heimliche Aufforderung, throwing the metrics of the song completely out of kilter (it must have been quite a feat for pianist Ignace Strasfogel to stay in phase with his wayward tenor - but perhaps he was used to it: we are told that Melchior was consistent in his inaccuracies). The modulation of the tone in Traum durch die Dämmerung is very lovely, but eventually the voice is lost on a touch of proclamation, spoiling the effect.


Well - we can't even give away the duplicated material to deserving friends, for this package does not completely supersede any of the previous records. To wit: VIC 1500, an aria collection, has the standard Wolf, and a bracing if improbable Siegmund. VIC 1316 includes the first part of the Walkure scene (and what is a Melchior collection without Siegmund's monologue?). VIC 1369 has no further Melchior, but Toscanini did go on to play the Rhine Journey, which has been clipped out here, the duet leading into Humperdinck's dreadful concert ending VIC 1681 has the Lohengrin and Paraisis duets with Flagstad. You can buy all of those records for the price of this set, and that's just what you should do: boycott RCA's wasteful and expensive chiseling practices and wait for them to issue the song record as a single.
corded in 1946. The tone is still firm, although thinner above the break than of yore; the legato and the expansive phrasing are unimpaired. "Vesti la giubba" was a standard Melchior showpiece (and remained so into the days of television), and he mastered the Italian text pretty well, with powerful results. The second-act piece is less comfortable, and there are a few rhythmic awkwardnesses. Needless to say, these performances are not "idiomatic"—a term that embraces sins as well as virtues—but they sure are impressive noises.

Most of these dubblings are well done, although there is occasional surface scratch, and an annoying hum in some of the unpublished songs. Perhaps that can be filtered out the next time around.

RUGGIERO RICCI: Violin Recital. Ruggerio Ricci, violin. LONDON STEREO TREASURY STS 15153, $2.98 [from LONDON CS 6193, 1961].


A high-density program, this—and cheers for its re-emergence after more than ten years (it lasted less than a year in Schwann when it was originally issued); its birth date of 1961 proves no hindrance, for the sound is clean and clear. The Bartók and Prokofiev are unduplicated in the catalogue, and the Hindemith sonatas are represented by only one alternate version, so this reissue is particularly welcome.

Ricci does handsomely by these works, most of which demand more or less superhuman technique in addition to an architectural overview that can make sense, in particular, of Bartók's complex paragraphs. Ricci makes sense of them, all right, and at the same time doesn't hesitate to let the tension inherent in Bartók's big leaps and paired intervals come through. It seemed to me that in the first movement he could have done a little more with dynamic contrast, but by the arrival of the third-movement Adagio I was in no mood to quibble—so fine, quiet, and sensitive is the melodic line. The fugue and the finale are both full of thrust and bite, and the finale especially benefits from a robust sonority that Ricci keeps in store for the work's climax.

Hindemith was working more or less full time as violist in the Amar-Hindemith Quartet at the time he wrote his pair of Op. 31 sonatas in 1924, and his string orientation was tuned to a fine turn. The pieces are wonderfully violinistic (and, in contrast to Bartók, are mostly noncontrapuntal). No. 1 displays a fine sinuosity of line and, in the second movement particularly, resilient rhythmic patterns that a good fiddler can use as bouncing-off points for the next phrase, and the seamless, flashing, mercurial line of the Prestissimo finale makes the kind of curtailed line that any playwright might be proud of. No. 2 is captioned "Es ist so schones Wetter draussen" ("It is so fine outside"), and we believe it. The first movement is lovely and almost poignant, the scherzo is cheerfully pizzicato throughout, and the finale is a set of variations on a highly unproblematic song of Mozart's, "Komm, lieber Mei." The five-minute Stravinsky elegy, written in memory of Alphonse Onnou of the Pro Arte Quartet, is quite absorbing in the monastic purity of its evenly paced, two-part counterpoint. The Prokofiev is pretty thin stuff in these surroundings, but effective enough. Welcome back to all of them.

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CIRCLE 55 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
in brief


Emanuel Bach's reputation, admired not as high as genius of his caliper deserves, fortunately does not rest on concertos such as the one here recorded. Make no mistake, the concerto is a charming, entertaining, and skillfully wrought work, but its charms are all on its smoothness in flowing surface, as not excepted ofgalantcomposers. Emanuel probably wrote it for his boss, the amateur flutist Frederick the Great, and as entertainment for a royal salon it is no doubt well suited. Cimarosa's double concerto was written rather later in the eighteenth century when composers everywhere seemed to be intent on turning out these tuneful, jaunty, lightweight (frequently ham) bowheads. Fortunately, Mozart was already on the scene and things were soon to change. The Nicolli plays supremely and captures the suave desertion air beautifully. Münchinger's stylish and rich-sounding accompaniments are also perfectly appropriate, and the recording is outstanding. If some well-made, unpretentious, and pleasently entertaining music is just what you're in the mood for, you'll find few better examples than this disc. C.F.G.


The charming little rondo, probably the original last movement of the Op. 19 Concerto, gets a fleet, bracing reading from Katchen and Gamba (using the very capable Czerny edition of the fragmentary ms.). Tempos are fast, and a certain nimble severity lends a music-box charm to the whole. In the concerto (the first of this complete cycle to find its way back into the domestic catalogue) Katchen appropriately broadens and modulates his style somewhat, though his playing is still deficient in robustness. Gamba's accomplishment is full of superficial refinement but basically flawed in rhythm and commonplace in phrasing. London's restored sound is so clean and bright that I borrowed a copy of the long out-of-print original for comparison. It was even better—more solid registration of tuttis, with more emphasis on both top and bottom. H.G.


The period in which these recordings were made was far from Walter's best. The West Coast instrumentalists custom-assembled for him had yet to achieve a homogeneous stylistic rapport that allowed flexibility of response. Phrases lack the tender shaping of the conductor's earlier—and sometimes later—recordings. Rhythm—though hardly metronomic—is wanting in plasticity. Tempos and dynamics seem oppressively monotonous. As for the sound, I still find the middle voices underrecorded, with the balance favoring boomy bass and glossy highs. A.C.


There are a couple of genuine surprises in this sleeper release. Under the deft baton of its frequent Italian guest conductor Pedrotti the Czech Philharmonic gives distinctly first-rate performances of both the Pines showpiece and the glittering Tavagl ballet suite. But even more unexpected are the gleaming cleanliness, clarity, and buoyancy of the recorded sonics proffered by Mitoslav Kulhan as persuasive evidence that Supraphon engineers are well conversant with the current state of audio technologies. My only regret is that Pedrotti didn't skip the tone poem (since we already have so many other good Pines of Rome) in favor of a full-length recording of the detectable Rossinan ballet music. Like the 1971 Ormandy/Columbia suite version, this one represents only about half the score played by Solti and the Israel Philharmonic (Stereo Treasury STS 15005). R.D.D.


It is good to have this excellently remastered re-release (which avoids the ridiculous movement break on the RCA Red Seal and Victrola releases) of Martinon conducting Shostakovich, if for no other reason than the French conductor's precise and beautifully dry approach to the Age of Gold ballet suite. But the Slavic eccentricities of the First Symphony have been so smoothed out by Martinon's almost dainty approach that the work generates all the excitement of a Lully ballet spiced up with a bit of vodka. The whole thing is eminently listenable, but it should be a great deal more than that. R.S.B.

STRAVINSKY: Orpheus; Pulcinella: Suite, Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Oskar Danon, cond. [Jaroslav Krtek, prod.] Supraphon 1 10 1135, $5.98.

The excellent strings of this orchestra are a good starting point for playing these scores, and the pleasant surprise is that Danon achieves a particularly successful Orpheus: steady, respectful, yet not short of bite when required. Both here and in Pulcinella, the Eastern fashion in horn tone is slightly obtrusive, but this is a minor flaw. The earlier score tends to run down in vitality, particularly in the scherzo, despite the good playing, this is a lesser achievement—although both are markedly superior to any previous Stravinsky recordings from this part of the world. If made available on a domestic budget label, the Orpheus would be a decided ornament to any collection. D.H.


A sensitive and immensely skilled pianist does his best here to make a case for music that is not quite first-class. The early piano music of Szymanowski, like the Etudes, Op. 4, and the Fantaisie in F minor, Op. 14, is much beholden to Chopin and Liszt. In the later works—the three pieces called Metopes, Op. 29, and the trio of Masques, Op. 34—Szymanowski attains a more personal idiom, aided by the examples of Scriabin and Ravel. It's nice music, and it is very beautifully done here, but it does not really stand up alongside the work of the composers by whom it was influenced. A.F.


This record is innocent of title other than the name of the composer whose music it contains. It is an anthology; of Sir William Walton's shorter choral pieces, seven of them all told if a group of three carols counts as one. The choral writing throughout is elegant, ingratiating, and economical. The Missa brevis has a good deal of power; the anthem entitled The Twelve, to a text by W. H. Auden, is rich and varied; the rest emphasizes good taste more than anything else with the white, quiet sound of little boys' voices floating serenely out of tune. A.F.
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**4-channel discs/tapes**  
BY ROBERT LONG

**Musicon on SQ.** In the March 1973 issue I complimented Columbia on the creative and sensitive way it was applying quadrophonic to Broadway show scores. With *A Little Night Music* (Columbia SQ 32265, $6.98) it has done it again. If I'm a little less enthusiastic than I was over some of the earlier records—noteably that of *Company*, which for obvious reasons (Stephen Sondheim being the most obvious) *Night Music* resembles—there are a number of causes whose relative importance I'm at a loss to evaluate.

First the novelty has worn off. The concerted numbers benefit as much from four-channel sound, for example, but the sense of wonder at being able to keep the participants so clearly differentiated is gone. Then there is the show itself: An all-waltz contemporary musical is something of a contradiction, and I don't think Sondheim fully integrates the nostalgia with the now. (*Company* had no such problem since it was contemporary in every way.) The expressed feelings sometimes sit awkwardly in their period dress. This may be the least of the awkwardnesses however. For me—though it seems not for many other listeners—the audible closing-down of "unused" channels by the logic circuit in the Lafayette LR-4000, through which I've been listening to the disc, is more disturbing. It isn't often audible, but it makes itself felt: In those very concerted numbers where quadrophonic should be at their best. As you see, my curmudgeonly reservations about the logic approach continue.

**Project 3's Q Projects.** I sincerely wish I liked the music of Enoch Light more than I do. I admire the energy and ingenuity with which he has brought us any number of recording firsts over the years, and his Project 3 label remains the only one to offer all forms of current quadrophonics: Q-8 cartridges, open-reel tapes, SQ and QS matrixed discs, and CD-4 Quadrades. His "Brass Menagerie 1973" and "Charge" appear to be available in all of them, for example, making possible comparisons that can be had nowhere else.

Unfortunately it all strikes me as musical kitsch, and I refuse to sit still for five presumably identical charges of the Light Brigade. If you disagree with me, more power to you. Enjoy.

**Two Engaging SQs.** Sergio and Eduardo Abreu, the guitarist brothers, have recorded concerts for two guitars and orchestra by Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Santorsola (Columbia MQ 32232, $6.98); and the disc is a charming one. Don't expect anything spectacular—and don't be turned off by the liner-notes' mention of Santorsola's serialism. But do listen to them if you have a taste for this sort of thing. The Castelnuovo-Tedesco is a bit gusier than the more familiar concerto for solo guitar, but it is no less pretty: I find the Santorsola more engaging, particularly in its moments of intensely lyrical urgency. The quadrophonics are neat and unassuming.

And floating somewhere between rock and classics—though considerably closer to the former—is Rick Wakeman's suite "The Six Wives of Henry VIII" (A&M MQ 32361, $6.98). There are passages that suggest haraquote organ music—evel one that comes perilously close to plagiarizing the Bach D minor Toccata—and passages of rock cliché; but there's a lot of freshness and vitality too. Each of the six sections is devoted to one of the wives. If the intent was to create a series of musical portraits, they are less than full-length: If you think of them as a series of pieces that derive (sometimes obscure) inspiration from the ladies in question, they are highly successful.

**Bernstein Back Up Front.** For his recordings of Haydn's Symphonies No. 94 (*Surprise*) and No. 93 (Columbia MQ 32101, $6.98), Leonard Bernstein has turned away from the special perpendicular placements that received so much attention when he recorded Stravinsky's *Sacre* in London and *Oedipus* in Boston. Whether that's to be expected (who wants radical Haydn?), welcomed (some sanity returning to the studio!), or deplored (if they're recording quad, why don't they use it?) I leave to you. I'm not ready for surround Haydn symphonies myself, though we're sure to have them sooner or later.

These are not my favorite Haydn performances, however; they seem a little mannered and overdrawn after the sunny sanity that conductors like Mogens Wöldike breathed into this repertoire in the Fifties. But neither are Bernstein's performances the ponderous affairs one expected earlier; the textures—if not the tempos—are kept light and tight, and the quadrophonics help by surrounding the New York Philharmonic with reverberant room, rather than blowing it up to fill the available space.

**Semper Sousa.** Columbia, having scored brilliantly with "Switched-On Bach" and bombed with the "Monster Concert," is at it again with a disc emblazoned "For the First Time in Words & Music. Mormon Tabernacle Choir Sings Stars & Stripes Forever and Other Favorite Marches" (Columbia MQ 32298, $6.98). For my money, it's another bomb.

Among credits for this succes de scandale manqué are Arthur Harris, arranger for and conductor of the Columbia Symphonic Band, producer Thomas Frost, and a number of lyricists including a Thomas T. Frost whom I take to be the producer. All are to be congratulated on what might have been an amusing idea. The lyrics are often clever—and very cleverly fitted into the music—and underline some unexpected parallels with Gilbert & Sullivan, roughly contemporaries of Sousa.

But in the first place you have to follow the texts to appreciate them. Even with the words in front of me I can't always figure out which ones are being sung at which moment. Neither the choir's enunciation nor the quadriphone clarity will allow it. And who wants to sit with album in hand each time he listens? In the second place the band swamps the chorus. And so it should: The instrumentalists are, individually, the more interesting musicians. Yet despite their verve—and abetted by an occasional lapse of ensemble—the over-all effect is surprisingly flat. And that brings me to the third problem with the disc: Its unremitting brightness. It never really achieves brilliance or power, but it hardly ever lets up either. After one side you feel that you've been subjected to Sousa, rather than entertained by him. The experience doesn't invite continued—let alone repeated—hearings.
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The lighter side

Reviewed by Morgan Ames
Royal S. Brown
K.D. Darrell
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John Prine: Sweet Revenge. John Prine, lead vocals and acoustic guitar; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. Sweet Revenge: Please Don't Bury Me; Christmas in Prison; nine more. [Arti Mardin, prod.] Atlantic SD 7274, $5.98. Tape: TP 7274, $4.97.

Loudon Wainwright III: Attempted Mustache. Loudon Wainwright III, vocals and acoustic guitar; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. The Swimming Song; A.M. World; Bell Bottom Pants; nine more. [Bob Johnston, prod.] Columbia KC 32710, $5.98. Tape: CA 32710, $5.98; CT 32710, $5.98.

Ringo Starr: Ringo. Ringo Starr, vocals and drums, vocal and instrumental accompaniment. I'm the Greatest; Hold On; Photograph; Sunshine Life for Me; You're Sixteen; Devil Woman; You and Me, Oh My My, Step Lightly; Six O'Clock. [Richard Perry, prod.] Apple SWAL 3413, $6.98. Tape: BSW 3413, $6.98; A 4XW 3413, $6.98.

These three singer/songwriters are much-loved members of the rock-music establishment. Their new discs are automatically going to be bought, listened to, analyzed, and cherished. Each is capable of providing a great many fans with an almost religious experience. In many instances, however, that brand of psychic involvement does not do real justice to the artist's work. As distinctive as all three writers are, they aren't equally good. Jackson Browne is an engaging performer. He presents a moody catalogue in which noth- and more personal point of view, he has produced his best album to date.

Of these three writers, Loudon Wainwright III once again proves that he has the most compelling voice of all. Wainwright doesn't assume that his personal experience is automatically worth recording for posterity's sake. He knows that imagination and wit are necessary if one is concerned about distinction. "Attempted Mustache" is filled with the twists and turns of a unique mind, and Wainwright's whining, coaxing singing style is as fresh as ever. A Wainwright disc, and this one even includes a song about the chauffeur's affair with a teenaged Liz Minnelli, is always an educational experience. Loudon is also a one-man Rorschach test. With this observation in mind, do not fail to listen to this set of songs. H.E.

Oh Blossom, you surely are. Not only have you made a new album which everyone knows is against all odds. You have even figured out a proper way to market it (by mail order). And most warming of all, you have not disappointed us. You found a way to be your unique and mellow self and still be fresh. You co-wrote ten new songs and never once dumbed out for the quote market—that "cheap market" that exists only in the minds of people who do not grow. Blossom, you grow.

A note for the needy. Blossom Dearie is a pianist/singer/writer who emerged in the late '50s. She has always had a breathtaking taste. She has a way of making hot chords come out warm, becoming the perfect accompaniment for her small, purely perfect soprano. She will do anything for a good song, including staying out of its way. Thus she becomes her good songs. She is little known in this country, her own, and she is famous in England.

You don't have to be a lyric freak to love this album. In fact you'd better not be one because, in most cases, these lyrics aren't up to the rest of the package. The best of them are I Like You, You're Nice by Arthur King. I'm Shadowing You by Johnny Mercer (at his most clever, most continental, most humorous); and Hey, John by Jim Council, a tribute to John Lennon. The other lyrics range from shallow to incomprehensible (You Have Lived in the Autumn). All melodies are by Blossom Dearie, and one is more charming than the next, the same as her keyboard playing. Pete Morgan's bass playing is steady and melodic; ditto his vocal duet with Blossom on Baby. You're My Kind, with a neat lyric by Arthur King.

If you are a Blossom Dearie fan, you are used to hearing her sing the world's best lyrics, by such as Lorenz Hart and Cole Porter. Don't look for that here. On the other hand, a song is a hell of a lot more than a lyric (except to some lyricists). Indeed, the wise artist knows that at times an intense lyric is against the over-all point. I loved this album long before I dutifully listened closely to the words. Don't bother. Ignore them when you wish and bask in the complet glory that is this lady with the strange, sweet name.

The album may be too late for Christmas, but it would make an uplifting Easter gift.

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JOHN LENNON: Mind Games. The Plastic U.F. Ono Band, instrumental and vocal accompaniment; Mind Games; Tight As; Aisumasen; eight more. [John Lennon, prod.] APPLE SW 3414, $5.98. Tape: * [Jack Clement, prod.] APPLE 1-0397, $6.95. 8XW 3414, $6.98; • Apple 1-0397, $6.95.

On this outing, John Lennon has abandoned the radical postures and Freudian self-investigation that have characterized his previous solo albums. He has written an attractive rock-oriented collection that is singable, listenable. He has decided to create something commer-
cation that has marred his recent re-

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, here is Charlie Pride!" It's 1970 and I'm watching the tape. I hear a Nashville-hard-type introduc-
tion and out walks Charlie Pride, whom I've never heard of, singing a Hank Williams tune in traditional country fashion. Whoa, wait,
this is weird: Charlie Pride is black: but to my eye is white. And where do we put Samm)

JOHNNY CARLIN: Occupation: Foolie. Writ-
ten and performed by George Carlin. [Monte Kay and Jack Lewis, prod.] LITTLE DAVID LD 109
In the fragile, fickle world of comedy, George Carlin is currently a king and Albert Brooks is coming up fast. Comedy audiences are particularly cruel on the streets. They love the upcomer who's still scuffling but curl their lips once prominence is reached. It happened once with Berman, Newhart, and others, and now it is happening to Carlin. Not that this has much to do with actual careers. At present Carlin can do what he wants to. But some hip folks already sing with boredom. This phenomenon always startles me.

If Carlin has a fault, it is that each of his albums seems a holdover from the one before. Repeats sneak in from somewhere or other. This is really the fault of television, without which Carlin would not be where he is—and without which his album material would always be fresh. One-shot TV is famous for eating up comedians alive. In this way, Carlin is over a barrel. But if you took twice you'll see how well he rides it.

Carlin is talented, gentle, funny, and fast with subjects such as ethnic groups, dialects of all kinds, disc jockey, and music of the '50s. He strikes me as honest and courageous. Comedy preferences are extremely personal. I find him easy to relate to and generally irresistible. If you laughed at earlier albums, you'll laugh at this extension of them.

Albert Brooks is unlike George Carlin in temperament and pacing and probably background—and like Carlin in profession, age bracket, and mental speed. Carlin wears his hair back in a rubber band. Albert Brooks wears a toupee. You may know Brooks from his bumbling-ventriloquist routines on TV.

Brooks is not hip in the Carlin sense, but he relates equally well to contemporary America, rock groups, and so on. If Carlin is a "foole," then Albert Brooks is in the great American tradition of the clown. Brooks, not Carlin, is the descendant of Red Skelton. More than that, Albert Brooks is reminiscent of Sid Caesar, with a wit equal parts quicksilver genius and pie-in-the-face bungo.

The longest routine on Brooks's album is "Comedy Minus One." The idea is that the record buyer is Brooks's partner in a two-man routine recorded with one man missing. Both parts are printed inside the jacket. It's a specialized idea recorded with one man missing. Both parts are treated in ways ranging from excess stylization (Drinking Again) to frenzy (Breaking Up Somebody's Home) to hollowness (Surabaya Johnny).

Side 2 is better, but that's like saying the nose is an improvement upon the garrote. It contains the silly songs, the type of material upon which Miss Midler has based her popularity. Included this time out are lighthearted versions of Lullaby of Brannan; In the Mood; Uptown, Da Doo Ron Ron; Twisted; Higher and Higher. Miss M must figure that her career will last longer if she is more than the Andrews Sisters. 1970s style. These get songs like Drinking Again. But when on her first album she was competent on the serious songs, she now is less than that. I don't know what happened. But I do think it is a trend that must be reversed if Bette Midler is to be a lasting figure.

The first thing you notice about Joni Mitchell's new album is that she has keyed herself quite a bit lower than before, living easily in her low and mid ranges. The warm areas. That gives an idea about the tone of the album. It has a low intimacy. Something else is new for Ms. Mitchell. For the first time she has made her basic tracks with a rhythm section. Nearly everyone who records works in this way, of course. Ms. Mitchell has had the odd distinction of working in the opposite manner: laying down her guitar and/or keyboard tracks first. alone. Later she would sweeten with other instruments if she chose to, even adding drums or percussion in this way. It was a tribute to her rock-solid time that she was capable of working this way all at once, not mentioning doing it so well.

This is the second album in which Ms. Mitchell has worked with arranger Tom Scott—or with any arranger at all besides herself. Scott is a young Los Angeles musician/
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Alice Cooper: Muscle of Love. Alice Cooper, vocals; Dennis Dunaway, bass guitar; Neal Smith, drums; Michael Bruce and Glen Buxton, guitars; Lisa Minnelli, LaBeba, Ronnie Spector, and the Pointer Sisters, background vocals; instrumental and vocal accompaniment. Big Apple Dreamin' (Hippo); Never Been Sold Before, Hard Hearted Alice; six more. [Jack Richardson and Jack Douglas, prod.] Warner Bros., BS 2748, $5.98. Tape: M 82748, $4.97; M 52748, $4.97.

Alice Cooper's sensational and sensation-seeking career has always depended on novelty. One never knew what Alice would do on stage: one never knew what Alice would sing on record. Alice's records have always been among the most exciting packaged on the market. Much of Alice's recorded success has been due to the efforts of producer Bob Ezrin, who found a way to turn Alice into a viable recording artist. Under Ezrin's tutelage, Alice's snarl of a voice suddenly developed a startling obsessiveness; the freak rocker's songs, pungent portraits of victimized adolescents or adolescent fury in action, were arranged, scored, and performed to perfection.

This crafty, clever, and professional level of production has been maintained on the new Cooper entry, even though Ezrin did not produce the disc. "Muscle of Love" is the most uniform of all of Alice's LPs, so uniform in fact that there are no standouts on the record. This disc may be the first indication that Alice's gimmicks are wearing thin. H.E.

The J. Geils Band: Ladies Invited. Peter Wolf, vocals; Seth Justman, keyboards and vocals; J. Geils, guitar; Magic Dick, harmonica; Daniel Klein, bass; Stephen Jo Bladd, drums and vocals. Lay Your Good Thing Down: The Lady Makes Demands; eight more. Atlantic SD 7286, $5.98.

Making the rounds these days are several good, tight blues-rock bands that have achieved varying degrees of popularity playing essentially the same sort of aggressive yet carefully played blues rock. The Allman Brothers Band and the J. Geils Band have achieved popularity, while the Canadian group Crowbar has not—at least not in America. This newest LP from the J. Geils group is, predictably, a good one. It's sensibly and danceable; it may add nothing either to rock or to blues, but it is nice to hop around to at a party.

M.J.

Black Oak Arkansas: High on the Hog. Black Oak Arkansas, all instrumentation. Swimmin' in the Quicksand; Back to the Land; Moving'; seven more. [Tom Dowd, prod.] Atco SD 7035, $5.98. Tape: M 7035, $4.97; M 7035, $4.97.

This rock ensemble has a reputation for being another one of those nosy "world's worsts." No one likes them but the junior-high-schoolers. On this disc, however, they've made some progress. Most of these selections are not unpleasant—with Black Oak's limited musical context. By the time you reach the end of the second side, though, the sheer repetition of the Black Oak format can set you screaming. Progress
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DAVID ACKLES: Five and Dime. David Ackles, vocals and piano; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. Everybody Has a Story. I've Been Loved; Jenna Saves; Sun's Down; eight more. [David Ackles, prod.] COLUMBIA KC 32466, $5.98. Tape: CA 32466, $6.98; 8 CT 32466, $6.98.

Singer/songwriter David Ackles has a winner in this, his debut LP for Columbia after an association with Elektra. The wry, clever lyrics are delivered in the same firm baritone to the tune of the same half-rock, half-Broadway music for which the California native is justifiably famous.

Several of the tunes are love songs, and of these the best is I've Been Loved. Of the others, Everybody Has a Story is especially worthwhile; it describes the problems of being the shoulder that everyone cries upon. On the lighter side, there is Sun's Down, a hilarious putdown of surfing and surfing music. M.J.

MERL SAUNDERS, JERRY GARCIA, JOHN KAHN, BILL VITT: Live at Keystone. Merl Saunders, keyboards; Jerry Garcia, guitar and vocals; John Kahn, bass; Bill Vitt, drums. It's No Use; That's All Right, Mama; Like a Road; seven more. [Merl Saunders and Jerry Garcia, prod.] FANTASY F 79002, $6.98 (two discs)

A great number of albums that arrived this month with the record sets. I have a suggestion: Why don't record companies put out half-record sets instead? Even projects as vague as this sometimes benefit from editing. Of course one must sacrifice self-importance, and that can be painful. Apparently too painful. So we get the pain instead.

This album comes on as if it means a lot. "Live at Keystone" presumes significance. For those of you who like me, incredibly enough do not live in the San Francisco vicinity and attend a university, Keystone is in Berkeley. The members of the group never really cop to being a group. Considering how many other groups they've passed through, it may be correct to say they have a commitment problem. It seems that among the groups they have joined and left, one way or another, are Billy Williams (?), Sons of Champlin (?), The Grateful Dead (ab), Mike Bloomfield, and Paul Butterfield. At present, the four "play in beer halls throughout the Bay Area... they plan to get out [of the Bay Area] more often, although they will probably never be a touring band." I can almost guarantee it.

Garcia contributes a hard-of-hearing version of Dylan's Positively 4th Street. Why did I used to think that was such an interesting song? On Side 2 appears Space, a pointless and tuneless trip of some kind "written" by all four members.

The group sounds rehearsed on one tune only: Finders Keepers, Losers Weepers. The tune actually has a little energy, though, like all the other tracks, it's too long. Lest you think the record company doesn't have terrific brains, they programmed this tune first on the set.

I would have been content to let this thing go by simply as a piece of record-company madness (where is even the possibility of profit on a venture like this?—except as a tax loss, which you can do with a single-disc set and save the vinyl) and music mumbo jumbo, until I heard the ungroup's count-everything version of My Funny Valentine. I tell you, this time they went too far. Tunes like that are so far out that they're in again, you know. Especially since the establishment has fully accepted rock-and-roll. Young dudes are cutting their hair again and playing My Funny Valentine. There's a catch though. It doesn't take brains or taste or skill to cut your hair. Not so with tunes like Valentine. The players' solos are as pink as a baby's bottom, with which they share other similarities. And they can't hear the chord changes. Astonishing, because the song is not that sophisticated. Richard Rodgers was not Duke Ellington, after all. Did they think that if they kept up for eighteen minutes they'd finally get it right? Do they even know they missed changes?

Please. Nobody give a copy of this album to Richard Rodgers. Or to any jazz musician. It's interesting to think that, while at Shelley's Mannehole in Los Angeles and at the Half-note in New York real jazz is being presented by real jazz musicians to real audiences who come to love it, somewhere in Berkeley this nongroup is bumbling through standards and jazz tunes in front of a young audience that thinks it is hearing something real. You might as well check the Pulse, the group in Berkeley that plays all the tunes associated with the Grateful Dead (ah), Mike Bloomfield, and Paul Butterfield; seven more. [Merl Saunders and Jerry Garcia, prod.] FANTASY F 79002, $6.98 (two discs)

When Ben Webster died in 1973, the fact that he had removed himself from the mainstream of contemporary jazz activity by choosing to live in Europe (primarily Amsterdam) for the previous ten years meant that an awareness of him, which had been fading for most of the thirty years since he left Duke Ellington's orchestra, was all but gone in this country. Yet Webster was not only one of the three or four top tenor saxophonists in jazz—he was the kind of musician whose cuteness in Ellington material with an adequate rhythm section in Amsterdam or moving out into the worlds of Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver, and Nat Adderley with a Danish group that included Kenny Drew, another American ex-
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Leonard Bernstein, James McCracken, Marilyn Horne were the all-star team that opened the Met with Carmen in 1972 and went on to record the performance for DG. The wear, tear, and exhilaration of these taping sessions are captured here humor and a fine eye for detail. Many photographs. No. 412 ... $8.95

ENCOUNTERS WITH STRAVINSKY. A Personal Record. Paul Horgan, Illus. Photos. Index
For anyone who has felt the impact of Stravinsky's music on his own aesthetic responses, this is a book to treasure. As Horgan writes in his foreword, it is an act of homage to a transcendent artist who for almost four decades indirectly and impersonally brought aesthetic fulfillment to my life and learning—an experience which then for another decade and a half was crowned by personal friendship with him and his wife. It is not intended as a work of musicology or complete biography, rather a sketchbook, rich in detail and anecdote, by a loving friend with the novelist's eye and ear for character and scene. No. 2910 ... $7.95

BRAHMS: A CRITICAL STUDY. Burnett James.
Burnett James, moreover, has not written the usual dates and places biography, but rather a loosely biographical exegesis on Brahms' life and music. The book is highly discursive for James likes to make analogies and to conjure up ideas: we range from the composer to such figures as Freud, Hemingway, Sibelius, and back—Patrick Smith. HIGH FIDELITY/MUSICAL AMERICA No. 333 ... $10.00

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patriciate on piano and Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen on bass.

This is a very solid slice of Webster that helps to fill an enormous gap in his discography. J.S.W.

MARIAN McPARTLAND: Plays the Music of Alec Wilder. Marian McPartland, piano; Mike Moore and Rusty Gilder, basses; Joe Cor- sello, drums. Trouble Man; Inner Circle; Where Are the Good Companions, five more. HALCYON 109, $4.98.

It seems to me that the only explanation for the fact that Alec Wilder's songs and instrumental pieces—those delicious octets that were recorded back in the Forties (and where are they now?!)—are heard so infrequently and, barring a few "hiss" (by Wilder standards) such as While We're Young and I'll Be Around, are relatively unknown is that just a few select performers relate to and can communicate the blend of strength and delicacy that flows through his work. The octets call for a supple woodwind group that swings in- stinctively—not the easiest thing to find. For the songs, there is still Mabel Mercer and there was Mildred Bailey. But the sense of phraseing seemed the ideal complement to Wilder's musical lines. Miss Bailey's record of "Give Me Time" is a minor but unmatched classic that has been all but forgotten since it was made thirty-four years ago.

Now Wilder has found another highly compatible interpreter, this time a pianist, Marian McPartland. He has been writing pieces specifically for her from time to time for the past three years. Miss McPartland has gathered some of these personal pieces and a few of the Wilder "hits" on this disc, accompanied on one side only by Mike Moore's bass, on the other by bass and drums.

On the whole, the duo pieces with Moore come out best (the drums seem needlessly intrusive), and Moore is such a superb bassist that he is as provocative a contributor as Miss McPartland. And yet two of the most attractive of the newer tunes are on the trio side—Homework and Where Are the Good Companions. Miss McPartland is always a meticulous and imaginative pianist but she seems to bring her richest perceptions to Wilder's music, whether she is interpreting a 1920's hot pop theme or going off on what Wilder calls "McPartlandizing." J.S.W.

DUKE ELLINGTON: The Golden Duke. Colette Williams, Ttaid Jordan, Harold Baker, Shelton Hemphill, Ray Nance, and Cate Anderson, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Russell Procope, Al Sears, and Harry Carney, reeds; Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn, piano; Fred Guy, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, cello and bass; Wendell Marshall and Lloyd Trotman, basses; Sonny Greer and Jo Jones, drums. Cotton tail; Oscalypso; Diminuendo in Blue; twenty-two more. PRESTIGE 24029, $5.96 (two discs, mono) [recorded in 1946 and 1950].

There is happily, no lack of Duke Ellington records these days. But this set, made in 1946 and 1950, is particularly welcome, primarily for the 1946 sides, which represent one of the most celebrated of Ellington's Carnegie Hall concerts in the Forties. The 1946 concert was the one at which Django Reinhardt made his American debut, and the engaging event not preserved on these records made just before and after the concert.

In terms of extended compositions, which were always features of this Ellington Carnegie Hall series, December 1946 was not an event of special notice. But it did provide an unusually good measure of short showpieces, which are characteristic for Johnny Hodges (Saltry Sunset and Magenta Haze), for Harry Carney (Golden Feather) and for Jimmy Hamilton (Flippan Flirt). It also gave Ray Nance his best Ellington vocal opportunity (Tulp or Turnup) along with three marvelous minor sides of his own. The Ellington ensemble (Jum-a-Ditty, Overture to a Jam Session, and Mary Lou Williams's startling arrangement of Blue Skies called Trumpet No End). But the highlights were Kay Davis's superb vocalizing on Minnehaha and the introduction of Happy Go Lucky Local, a part of the Deep South Suite that was bravely palmed off by others in the Fifties as Night Train.

These records, originally made by Musi- craft and reissued obscurely from time to time in the past twenty-five years, have finally achieved their proper presentation in this release. And, as lagniappe, there are additional sides of piano duets by the Duke and Billy Strayhorn, made in 1930 and originally released on the obscurity of the Mercer label. They too are invaluable in their way, both as Ellingtonia and because four selections include the brilliantly swinging cello of Oscar Pettiford. J.S.W.
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Available June through August 1974.

NELSON RIDDLE Guest Conductor
Available Summer through Fall 1974.
made DeGaulle bomb the opera house). In presenting the Venetian scene in the more effective form of the original Barbier-Carre play he has cut the famous sextet—which he then restores, in the epilogue, in somewhat truncated quartet form, presumably on the authority of some Offenbach deathbed papers. He has also cut a lot of traditional repeats (some of which I missed), and touched up Offenbach's instrumentation, very effectively.

In fact, Bonynge was effective all night: Hoffmann was by an order of magnitude the best work he has done in this theater. The performance was much like that on the records (some solicisms in the ornamentation for the doll's song were, fortunately, eliminated), and I felt in the house, as I had at home, that a few tempos were uncomfortably fast and that "Ah! vouvre deux!" is a more beautiful song than Bonynge realizes; but on the whole it seems to me that Bonynge loves, deeply understands and, dammit, can conduct this score. The accomplishment is one of will power, for Bonynge's technique is still very low-powered for such complicated work; and even in this fine performance there were embarrassing moments (the worst of them at the beginning of "Scintille diamant") when the pit and the stage got seriously out of synch.

In her debut role at the house, Huguette Tourangeau was an ideal Nicklausse; it is a grateful role, restricted in range and fun to act, but few do it with such intelligent verve, and such a powerful lower register. Andrea Velis was a significant asset and such a powerful lower register. Nico Castel as Spalanzani and James Morris as Crespel were all one could ask.

For the rest, I fear, we have trouble. Nobody should sing all the soprano roles in Hoffman, and Miss Sutherland was not in her best voice, anyway (especially for Giulietta). She worked touchingly hard at the drammaturgy in all three scenes, and succeeded more often than one would have expected (her comic talents, first revealed two years ago in La Fille du régiment, were well displayed in the doll scene). Not every prima donna would undertake to fall as she did at the end of the second scene, either. But the visual presence was not convincing, and the singing that might have excused it was not forthcoming. Meanwhile, Thomas Stewart in the devil roles was vocally wooden until the final act, to which he contributed a well-paced Dr. Miracle—though it should also be said that except for Mlle. Tourangeau, who doesn't count, he came closest to an acceptable French accent in the dialogue.

The new sets and staging seemed to me a disaster. The decision to leave the two-story side pieces from the tavern on the stage through the tales meant that the floor was always crowded, people could not get on and off conveniently, and whenever masses of choristers were needed the place seemed cluttered. In fact, we seemed perilously close to the trickery of a provincial house that wants to make a small company look populous. The time required to set up the tavern again for the epilogue was so long that Bonynge had to split the first-act minuet before the barcarolle in the entr'acte, and his distaste for doing so was revealed by an arrangement that made the simple modulation from A major to D major seem a sour shock. Presumably our new opera house had been splendidly equipped for the purpose of avoiding such horrors; but the old Met, with its nineteenth-century technology, did better than this.

A special word of praise should be spoken for the third-act collaboration of Stewart and the anonymous electrician who kept the ghastly blue thin spot smack on Dr. Miracle (and nowhere else) for the better part of half an hour.

**Simon Boccanegra**

Many in the less-than-capacity audience at the Met on December 6 must have been thinking that Simon Boccanegra is a better opera than they had previously realized, but the applause meter showed no understanding that the reason for their enhanced view of Verdi's work was to be found in the pit. Virtuoso efficiency is clearly not the road to stardom for Sixten Ehrling. But this was the best-conducted Verdi I have heard at this house in a long time: crisp, solidly idiomatic, carefully balanced. Indeed, the very quality of the conducting gave rise to an odd problem: one was more conscious than usual of the contrast between the material that survives from the 1857 version of the opera (especially the gloriously melodic first scene of Act I) and the more grandly constructed material added in 1881. The orchestra gave Ehrling precisely the lean, antilush sounds he wanted.

Properly dominating the performance was Ingvar Wixell's strong Boccanegra, impressive both for sound and sense: His arrival at the Met is one of the best things to happen to New York in years. And Adriana Maliponte, after a somewhat orphanced "Come in quest'ora bruna," blossomed in the consciousness of being 1) loved and 2) fathered, and sang radiantly for the rest of the evening. Her acting consists of stock gestures, but they fit well into this exact reproduction of Margaret Webster's original direction, and she executes them with genuine, often touching, grace.

Richard Tucker has been singing Gabriele Adorno for a quarter of a century, and though I can image criticisms of his performance I shall not utter them: He was an asset to the evening, and the unique placement of his voice is still often a pleasure to hear. Giorgio Tozzi as Fiesco, on the other hand, was nothing short of painful. There are roles that can be played on the Met stage by a musical and intelligent singing artist in severe vocal difficulty, but Fiesco is not one of them. Lawrence Shadur's Paolo was effective throughout, though he came up a touch short of the requisite force in the second act soliloquy. The chorus, I regret to say, backslid, especially in the prologue.

Dame Margaret's neo-Shakespearian conception of the drama has held up well, and the Frederick Fox Motley designs, while redolent of opera-land rather than Genova, demonstrate the continuing values of the straight-forward. They demonstrate also, by the way, that flats and drops with changes of costume for the principals may be more valid dramatically than our current philosophy of constructed sets within which all the characters wear the same clothing all the time.

Incidentally, with a libretto as complicated as this one, cuts that eliminate explanation of what is going on are especially dangerous. The brief dialogues that show Paolo plotting at the end of the first scene of Act I make a less effective curtain than Boccanegra's emotion at rediscovering his daughter. Without them, though, the story is not just incredible but incomprehensible; they ought to be restored.
components: two three-tiered, raked platforms and an uncounted number of staircases, dizzyingly ordered and reordered in front of a single eye-pleasing, pastoral backdrop. Toms's costuming, obviously limited by the ways in which Puritans can be clothed, met dubious creative reward in the complete Cavalier regalia—heavy velvet cape, large plumed hat and all—set upon the diminutive di Giuseppe, and in some rather immense, bustled concoctions worn by the statuesque Miss Sills.

Needless to say, the soprano radiantly dominated the production, tossing off with ease the quirky complications of “Son vergin vezzosa,” shaping a dramatically compelling, vocally iridescent second-act mad scene and, with di Giuseppe in estimable form, turning the high-ranging “Vieni fra queste braccia” into an exhilarating adventure. Julius Rudel conducted with customary aplomb, his tempos quick, his coloristic responses vivid and to the point.

Los Angeles Phil.: Kraft premiere

A bold new concerto, commissioned by pianist Mona Golabek and composed by Los Angeles Philharmonic percussionist William Kraft, received its premiere performances November 21 and 23 in the Music Center's Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Also included on the Philharmonic programs conducted by Zubin Mehta were Purcell's March and Canzona for the Funeral of Queen Mary and Strauss's Ein Heldenleben.

Funded by the Ford Foundation (through a Young Artist's Award to Miss Golabek), Kraft has provided a one-movement, three-section Concerto (1972-73) which is, not surprisingly, creatively percussive in both its piano and orchestral parts. Massive, elbowed tone clusters, a seemingly endless array of hands-alternated trills, and recurrent, single-note sforzandi are prominent among its pianistic figures. Orchestrally, the extension and amplification of these materials emanate largely from such things as timpani, brushed snares, wind chimes, vibes, and even some well-placed Philharmonic foot-shuffling. Neither melodically, harmonically, or rhythmically extraordinary, the concerto's individuality depends first on Kraft's special sensitivity to and ingenuity with timbre, but ultimately on the acute perceptions of the pianist.

Miss Golabek never disappointed. Whether spinning luminous pianissimos in the dreamy third-section opening, deftly counterbalancing a swift succession of instrumental solos in section two, or driving the work home on a thunderous, lefthand ottostato, she demonstrated a superb command of nuance and a seemingly effortless control of all things technical.

Mehta responded with an efficient and engaging accompaniment.

MELODY PETERSON

Monday Evening Concerts

Monday Evening Concerts, Los Angeles' best known purveyor of musical esoterica, turned to five East Coast composers for its December 10th contemporary program in the L.A. County Art Museum's Bing Theater. As luck would have it, the evening's stand-out event was its only non-premiere—an ardent performance of George Crumb's ritualistic Ancient Voices of Children (1970). Deftly directed by Paul Chihara, Voices' eloquent panorama of percussive sounds was highlighted by the superb dramatization of its mystic Lorca texts by soprano Margaret Immerman and boy soprano Scott Van Sanford.

Among the West Coast premieres, Barbara Kolb's dreamy Solitaire of 1971 (attentively played by pianist Richard Grayson with accompanying electronic sound) and Michael Sahl's equally relaxed Buell's Piece of 1966 (skillfully offered by bassist Buell Neidlinger) provided a generous and attractive supply of subtle coloristic contrasts. (One appreciated this despite the fact that, programmed successively, the pieces' combined effect proved downright soporific.)

Most problematic of the evening's ar-

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March 1974  MA-19
ray was Russell Peck's *Lion's Breath*. Written in 1969 on a commission by Neidlinger and percussionist John Bergamo, *Breath's* spare textures and blandly abstract rhythms seemed monotonously matter-of-fact in this, the musicians' first performance of it. Finally, in another bit of awkward programming, the brief and busy West Coast debut of Netty Simons' aleatoric *Design Groups I* for percussion (1967) followed the Peck and behaved curiously like a coda to it.

MELODY PETERSON

NEW YORK

*Contemp. Music Orch. Paris: Varèse*

Edgard Varèse, one of our century's great musical pathfinders, received a posthumous tribute at Carnegie Hall on November 19. The Contemporary Music Orchestra of Paris, Konstantin Simonovitch, music director, presented a concert of works by Varèse and by some of his musical forebears and descendants.

This intelligently constructed program emphasized Varèse's concern with spatial effects. The opening work was the composer's *Hyperprism* (1922). Its sixteen percussionists (recruited from the Manhattan School of Music) were scattered throughout the hall, making the listener feel quite literally "inside" the music. Varèse's later and much longer *Déserts* (1954), for large wind and percussion ensemble and stereophonic electronic tape, also exploits diverse sound sources. This masterwork of *musique concrète* sounded, perhaps due to the performance, rather dull and rambling. It did, however, even more forcefully reinforce this listener's respect for the composer's always tightly organized pitch relationships. This element integrates the alternating sections of live sounds and electronic ones certainly as much as timbre or rhythm, (despite Varèse's own recorded comments about the primacy of rhythm which were played just before this performance of *Déserts*.)

Varèse was a conductor as well, especially of choral music. As if to remind us of his interest in Venetian antiphony of the late sixteenth century, the program included two canzonas for double brass choir by Giovanni Gabrieli, brilliantly played from both sides of the first tier of boxes. Aside from these two pieces, and *Hyperprism, Déserts*, and the better known *Octandre* and *Integrales* of Varèse, the concert included two works by contemporary composers.

*Pien* (1966), by the Chinese-born American composer and pupil of Varèse Chou Wên-chung, was an extraordinarily dignified composition. There were hints of the teacher's style in the violent interjections which interrupted a slowly-moving background; but a particular Eastern restraint characterizes Chou's finely wrought works. The only cyphe of the evening was *Outre-mer* (1962) by Bernard Parmegiani. Written for the electronic instrument Ondes Martenot (played by Arlette Simonovitch) and pre-recorded electronic noise, *Outre-mer*'s constant din of white noise and absence of any noteworthy com-
positional event made it more suitable for the soundtrack of some second-rate science fiction film.

Given the superb instrumentalists, many of them familiar New York free-lancers, and the well-thought-out programming, the performances were generally disappointing. Though technically fine, they simply lacked that inquisitiveness and drama so characteristic of Varese's music. It was a dignified, but rather flaccidly paced occasion which left a certainly mistaken impression that the bulk of Varese's music sounds rather predictable and pretty much alike. 0261

BRUCE SAYLOR

N.Y. Phil.: Schumann's "Faust"

The Philharmonic strike prevented the presentation of the first part of Pierre Boulez's Goethe Faust trilogy (the Berlioz work), but the second, Robert Schumann's Scenes from Faust, took place December 13. The third, Mahler's Eighth Symphony, would take place in February.

The Schumann scenes are a great rarity, although Leinsdorf played them several years ago with the Boston Symphony, and a recording conducted by Benjamin Britten has just been released in England. The composer wrote the final part first—to the concluding scene of Part II of Faust—and then, fired by the centennial of Goethe's birth, added scenes from the first part, dealing with Gretchen, and several from the second, dealing with Faust's death. The overture was completed last, and an integral performance of the whole occurred only after Schumann's death.

It is a strange work, certainly Schumannesque in its use of obsessive dotted rhythms and the clotted orchestration of the overture, and there is a wholly Schumann-like touch in the incorporation of a simple phrase-and-answer coda theme to the final "Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan" lines (although its very simplicity is banalized through gross over-elaboration). But the work contains very little of Schumann's best inspiration. The whole is very small-scaled, both in dynamics (endless pages of pianissimo writing) and in forcefulness, as if Schumann's rapt contemplation of the wonders of Goethe's verse and universe had somehow stopped his individual creative flow and led him to echo the conventional
ch莞al piecies of the time. There is a
timidity here which is simply not
found, for instance, in the piano writ-
ing or in the symphonies.
Schumann's unimaginative han-
dling of accompanied recitative
weighs down stretches of the long
score (well over two hours of music).
And, to take one example, the superb
poetry of the scene where the aged
Faust has been blinded by Care but
refuses to give in—"deep night now
seems to fall more deeply still/Yet in-
side me there shines a brilliant light"—is not even approached by
Schumann's music, while Faust's
death speech itself—that incredible
Goethean summation of Man's dig-
nity in striving onwards—is given no
musical equivalent. Schumann was
somehow not able to give the mate-
rrial the dynamism of his best efforts,
as, in different ways, Berlioz and
Boito did.
The Philharmonic performance
unfortunately emphasized the weak-
nesses rather than the strengths of the
score. Boulez's dynamic range was
deliberately kept to the small scale of
the score, so that a good deal was lost
in the reaches of Avery Fisher Hall;
nor did Boulez seize on the more dra-
matic elements, e.g., the sunrise sec-
ton, the death of Faust, or the Ca-
thedral scene. The final part was the
most successful (this is the same sec-
tion that Mahler uses in his sym-
phony), since it is heavily choral.
Boulez relaxed his strict ways with
Schumann for this work, noticeably
in taking ritards for "feminine"
themes, but I am afraid that there is
still too much self-consciousness in-
volved: These moments did not
sound natural. The manifold soloists
were on a very high level, and
Boulez's orchestra never covered them,
but John Shirley-Quirk's voice is too
small to make the proper effect with
Mephisto, despite his excellent dra-
matic force throughout the many exposed
passages in Mendelssohn's String
Symphony No. 9.
The program began on a charming
note with Barber's Summer Music
played by the first-chair wind players,
who call themselves the Windbag
Woodwind Quintet. If the orchestra
at large had been of equal quality,
the concert might have offered some-
ingthing.
Shirley Verrett, mezzo
Rapturous and prolonged ap-
plause, multiple standing ovations,
repeated calls for encores: That was
how the audience rewarded Shirley
Verrett at her Carnegie Hall recital
on December 5. And how could it
have been otherwise? With the
hypnotic appeal of her powerful, vi-
brant voice, her cultivated musical
tastes and her goddess-like stage
presence, this American mezzo autom-
atically arouses excitement whenever
she appears. Add that to her recent
tour de force at the Met, where she twice
sang both Cassandra and Didon in an
evening's performance of Berlioz's
Les Troyens, and triumph was assured.
Aided by her somewhat impetuous
accompanist Warren Wilson, Miss
Verrett projected three Spanish songs
by Nin and three American spirituals
with idiomatic fervor. These items
have long been specialties of hers.
German Lieder, on the other hand,
have been one of her weaker points, a
situation she has now apparently cor-
rected. Her performances of four
Brahms songs may have been a shade
understated, but her German pro-
nunciation sounded right and her
breath control was superb in the
opening to Die Mannschaft.
Miss Verrett's heart really seems to
belong to opera, however, and it was
no surprise that nearly half her pro-
gram was devoted to operatic ex-
cerpts. In two arias from Gluck's Or-
pheus her chest register sounded a
good deal more resonant than it did a

Schuyler Chapin makes a debut
TULSA: When Tulsa turns the tables on New York City, it's news. But it hap-
pened: A New Yorker came to Tulsa to make his debut.
The circumstance? Schuyler G. Chapin, manager of the Metropolitan Opera
Company, was narrator—a debut—for a performance of Marc Blitzstein's Air-
borne cantata, programmed by the Tulsa Philharmonic Orchestra on November
26. A long-time friend of Skitch Henderson, the orchestra's conductor, Chapin
agreed to the engagement six months ago. The date turned up, of course, when
he was busiest. Nevertheless, he sandwiched the Tulsa stop into his heavy sched-
ule. Blitzstein's work was not a new undertaking for either man. Chapin had
been production manager in 1952 when Henderson conducted it on a New
York Philharmonic spring concert. Tyrone Power was the narrator. On still an-
other occasion, Chapin was linked with Airborne. It was when Leonard Bernstein
made the yet-unreleased recording for Columbia Records. Chapin was then
manager of the company's classical division.
Chapin is enthusiastic about the cantata, and describes it as effective and
moving, representative of Blitzstein's best writing. His enthusiasm showed, as
he read the composer's text. It was exciting and meaningful.
He smiled when he confessed that after twenty-two years in the music busi-
ness the close range sound of chorus and orchestra shook him a bit at the first
rehearsal. Before the concert he said, "I'm really not nervous, but I hope I can
count and I hope Skitch comes up with plenty of cues."

Queens Chamber Orch. (Lyons)
Any effort to decentralize New
York City's musical scene deserves
couragement, but it will take more
than mere encouragement to rescue
the Queens Chamber Symphony Or-
chestra, which made a quake debut
at the Queens Playhouse on Novem-
ber 10. Described in its publicity as
professional (and with its tickets
priced accordingly), the forty-man
orchestra sounded and looked more
like a collegiate ensemble. Regardless
of the obvious lack of experience of
many of its players, the group could
probably have produced more pro-
Fessional-sounding results under a
stronger conductor. Joseph C. Lyons
shepherded the orchestra through a
reasonably authoritative performance
of the Beethoven Eighth Sym-
phony. But he took a brusque and
unruly approach inappropriate for
Respighi's Ancient Dances and Airs,
Suite 1; and he seemed helpless in try-
ing to keep the string section from fal-
tering throughout the many exposed
passages in Mendelssohn's String
Symphony No. 9.

Shirley Verrett at her Carnegie Hall recital
few years ago. She let out some brilliant tones at the top end of the staff and managed scale passages confidently in arias from Donizetti's Anna Bolena, Rossini's Il Barbiere, and her encore of Mozart's "Alleluia".

Having noted these accomplishments, it is time to ask that the real Shirley Verrett stand up. Is she vying with Marilyn Horne as a coloratura mezzo? Will she follow Grace Bumbry's recent lead and become a soprano—having proved on her Dido-evenings that she can do it? Or will she stay a traditional alto and content herself with an occasional dalliance in other vocal domains? It may be tempting for Miss Verrett to assume a triple identity, but she still has only one voice, and it would be unfortunate if such a beautiful one suffered from a rash decision. A. DeR.

Victor Yoran, cello

Victor Yoran, a Russian emigre who made his formal New York debut at Carnegie Recital Hall last December 2, showed decidedly more aptitude for cello pyrotechnics than for program building. Debussy's whimsical D minor Sonata, Prokofiev's bland Sonata, Op. 119, and Kodaly's colorful but longwinded Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello add up to a technically impressive but musically monotonous display. One listener was left with a lot of unanswered questions and the strong suspicion that Yoran may have intended to display himself rather than the music.

Debussy's Sonata (the one true masterpiece of the evening) came forth in a rather headstrong, temperamental style. In the Prologue Yoran might have been nervous, for his phrasing was mannered and fussy, belabored with too many portamentos. The keyboard assistance of Emanuel Krasovsky was direct and a shade solid. Debussy's arabesques need more color and imagination than either of these players was able to provide.

Things improved in the Prokofiev. Yoran's cello tone became less fluffy, and Krasovsky loosened up enough to realize the few isolated moments of crisp, sarcastic humor. The percussive bow effects in the second movement came forth with muscular precision, and the intonation throughout was wonderfully true to the mark. Perhaps the Allegro ma non troppo finale was a bit "troppo," but such youthful exuberance was undeniably winning. Yoran went on to capture the savagery of Kodály's Sonata well, and in the process displayed a tremendous sonority. As encores came a forthright rendition of Stravinsky's rather arid Russian Song from the opera Mavra and a not-so-discerning adaptation of one of Debussy's piano preludes, Minstrels.

A complete assessment of Yoran's abilities was not possible with so unbalanced a program, but my guess is that he is a virtuoso who needs to pay greater heed to niceties of dynamics and style. He has it in him to be an exciting artist. H.G.
FESTIVALS, PART I

Summertime music is varied and widespread in '74

ALASKA

ALASKA FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. Anchorage, June 8–20. Richard Woitach, festival guest conductor; Maurice Bonney, guest conductor. Festival of music, dance, and theater will present Carmina Burana with the Chicago Contemporary Dance Theater, Anchorage Community Chorus, Festival Orchestra, and soloists. Events include recitals, symphonies, and guest artists Rafael Druihn, Ernst Muhlbacher, and Peter Schickele.

ARKANSAS

INSPIRATION POINT FINE ARTS COLONY FESTIVAL. Eureka Springs, July 17–26. Dr. Isaac Van Grove, director. Opera works scheduled include Gounod's Faust; Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana; Hansel and Gretel; de la Halle's Robin and Marion; Pope's Flutte, a medieval play with music by Van Grove; The Green Tint, a chamber opera by composer William J. McDaniel.

CALIFORNIA

CABRILLO MUSIC FESTIVAL. Aptos, August 16–18; 23–25. Dennis Russell Davies, music director. Three themes will dominate this season's events: a retrospective look at the works of Charles Ives in honor of his one-hundredth birthday; the music of Schubert; contemporary American women composers and their works.

CARMEL BACH FESTIVAL. Carmel, July 15–28. Sandor Salgo, music director. The program will include Handel's Chandos Anthem, William Byrd's Mass for Five Voices, the complete Brandenburg Concertos, Haydn's Symphony No. 92, and Bach's Mass in B minor. The festival includes concerts, lectures, recitals, and two performances in Carmel Mission Basílica.

CLAREMONT MUSIC FESTIVAL. Claremont, July 5–August 3. Giora Berinstein, music director. Resident artists include Barry Tuckwell, horn; Charles Libove, who will perform Schoenberg's Violin Concerto; Philip Goldberg, viola; Bertram Turetzky, performing a new bass concerto; Peter Hewitt, piano; Hal Rees, percussion; Karl Kohn, composer and pianist; and guest artist Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano. There will be five orchestral concerts, four chamber concerts, three Sunday Musical Matinees, and four Institute concerts. Programs will include all-Schoenberg and all-Stravinsky concerts, and local and national premiers.

COLORADO

ASPEN MUSIC FESTIVAL. Aspen, June 24–August 25. Jorge Mester, music director. Guest artists in this twenty-fifth anniversary season will be Itzhak Perlman, Lynn Harrell, Maureen Forrester, Pinchas Zuckerman, Sidney Harth, Charles Treger, Rudolf Firkusny, William Masselos, Herbert Blomstedt, Dennis Russell Davies, Sergiu Comissiona, Leonard Slatkin, Lawrence Foster, Fiona Contino, and James Levine. The Juilliard String Quartet and the American Brass Quintet will be in residence. The theme of the festival is Masterpieces of the Twentieth Century with emphasis on the Schoenberg Centennial. Program includes weekly concerts of the Festival Orchestra and the Chamber Symphony, as well as the Conference on Contemporary Music and the Choral Institute.

CLARKE MUSIC FESTIVAL. Claremont, July 5–August 3. Giora Berinstein, music director. Resident artists include Barry Tuckwell, horn; Charles Libove, who will perform Schoenberg's Violin Concerto; Philip Goldberg, viola; Bertram Turetzky, performing a new bass concerto; Peter Hewitt, piano; Hal Rees, percussion; Karl Kohn, composer and pianist; and guest artist Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano. There will be five orchestral concerts, four chamber concerts, three Sunday Musical Matinees, and four Institute concerts. Programs will include all-Schoenberg and all-Stravinsky concerts, and local and national premiers.

MA-24

HIGH FIDELITY / musical america
MASSACHUSETTS

BERKSHIRE MUSIC FESTIVAL. Lenox, July 5–August 25. Seiji Ozawa, artistic director, Berkshire Festival; Gunther Schuller, artistic director, Berkshire Music Center. Guest conductors appearing with the Boston Symphony will be Eugene Ormandy, Michael Tilson Thomas, Karl Richter, Bernard Haitink, Eugenjoachim, and Arthur Fiedler. Highlights include Schoenberg’s Gurrelieder, Haydn’s Nelson Mass, a gala one-hundredth birthday concert in memory of Serge Koussevitzky, and all-Beethoven and all-Tchaikovsky weekends.


MICHIGAN

ANN ARBOR MAY FESTIVAL. Ann Arbor, May 1–4. Eugene Ormandy, musical director. Artists appearing with the Philadelphia Orchestra will be Yehudi Menuhin, Byron Janis, Beverly Sills, Janice Harsanyi, Joanna Simon, Kenneth Riegel, and Michael Devlin. An all-French program will feature Saint-Saëns' Piano Concerto No. 5. Also scheduled are the Brahms Violin Concerto in D, Chopin and Francaix concertos, and Dvořák’s Requiem Mass, with Jindrich Rohan of Prague guest-conducting the University Choral Union.

DETROIT CONCERT BAND. Detroit, June 16–August 11. Dr. Leonard B. Smith, music director. The band will perform varied programs ranging from classics to show tunes with guest artists William Lane, trombone; Imogene Bird, Elsie Inselman, Christina Lypecky, and Rosemary Jackson, sopranos.

MEADOWBROOK MUSIC FESTIVAL. Rochester, June 27–August 25. Vladimir Ashkenazy, artistic adviser. Soloists and guest conductors perform with the Detroit Symphony in programs from the symphonic and popular repertoires; jazz artists perform on Friday evenings, and there will be one week of ballet performances.

NEW YORK

LAKE GEORGE OPERA FESTIVAL. Glens Falls, July 11–August 17. David Lloyd, general and artistic director; Paul Callaway, music director. Performances this season will be Die Fledermaus, La Traviata, The Crucible, The Magic Flute, and Conrad Susa's Transformations. There will also be five Sunday evening Opera-on-the-Lake cruises.

NORTH CAROLINA


EASTERN MUSIC FESTIVAL. Greensboro, June 22–August 3. Sheldon Morgenstern, music director. In a combined program of music education and public performance, the festival provides solo guest and resident artist appearances, in conjunction with the chamber and orchestral program of the Eastern Philharmonic Orchestra. Master classes and private lessons are provided by faculty members and...
visiting performers, and, as a part of Project Listen, students perform solo and chamber recitals throughout the general community. Artists-in-residence this year will be Lillian Fuchs, Frederik Prausnitz, Leonard Rose, the Beaux Arts Trio, Thomas Briccetti, Leon Fleisher, Eliot Chapo, Daniel Erichord, Gary Karr, and Veronica Tyler.

MUSIC IN THE MOUNTAINS. Burnsville, June 23–July 28. Frank Ell, musical director. The Celo Chamber Players will perform six Sunday afternoon concerts; there will be concerts at Warren Wilson College in Asheville and workshops in July for student and amateur players; pianist Lili Kraus, the festival's honorary director, will perform a benefit recital in August.

OHIO

CINCINNATI MAY FESTIVAL. Cincinnati, May 17, 18; 24, 25. James Levine, music director. The May 17 premiere of Donald Erb's New England's Prospect will honor the beginning of the festival's second century. Scheduled performances also include Berlioz's The Damnation of Faust with Régine Crespin, Kenneth Riegel, and Michael DeLinin; the Bach Aria Group in an all-Bach program, John Nelson conducting; and a complete concert performance of Wagner's Lohengrin. Also appearing with the Cincinnati Symphony will be Benita Valente, Seth Mc Cov, and Ara Berberian.

PENNSYLVANIA

BACH FESTIVAL OF BETHLEHEM. Bethlehem, May 10, 11; 17, 18. Alfred Mann, music director. Guest soloists appearing with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem in The Passion According to St. Matthew and the Mass in B minor will be Dilya Smith, Elaine Bonazzi, Charles Bressler, Ray DeVoll, Gary Kendall, and Thomas Paul. Other performances will be the Concerto in G minor for harpsichord, the Concerto in D minor for two violins, and the sixth Brandenburg Concerto.

ROBIN HOOD DELL CONCERTS. Philadelphia, June 17–July 25. Fredric R. Mann, president. Guest conductors appearing with the Philadelphia Orchestra will be Aldo Ceccato, Andre Kostelanetz, Yehudi Menuhin, William Steinberg, and Werner Tokanovskiy. Scheduled soloists include Van Cliburn, Mayumi Fujikawa, Philip Hirshorn, Jerome Lowenthal, Roberta Peters, Beverly Sills, and André Watts. There will be fifteen free concerts; James Frazier, Jr. will serve as assistant conductor and director of the children's concerts.

TENNESSEE

SEWANEE SUMMER FESTIVAL. Sewanee, July 25–28. Martha McCrory, director. Performers this season will include faculty soloists, student chamber music groups, the Sewanee Symphony, the Cumberland Orchestra, and the Sewanee Festival Orchestra, all prefaced by the annual concerto program. In celebration of the Schoenberg anniversary, Phyllis Werlein Buech will perform Pierre Lauber. Festival artists include Peter McHugh and Aaron Kronick, viola; David Becker, viola; Martha McCrory and Peter Sparbeick, cello; Marjorie Tyre, harp; Miles Mauney, piano; Earnest Harrison, oboe.

VERMONT

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL. Marlboro, July 6–August 11. Rudolf Serkin, artistic director. Weekend concerts are open to the public and develop programatically from the mid-week activities of the musicians in residence.

PUERTO RICO

FESTIVAL CASALS OF PUERTO RICO. San Juan, June 4–22. Alexander Schneider, assistant music director. Guest artists appearing with the Festival Casals Orchestra will be Kyung-Wha Chung, Antonio Janigro, Byron Janis, Peter Maag, Eduardo Mata, Zubin Mehta, and Irma Vallecillo. Pianist, performing with the Cleveland Quartet Programs will include works by Bach, Schumann, Mozart, Schubert, Rachmaninoff, Saint-Saëns, Wagner and Casals. There will be a special chamber music program on June 7 in memory of Maestro Casals with Alexander Schneider, Felix Galimir, Walter Trampler, Jaime Laredo, Leslie Parnas, Laurence Lesser and Richard Stoltzman performing the Mozart Clarinet Quintet and the String Quintet in G minor, and Schubert's Quintet in G major.

WHAT'S NEW?
Continued from page MA 15

It was interesting to see that it isn't only young Westerners who have called them explicitly. By that I mean that Greek drama, which we tend to think of as the dramaturgical equivalent of a Greek vase, serene and frozen, in fact balanced the Appollonian and Dionysian sides of life in equal measure. Similarly it is all too easy for us to think of Oriental art, and Indian art in particular, as epitomized by the seraphic serenity of the Lord Krishna and the soothing strains of the sitar. Both the Greeks and the Orientals knew about death and apocalyptic vengeance, and their traditional dramas are full of the most appalling violence. What was overwhelming and frightening about the Kerala company's performance of excerpts from the Mahabharata epic was the way in which the most gruesome actions took place right on stage—not offstage, as in the Greek dramas—and yet co-existed synergistically with their Appollonian opposite. The Mahabharata is the story of a noble family's humiliation through the treachery of its enemies and its years-long preparations for revenge. The climax comes when the hero meets the villain in battle, is transformed in a divine rage into a lion, kills his foe and rips out his entrails, binds the heroine's hair with them, and is finally absolved by Krishna. The Kathakali style blends the most lavish and bizarre costumes of any of the Oriental troupes with an exotically orange choreographic and pantomimie vocabulary that doesn't preclude the most literal dramatizations. It all came together at the end: the hero, his face contorted in leonine fury, pulling yards of greasy, red, dripping "entrails" from the dead villain's stomach, smearing his face and costume with them and binding his wife's hair—all of this followed by a dance of Krishna, smiling sweetly through the incense, the simplicity of which could only be understood in the context of the excess that had preceded it. The Kerala company provided us that context, and the result was the most awesome theatrical experience I have had in years.

A pair of Japanese groups

It was interesting to see that it isn't only young Westerners who have

Continued on page MA 29
During the past summer I made my annual visit, as an administrative consultant, to the Taos School of Music, a limited-enrollment chamber music study center in the Sangre de Cristo mountains above Taos, New Mexico. In this informal report on my impressions of the school, which was established twelve years ago, I should like to emphasize what seems to me to be a very important point: Despite its success both as a training center for young chamber music artists and as a performing arts entity in a community distinguished throughout the world of the arts, the Taos School of Music has never slackened the rigor of its method of selecting and training its student enrollment, which is limited to nineteen. To put the matter another way, it has maintained the original high aim of its artistic/professional goals, an aim reflected in its 1:4 teacher-student ratio. The school makes severe demands upon its students, and itself. Every time I make the return trip down through the mountains from the school, I carry away the exciting feeling that as long as we have dedicated and gifted students and teachers joined in such a serious musical purpose, the future of fine chamber music in America is happily assured.

Chamber music thrives, and so do students.

On each of my visits to the Taos School of Music I sense the feeling of progress in the air. Sometimes it is hard to pin it down. For example, last August as I drove the last ten miles from Taos up through the mountains I knew that something had changed. The scenery was as striking and varied as ever. The terrain changes from sparsely covered mesa land that seems to reach out forever, to a small ski valley nine thousand feet up, covered with evergreens and aspen.

As usual, I was completely absorbed by the beauty of the scenery. Through the trees I could see some new houses here and there—the sort of improvements one expects. Then, it struck me: I was driving along a good two-lane, blacktop county road. On my first trip to the school, the occasional jolts on the original dirt road had thrown me back to the days when I had driven jeeps in the high country of Colorado. That blacktop road, a small matter, really, in the larger sense of the meaning of progress, was simply a pleasant symbol of change and forward movement.

One appreciates such changes. However, when I arrived at the school I was even more pleased to discover that one important thing hadn’t changed in the least. The outward character of the school was still one of easy friendliness. The personality and style of the place were still casual and relaxed. The newest student and the latest guest feel right at home. I was among old friends. The Mayer brothers, the owners of the Hotel St. Bernard and Edelweiss lodges which house the school and guests during the summer, have a special gift for providing an ambience of ease and charm which frees students and faculty to concentrate on musical problems. The French cuisine in the St. Bernard Lodge where all gather to eat is prepared by M. and Mme. Jean Mayer, and I must say that I envy my associates who are there for the full term.

After eating, guests may join students and faculty members in a rehearsal in the St. Bernard Lodge without leaving the building. It tells much of the directness and casualness
of the school to note that one only has to turn his chair around, as it were, to share in the pleasures of music making. During my stay this past summer I sat in on rehearsals of the Opus 81 Piano Quintet by Dvořák; other works under preparation at the time were Beethoven’s Quartet Op. 18 No. 1 and Haydn’s Op. 54 No. 1.

During my business sessions and social visits with Chilton Anderson, the founder and director of the Taos School of Music, I discovered once again the source of the love of excellence that distinguishes the school as a chamber music center. Mr. Anderson is a cellist who is familiar with the traditions, the repertoire, and the demands upon one’s musicianship in chamber playing. He set his sights high when he established the school, and he keeps them there. His goal is to train advanced students to reach a level of performance that seeks to equal in excellence the quality of the chamber music masterpieces they are studying.

Credit and concentration

The six-week summer session at Taos is so intense that it equals one year’s study in chamber music at the best professional conservatories. An objective measure is available by which one may judge this highly concentrated course of study: The Mannes College of Music in New York City gives a year’s credit in chamber music for the successful completion of a summer session at Taos.

The school has a weekly schedule of thirty hours of group work, private lessons, and practice. The latter sessions are carried out with or without the faculty. The school presents two series of concerts each summer. Student Concerts, to which the public is invited, are given four times during the six-week session; two of these are presented as part of the school’s Saturday Night Concert Series in Taos. Students are required to participate in at least one of these public concerts and in at least one of the school’s informal recitals. The second series of public concerts is that given by the faculty in Taos. All the concerts are free to the public.

During the past summer the new civic auditorium in Taos was used for the Saturday evening concerts. The series has become a major summer attraction in the area—a Taos chamber music festival, as it were. The town itself has, of course, been famous in the arts for more than three-quarters of a century. Writers, painters, sculptors, craftsmen from all parts of the world have come there to live and work. The audience at the school’s summer concerts, therefore, is made up of a sophisticated and appreciative group of artists and tourists.

A roster of nineteen

Enrollment is limited to eight violinists, four violas, five cellos, and two piano students. The resident faculty last summer was made up of pianists Raymond D. Hanson and Anne Koscielny, both of Hartt College of Music, University of Hartford, violinists Robert McNally (concertmaster, Tulsa Philharmonic, and University of Tulsa) and Elaine Kichey (concertmaster, North Carolina Symphony, and Davidson College); cellist Robert Marsh (principal cello, Dallas Symphony, and Southern Methodist University); and violist Sally Peck (principal viola, Utah Symphony, and University of Utah). John Goldmark, the president of the Mannes College of Music, was on a sabbatical leave last summer as a member of the piano faculty.

Seminars on the interpretation and performance of chamber music are conducted by leading chamber music artists. Recently, Andor Toth of the Alma Trio, a member of the faculty at Oberlin, led the seminar.

Students are encouraged to explore the beauty of the Sangre de Cristo mountains. John Goldmark, an avid mountain climber, leads excursions further afield, to such places as the Rio Grande Gorge, Mount Wheeler (New Mexico’s highest peak), and the famous prehistoric cave dwellings. Tennis, swimming, and first-rate fishing are also available. The opera at Santa Fe is a two-hour drive away from the school.

Over the years I have enjoyed sharing in the feeling of anticipation that grows as the final concert of the season approaches. I have been moved by the communal feeling of the people of Taos toward the school. In a way, the school “belongs” to them, and it is in turn nourished by their wholehearted support. Chilton Anderson has long been their neighbor, in fact, having developed a herd of Black Angus at his nearby ranch.

My wife and I were able to spend more time in Taos itself during my last business visit to the school, and we drove slowly through the streets, thoroughly enjoying the historic adobe architecture. The school is another name on the impressive roll of outstanding artists who have come to Taos and worked under its spell.

When I drove away this time I felt as though I were leaving the Shangri-La of chamber music. But my romantic pleasure was tempered by a more realistic thought. As a former Navy man I had the sudden notion that Chilton Anderson runs a tight ship—but with a cultivated hand, the hand of a musician.
WHAT'S NEW?
Continued from page MA-26

been affected by this material, and who have let it help shape their own contemporary work. Two Japanese companies have been here recently, showing us their own efforts to update the past to fit the needs of the present. But these two groups, at least, were less successful at it than their American counterparts. Perhaps from an understandable veneration of the past, they have failed to incorporate the old organically with the new, and the results left past and present coinciding in a not always felicitous manner.

The more successful of the two was a group called the T.O.K.K. Soloists Ensemble, which shared the bill a little incongruously with the Singon monks at the Brooklyn Academy. This is a group made up of both traditional Japanese musicians (biwa, shakuhachi) and modern instrumentalists (harp, flute, piano), all under a slightly dated avant-garde aesthetic umbrella. The most interesting piece they did was by Toshi Ichiyanagi, and involved two dancers working through a planned event with musical accompaniment. It wasn't much more or less effective than other efforts of the past ten or fifteen years, but it did at least represent a successful attempt to demonstrate the kinship between the aesthetics of modern "happenings" and older Japanese ideals.

Stomu Yamash'ta is a young Japanese musician who first made an international reputation for himself as an avant-garde percussionist. More recently he has devoted his considerable energies to his Red Buddha Theater, a theater troupe based in London. Yamash'ta's "Man from the East" was an Orientalized, avant-garde rock opera that was withdrawn from the Brooklyn Academy in late October after one poorly attended week of a projected three-week run. There was an impressive amount of slightly hectoring energy in Yamash'ta's troupe, and some of the music blended old and new intriguingly. But the general effect was both diffuse and pretentious—perhaps earlier in the tour, in Europe, when the composer himself participated in the performances, things worked together more tightly. But Yamash'ta will probably turn up again.

THE DANCE
Continued from page MA-13

Sara," is a beautiful dancer, classically trained, but in this role she lacks the cold and bitter sexuality necessary for the man-woman duel in the "Olim lacus colueram" section. Jamison, considering her extravagantly individual qualities, was, I found, wasted. Perhaps a switch in roles between the two women might bring forth more stimulating results.

"Missa Brevis" by Limon

Apparently Ailey's projected and systematic production of early American dance works ("Roots of American Dance") has fallen under the economic ax, but he managed nevertheless to put on a work by another major American artist with the mounting by Daniel Lewis and Laura Glenn of José Limón's Missa Brevis.

Limon choreographed the work in 1958 after his company had returned from a tour of Western and Central Europe. On that tour Limon was moved by the sight of the devastation, particularly in Poland, still remaining from World War II. In an interview he spoke of his Missa Brevis, set to Zoltan Kodály's Missa Brevis, as being "... choreographed as an act of expiation. It is an angry work," he said, "but I wanted it to point to abiding faith."

While the faith is evident—in prayerful gesture and heavenward glances—the anger, probably a riveting force in its early performances, is absent. Several years ago when I saw Missa Brevis with Limon himself (surely one of the noblest-looking creatures ever to walk on stage) in the central Man/minister role, I was dissatisfied with the piece. It seemed an empty vessel, a longish bore demanding reverence because of its subject. It seems so now, too. John Parks, although distinctive in appearance, is certainly no father figure. And the company—the men in workaday shirts and pants, the women (including Judith Jamison, Sara Yarborough, and Donna Wood) swathed in babushkas and peasant-style dresses designed by Charles D. Tomlinson—sinks into appalling anonymity. Even Ming Cho Lee's contribution, a facile backdrop featuring a pleasantly pretty ruin, seems as lacking in genuine emotion as the piece itself.

Even though the two new productions were not up to Ailey standards and the wolf banged steadily on the door (the company despite its popularity has a crushing deficit), the group this season reached a new performing peak. Also a new musical peak under the direction of Howard Roberts, who guided his chorus—from Orff through Kodaly to traditional spirituals—with rich and often thrilling results.

Ailey's Sara Yarborough: the sexuality was missing

Reviewed by John S. Wilson

Like Satchel Paige, Duke Ellington never looks back. Aside from a very few set pieces from the past (primarily an "And then I wrote" medley), Ellington refuses to play any of his old compositions, which now means works covering a period of more than forty-five years. And if he should cave in and do an old piece, it is not a copy of an old recording or an old performance: It is a contemporary version of something he had once done.

So the mere idea of Ellington writing an autobiography has, for many years, been a problem for publishers, many of whom have felt that he was an all-too-obvious subject for a book. But the Duke would not cooperate with any writer who wanted to do his biography. If anyone was going to do his life, he would. Yet given his reluctance to look back—and the fact that his time is completely taken up with current musical projects—when would he do it?

Somehow, Doubleday—primarily Sam Vaughn of Doubleday, who started on this project more than a decade ago—has managed to squeeze a book out of him. The elucidating factor would appear to be Stanley Dance, a writer who has been sking as close to the Duke for many years but whose loyalty is such that he would not write a biography of the Duke—his closest skimming is a book called The World of Duke Ellington, a collection of pieces on sidemen and others who move in the Ellington world.

However it was done, there is now a book by Ellington called Music Is My Mistress. And one can only wonder if it was worth all the pushing and prodding that went into it. Duke Ellington writing about Duke Ellington, as displayed in this book, is as unrevealing as Duke Ellington on the stage talking about the same subject. His stage personality is a glossy, highly stylized front for which he uses a witty, mannered form of speech. Most of this book is written in much the same manner. One reads and reads, searching through the bland listings of where he went and whom he met and all the wives and mothers who are invariably beautiful and the prominent hosts and hostesses who are invariably gracious. One looks for the human being who is Edward Kennedy Ellington.

He peeks through from time to time. His affection for his mother and for Billy Strayhorn, the remarkable composer and pianist who seemed almost a musical parallel of Ellington, are made very evident. His pride in Jump for Joy, a musical he wrote in the early Forties that took a strong but, even in those days, easily swallowed approach to race relations, and in his Second Sacred Concert (a reflection of his quite open feeling toward God which crops up again and again in the book) are warmly and eloquently made.

But when Ellington has to deal with Ellington, he seems constantly to hide behind a veneer of slick, bland language. He comes to life as a writer when he can get away from dealing directly with his own triumphs (he apparently never had any defeats, barring his rejection by the Pulitzer Prize Committee in his late years, by which time he had constructed such a thick, witty shell that he could cleverly turn the rejection around). He writes well when he relates his discoveries on his tour of the Middle East and when he skips through his adventures with food or philosophizes on any of a number of subjects.

Ellington obviously has tremendous (and justifiable) pride, but he cannot get himself loose in words about himself. He has those words for others who mean something to him (yet the fact that he includes in this book short reflections on innumerable people for whom he really has no words makes one wonder why he bothered about them). This is a handsome volume, full of pictures and words and listings. But it does not tell us very much about Duke Ellington.

Tchaikovsky, by John Warrack. Scribner's, $14.95

I HAVE long campaigned (unsuccessfully) against the overly high prices of books on or about music, but in this case the high price may be justified. This biography of Tchaikovsky is made up of pages of illustrations—many in color, well-chosen and well-produced—wedded to a thoroughly professional and readable biography. John Warrack, who recently wrote a fine biography of Weber, has here written for the layman, and thus the book does not contain music examples or technical talk. Yet his account of Tchaikovsky's life is an excellent example of how such biographies should be written, with knowledge and judiciousness and without condensation. His discussions of the musical works (and he writes about all the major ones and a good number of the minor ones—especially the operas), even though they are not detailed, are never simplified to the usual music-appreciation level of musical tags.

He is helped, of course, by the fact that Tchaikovsky as a composer was eminently a man who wrote himself into his works, particularly into his operas and his final three symphonies, which Warrack sees as a history of the composer coming to terms with his Fate. The clear-headed and sympathetic way in which Warrack is able to discuss Tchaikovsky's homosexuality, his disastrous marriage, and his strange literary relationship with Nadezhdha von Meck (hefty portions of Tchaikovsky's letters to her are quite properly included), and Warrack's knowledge of the Russian compositional scene of the nineteenth century and its special features, give the biography an authoritative weight that most such biographies lack.

We are able to understand, at least in part, the anguish of Tchaikovsky's existence: the yearning for an idealized home-life he could never have, the compulsive wanderings over Europe (always accompanied by terrible homesickness and psychosomatic ills), the nameless brief liaisons which he was terrified would lead either to blackmail or exposure

MA-30

HIGH FIDELITY / musical america
and ruination. And these in turn lead to Tchaikovsky's refuge in music as the one constant, both in respect to the musicalizations of his anguishes (the last three symphonies), or in the deliberate rejection of them through the escapist musical summonings of his beloved Mozart, the Classical Age, and the surface sparkle and joie de vivre of French music, to which he was ever drawn.

Much of what is best in Tchaikovsky lies in the juxtaposition of these two traits (in the symphonies, in an opera like The Queen of Spades, or in the ballet scores), just as much of the weakest resulted when his emotional insecurity invested his music in lashings of fustian or thick-stroked self-pity. He was an uneven composer, as Warrack appreciates, who never consciously realized where his strengths lay. But—apart from certain scores (notably the lesser operas) where inspiration gave way to note-spinning—his melodic gifts, his orchestral mastery, and his burning commitment manage to rescue sections, if not totalities, of most of his scores. And there will always be listeners to whom works like Francesca da Rimini will not sound as empty as they do to me.

Even given Warrack's self-imposed limitations on musical discussion, however, I think he could have written more sharply drawn commentary on Tchaikovsky's musical individuality, particularly those aspects of it that we appreciate today. Some detailed comments on his brilliant use of woodwinds, his appreciation of orchestral color (quite different from his compatriots Borodin or Rimsky-Korsakov and yet allied to them), and a greater appreciation of how, in the final symphonies, Tchaikovsky reconciled "sonata form" with the cyclic concept and with his own tendency to musical fantasies on his personal life would have been extremely valuable. For Tchaikovsky's last symphonies (like those of Mahler) are individualistic answers to the problems posed by symphonic development in the nineteenth century. These often daring "answers" carried the symphony farther in its development than the more conservatively oriented works of Brahms, as well as mitigating a good deal of the worst in them.

But the book is worth the price, and includes, besides the numerous pictures, family trees of the Tchaikovsky, von Meck and Davidov families, a comprehensive list of works, and an index. P.J.S.


This curious book by the late Alfred Swan, a Haverford professor who spent his life in Russian musical research, is an uneasy amalgam of a pet theory and a straightforward, if cursory, history of Russian music, essentially from Glinka to early Shostakovich. It is Swan's theory that the fountainhead for all Russian music lies in the znamenny liturgical chant and the folk song, and that these have fertilized Russian music from its beginnings to today.

But, although folk song has been a part of much (if hardly all) Russian music, znamenny chant has, by Swan's
own admission, lorn dormant and unnoticed by composers and theoreticians alike, and most Russian liturgical music sprang from a corruption of the *znamenny* with Western influences and orthodox pedantries. Since Swan does little more than state his theory in various ways throughout the book, without going into the close-grained argument that would seem to be necessary, the result is a sort of a priori quixotism, at once simplistic (as with the folk song) and unproven (the liturgical chant). Swan’s twin hobby-horses ride into the historical study at every point, disrupting rather than clarifying—the more so since time and again Swan states that the evidences of folk song or chant are not authentic, even when they do appear. The book would have been better split into two: one on the history of liturgical chant in Russia and one in which the folk song element could have been more clearly tied in with the history of Russian music. As it stands, the book tells us more about the author and his preoccupations than about its subject. P.J.S.

**ARTIST LIFE**

Continued from page MA 4

Presidential favorite, the Richard Rodgers music for the film *Victory at Sea*. Nixon revealed his preference to Antal Dorati, and the music director of the National Symphony reported it to the *New York Times*. He had found the remark “very sweet, very frank.” He said: “Why should the President of the United States be a music lover? It’s not his business. In human history there was only a handful of heads of state interested in the arts, and one of them was Nero. Yes, it would be nice if the President was a music lover, but it would not make him a better or a worse president.” True. Thomas Jefferson was no better president for having been a fine amateur violinist but his Amati must have made him a happier one. Perhaps Nixon, who played violin in his high school orchestra, should have stuck to his fiddle.

Speaking of Nixon and music, we read that in December, when he gave a state dinner for the President of Romania, the entertainment for the evening included excerpts from The Barber of Seville. The formidable guest list included the usual VIPs, except for one man. Personally invited by the President was the White House barber.

**The Hendersons were hosts**

On a chill night before last Election Day Ruth and Skitch Henderson stood from 10:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. under a tented entrance to a then unfinished restaurant they own on Fifty-ninth Street and First Avenue, practically under the Queensboro Bridge. It is called Daly’s Daffodil, the name advertised in sequins on the hostess’ black, floor-length, cashmere dress. The invitation had read: “John loves Mary. We love the Lindays. Join us for a Love ‘em Party.” And everybody did, hundreds of Henderson celebrity-friends from music, theater, television, publishing, fashion—even some politicians. The Hendersons greeted arrivals, waved them inside to the kind of jammed party everybody always says they hate and to which everybody always flocks. The then-Mayor, wearing a broad red, white, and blue polka-dot tie, towering above the crowd, was at the far end of the bar-lined room, his back against an open kitchen and shelves of hamburgers, Danish pastry, and pickles. He faced a barrage of photographers and well-wishers.

Struggling to reach the Mayor we saw the whole Metropolitan Opera management, a large contingent from City Center where Ruth Henderson is the active chairman of the Friends, a pride of Steinways, and musicians Gary Graffman and Morton Gould. Pianist Graffman was about to start off on a tour of Europe and South East Asia. He said pianos in the Far East were “better than you’d think” but that he did not know about Djakarta where he had never played. “A colleague told me there is a good Chinese technician there so I’m hoping the piano will be in tune.” Composer Gould, who has written the music for such ballets as *Interplay* and *Fall River Legend*, revealed that he was working on a ballet inspired by Audubon for Balanchine. It is for the Bicentennial and the idea is to evoke the sights and sounds of primitive America, but “it will not be a nationalistic piece in a narrow sense.” He said, “Balanchine has stimulated a lot of music out of me. He thinks musically.” Besides the ballet about ornithologists Audubon, Gould has other Bicentennial commissions—a piano concerto and a violin concerto. Morton Gould is a busy man these days and not only as composer. He is in demand as guest conductor and serves on the boards of such institutions as ASCAP, the American Symphony Orchestra, and the National Endowment.

Amidst the confusion, bearded blond Skitch Henderson and his attractive wife remained cool and cordial, obviously survivors of many such revels. Skitch is unique—a conductor, composer, television personality and wit who manages to live comfortably in the two worlds of serious and popular music and whose gifts as an entrepreneur have extended from owning radio stations and a ski resort in Vermont to two restaurants in New York. Daly’s Daffodil follows Daly’s Dandelion. (There should be a third called *Henderson’s Harvest.* Skitch, who has scored and conducted films, is now music director of the Tulsa Philharmonic and commutes to Oklahoma. We asked him how he managed it all. He explained cheerfully: “There are Hans and Heidi—the children. They are growing. Have to support them.”

We finally reached the Mayor, extended our good wishes for his future as he was kissing Hermione Gingold, shaking hands with John Chancellor, looking out for Schuyler Chapin. We had read that once he left City Hall, he had plans for “serious” sailing in the Grenadines, for a return to law with his old firm, for a run for the New York Senate seat in 1976. We think he should be the next head of Lincoln Center. It’s a tough political job which John Vliet Lindsay would handle with grace.

Not long after that hail-and-farewell party, the next Mayor of New York, Abraham D. Beame, announced that on January 1, the day he would be sworn in as the city’s 105th mayor, he would hold his inaugural party at the Metropolitan Opera House—the first such event in its history. Even Mayor Lindsay had never thought of that. When the idea was suggested to Mr. Beame (who plays gin rummy for recreation) he said “That’s nice.” When Met General Manager Schuyler Chapin (an old friend of Lindsay) heard about it, he said: “It’s very appropriate. The Metropolitan is an important part of New York life and the Mayor is the leader of the city.”
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In brief

CLYDIE KING: Brown Sugar. Chelsea BCL 1-0368. $5.98.

Clydie King has long been among the busiest studio singers in L.A. and an alumna of Ray Charles's Raylettes and every other background group you can think of. Every so often someone decides that because she is so professional on the sidelines she'll be a hit up front. But she simply doesn't have solo presence. She might have had it once, but it is virtually impossible to keep individuality while making a living fitting yourself into one or another star's identity. Clydie is professional as always on the sidelines — her albums free. But the public has never cared a damn about such a treat. No one does but the producer/money man on a record date, and he gets his albums free.

PROCOL HARUM: Best Of. A&M SP 4401, $5.98. Tape: • BT 4401, $6.95; • CS 4401, $6.95.

Procol Harum's music is complex, classically oriented, occasionally indecipherable lyrically, and much loved throughout the world. Why knock these "greatest hits" even if they were mediocre, but it is impressive to hear how those musicians who had something to say—Edmond Hall, Mary Lou Williams, Hot Lips Page, for example—came through no matter what the conditions. And so it is valuable to have these recordings brought into the mainstream of recording circulation for the first time.

The "Cafe Society" set, made up of four groups that were related to the celebrated New York night club, Cafe Society, either because they played there or their leaders led groups there, is highlighted by an all-female quintet (in 1943!) led by Mary Lou Williams and featuring Mary Osborne at the piano (plus voc-al, which does not indicate that she should have abandoned guitar) and Margie Hyams on vibes. The set also includes some interesting views of Ellis Larkins as an ensemble pianist (with Ed Hall's group) and the sound of Maxine Sullivan struggling with four songs that can only have been included as examples of how banal pop songs can be.

"Tootin' Through the Roof"—featuring three trumpeters, Joe Thomas, Hot Lips Page, and Charlie Shavers—offers a loose and gutty group led by Page (some of the better recordings of a musician who was very badly handled in recording studios) and a Charlie Shavers group with Duffy De Franco that is a dead ringer (particularly in De Franco's clarinet) for Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five.

J.S.W.
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CIRCLE 33 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

March 1974

track that really gets off. The others are all high on energy and low on direction, scattering a little bit in this style and a little in that. The album art work is unfortunate. M.A.

YOUNGHEARTS: Do You Have the Time? 20th Century TC 4275, $5.98

This is a boy-trio album on 20th to match the girl trio reviewed above. The difference is that this group has a fine, firm sense of itself both commercially and musically. Produced by group member Vernon Bullock, who wrote all the tunes. That keeps it in the family and strengthens motivations. If you ask me—and no one does—this group's future has gold in it. M.A.

SANTANA: Welcome. Columbia KC 32445, $5.98. Tape: • CA 32445, $6.98; • CT 32445, $6.98.

The "New" Santana Band, still under the direction of Carlos Santana, makes music that is even more complex and exotic than its "old" counterpart. This time around many of the Latin rhythms have been mated to the progressive rock sound that is growing increasingly more popular. To say the least, the result is interesting. You take it from there. H.E.

LOGGINS AND MESSINA: Full Sail. Columbia KC 32540, $5.98. Tape: • CA 32540, $6.98; • CT 32540, $6.98.

Loggins and Messina's gentle and lilting music is expertly crafted and exquisitely produced. It does, however, lack drive, and while "Full Sail" inevitably will please the duo's horde of fans, it will not garner them any new converts. H.E.

BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD: Atco SD 2-806, $6.96 (two discs).

The second anthology of Buffalo Springfield material to be released. It partially duplicates the previous, single-disc "Retrospective" (Atco SD 33 283). But adds one previously unreleased track: a nine-minute version of "Bluebird." M.J.

ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM: MCA 350, $5.98.

This lovely album splits honors between the indomitable Jobim and Claus Ogerman, who arranged, conducted the considerable orchestra, and produced. Jobim sings much of the work in Portuguese. He wrote both music and English words to the lengthy Water of March, which reads quite beautifully and sings quite poorly. Cronica da Casa Assassinada is a long suite from a film by Paulo Sarraceni. and is for me the most fascinating music of the album. In all, the album will be a joy for any Jobim fan. M.A.

GLEN CAMPBELL: I Remember Hank Williams. Capitol SW 11253, $5.98. Tape: • BSW 11253, $6.98; • A XW 11253, $6.98.

Competent modern versions of country classics by one of country music's best-loved composers. Best: You Win Again. M.J.

DAVID CLAYTON-THOMAS: RCA APL 1-0173, $5.98

Clayton-Thomas, ex-lead singer with Blood, Sweat & Tears, became a solo act on Columbia Records after he left the band that had made him famous. He failed miserably. That failure has not been eradicated by his move to RCA. His performance of Hernando's Hideaway on this disc just may set a new low. H.E.
the tape deck

BY R.D. DARRELL

Things As They Are vs. Things As They Might Be. This, one of the oldest and most basic polarizations in human aspirations and artistic aims, has always played a potent role in the making and evaluation of recorded music, but it has never been more powerful, or more divisive, than in present-day quadraphony. The eternal split between extraverts and introverts, realists and romanticists, traditionalists and avant-gardists now separates the proponents of two disparate technological/aesthetic philosophies. In one, the goal is enabling home listeners to share as closely as possible the experience of concert-hall audiences; in the other, the idea is to provide home listeners with musical experiences similar to those of the audience in the concert hall. Patently there can be no real quarrel between these two schools of thought where the use of 360-degree encompassing-sound techniques has been anticipated by older composers (as by Berlioz for his Requiem) or is specifically called for by contemporary composers (as by Bernstein for his Mass) and novelty-pop arrangers. It's through the standard concert repertory that the battle lines are drawn. Should a familiar symphony, concerto, ballet, or opera be recorded and reproduced so that a home listener hears it coming at him from all sides—the "surround-sound" approach? Or should it be recorded and reproduced so that he hears it from the front of a listening room that is apparently expanded to big-hall or opera-house dimensions?

This latter approach, the auditorium-ambience-enhancement technique, is the one espoused by RCA's classical-record producers—in opposition to the equally circumambient technique currently favored by Columbia and Vanguard classical producers and exemplified in the batch of Columbia Q-8 cartridge tapes discussed in this column last month. Since then I have been listening to several new RCA Q-8s, which, like this month's batch, provide home listeners with the equivalents of the sonic reflections and reverberations coming from the side and back walls of an auditorium. Obviously, this type of quadraphony is not startlingly different from familiar stereo. It doesn't involve—at least to any dangerous extent—surround sound's distracting temptations to listen to individual speakers for specific sound-source locations rather than to a comprehensive, homogeneous musical-sound "image." And it provides a notably heightened sense of freedom from oppressively small room environments. Unquestionably, then, it is this relatively conservative exploitation of quadrophonic potentials that will best appeal to veteran home listeners, to anyone who distracts the new medium as an artificial pinging-punging-pang-pang-gimick, and to everyone who resents having to metamorphose his comfortable miniature concert-hall home listening room into a disconcertingly alien theater-in-the-round.

Lebensraum for Tchaikovsky's Ballets. The ambient-enhancement Q-philosophy, which in actual practice has left me with somewhat lukewarm responses to most of its early Columbia as well as RCA symphonic-warhorse exemplars, impresses me much more favorably in RCA's latest approaches to music that more insistently demands scenic and special-setting illusions: the superbly theatrical ballet apotheoses of Tchaikovsky. In RCA ART 1-0027, 1-0030, and 1-0169 (Q-8 cartridges, $7.95 each), the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy plays extended suites from the Nutcracker, Swan Lake, and Sleeping Beauty ballets respectively. There is no need to comment here on the readings and performances per se, since the opulent Philadelphia treatment already is well known to concertgoers and—via 1962-64 Columbia stereo versions—to disc and tape collectors. (In any case, I'm personally disqualified, as writer of the Nutracker disc-jacket notes, from formally reviewing that program, although ironically enough no notes by anyone are normally supplied with cartridge-tape editions!) The present concern is primarily with the quadriphonic technology involved. And if that is decidedly less "spectacular" than the best examples of surround sound, it is effectively dramatic in less obtrusive, more orthodox, and above all more natural ways—most appealing in the deftly airless of the sonics themselves and in the illimitable expansiveness of the magical ballet stage evoked in one's imagination.

But Sousa Says, "Surround Me!" Of course RCA's classical Q-audiology isn't essentially maintained in other domains. Most if not all the RCA Q pops distribute sound sources around all four quadrants of one's listening room. And in the Q editions of the "Mancini Salutes Sousa" program, most of the percussion and some of the accompaniment instruments are located in back; there are frequent front/rear antiphonies, and even some circular sonic movement in the drum-corps displays that precede several marches (APT 1-0013, $7.95; also upcoming in a Stereotape-processed Q-reel, EPQ 1-0013). For this kind of big-band music, normally heard out of doors in live performances, the change in technological approach is both reasonable and mightily effective—if always at the cost of diverting some attention to isolated speaker sources. Over-all, however, the balance tilts decisively on the side of quadraphony. The stereo edition of this program, discussed here last December, is less substantially satisfying as well as markedly less dynamically exciting.

And here is a consolation bone to toss to anti-q audiophiles who may resent the attention I've been giving these last two months to quadraphony in general and Q-8 tapes in particular. Most "surround" recordings not only lose much of their melodramatic specificity in stereo-only editions but also usually reveal other deficiencies when evaluated by normal engineering standards. On the other hand, the stereo editions of ambient-enhancement recordings not only lose less in frontal-only playback but seem (at least in my experience so far) to be just as satisfactory, technically, as recordings made exclusively in stereo. Which leaves the question moot whether or not one's personal conversion to the new medium truly warrants the effort and expense involved.

"No!" obstinately insists the conservative/purist veteran. "Yes!" screams the youngster eager for new sonic thrills. For myself, I have considerable empathy for both extremist groups. But while I know that change is as inevitable in sound recording and reproduction as it is in everything else, I'm glad that the quadriphonic movement is progressing relatively slowly. There is still incalculably much to learn about the ideal matching of audio techniques to different types of music, and in how to listen with maximum enjoyment and minimum awareness of the ever-more elaborate intermediaries between us and the music itself.

Best (Stereo) Sounding Bohème. Meanwhile, while we're waiting to find out what quadraphony may do for, and to, complete operas, another exceptionally well-sung, -played, and -recorded stereo example has come along. It is Puccini's La Bohème in a version starring Freni, Pavarotti, et al., with the Berlin Philharmonic under Karajan (London/Ampex D 490235, two Dolbyized 71/2-ips reels, $14.95, notes-and-texts booklet included; also D 31235, two Dolbyized cassettes, $14.95). In sharp contrast with Schippers' high-powered 1964 Angel version in which Freni first starred as Mimi, Karajan's reading is relatively slow and less exciting dramatically. But what gorgeous, luminously captured vocal and orchestral sound! And what immeasurably silent reel-tape surfaces!...
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