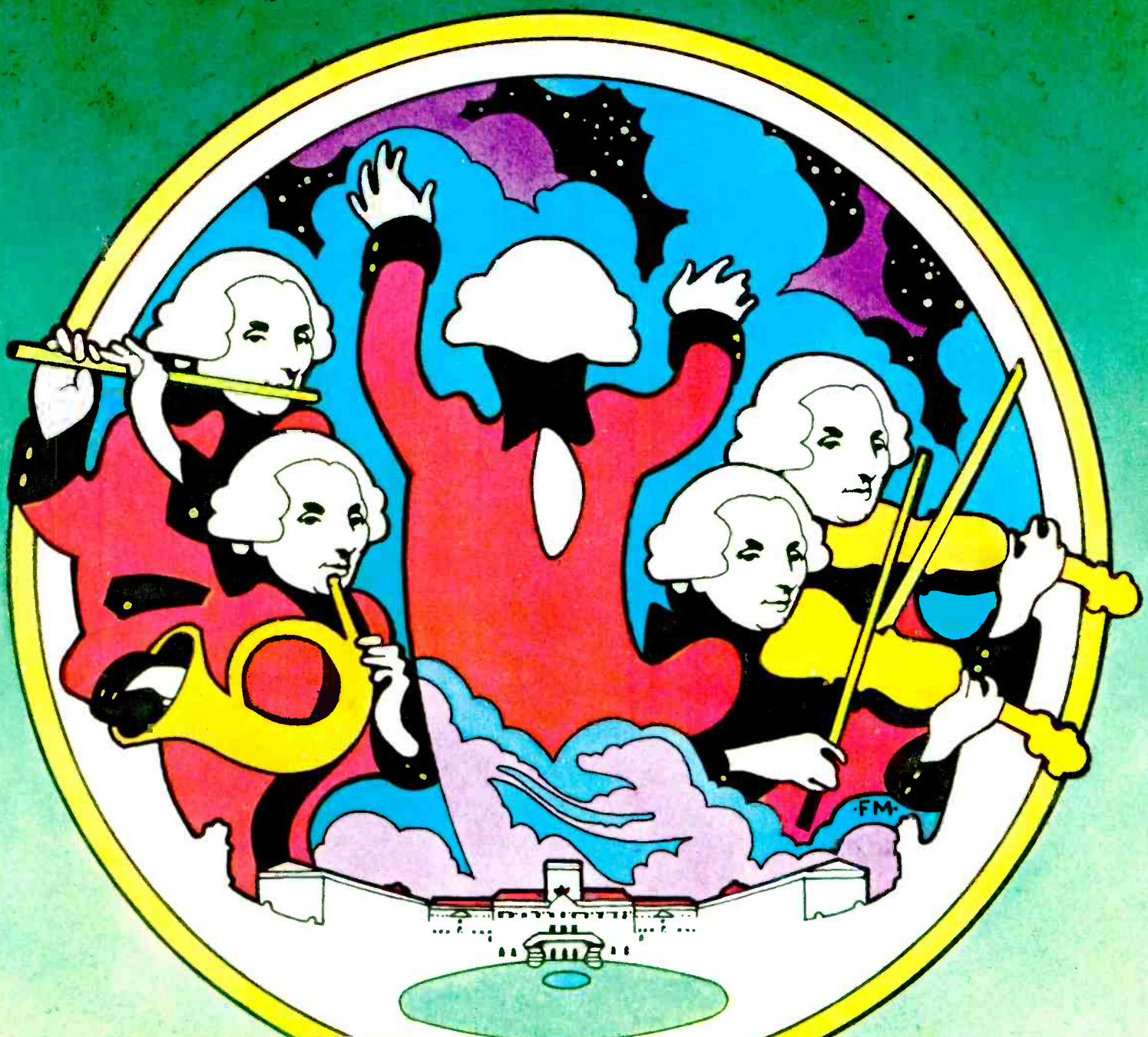
Stereo Review

SEPTEMBER 1974 • 75 CENTS

THE WORLD OF THE HAYDN SYMPHONY



t of each is up to us.

professional 10½-inch tape reels. Its unique combination of bias and equalization switching controls give 12 different settings to optimize the performance of any tape on the market.

The RT-1050's 3-motor transport system is activated electronically by full logic, solid state circuitry, triggered by feather touch pushbutton controls. Its transport is completely jam- and spill-proof, permitting you to switch from Fast Forward to Fast Rewind, bypassing the Stop button.

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Pioneer open-reel and cassette decks are built with the same outstanding quality, precision and performance of all Pioneer stereo components. That's why, whichever you choose, you know it's completely professional and indisputably the finest value ever in a studio-quality tape deck.

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Whether you use a cassette or open reel deck is up to you.

Giving you the bes

High fidelity is important to us at Pioneer. It's all we do and it's all we care about. We are excited that cassette tape decks have reached a level of performance that meet the highest standards. We are excited because we know that it means more enjoyment for you from your high fidelity system. We also know that you can now get more versatility and more value out of your high fidelity system than ever before.

The great advances in cassette technology have had impact on the reel-to-reel tape deck concept as well. We believe that the era of the small, inexpensive 7-inch reel tape deck is past. Neither its convenience nor its performance make it a good value compared to the new cassette technology. And it is now possible for Pioneer to offer you a professional studio-quality 10½-inch reel deck at prices that compare favorably with what you might expect from old fashioned 7-inch reel units. In our judgment the old ideas must move aside for the new ideas. And Pioneer has some very intelligent new ideas in tape for you.

The convenience of cassette. The performance of open-reel.

The stereo cassette deck has become a "must" in complete high fidelity systems. Because of its convenience, price and performance, it has virtually replaced the once popular 7-inch open-reel deck. As Julian D. Hirsch, prominent audio reviewer put it, "The best cassette machines compare favorably with a good open-reel recorder in listening quality." Pioneer proves it with four top-performing models.

Stacks compatibly with other components.

Our new CT-7171, with built-in Dolby, is a deck with a difference. It's designed with all controls up front so you can stack other components on or under it. Even the illuminated cassette compartment is front loading, for easy access and visibility.

Performance features stack up, too. Bias and equalization switches provide optimum recording and playback for every type of cassette tape made. You'll produce distortion-free recordings consistently with two oversized, illuminated VU meters plus an instant-acting peak level indicator light. And for those unpredictable program source peaks, there's a selectable Level Limiter circuit. It's similar to the type used in professional recording studios to prevent "clipping" distortion.

Finding a desired program point in a recorded cassette is simple with our new CT-7171. A memory rewind switch, working together with the 3-digit tape counter, plus an exclusive Skip button, lets you monitor audibly at accelerated speed to make precision cueing a breeze.

Automatic tape-end stop, dual concentric level controls, separate mic/line inputs, pause control, In addition to many other features, make the CT-7171 the recording studio that fits on a shelf.

Whether you choose the sophistication of the CT-7171 or Pioneer's CT-5151, CT-4141A or CT-3131A, which share many of its features, you're assured optimum performance and maximum value. One tradition that never changes at Pioneer.

Open-reel. A professional recording studio in your home.

Professionalism comes with all three studio-quality open-reel models. The RT-1020L (7½, 3¾ ips) is unequalled in 4-track units. With three motors and three heads, it has virtually every professional feature you'd want. Yet it's extremely simple to use. In addition to stereo record/playback, it also highlights 4-channel playback. The complete extent of its capabilities becomes apparent only after you've worked with it. Then you'll recognize the magnitude of Pioneer's accomplishment.

Our RT-1050 is a 2-track, 2-speed (15, 7½ ips) 3-head deck which, like all our open-reel models, can handle

12 Bias & Equalization settings optimize performance.

Pick The Open-Reel Deck Features You Need

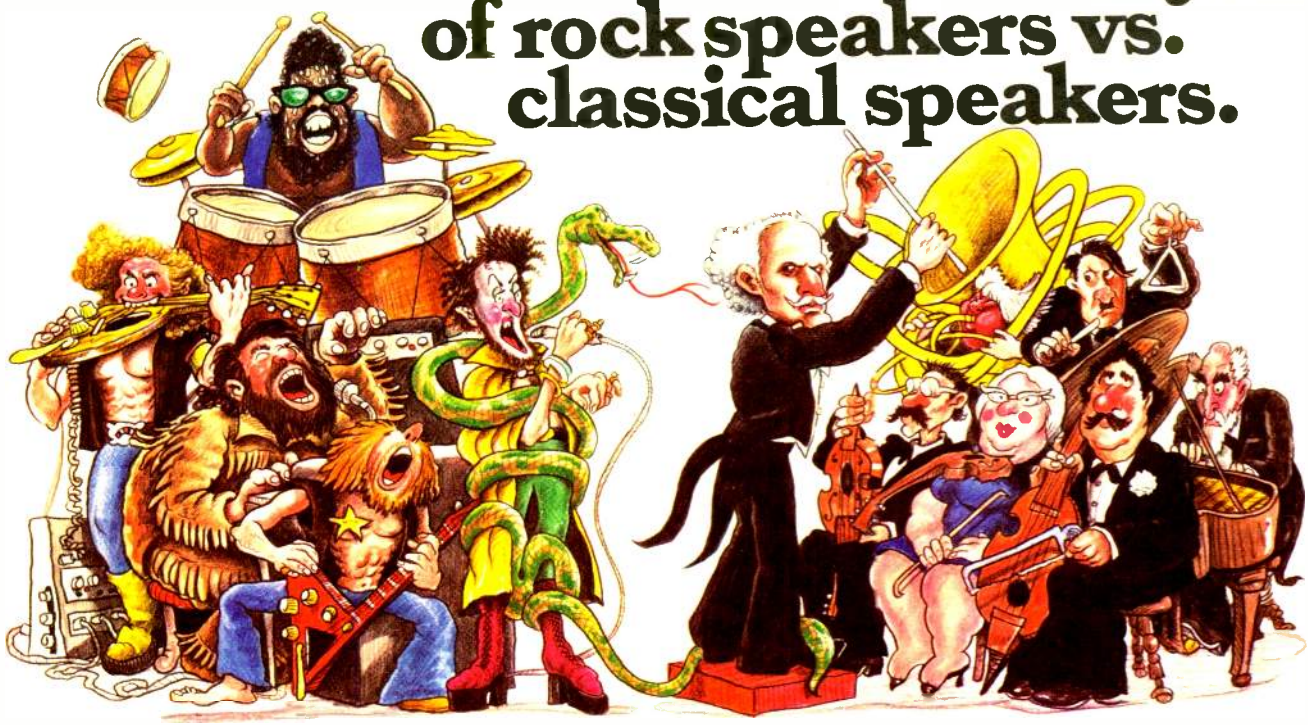
Model	RT-1050	RT-1020H	RT-1020L
Maximum Reel Size	10½"	10½"	10½"
Speeds	15 & 7½ ips	15 & 7½ ips	7½ & 3¾ ips
Number of Tracks	2 (4 optional)	4	4
Wow & Flutter (at high speed)	0.06%	0.06%	0.10%
Frequency Response (±3dB)	30Hz-22kHz	30Hz-22kHz	40Hz-20kHz
Tape Bias Selection	3 position	3 position	3 position
S/N Ratio	57dB	55dB	55dB
Equalizer Selection	4-Position	2-Position	2-Position
Mic/Line Mixing	yes	yes	yes
LED Peak Indicator	yes	no	no
Memory Recording	yes	yes	yes
VU Meter Scale Selection	yes	no	no
4-Channel Playback	no	yes	yes
Motors	3	3	3
Price	$699.95	$649.95	$649.95

Pick the Cassette Features You Need

Model	CT-7171	CT-5151	CT-4141A	CT-3131A*
Dolby Noise Reduction	yes	yes	yes	no
Tape Selection	Bias & Equal.	Bias & Equal.	Bias & Equal.	Equalization
Auto. Tape Stop	yes	yes	yes	yes
Memory Rewind	yes	yes	no	no
Pause Control	yes	yes	yes	yes
Freq. Response*	30-16,000 Hz	30-16,000 Hz	30-15,000 Hz	30-15,000 Hz (*Chrome Tape)
Peak Indicator	yes	yes	no	no
Level limiter	yes	yes	no	no
Skip cueing	yes	yes	yes	no
Signal/Noise (Dolby)	58 dB	58 dB	58 dB	—
S/N (Less Dolby)	48 dB	48 dB	48 dB	47 dB
Tape Heads	Ferrite	Ferrite	Permalloy	Permalloy
Motor Type	DC Servo	DC Servo	DC Servo	DC Servo
Wow & Flutter (WRMS)	0.10%	0.12%	0.13%	0.13%
Price	$369.95	$269.95	$239.95	$179.95

*not shown

The Rectilinear 5: end of the myth of rock speakers vs. classical speakers.



The new Rectilinear 5 is capable of playing very, very loud. Rock-festival loud. Even with a medium-powered amplifier.

At the same time, it's uncannily accurate. It sounds sweet, unstrained and just plain lifelike at all volume levels.

The temptation is great, therefore, to one-up that prestigious manufacturer who some time ago announced "The first *accurate* speaker for rock music."

But we refuse to perpetuate that mythology. It's perfectly obvious that the Rectilinear 5 reproduces classical music just as accurately as rock. We could never see how a voice coil or a magnet would know the difference between Jimi Hendrix and Gustav Mahler.

So we'd rather use this opportunity to set things straight once and for all.

Thus:

There's no such thing as a rock speaker *or* a classical speaker. Any more than there's a late-show TV set or a football-game TV set.

There are, however, speakers that impose a hard, sizzling treble and a huge bass on *any* music. And others that round off the edges and soften up the transient details of *any* music. That's the probable origin of the myth; but these aren't rock and classical speakers, respectively. They're *inaccurate* speakers.

Wrong: Freaky sound made even freakier by the speaker.

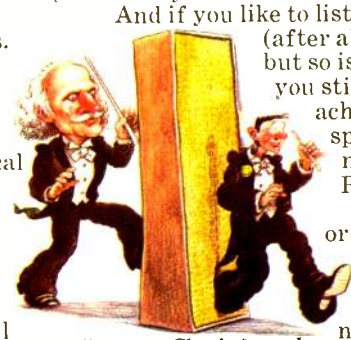
It's true that an aggressive treble and a heavy bass are characteristic of most rock music, even when heard live. It's also true that some record producers exaggerate these qualities, sometimes to a freakish degree, in their final mix of the recorded sound.

But that doesn't mean the speaker can be allowed to add its own exaggerations on top of the others.

A loudspeaker is a conduit. Its job is to convey musical or other audio information unaltered. If the producer wants to monkey around with the natural sound that originally entered the microphones, that's his creative privilege. He'll be judged by the musical end results. But if the speaker becomes creative, that's bad design.

By the same token, if some classical record producers prefer a warm, pillowy, edgeless string sound, that doesn't mean your speakers should impart those same qualities to cymbals, triangles or high trumpets. (Stravinsky's transients can be as hard as rock.)

And if you like to listen at very high volume levels (after all, that's what rock is about—but so is *Die Götterdämmerung*), you still don't need a speaker that achieves high efficiency through spurious resonances. What you need is something like the Rectilinear 5.



Equally wrong: Classical sound made vague and spineless by the speaker.

Everything in this remarkably original design was conceived to end the trade-off between efficiency and accuracy. The four drivers are made to an entirely new set of specifications. The filter network that feeds the drivers is totally unlike the traditional crossover network. Even the cabinet material is new and different.

Of course, those who feel threatened by all this fuss about accuracy and naturalness will point out that the monitor speakers preferred by engineers and producers in recording studios are usually of the zippy, super-aggressive variety.

That's perfectly true, but the reason happens to be strictly nonmusical.

"I use the XYZ speaker only as a tool," a top producer explained to us. "I wouldn't have it in my house. It really blasts at you when you crank up the volume, so that any little glitch on the tape hits you over the head. After eight hours in the studio, that's what it takes to get your attention. I know how to deal with those unpleasant highs; they're in the speaker, not on my tape."

It's easy enough to find out for yourself. Any reputable dealer will let you hear the Rectilinear 5 side by side with a "rock" or "monitor-type" speaker. Adjust each speaker by ear to the *same* high volume level, making sure the amplifiers are of good quality. Then listen. To rock *or* classical.

Then and there, the myth will crumble.

Rectilinear 5 Contemporary Laboratory Series bookshelf floor speaker system, $299.00. Delta Dispersion Base (patent pending) optional.

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FORMERLY HI FI/STEREO REVIEW

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THE MUSIC

THE EQUIPMENT

THE REVIEWS

THE REGULARS

COVER: Tempera by Frederic Marvin

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

By WILLIAM ANDERSON

THE INVISIBLE MUSIC

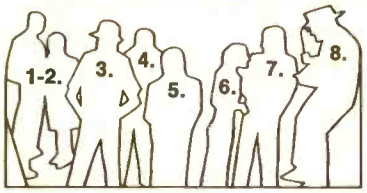
I FORGET who it was once said that few Americans would know how to open a door for a lady or order a meal in a restaurant were it not for lessons unwittingly learned at the movies. The power the medium still exerts over several generations of our citizenry is evident in other ways too: a perfect flood of mail crested over this desk recently, for example, as indignant partisans of Erich Wolfgang Korngold rose to defend their hero against Paul Kresh's impudent suggestion (July issue) that his Symphony in F-sharp Minor belonged not in the concert hall but in the movie palace. Enthusiasts of movie music (and of its composers) are, one learns, tireless proselytizers and indefatigable letter writers, touchy and impossible to please. A querulous San Francisco reader recently took us to task for failing to review the scores for *Papillon*, *Day of the Dolphin*, *Cinderella Liberty*, *The Way We Were*, and *Three Musketeers*; he might have been even more exercised had we permitted them to be reviewed, perhaps negatively, by "Honest Paul" Kresh or some other spoilsport.

The fact is that we do not have room to review *everything*, and pragmatism generally dictates that we concentrate our efforts in those areas of the catalog where we can be of the most help to readers. The movie soundtrack is not among those areas; our experience teaches that its votaries are largely the already persuaded, well beyond appreciating even sympathetic critical surgery. The physiological/psychological/aesthetic concept of *synaesthesia* is, I think, involved: it refers to a sensation produced in one part of the body by a stimulus applied at another part—"seeing" music as color, for example, as Scriabin was wont to do. In the case of movie music, cinaesthetes (the pun is inevitable) tend to attribute to the music effects that are really owing to the movie itself. The soundtrack is a most potent souvenir; the music, actually only a part of the experience, becomes the whole of it.

From the practical point of view, the average movie score (I do not include movie musicals, those with music interpolated from other sources *à la Elvira Madigan* or *Slaughterhouse-Five*, and certain independently scored documentaries) is not music at all but a series of sound effects using musical means. Pure music has its own demands, its own imperatives; a soundtrack must be the utter, abject slave of the script. It cannot go charging off on a tangential initiative, it may not satisfy the demands of any interior logic (indeed, if it has any it is out of place), but must tend strictly to business: punctuating, describing, underlining, ornamenting, explaining, commenting on—even, perhaps, "selling" the action. Since it is so completely controlled by externals, it is, in effect, merely a form (however necessary, however expert) of packaging, its size, shape, and materials determined absolutely by the movie's dramatic content. Its lineage is therefore not that of the lyric theater—musicals, operetta, opera, or even popular song—where the music itself is the thing, but the subservient, capacious sonic grab-bag of the silent-movie pianist. (A glimpse of just what that repository might contain can be gained from the Arno Press edition of Erno Rapée's *Encyclopedia of Music for Pictures*—from Abyssinian and Aeroplane, Grecian and Gruesome, to Zanzibar and Zoo.)

Nothing in this characterization is intended to belittle movie music, but only to suggest that it is music of a very special kind, that it should not be judged independently of the picture for which it was designed any more than an opera libretto should —horrors!—be judged independently of its music. Unfortunately, I cannot remember ever having read a movie critic's comment on *any* movie score. Is it that movie critics are, like our intellectuals, indifferent to music, or is it that the music does its work so beautifully that they don't even notice it? Knowing the enormous amount of skill, the impressive ingenuity, and the plain hard work that go into putting one of these scores together, I incline toward the latter. But what a splendid, Technicolored, Cinemascopic irony it is: the better you do your job, the less it will be appreciated.

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

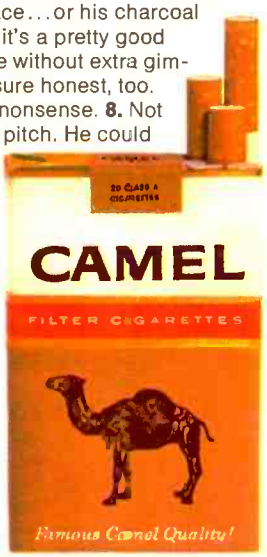


9.

Night at the Carnival. And almost everybody has a gimmick. Pick the one who doesn't. **1-2.** No and no. It's the former tattooed man and his wife, "The Rubber Woman." Gimmick: They've embraced so much, she's erased him. **3.** Nope. He's Moe M. Downe. Gimmick: Pitching show-off. His curve never breaks . . . only his extra-long cigarette. Not too bright. Thinks a manila folder is the Filipino contortionist. **4.** Nope. He's Jack Knife. Gimmick: Dives 185 feet into a full-color photograph of Lake Erie. **5.** No, he's Hugh Mann Kanonbawl, recently fired. (They wanted a man of higher caliber.) Either still has black powder on his face . . . or his charcoal filter cigarette is attacking his nose. **6.** No, but it's a pretty good ms. **7.** Right. He thinks there's enough fun here without extra gimmicks and fancy frills. Likes his smoking pleasure honest, too. Camel Filters. Great tobacco taste without the nonsense. **8.** Not Noah Refund, the barker. Gimmick: Fast sales pitch. He could talk the Wolf Man into wearing a flea collar. **9.** "The Bird Man" (not shown). He's away nesting.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody

(but they could be for you).



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Korngold Case

● I hugely enjoyed Paul Kresh's outline for a "Korngold-Mahler-Alma" movie ("The Erich Wolfgang Korngold Story," July) with music already written. Maybe this ought to be filmed by Ken Russell.

Mr. Kresh, by the way, cited the acknowledged self-quotation of no fewer than four of Korngold's own movie themes, from as many different films, in his violin concerto. I noticed a prior movie theme occurring in Korngold's symphony as well. The second subject of the finale is the extended theme of the grandmother from *King's Row*, considerably speeded up, but note for note.

My own favorite Korngold film score by far, probably because I admired the film so much, is *Juarez*. Those who know the movie will recall that, in addition to the customary Viennese sweetness (the inevitable love theme), there is a surprising harmonic pungency in the score—a quite different and powerful atmosphere connected with the harsh side of the revolution and the mystery of Mexican-Mayan-Aztec culture as seen through the alert but foreign mind of Maximilian. This aspect of the *Juarez* score has not even been sampled on records.

JACK DIETHER
New York, N.Y.

● Paul Kresh, in his elaborate put-down of Erich W. Korngold (July), falls victim to his own rhetoric and reveals much more about himself than the composer. Such lofty disdain deserves a bit more than flights of fancy and borrowed quotes. (The play on the composer's name was only moderately amusing when it was originated years ago by another wit.) Granted that Korngold's serious music suffered after his bout with Hollywood. Nonetheless, the composer of *Die Tote Stadt* and *Violanta* does not merit such scorn.

CHARLES MAROOTIAN
Paterson, N.J.

● Paul Kresh's screenplay for a symphony ("The Erich Wolfgang Korngold Story," July), is indeed a worthy script for a Hollywood biographical film—at least, in its cavalier treatment of the historical facts. That wonderful scene when the composer, at age eleven, meets the Emperor Franz Josef and the Empress Elisabeth would have to be placed in the year 1908. The Empress Elisabeth (yes, I know she was not named in the article, but he had only one wife) was assassinated in Geneva by an anarchist in 1898.

This is a trivial matter. But far sharper than an anarchist's stiletto is his casting choice—Maria Ouspenskaya?! Has Mr. Kresh never seen a portrait of the Empress? She was worshiped for her beauty all over Europe, even into her last decade.

JOSEPH A. GISLER
New York, N.Y.

● Paul Kresh's article about Erich Wolfgang Korngold (July) could be considered in very bad taste, vulgar, offensive, and disgusting to the many Korngold fans. Mr. Kresh is apparently an American. I am quite proud of my inherited Teutonic charm, and I also prefer Viennese grace to stupid words by an ignorant music critic!

WILLIAM GUNTHER
Music Director,
Bronx Philharmonic Orchestra
Bronx, N.Y.

● To me the most offensive thing about Paul Kresh's latest lunge at Erich Korngold is its predictability. Anyone who has read STEREO REVIEW over the years and noted Kresh's sneering attitude toward this composer could predict the tone of his reviews of the Korngold symphony and violin concerto in the July issue.

TONY THOMAS
Burbank, Calif.

● Paul Kresh seems to be carrying on some sort of opaque love-hate affair with the music of Max Steiner and Erich Korngold, as exemplified by these remarks at the end of his review of "Music from the Films of Bette Davis" (April): "What a legacy they have left us! Musical geniuses they may not have been, but there's no doubt they knew their business."

Kresh then turns to Korngold's "serious" music (July) and further reveals his limited musical intelligence. My guess is that Kresh was so busy constructing that dumb "screenplay" of his that he neglected to devote any time to the two recordings he was supposed to review. Yes, Korngold's idiom is in the Mahler-Strauss tradition, but it doesn't make him any less of a composer in his own right, and he often enhances the style with unpredictable harmonic rhythmic and instrumental touches that are quite unique, particularly in the Symphony in F-sharp Major.

Kresh might have noted that the main theme of the first movement is a great deal more astringent than any we might have expected, or that the same movement's gentle second subject in the flute undergoes an ingenious transformation in the vibrant finale (which contains two references to a melody from *King's Row*). He might have described the stirring contrasting theme for horns in the exhilarating scherzo, or told us about the concentrated inventiveness of the solemn adagio, which is largely based upon one brief motif, stated in its entirety only at the very end. (It's from *Elizabeth and Essex*.)

JOHN S. MANKIN
Washington, D.C.

● Enjoyed "The Erich Wolfgang Korngold Story" in your recent issue (July). I for one am inclined to think that the light, satiric touch does not tarnish the love object . . . and Music, I'm sure, is the latter for many of us.

BASIL VAERLEN
Camp Meeker, Calif.

● Not necessarily surprised—I've read his reviews before!—I was, at least, appalled by Paul Kresh's unprofessional review in your July issue of the two new Korngold releases—the Violin Concerto, Op. 35, and the Symphony in F-Sharp. Many questions came to my mind after wading through this bloated, cute review; one question, that of how Mr. Kresh became a contributor to STEREO REVIEW, is obviously not mine to answer, since he has been accepted—and on some subtle criterion lost in many of his less than subtle reviews.

He mentioned the movie themes Korngold reused in the violin concerto, but he missed the opportunity to point out the themes in the symphony which came from *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*, *Captain Blood*, *Anthony Adverse*, and *King's Row*. Apparently, he doesn't know film scores as well as he thinks! Instead of information about the music (which I feel is an obligation in a premiere recording such as this), Mr. Kresh levels at us a childish, silly, out-of-place scenario for the symphony. Why did Mr. Kresh write so much at length (a full page!) about music he regarded as repulsive and of so little interest? After the commendable retaliation by readers against Mr. Kresh's review of the "Sea Hawk" album, I was hoping that RCA's current Classic Film Score series and Korngold records in particular would be kept at a safe distance from that critic. Since few critics are competent in *all* areas of music and since Mr. Kresh apparently detests Korngold, why not assign these records to a less biased and more qualified person? And evidence indicates that Mr. Kresh isn't qualified. A theme from *Juarez* was used in the violin concerto, not from *Elizabeth and Essex*, as he indicates.

JAMES D. MAFFETT
LAKELAND, FLA.

Mr. Kresh replies: Mr. Korngold must be resting gratified that he has so many stout defenders, though he might perhaps prefer a little better defense than ad hominem *attacks on a critic. I would say to Mr. Marootian that one does not excuse any composer's bad works by pointing out that he may have written some good ones, and that I was not reviewing* Die Tote Stadt. *And I am impressed*

(Continued on page 10)

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CIRCLE NO. 45 ON READER SERVICE CARD

The first speaker under $110 of a live rock concert without

The new Fisher ST-445.

You know how it feels. When you're sitting up front at a live rock concert and Led Zep, the Who, or the Stones are pumping out a couple of kilowatts through a monster sound system a few feet away.

Sound so loud you can feel it in your gut. Inhale it. Almost taste it. Sound so strong that you absorb it and it absorbs you.

That's power.

That's the kind of sound you'd like to have at home. But until now any speaker that could do it was either six feet tall or weighed 400 lbs. or cost $300 or more.

No more.

There's a new speaker. The Fisher ST-445. It can sit on any bookshelf. Without ripping the shelf off the wall. It can handle sound peaks of 90 watts and put out sound pressure levels of over 100 dB. And it has incredibly low distortion to boot.

That's pure power.

How'd we do it and how come no one else did? Maybe we're just smarter. Maybe because we're the largest manufacturer of high fidelity speakers in the world, we know more than anybody else.

We go low and loud.

We know how to take a good 10-inch acoustic suspension woofer that puts out a lot of bass from a small space and make it even better. We suspend the speaker cone with soft butyl rubber. So it can move *really* far to pump out the notes. For lots of volume and distinct transient response.

And we use a special magnet and voice coil assembly that hangs in there no matter how far the cone moves. It never gets lost or loses control. It never sounds dull or muddy.

that can reproduce the volume distorting or falling apart.

In the middle.

Instead of a conventional midrange driver, the ST-445 uses an unusual unit mounted in a heavily damped sealed chamber to isolate it from any interference from the rear of the woofer. The diaphragm is light in weight and the magnet unusually heavy for extremely precise transient response. This driver gives you very broad dispersion, sending out sound waves to every corner of your room, and has smooth frequency response and can handle lots of power with low distortion.

Up high.

The ST-445 uses a Mylar dome tweeter. It has an effective piston diameter of only 1" to give you frequency response up as far as 20,000 Hz, both directly in front of the speaker and, most important, at wide angles to each side up and above.

Sorting the sounds.

Many multiple-driver speaker systems use electronic crossover networks to direct the various musical frequencies to the drivers designed to reproduce them. Our crossover network does all that, and does it very smoothly; and uses oversize capacitors and coils to easily handle the high power levels you will want to feed into it. A three-position level control lets you tailor the high frequency balance to match your room and your ears.

We have others.

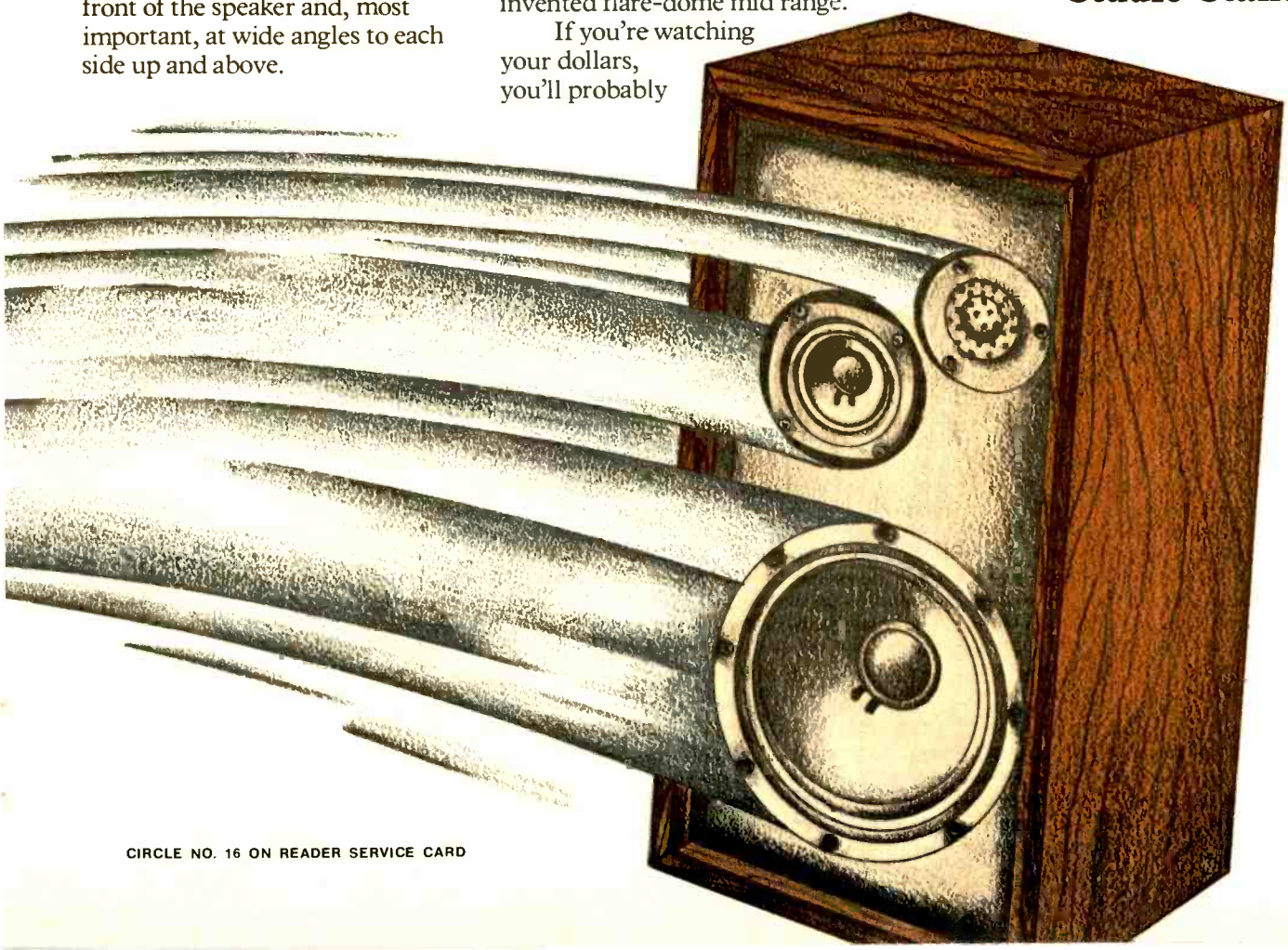
We think the ST-445 is a lot of speaker for under $110. But if you want even more speaker for even more sound, be sure to listen to the ST-465, at less than $200. It's similar to the 445 but has a larger woofer and a Fisher-invented flare-dome mid range.

If you're watching your dollars, you'll probably

find that our ST-425 2-way system has unusually good sound for less than $90.

For more information, write: Fisher Radio, Dept. SR-9, 11-40 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Fisher
Studio-Standard



CIRCLE NO. 16 ON READER SERVICE CARD

by Mr. Thomas' prescience in knowing what my opinion of the Korngold works would be before he read the review; I confess that I didn't know what it would be before I listened to them. For the rest, I acknowledge failure in trying to make my point over-subtly with a scenario/scherzo—the point being that just as Korngold, in writing a symphony and a violin concerto for the concert hall, could not divorce himself from the ingrained habits of writing for the screen, so the critic cannot help but be reminded repeatedly by the music that we really have not left the soundstage at all with these works. Korngold's (mostly) rather humorless fan club has, ironically, done the same thing rather better, defending his symphony by pointing out the many themes in it that were drawn directly from his movie scores. That these themes have not been my constant study I also acknowledge; I consider the proper place to hear them is at the movie house and not on the turntable, and their age makes that a little difficult even in these nostalgic-revival days. Finally, I think that the Korngold Case offers us something of an aesthetic lesson: the penalty exacted for shackling one's muse to an enterprise that is more commerce than art. One is reminded of all those frustrated Madison Avenue copywriters who take a year off from time to time to write the Great American Novel or the Great American Verse Play, only to turn out a story about an outbreak of executive backstabbing in an ad agency or a clutch of poems that read like deodorant commercials. If, at some future date, I have the nerve to write a book of poems or short stories, I hope I'm lucky enough to deserve a critic who will point out how much they read like record reviews—if, indeed, they do.

Ives Festival

● The Charles Ives Centennial Festival-Conference, co-sponsored by the Institute for Studies in American Music at Brooklyn College (City University of New York) and the Yale University School of Music, will be held this October 17-21 in New York City and New Haven, Connecticut. The Festival-Conference will include individual papers, group discussions, live-music demonstrations, and concerts. For further details, write to I.S.A.M., Brooklyn College, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210, or to 3283 Morse College, Yale University, New Haven, Conn. 06520.

H. WILEY HITCHCOCK
Institute for Studies in American Music
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Including Miles Davis

● I'm surprised Martin Bookspan's piece on the *Concierto de Aranjuez* ("The Basic Repertoire," May) didn't pay at least passing attention to Gil Evans' arrangement for Miles Davis; I've heard the *Concierto* in quite a few performances (including, last week, in transcription for the oud), but this one is still among my favorites.

IVAN BERGER
New York, N.Y.

Stereo

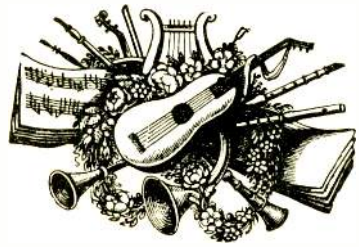
● I was amused at Elliot Gorlin's concern ("Letters," July) as to what you are going to call your fine publication when the world goes quad. I believe that the title STEREO REVIEW is appropriate no matter how the world goes.

Webster's *New World Dictionary* defines "stereo" as meaning solid, firm, three-dimensional, and "stereophonic" as sound reproduction using two or more channels to reproduce the sounds from the directions in which they were originally picked up by corresponding microphones. I don't believe that two-channel reproduction is really stereo, as it is not three-dimensional, whereas quadraphonic is more so. So that it would seem that your title will remain appropriate.

However, I am not a quadraphonic buff. I won't be interested until the world goes octaphonic. After all, there *are* eight corners in a room!

JOHN M. KAAR
Menlo Park, Calif.

Dictionary or no, "stereo" in popular usage means "two," perhaps because it was for so long opposed to "mono," and it would appear to be too late to rescue its original Greek meaning.



Jim Croce

● Noel Coppage's appreciation of Jim Croce (July) will be appreciated by all followers of this gifted artist. My first contact with his music occurred while I was driving late at night. A local radio station aired *Operator*, and it gave me a sense of exhilaration that I continue to have whenever I listen to his music. Mr. Coppage has captured this feeling perfectly.

STEVEN GAINEY
New Carrollton, Md.

Fair Test

● It is always reassuring to read an article in which the writer acknowledges the shortcomings of his available data. I refer specifically to Julian Hirsch's May "Technical Talk" column, in which he says, "The fact that none of us can make low-bass measurements in a certain way, or in a given room, and then predict the performance in a different (and unknown) listening environment is a serious problem to H-H Labs. . . ." This particular aspect of loudspeaker testing has plagued all serious professionals and is of great concern to me. Acoustical measurements are not the same kind of absolute measurement that one makes when measuring an amplifier, for it is extremely difficult to make acoustical measurements that are totally free of the effects of the immediate environment. Mr. Hirsch gives the serious listener a look into the real problems in evaluating a loudspeaker system.

JOHN J. BUBBERS
Vice President, Engineering
Acoustic Research, Inc.
Norwood, Mass.

First-class Travel

● Paul Kresh's article on traveling with music (July) was very interesting. I have overcome the problem by using an inexpensive cassette player with my Tandberg TP-41 radio. The Tandberg is set up so that you can play a cassette recording through the superior 5 x 9-inch Tandberg speaker with the proper connecting plugs. This combination gives solidly good, though not outstanding, sound. As an added convenience, both units may be operated on batteries. Used alone, the Tandberg radio provides very good sound and outstanding FM reception. Note to manufacturers of audio equipment: many people like to travel with music and are willing to pay for *first-class* portable equipment.

ALLAN MAYLIS
Encino, Calif.

Edited Music

● I have been buying classical recordings for a number of years now, and have finally come to the conclusion that most of the major record companies should be taken to court for false advertising. The most recent example of what I'm talking about occurred when I finally got around to buying a copy of Handel's *Julius Caesar*. For a number of reasons I decided to purchase RCA LSC-6182, which is clearly labeled "Handel, Julius Caesar." After laying down the cash and getting it home, I discovered it was not Handel's opera, but Handel-Rudel's—cut, rearranged, and reorchestrated, with music from another source added and voice parts redistributed at will. All of this is explained *inside*, in the accompanying booklet, but nowhere indicated on the cover. I protest having spent my money for something I did not receive. No one would tolerate buying a novel or book of poems only to find it had been reworded, revised, and slashed by some minor editor. Or buying a painting by a major master only to discover it had been repainted by a minor contemporary without the dealer's having alerted the purchaser to the fact. Why is this tolerated in the recording industry, and what can I do to get my money back?

PATRICK T. BROOME
New York, N.Y.

The Music Editor replies: There are many dealers who will sell you a painting without telling you that it has been restored by another hand, and many museums that will show you one without telling you that either. So far as books go, one has only to remember the dismal publishing history of the poetry of Emily Dickinson to know that there will always be people who, for whatever well- or ill-intentioned reasons, will choose to insinuate themselves between the creator and the audience. Handel's Julius Caesar *poses some particular problems for performance today, problems that do not usually come up in the publishing of a book or the exhibition of a painting. Rudel's version of the opera was done for live performance and received considerable critical attention at the time it was presented. The recording is, essentially, a permanent document of that performing version, and it is hardly to be expected that he would go back and do things entirely differently just for a recording, particularly when the stage presentation achieved considerable success. In listening to* Julius Caesar, *and in listening to a great deal of Handel and his contemporaries, you are invariably listening to* somebody's *edited version, for what audiences of Handel's time heard is simply not all there in the score and things must be added and interpreted. The degree to which this is done and the degree of success achieved are, of course, open to discussion. But one cannot just dismiss such performances out of hand as being*

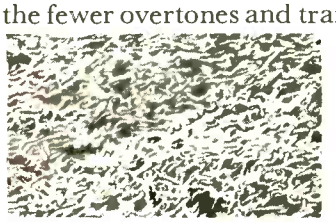
(Continued on page 12)

How to make the sound system you bought sound like the sound system you bought.

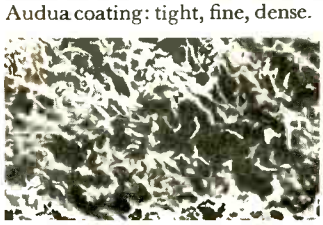
INTRODUCING NEW TDK AUDUA OPEN-REEL TAPE.

No matter how much time, effort, or money you put into your sound system, chances are it's not giving you peak performance—the level it was designed for.

Much of that gap in performance can be attributed to the inconsistencies you find in most low-noise, high-output tapes. The shape of the magnetic particles, the density and uniformity of the coating, all contribute to that total performance. And the more inconsistencies, the fewer overtones and transient phenomena you hear.



Audua coating: tight, fine, dense.



Other premium tape coatings: random, sparse.

Audua's different from anything you've ever heard before. In fact, you'll probably find that it's capable of delivering the finest sound of any open-reel tape you can buy, anywhere. Even better than our own highly rated SD. That's why SD's been discontinued.

Audua was designed to provide higher output and lower noise levels. That's because TDK designed a unique process of uniformly applying Audua's ultra-fine particles. Particles that are only 0.4 microns long and with a length-to-width ratio of 10:1. In addition, that process gives Audua a significantly better high-end frequency response.

Here's why: take a good look at the two micro-photos. Audua is denser and more uniform. It can capture more delicate harmonic overtones and transient phenomena than that other premium tape.

So try Audua. It could make your sound system perform like the sound system you paid for. Or maybe even better.

TDK®

TDK ELECTRONICS CORP.
755 Eastgate Boulevard, Garden City, New York 11530

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*falsifications. Perhaps you should have read George Jellinek's review of the album (*STEREO REVIEW, *February 1968) before you bought it.*

Nationalizing the Met

● It seems to me that James Goodfriend, in his article on supporting opera (June), misses one essential point. There is no reason for the Met to remain in its present form, supplying opera only to music lovers who are (1) residents of the New York City area and (2) rich enough, if they want decent seats, to afford subscriptions. Such an elite may comprise not 5 per cent, but maybe 1/100 of 1 per cent of the population of the United States, and an institution catering to them simply isn't a public facility.

Making radio and TV broadcasts available isn't good enough. Many areas already have stations broadcasting perfectly good operatic recordings. And, if I go to the opera, I want the real thing, not a 19-inch, two-dimensional screen, in atrocious mono, in my living room.

Nor is the analogy between support by government and support by industry very valid. Every American uses oil, and railroads, in one way or another. And certainly the "benefits" (such as they were) of your country's Viet Nam involvement were given to every one of your citizens, like it or not.

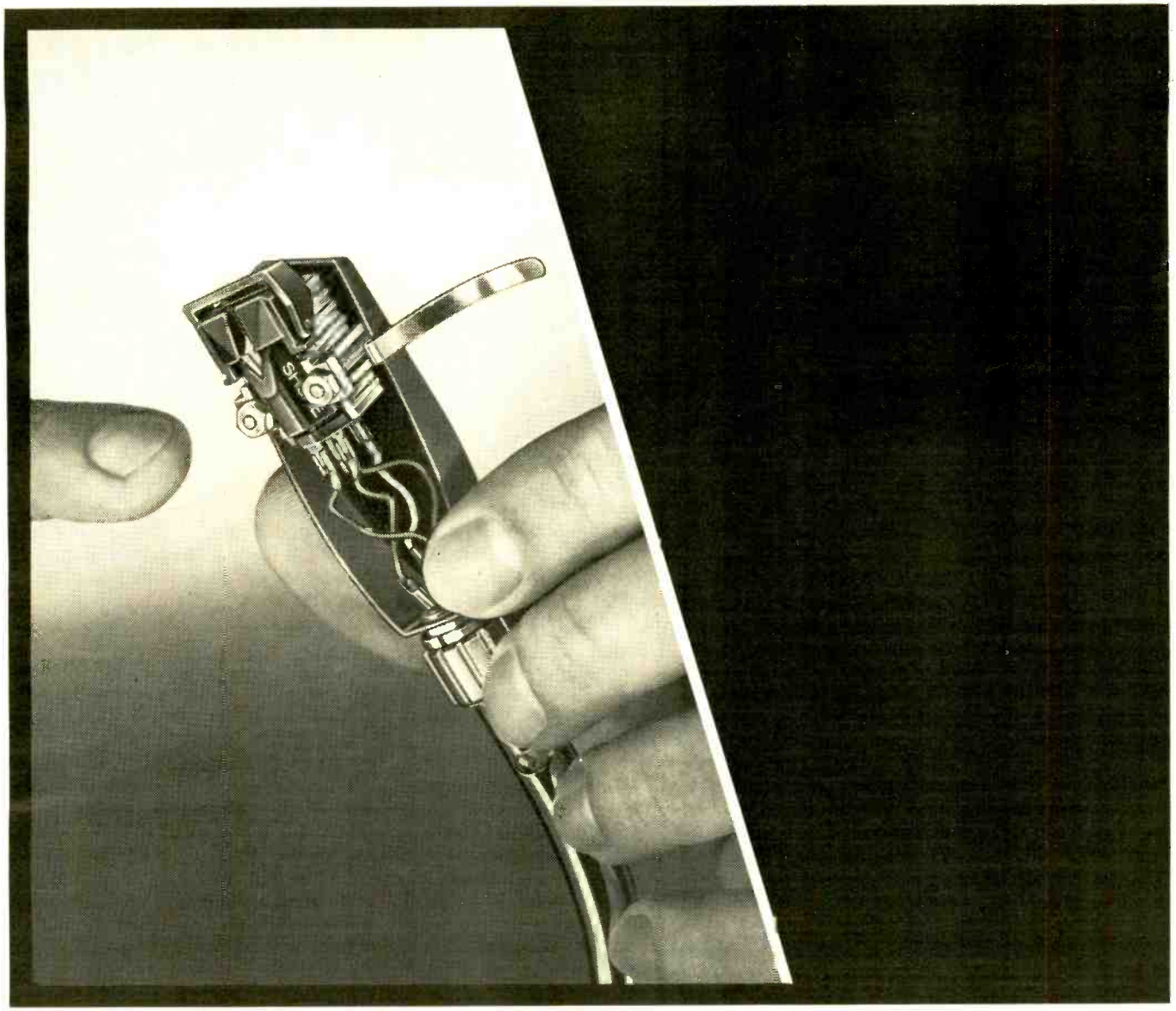
If the Met should receive government support, it should be prepared to become a national institution, giving *seasons* (not just road-show stop-offs) throughout the country. Of course, it can't hop from town to town like a ball club. But how about a year in Washington, the next year in Atlanta, then St. Louis, and so on? Also, at least half the seats for any performance, including half the choice ones, should be available on a single-ticket basis.

New York City is not the United States, and art is the heritage of all, not the privilege of the wealthy. Were the Met willing to adopt these principles, it would be well worth general support.

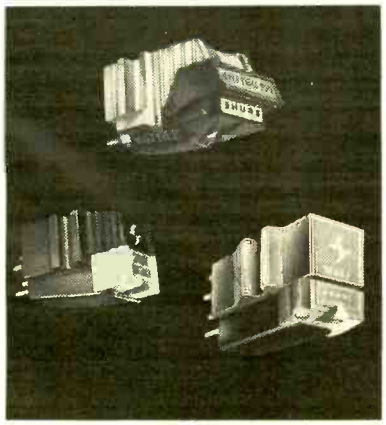
TOM KOSKININ
Toronto, Ontario

Mr. Goodfriend replies: The cultural and natural resources of the United States belong, ultimately, to all of us. Nevertheless, certain practical considerations make many of them unequally available. Yellowstone National Park is firmly established in a particular tri-state area, and those of us who wish to see it must go there for the purpose rather than waiting for it to come to us. There is a certain expense involved in traveling to Yellowstone, and not all of us can afford it, yet there is no question that it is a national *heritage, and it is officially designated as a* national *park. The extension from natural resources to man-made ones is an easy one. The Smithsonian Institution is in Washington, D. C., and there it stays, together with the National Gallery and the Library of Congress, despite all my longing for them to be around the corner from my home. The Huntington Museum is in California and there* it *stays. The Metropolitan Opera is in New York, and, though it is tied to New York for reasons as strong as those that hold the Huntington and the Smithsonian to their locations, and almost as strong as those that hold Yellowstone to its, it does at least send out a part of itself to the rest of the country in the form of a touring company and offer a partial view of itself through the Texaco-sponsored radio broadcasts. There is no question but that it is a* national *heritage. My suggestions had to do with making it even more available through television without tearing it up by the roots—in which case it would perish.*

But even though there are certain limitations to our seeing and hearing the Met, particularly in the flesh and with the best casts, many benefits of its existence accrue to all of us. Its radio popularity has created a cultural climate that supports the marketing of operatic records in this country, recordings made by Met artists and by others. Foreign singers appearing at the Met find such invitations sufficient reason for scheduling recital appearances both in New York and elsewhere. And though Mr. and Mrs. John Doe may have little or no interest in the Met or in opera in general, their offspring may feel otherwise. Genetic lightning strikes unpredictably, and even the great singers and conductors of the future, not to mention just the appreciators, may find their tinder first ignited by a Met broadcast, or even just by the knowledge that the Met exists and is an honored institution in this country. It was not that long ago that native-born musical talent found it necessary to go to Europe to learn the necessary skills of music. What we got out of that was mostly a lot of second-rate, imitative European music, a narrow view of both repertoire and interpretation. It would be a pity for that to happen again merely because we felt that opera (and, by extension, the other musical arts) was the plaything of a wealthy minority and not deserving of public support as a national institution.



The heart of hi-fi.



Beauty is truth, truth beauty. The fact is that all too few music lovers realize that while certain high fidelity components can be less than best, there is one component that cannot endure a sacrifice in quality: the cartridge. Because the hi-fi cartridge functions as the *source of sound* (the point at which the recording is linked with the balance of the hi-fi system), its role is absolutely critical. Just as the camera can be no better than its lens, the finest hi-fi system in the world cannot compensate for an inferior cartridge. Suggestion: For a startling insight into the role of the cartridge in the overall hi-fi system, and a breathtaking re-creation of your favorite recording, see your nearby Shure cartridge dealer. He'll introduce you to the Shure cartridge that is correct for your system and your checkbook. Or, next best, send for our brochure:

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NEW PRODUCTS

THE LATEST IN HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

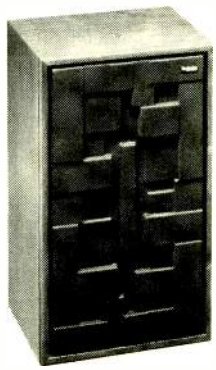
Scintrex SX-4 "Experiential" Stereo Headphones

● THE SX-4 headphones from Scintrex, although essentially a stereo design, contain two drivers per earcup and a special matrix that can be switched in to provide a four-channel effect. The action of the matrix, achieved through electrical and acoustical networks, is described as complex, involving a blend or "mix" of information from different channels in various phase, frequency, and amplitude relationships. The object is to create a sense of acoustical space around the listener without disturbing the localization effects inherent in the stereo recording. The front drivers in each earcup produce the normal stereo program, while the rear drivers are fed a smaller amount of the program plus the output of the matrix. Scintrex terms the result "Experiential Sound." When the matrix is switched out, all four drivers in the headphones revert to stereo operation.

The SX-4 employs Mylar-dome drivers with diaphragm diameters of 1.2 inches. The earcups have liquid-filled circumaural cushions that provide 40 dB of isolation from outside noise. The padded headband, attached to the earcups through pivoting yokes, telescopes for fit adjustment. Frequency response is 20 to 15,000 Hz ±4 dB, and power-handling capability is 43 milliwatts. The phones have a maximum acoustical output of 110 dB, at which level harmonic distortion (at 1,000 Hz) is 0.8 per cent in stereo operation, 0.6 per cent in the Experiential mode. The phones can be driven from headphone jacks of any impedance from 4 to 600 ohms, and provide a sound-pressure level of 95 dB for a 2-milliwatt input. Weight is 19 ounces. An integral 14-foot coiled cable is supplied, terminating in a standard stereo phone plug. Price of the SX-4: $49.95. A true four-channel headset, the XQ-4, that will accept four inputs is also available for $79.95.

Circle 115 on reader service card

Technics Speaker Systems



● A NEW line of speaker systems offered by Technics encompasses four models ranging from two-way to four-way designs, all employing various combinations of cone drivers in sealed enclosures. The two smaller systems, the Models T-200 and T-300 (shown), have 10-inch woofers, with a 1,800-Hz crossover to a 1¾-inch cone tweeter in the T-200. The T-300 has a 3-inch mid-range driver that covers the frequencies from 1,500 to 7,500 Hz, and a 2-inch tweeter operating above that. The two larger models, designated T-400 and T-500, are four-way systems, both using paired 2-inch tweeters for frequencies above about 7,500 Hz. The tweeters are angled slightly outward and upward for enhanced treble dispersion. The T-400 also has a 5-inch mid-range (700 to 3,000 Hz) and a 3½-inch "sub-tweeter" (3,000 to 7,500 Hz). The T-500 has two 10-inch woofers, a 5-inch mid-range (600 to 2,000 Hz), and two 1¾-inch "sub-tweeters" operating from 2,000 to 8,000 Hz. The woofer of the T-400 is 12 inches.

All four systems have frequency responses within ±3 dB over their respective operating ranges—from 44 to 18,000 Hz for the T-200 up to 35 to 20,000 Hz for the T-500. A minimum of 10 watts per channel (continuous) of amplifier power is recommended for all systems to yield sound-pressure levels of from 90 to 92 dB in a 3,000-cubic-foot listening room. Inputs of up to 100 watts on program material can be tolerated without the need for protective fuses. The levels of continuous power (at 400 Hz) that can be handled for a period of five minutes range from 40 watts for the T-200 to 100 watts for the T-500. Impedances are 8 ohms for all systems, and all have tweeter and (where applicable) mid-range level-control switches with positions for flat response and −3 dB. Dimensions of the cabinets increase from 21¾ x 12 x 10½ inches for the T-200 to 29 x 18¾ x 14½ inches for the T-500. The cabinets are finished in oiled walnut and have removable grilles of molded fabric in blue or brown. The two larger systems have removable bases for floor installation. Prices: T-200, $99.95; T-300, $179.95; T-400, $279.95; T-500, $429.95.

Circle 116 on reader service card

Pioneer CT-F7171 Stereo Cassette Deck

● A stereo cassette deck with the cassette well and all controls located on the front panel is one of the latest products from U.S. Pioneer. The unit, designated Model CT-F7171, is sized and styled to match the current Pioneer tuners and amplifiers, and its physical layout permits it to be stacked vertically with these components. Dolby-B noise-reduction circuits are provided, along with recording bias and playback equalization that is switchable for "normal" or for chromium-dioxide tapes. All of the transport controls are latching lever switches except for a SKIP pushbutton that plays the tape at twice normal playing speed while depressed, enabling a user to quickly locate a desired point on the tape by ear. The deck also has a memory-rewind function that automatically returns to a preselected point at high speed.

For monitoring recording levels, the CT-F7171 uses a combination of meters that register average program levels, plus a light-emitting-diode peak indicator that flashes when peak levels reach +4 dB. There is also a switchable limiter circuit that compresses peak recording levels to avoid tape-overload distortion. Other facilities include recording- and playback-level controls concentrically mounted on slip clutches for the two channels, front-panel microphone and stereo-headphone jacks, and an on/off switch for the cassette-well illumination.

Frequency response is 40 to 12,000 Hz ±3 dB with "standard" tape, extending to 13,000 Hz within the same tolerances for chromium-dioxide tape. Standard-tape signal-to-noise ratios are 58

(Continued on page 16)

Superb performance - lavish engineering - a new standard in high fidelity

THE ALL NEW REVOX 700 SERIES

Stereo Tape Recorder A700 **Digital Stereo Tuner/Pre-amplifier A720** **Power Amplifier A722**

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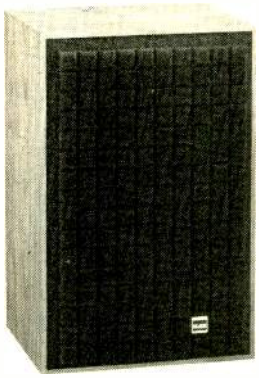
For other countries; Revox International, Regensdorf 8105ZH Althardstrasse 146, Switzerland.

dB with Dolby, 48 dB without. These figures are improved by 4.5 dB above 5,000 Hz with chromium-dioxide tape and the appropriate playback equalization. The transport employs an electronically controlled d.c. motor; wow and flutter are less than 0.1 per cent. Harmonic distortion is under 2 per cent for a 0-VU recording level. Both the line and microphone inputs will tolerate drive signals of up to 9 volts before overload. With the wooden cabinet supplied, the CT-F7171 measures about 17 x 5½ x 12¼ inches. Price: $369.95.

Circle 117 on reader service card

Sylvania Model AS210A Speaker System



● THE Model AS210A, latest addition to Sylvania's series of quality speaker systems, is a two-way air-suspension design with an integrated power/frequency response of 33 to 15,000 Hz ±3 dB. The two drivers, a 10-inch woofer and a 1½-inch Mylar dome-type tweeter, have a capacitive crossover at 1,500 Hz. The low-frequency resonance of the system is 42 Hz, and the enclosure has a volume of approximately 1¾ cubic feet. The resonance of the tweeter is under 600 Hz—more than an octave below its operating range. The AS210A system is safely usable with amplifiers with power outputs of up to 100 watts (continuous) per channel. Minimum recommended amplifier power is approximately 20 watts per channel continuous into 8 ohms, the nominal impedance of the system. A three-position switch permits varying the level of mid-range frequencies over a 6-dB range, with the center position providing "flat" response. There is also a level switch that decreases the high-frequency output 3 dB from the nominally "flat" condition. The AS210A's enclosure is constructed of wood composition board clad in walnut-grain vinyl. The grille is removable, revealing a speaker-mounting panel also covered in vinyl. Size: 24 x 15⅝ x 11¾ inches. Price: $99.95.

Circle 118 on reader service card

Hervic HR 150 Digital Stereo FM Receiver

● THE HR 150 digital stereo receiver from Hervic Electronics is an FM-only unit, with the station frequency to which it is tuned appearing in large illuminated read-out numerals at the center of the front panel. The tuning control is a conventional knob, while sliders adjust volume, balance, and bass, treble, and mid-range tone. Pushbuttons select the input (two AUX sources are accommodated, along with phono and FM) and provide such functions as speaker switching (main or remote), FM interstation-noise muting, tape monitor, high- and low-cut filter, and mode selection. There are front-panel jacks for tape input and output and for stereo headphones. A pair of tuning meters indicates FM signal strength and channel center.

The FM frequency response is 20 to 15,000 Hz ±1 dB, and FM sensitivity is 2 microvolts. The capture ratio is 2 dB, AM suppression exceeds 90 dB, and image, i.f., and spurious-response rejection are all better than 100 dB. Stereo separation is 40 dB at 1,000 Hz, 32 dB at 10,000 Hz. The alternate-channel selectivity is 100 dB. Typical specifications for the amplifier section include a continuous-power output (both channels driven) of 75 watts per channel into 8 ohms across the full 20- to 20,000-Hz range, with less than 0.25 per cent harmonic and intermodulation distortion at rated output. The typical distortion level is 0.06 per cent. Signal-to-noise ratios for the phono and high-level inputs are 65 and 85 dB, respectively. The dimensions are 18 x 6 x 16 inches. Price: $849.95. An optional walnut cabinet is $44.95.

Circle 119 on reader service card

Sony TC-152SD Portable Stereo Cassette Recorder

● SUPERSCOPE has announced the availability of the Sony Model TC-152SD, an a.c./battery portable stereo cassette recorder with built-in Dolby-B noise reduction. There is a tape selector switch with positions for "normal" and chromium-dioxide tapes, and a switchable limiter circuit automatically attenuates excessive input levels to prevent tape overload. Seven lever controls, including latching fast forward and rewind, pause, and cassette eject, serve to operate the transport and activate the recording circuits. Dual slider controls adjust recording levels, which are monitored on two meters that are illuminated during a.c. operation, or when a meter LIGHT pushbutton is depressed during battery operation. Line and microphone inputs are accepted, with attenuators that can be switched in for use with high-level microphone sources. The TC-152SD also has a built-in power amplifier and 4-inch speaker, permitting stereo tapes recorded on the unit to be played back in mono. These are controlled by the volume and tone-control knobs, as is a readily accessible stereo-headphone jack.

The TC-152SD measures about 15 x 9½ x 4¼ inches and weighs just over 12 pounds. Possible power sources are standard a.c. through the power cord supplied or four D-cell batteries. An optional nickel-cadmium battery pack ($14.95) permits battery recharging. Frequency response is 30 to 15,000 Hz with chromium-dioxide tape. The signal-to-noise ratio is 58 dB (CrO_2), and wow and flutter are 0.15 per cent. A bias frequency of 105 kHz is used. Battery life during D-cell operation is two hours of continuous recording. The cells are supplied with the unit, along with a clip-on shoulder strap. Price: $299.95. The optional carrying case costs an additional $29.95.

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CIRCLE NO. 25 ON READER SERVICE CARD

AUDIO QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

By LARRY KLEIN *Technical Editor*

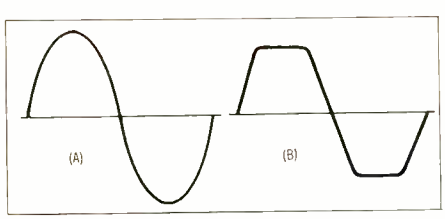
Power Upgrading

Q. *I have a 30-watt-per-channel amplifier which sounds pretty good, but I wonder whether it is clipping when used with my medium- to low-efficiency bookshelf loudspeakers. I am considering trading up to a 60-watt-per-channel amplifier and wonder whether that will make an audible improvement.*

CHARLES SEVERAN
New York, N.Y.

A. If you double the amplifier power available, that will provide only 3 dB more signal headroom before clipping (overload) occurs. Of course, every little bit of power reserve helps, but if you are changing your equipment specifically to obtain more power reserve, it makes more sense to trade up to three or four times your present power rather than to simply double it.

As to whether your present amplifier is clipping with your speakers, there's no way *I* can know that. If you have an oscilloscope available you can visually monitor the output waveforms for indication of clipping. Or perhaps you can borrow a high-power amplifier to substitute for your present one to see if you hear a difference. If there is a difference to be heard, it will show up as a more "open" quality with greater detail during the very loud passages. There should also be a greater sense of dynamics in the music. Your listening tests should be done with music that has a wide dynamic range (lots of loud *and* soft passages) rather than with hard rock or similarly compressed, consistently loud material.



Undistorted waveform (A) represents a 100-watt signal at the output of a 200-watt amplifier. The clipped waveform (B) results when an attempt is made to drive a 50-watt amplifier to the same power-output level.

Loud Rock

Q. *Perhaps this is not your sort of question, but why do so many rock groups play so loud in concert?*

BILL SHAWN
Long Island City, N.Y.

A. I found myself asking the same question recently on the occasion of a visit to the Academy of Music in New York City to hear Peter Frampton. The first group on the bill was something called Montrose, and they were on at the time I arrived. The sound-pressure level was so high out in the lobby that I was not willing to risk entering the main part of the theater. The second act, Spooky Tooth, however, was quite bearable once I had picked up some tissue in the men's room to stuff into my ears.

Perhaps it's necessary to make the point here that I'm not a fuddy-duddy tut-tutting the sonic antics of "our youth." At home, I listen mostly to rock, and (as my neighbors will attest) at fairly high volume. In the days of the Fillmore East I attended at least a couple of live concerts a month, and with few exceptions all the groups played at what I consider loud, but tolerable, levels.

For several reasons, those groups playing at well over 110 decibels are doing a great disservice to themselves, their audience, and their music. Exposure to levels over 100 dB can cause a hearing impairment that acousticians refer to as "threshold shift." Threshold shifts may be temporary or—after prolonged exposure—permanent. It could well be that some groups play as loud as they do only because they are not aware that they *are* that loud. Their collective thresholds have shifted—or, to put it in more common language, they have already been partially deafened.

A less generous supposition is that the loudness is part of their thing and is being substituted for musical talent. But

the reasons don't really matter. Musicians should realize that after they reach a certain sound level, the ears of their audience suffer saturation similar to what happens to hi-fi components under overload conditions. So much distortion is then generated in the ear itself that whatever the musical merits of the program material, it simply cannot come through. So, guys, for your own sake, and for the sake of the audience, please turn it down.

Volume Control Setting

Q. *I recently bought a new turntable and an elliptical-stylus phono cartridge. Everything works fine except that the volume on my preamplifier must be turned almost twice as high as before in order to enjoy the same level of sound. Can this be a result of mismatching, and if so, how can I correct it?*

HELEN COMMODORE
Brooklyn, N.Y.

A. This question is a common one—and also, unfortunately, difficult to answer simply. First of all, it's necessary to understand that the volume-control setting on an amplifier, preamplifier, or receiver has *no* necessary one-to-one relationship with the sound level coming out of the speakers. Think of the volume control simply as a valve that controls the amount of signal passing through its section of the amplifier circuits. In other words, it can do no more than affect the signal level that's fed to it. Since your elliptical cartridge supplies less signal to the preamp than that provided by the previous cartridge, the volume control has to be set higher for the same sound level. The same thing could happen if you were to switch to a new tuner or tape deck if their output levels differed from the old units. And if you were to switch to lower-efficiency speakers, or to a power amplifier with less input sensitivity, then the preamplifier volume control would in each case have to be set higher to get the same volume level.

As long as the signal remains at a level below which the amplifier is overloaded, the volume-control setting, and the volume heard, have nothing to do with the power rating of the equipment. For example, suppose you have two power amplifiers, one of which is rated at 40 watts per channel and the other at 100 watts per channel. And say that the 40-watt amplifier can be driven to full output with a 0.5-volt input signal from the preamp while the 100-watt unit needs about 1 volt to reach the same 40-watt level (an even higher signal level, of course, is needed for it to reach the 100-watt level). Given the above circumstance, the 40-watt amplifier will play louder than the 100-watt job when the volume-control setting at the preamplifier is the same, assuming that neither amplifier is driven beyond 40 watts output.

AUDIO BASICS

By RALPH HODGES

GLOSSARY OF TECHNICAL TERMS—12

● *Electrostatic speaker* is a device that makes use of a static electrical charge—the same type of charge that causes phonograph records to attract dust—to vibrate a very lightweight diaphragm. A typical electrostatic speaker consists of a thin plastic-film diaphragm stretched on a frame between two perforated metal plates. A high-voltage charge is applied between the diaphragm and plates. The audio signal from the amplifier is converted to high voltage and applied to the plates in opposing phase. This causes the plates to alternately attract and repel the charged diaphragm, according to the dictates of the audio signal. The motion thus induced on the diaphragm is transferred to the surrounding air as sound, which is radiated out through the plates' perforations.

In general, electrostatic speakers have very low moving mass, which makes them highly responsive to fast transient variations in the driving signal. However, they are also relatively expensive and inefficient (particularly at the lower frequencies), and they have difficulty delivering large amounts of acoustic power. Full-range electrostatics tend to be quite large, in order to provide the necessary diaphragm area for adequate bass response. Most such full-range systems employ separate diaphragm sections, the smaller ones being used to reproduce the higher frequencies. The electrostatic principle is also employed in several headphone designs.

● *Equalization*, or frequency-response adjustment, has at least two different but related meanings in audio. Abbreviated as EQ, the term can refer to the standard equalization characteristics used in the disc, tape, and broadcast industries whenever material is recorded or transmitted. This EQ generally consists of a high-frequency boost "built into" the recording or broadcast signal to combat the high-frequency noise (hiss) inherent in the medium, or to correct for losses that occur in playback. The playback or receiving device in the consumer's home has fixed "de-equalization" (or de-emphasis) circuits that reduce the high frequencies by the same amount they were boosted, thereby minimizing any high-frequency noise that may have intruded and restoring the proper tonal balance. As indicated earlier, these equalization characteristics are standardized.

Another type of EQ involves frequency-response changes introduced at the recording or broadcast studios to make the program sound "good" or to better adapt it to the medium. This may include subtle amounts of bass boost or some "sweetening" of the high frequencies, both achieved through manipulating the studio equivalent of tone controls. And the listener at home can do his own equalizing, either with tone controls or with the more complex electronic units called "equalizers."

● *Equalizer* is essentially any electronic device designed to make precise and predictable adjustments in the frequency balance of an audio signal by boosting or depressing certain ranges of frequencies. Bass and treble controls constitute a fairly simple equalizer system. However, when the term is used in the audiophile sense it usually refers to a multiple-tone-control set with five or more controls (frequently slider-type potentiometers) that independently affect relatively small segments of the audio-frequency range. Typically, these devices provide an adjustment range of 12 to 24 dB at the specified "center frequency" of each control. Highly sophisticated equalizers to become available in the near future will permit the user to vary the center frequency of each control, and the width of the frequency band it affects.

Sometimes offered as a facility built into receivers and amplifiers, equalizers are more often available as separate units to be installed between the preamplifier and power amplifier, or in the tape-monitor circuit.

"...the most powerful four-channel receiver we have tested to date..."

"The overall feel and handling of the RQ 3748 were superb."

"In virtually every respect the RQ 3748 met or surpassed its specifications..."

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Then they summed it up very neatly by concluding: "The Sylvania RQ3748 is obviously well designed and thought-out and therefore deserves serious consideration by anyone shopping for a top-grade four-channel (or two-channel) receiver."

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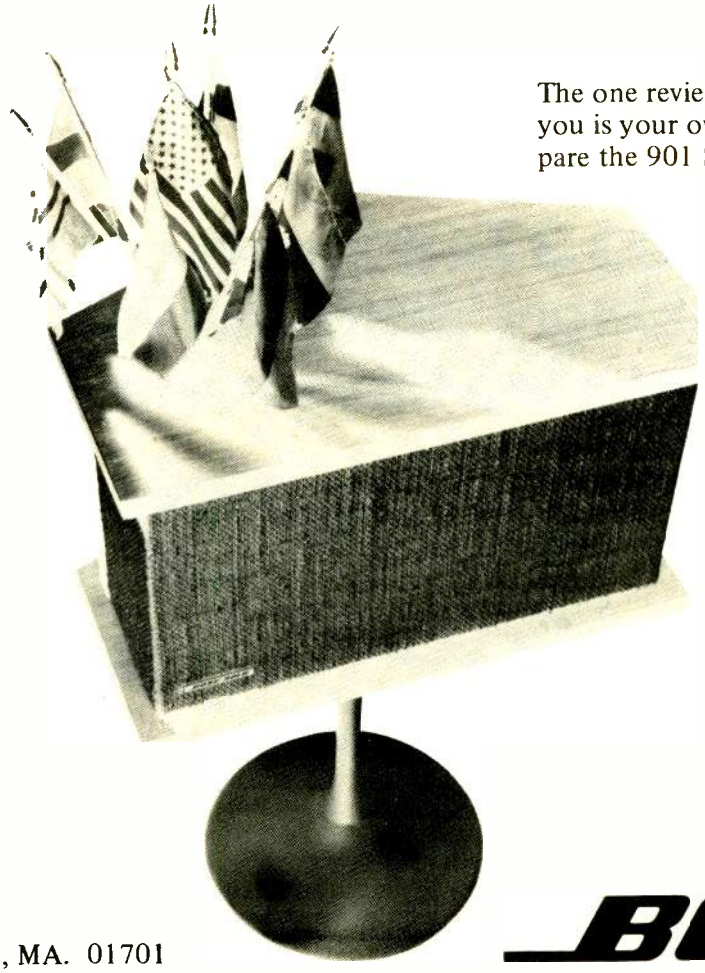

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CIRCLE NO. 7 ON READER SERVICE CARD

TECHNICAL TALK

By JULIAN D. HIRSCH

● **THE UBIQUITOUS PLL:** By now most readers are aware of the growing number of references to "PLL" (phase-locked loop) circuits in equipment specifications and advertising copy. The reader unfamiliar with the term might assume that PLL is merely another one of the bits of proprietary alphabetical jargon that some manufacturers are so fond of, or that PLL is too technical for the layman to understand. The fact is that PLL circuits *do* provide meaningful improvements—and they *are* somewhat difficult to explain.

The phase-locked loop, as an electronic circuit, predates the hi-fi industry by many years. Until recently, the PLL circuit used so many electronic parts that it was found only in laboratory instruments and communications equipment costing many thousands of dollars. In the days of tube equipment, a PLL circuit in itself would be far more complex than a complete tube stereo receiver. Even using conventional transistors, the PLL circuits were so complex that they were not feasible for use in home equipment. However, through integrated-circuit technology it was possible to condense almost an entire PLL into a single tiny "chip" selling for a few dollars or less, and engineers were quick to apply it to consumer products.

The basic PLL actually consists of several different circuits interconnected as shown in the diagram on the following page. The voltage-controlled oscillator (VCO) section is designed (or adjusted) to operate at approximately the expected frequency of the input signal. The phase-detector section compares the output frequency of the VCO with that of the incoming signal, and insofar as there is a difference in frequency between them, an "error" voltage is produced that is proportional to the difference. The "error" voltage at the output of the phase detector is fed through a low-pass filter that removes high-frequency signal components. It is then amplified and fed back to the VCO, where it shifts the VCO's operating frequency in the direction of the input signal. When the VCO output frequency comes close enough to the input frequency, it locks in to the signal, in phase as well as frequency.

After locking occurs—it occurs almost instantaneously—the PLL has two possible outputs. The VCO output is at the same frequency as the input, but it is a square wave whose amplitude is independent of input-level changes over a very wide range. In other words, the PLL can then serve as a *limiter*, removing amplitude variations from an r.f. signal. The other output, from the amplifier section, is the d.c. (or low-frequency a.c.) "error" voltage needed to force the VCO circuit into synchronism with the input signal. If the input is at the 10.7-MHz i.f. frequency of an FM tuner, the VCO "follows" the instantaneous frequency variations of the received signal, and the "error" signal is then the demodulated FM output—in a word, audio.

Thus, in a single tiny integrated circuit (IC), we have combined the functions of an FM limiter and a highly linear discriminator-type FM detector. Not only is the linearity of a PLL FM detector superior to that of conventional discrete component circuits (less distortion in the audio outputs), but virtually all critical alignments and adjustments are eliminated.

TESTED THIS MONTH

●

B&O MMC 6000 CD-4 Cartridge
Heathkit AD-1013 Oscilloscope
Sony TC-137SD Cassette Deck
Soundcraftsmen PE2217 Preamp

I have not come across any units using the PLL as a limiter/detector. Probably cost-*vs*.-performance improvement still favors the use of other IC's or discrete components. However, many multiplex decoders today use a single IC chip that incorporates PLL circuits. When used in stereo-FM multiplex decoder circuits, the PLL does not demodulate an FM signal. Instead, it works with the already demodulated signal, which embodies the encoded information needed to reconstitute the right and left channels from the broadcast multiplexed signal.

Basic to the stereo-decoding process is the generation within the FM receiver of a 38-kHz tone precisely locked in phase to the second harmonic of the 19-kHz pilot tone transmitted as a part of the stereo multiplex signal. Even a small phase error at this point can cause a serious loss of separation between the right and left stereo channels. The PLL is obviously ideal for synchronizing the internally generated signal to the received 19-kHz pilot signal. Within the chip is a 76-kHz oscillator, with binary frequency dividers to derive 38-kHz and 19-kHz signals. The latter is compared with the pilot-carrier input, and the error voltage is used to correct the 76-kHz VCO. When the loop is locked (which lights the STEREO indicator of your tuner or receiver), the 38-kHz signal can be used to derive the L- and R-channel difference signals, which are then further processed to produce the two stereo outputs.

As you can see, the PLL process is similar in both FM detection and multiplex demodulation. Each application has its special requirements, however. For example, what is known to engineers as an MPX IC contains lamp-driving circuits for the STEREO light and muting circuits for interstation-noise suppression. Though not part of the PLL circuitry, they are conveniently built into the same chip.

Currently, the PLL is also receiving

wide use in CD-4 demodulators. The difference signals (between front and rear channels) are in FM form as they come from the phono pickup. The inherent limiting action and excellent linearity of the PLL make it ideally suited to CD-4 demodulation. Here, too, additional circuits have been built into the IC, including the matrix networks, filters, equalizers, and noise-reduction systems basic to the CD-4 process.

One of the earliest PLL applications was in frequency synthesis, where a single accurate frequency source is used to derive a wide range of other frequencies that have the full accuracy of the basic frequency. This is done by locking multiples or submultiples of the individual oscillators to the basic frequency source via phase-locked loops. Digitally tuned FM units (such as those from Heath, Scott, and Sony) use PLL circuits extensively in their frequency synthesizers.

From an operational standpoint, what advantages do PLL circuits offer to the consumer? Principally, superior FM tuner performance. FM tuner distortion of 0.2 per cent or less is commonplace today; a few years ago such a low level was almost unheard of, and in any case could not be maintained without annual (or more frequent) realignment. Stereo channel separation of 35 to 50 dB (or better) achieved by today's IC multiplex demodulators is taken for granted, but only a few years ago 25-dB separation was considered quite good. Lower distortion in stereo FM reception is also a byproduct of the PLL's inherent linearity.

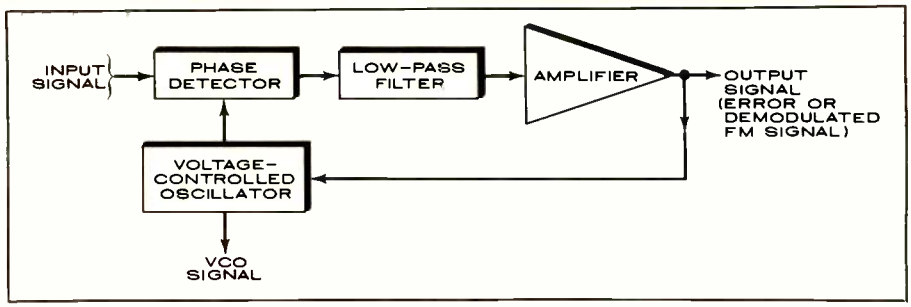


Diagram of the separate circuit functions whose interactions produce a phase-locked loop.

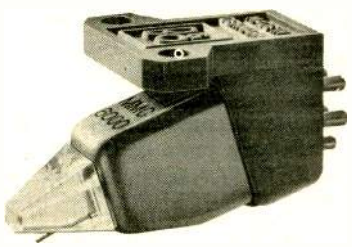
Early CD-4 demodulators were given to erratic operation and were apt to produce noise bursts from momentary interruptions of the 30-kHz carrier, often caused by dust on the record or stylus. A PLL demodulator has a greater tolerance for such dropouts (built-in muting circuits reduce or eliminate their audible effects), and the latest CD-4 demodulators are vastly improved over some of the first models.

Although other types of IC's have provided improved specifications in many areas, the PLL is unique in offering incredibly sophisticated circuit performance at a price within the reach of the consumer. We will certainly see the PLL approach applied to other component areas, especially as its price becomes more competitive with other, less advanced techniques.

EQUIPMENT TEST REPORTS

By Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

B&O MMC 6000 CD-4 Phono Cartridge



● THE Bang & Olufsen (B&O) MMC 6000 is the first European-made phono cartridge to reach us that is designed specifically for playing CD-4 discrete four-channel discs. B&O cartridges have long been known for their fine performance, and the MMC 6000 upholds that tradition. B&O describes the MMC 6000 as an "integrated pickup cartridge," which indicates that the stylus assembly is not user-replaceable. This, according to B&O, has several technical advantages in respect to the cartridge's functional design. The MMC 6000 is small, very light (4 grams), and designed to plug directly into the end of the tone arms of some B&O record players. For installation in other tone arms, a mounting adapter is furnished. Even with its adapter, the cartridge weighs only 5.5 grams—well below the norm for stereo cartridges.

The diamond stylus, mounted on a beryllium cantilever, has an effective mass of only 0.22 milligram. The naked diamond is specially shaped (with tip radii of 0.3 x 2 mils) to provide maximum vertical contact with the groove wall while retaining the ability to trace groove-modulation frequencies as high as 45 kHz. It is called the Pramanik stylus, after its Danish inventor, and its shape roughly resembles that of the Shibata stylus except for a slight difference in the diamond's faceting.

The cartridge's signal-generating system uses B&O's familiar cross-shaped armature, scaled down in size and mass. Like most CD-4 cartridges, the MMC 6000 has a relatively low output—typically about 3 millivolts—and it is designed to operate with load resistances of 100,000 ohms shunted by a total capacitance of less than 200 picofarads (preferably less than 100). Unlike most current CD-4 cartridges, however, it has a high compliance (30×10^{-6} centimeters/dyne) and operates at a 1-gram tracking force. The vertical tracking angle of 20 degrees conforms to the new IEC/DIN standard (the practical difference between this and the former 15-degree standard is not significant). The cartridge is supplied with mounting adapter, a stylus-cleaning brush, individual calibration curves, and an accurate stylus-force gauge. Price: $85.

● *Laboratory Measurements.* The B&O MMC 6000 was tested installed in a Dual 701 arm, with a load of 100,000 ohms shunted by 120 picofarads (pF). Most measurements and all listening tests were made with a tracking force of 1 gram, which was sufficient for satisfactory low-frequency tracking with the Cook Series 60 record. The very high velocity 30 centimeters per second (cm/sec) 1,000-Hz tones of the Fairchild 101 test record showed slight peak clipping at 1 gram, but were tracked properly at the 1.5-gram rated maximum tracking force of the cartridge.

High-frequency tracking of the 10.8-kHz tone bursts on the Shure TTR-103 record was very good. Distortion was low at all test levels, measuring 1.2 per cent at 15 cm/sec and 3.2 per cent at 30 cm/sec. The middle-frequency IM

(Continued on page 26)

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The 3046 and 3048 offer die-cast, dynamically-balanced platters; rotating single-play spindles; and separate anti-skating scales for different stylus types.

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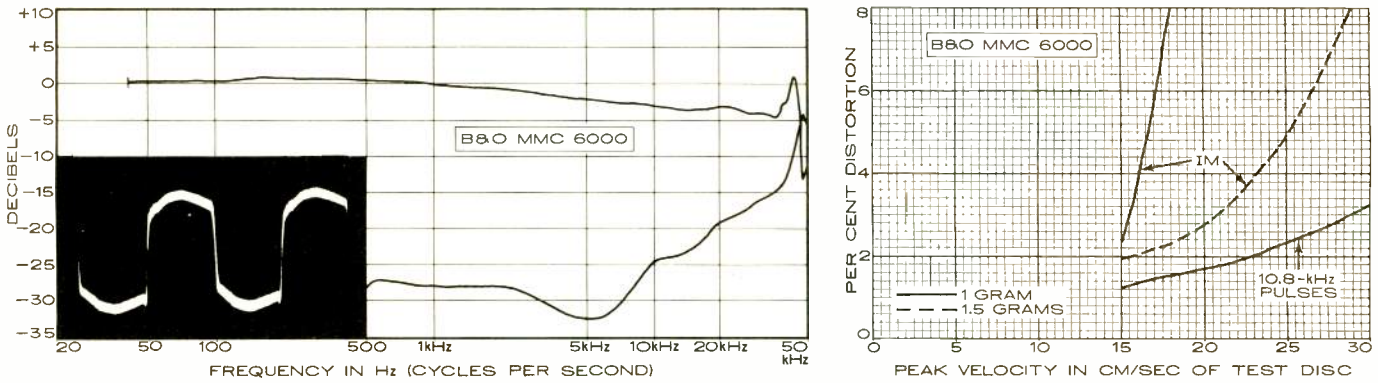


In the graph at left, the upper curve represents the smoothed, averaged frequency response of the right and left channels; the distance (calibrated in decibels) between it and the lower curve represents the separation between the two channels. The inset oscilloscope photo shows the cartridge's response to a recorded 1,000-Hz square wave, which provides an indication of resonances and overall frequency response. At right are shown the cartridge's response to the 10.8-kHz tone bursts and intermodulation-distortion (IM) test signals on the Shure TTR-103 test disc. Note that these IM curves cannot be compared with those made with other test discs in previous reports.

distortion (measured with the 400- and 4,000-Hz tones of the Shure record) was low up to 15 cm/sec, but increased rapidly at higher velocities. Here, too, an increase of tracking force to 1.5 grams permitted the IM distortion to increase smoothly from 2 per cent at 15 cm/sec to 9 per cent at 30 cm/sec. (Note: These figures *cannot* be compared with our previous measurements with RCA's 78-rpm test disc.)

The frequency response as measured with the CBS STR-100 record was very smooth, with a total change of about 4 dB from 500 Hz to 20,000 Hz. The channel separation was excellent—typically 25 to 30 dB under 10,000 Hz, and 12 to 15 dB at 20,000 Hz. We also measured the response with the JVC TRS-1005 record, which goes as high as 50,000 Hz (50 kHz) and obtained slightly different but even more impressive numbers: a ±3.5-dB variation from 1,000 to beyond 45 kHz on one channel, and a ±2-dB variation on the other, except for a peak of 6 dB at about 41 kHz. Most of the output change took place above 40 kHz. Separation was 15 to 20 dB at 30 kHz and 5 to 8 dB at 45 kHz.

The low-frequency resonance with the MMC 6000 installed in the 701 arm was 6.5 Hz. A 1,000-Hz square wave was reproduced without overshoot and only a moderate convex curvature of the tops and bottoms of the waveform. Adding another 235 pF of capacitance at the cartridge output had *no* effect on the square-wave response, an indication that low capacitance is *not* a requirement for stereo reproduction. The cartridge signal output was 2.65 millivolts at 3.54 cm/sec reference velocity.

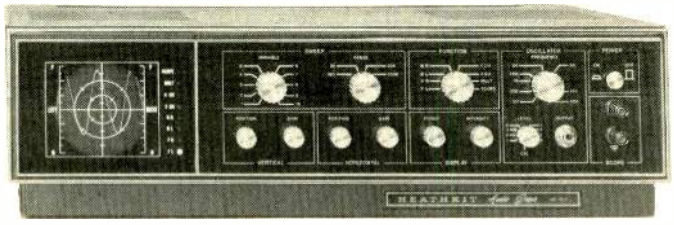
● ***Comment.*** The tracking ability of the B&O MMC 6000 as a stereo cartridge was outstanding, and in this respect it outperformed every CD-4 cartridge we have tested up to this time. Playing Shure's Audio Obstacle Course Era III record at a 1-gram force, it easily handled the maximum level of every test band except for the bass drum, where it rattled slightly on the highest level.

The CD-4 performance of the cartridge, as might be expected, was first-rate. Some early CD-4 records are notorious for their occasional distorted passages, and most of these were still distorted when played by the MMC 6000. However, some other portions that were unlistenable with other cartridges sounded quite clean with this one. Although we did not make extended wear tests with the MMC 6000, it is likely that the combination of the special stylus shape and a 1-gram vertical force will reduce record wear to a minimum on both CD-4 *and* conventional discs.

As a stereo cartridge, the MMC 6000 produced a very clean and totally neutral sound. The slight "sparkle" added to the sound by the many cartridges whose stylus resonance falls in the uppermost audible octave was absent in the MMC 6000, whose resonance occurs *above* 45 kHz. It therefore may reproduce some records with a little less zip and glitter than you are accustomed to hearing, but almost certainly with greater accuracy. We have heard the opinion expressed that a single cartridge design cannot be optimized for both stereo and CD-4 records. Perhaps this is true, but the MMC 6000, designed as a CD-4 cartridge, has an overall performance that few stereo cartridges we have seen can match.

Circle 105 on reader service card

Heathkit AD-1013 Four-Channel Audio Oscilloscope



● ALTHOUGH the cathode-ray oscilloscope is one of the basic *laboratory* test instruments, when used as part of a component installation its chief value is as an FM tuning and multipath indicator. There is no better way to see for yourself the effects of multipath on FM reception and to orient an antenna for optimum performance. Although separate audio-component oscilloscopes have been available from several manufacturers for some time, many people are unwilling to invest several hundred dollars or more in such an accessory, especially if it can serve no other function. General-purpose service and laboratory scopes can do the job as well, and sometimes more cheaply, but they do not lend themselves to living-room decor and frequently have too many unneeded functions.

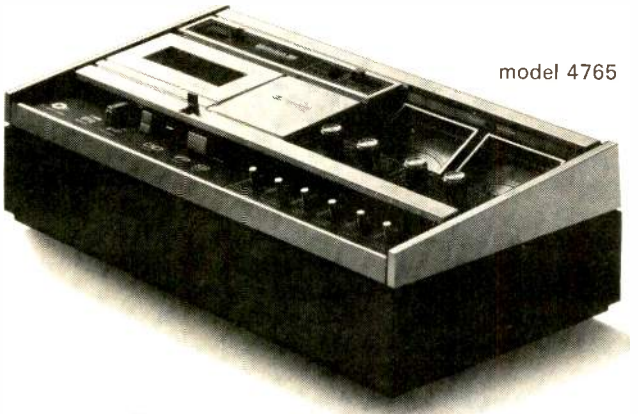
There are a few audiophile oscilloscope components on the market which, in addition to their FM multipath appli-

(Continued on page 28)

The best of two worlds from Wollensak

model 8075

model 4765

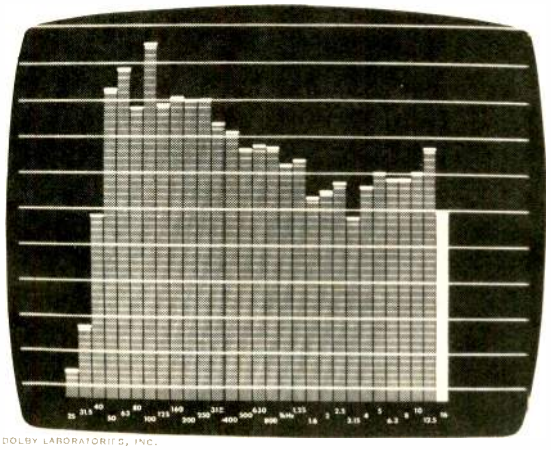


new performance record in 8-track frequency response.

Today, no stereo system is complete without an 8-track or cassette recorder deck. Whichever you choose, you'll get the best of either world from Wollensak.

For example, the Wollensak 8075 Dolby 8-track recorder deck sets a new performance record never before achieved in 8-track frequency response. Sound that equals the finest cassette quality and approaches reel-to-reel quality. With 3M's new "Scotch" Brand Classic Series Tape, the 8075 increases frequency response in the 16,000 Hz range (as indicated on the white marker bar from the B&K Analyzer below).

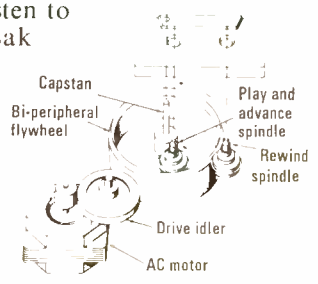
Here's how: The 8075's *exclusive* Tape Selector Switch optimizes the record equalization to take full advantage of this unique tape. With the Dolby Noise Reduction System*, you achieve a signal to noise ratio of better than 60DB at 4,000 Hz and above, along with greater dynamic range. And the 8075 even decodes FM Dolby radio broadcasts for noise-free listening.



*A TM OF DOLBY LABORATORIES, INC.

exclusive beltless "Dual Direct Drive" in cassette.

If cassette is your choice, listen to the sounds of the Wollensak 4765 Dolby recorder deck. Its exclusive beltless 'Dual Direct Drive' (shown at right) reduces wow and flutter to a very low .07% WRMS. The tape transport system includes a unique bi-peripheral flywheel, AC motor that's as large as the motors on many reel-to-reel recorders and a sand-blasted capstan that's almost twice as large as our competition.



Another Wollensak exclusive: The "Cassette Guardian" instantly stops the unit when it senses a stalled or defective cassette, preventing broken tapes, jammed cassettes or overheated motors. And its end-of-tape shut-off features an automatic return-to-stop position when the end of the tape is reached in play and record.

The 4765 also features the Dolby Noise Reduction System* for recording and playback, plus a switch for receiving FM Dolby broadcasts through any FM tuner.

Tape Selection Switch adjusts recording bias, head current, play/record equalization and VU meter levels for all standard and high performance tapes.

8-track or cassette? No matter which one you select, you'll get the best from Wollensak. Nobody knows more about sound-on-tape or has more experience in tape recording than 3M Company. Find out why at your nearest Wollensak dealer. Or write: 3M, Dept. SR-94, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101.

technical elegance from Wollensak

3M COMPANY

cation, can be used for displaying simultaneously all four channels of a quadraphonic system in approximately their correct amplitude and spatial relationships. With the aid of an audio oscillator (built into some models), such an instrument can also be used by the knowledgeable audiophile to check out many of the performance aspects of his system.

The Heathkit AD-1013 breaks the oscilloscope price barrier in an emphatic manner and offers all the flexibility one could desire. Matching in style and size the Heath model AR-1500 and 1500A receivers, the AD-1013 has a 3-inch cathode-ray tube whose face is calibrated both for a conventional stereo "X-Y" display and a polar four-channel display. The four input channels have identical gains, with a frequency response extending well beyond the audio range. An internal matrix combines them to form the spatial four-channel display, so that the relative signal levels in all four channels can be monitored simultaneously. Input connections are made either through phono jacks on the rear panel or through five-way binding posts on the front.

Individual input channels can be displayed, and a triggered sweep assures that there will be a number of stationary cycles of the waveform on the screen without constant readjustment. For multipath indication, the tuner's horizontal and vertical oscilloscope outputs (assuming the tuner has them) are connected to the appropriate inputs of the scope. The FUNCTION selector of the AD-1013 selects any of its operating modes, and a row of indicators next to the screen shows mode and channel.

For amplifier testing, the Health AD-1013 has a built-in audio oscillator that covers the 20- to 20,000-Hz range (and a bit more) with a single turn of a knob. The oscillator can be adjusted to have less than 1 per cent distortion, and has a uniform response across the frequency range. The oscillator output level is adjustable and is available at the front panel as well as at the rear of the unit.

The Heathkit AD-1013, with its metal enclosure, is 18½ inches wide, 13½ inches deep, and 5⅛ inches high. Cables are supplied for connecting it to the system components. The kit price is $199.95, and a walnut cabinet is available for $24.95. Current model AR-1500 receivers already have the necessary oscilloscope multipath-display outputs, and a kit is offered for $24.95 to convert older AR-15 and AJ-15 units for this purpose. Some tuners and receivers from other manufacturers are also equipped with oscilloscope outputs.

● ***Laboratory Measurements.*** All of the measurements made on the AD-1013 surpassed Heath's specifications by a comfortable margin. The scope's sensitivity was 25 millivolts for a display amplitude of one centimeter. The frequency response was flat from our lower measurement limit of 5 Hz to beyond 30,000 Hz, and was down 3 dB at 250,000 Hz. The triggered sweep operated from less than 5 Hz to over 300,000 Hz.

Phase shift between the scope's amplifiers, which is not specified, was negligible up to 2,000 Hz, about 5 degrees at 10,000 Hz, and 10 degrees at 20,000 Hz. The only practical significance this modest phase shift would have is to prevent checking the phase shift of amplifiers and four-channel decoders. The range of the audio oscillator was from under 5 Hz to about 21,000 Hz. The frequency calibrations are rather approximate (rated within 30 per cent, and meeting that specification). The output voltage could be adjusted from under 4 millivolts to just over 4 volts, and, once set, it varied less than 0.1 dB over the full frequency range.

● ***Comment.*** An experienced kit-builder required about fourteen hours to assemble the AD-1013, and check-out plus adjustment time did not exceed an hour. Although it is a fairly complex piece of equipment, assembly is straightforward. No external test equipment is needed for its adjustment, but we found that the rated oscillator distortion could not be achieved by purely visual means, although with a harmonic distortion analyzer it was a simple matter to bring it to about 1 per cent over most of the audio range. In any case, when the output appears to be a reasonable sine wave, it is good enough for its intended purposes.

There is no better way to appreciate what is happening in a four-channel system than by viewing its outputs on an oscilloscope such as the Heath AD-1013. Channel separation and balance are instantly visible, and we find the display to be almost as fascinating visually as the sonic output of the system is to our ears. In spite of the scope's being designed for system installation, it can also be used effectively—within its frequency range—by the audio experimenter to check out his construction projects. All in all, the Heath AD-1013 is an ideal accessory for the up-to-date audiophile, and a real bargain at $200.

Circle 25 on reader service card

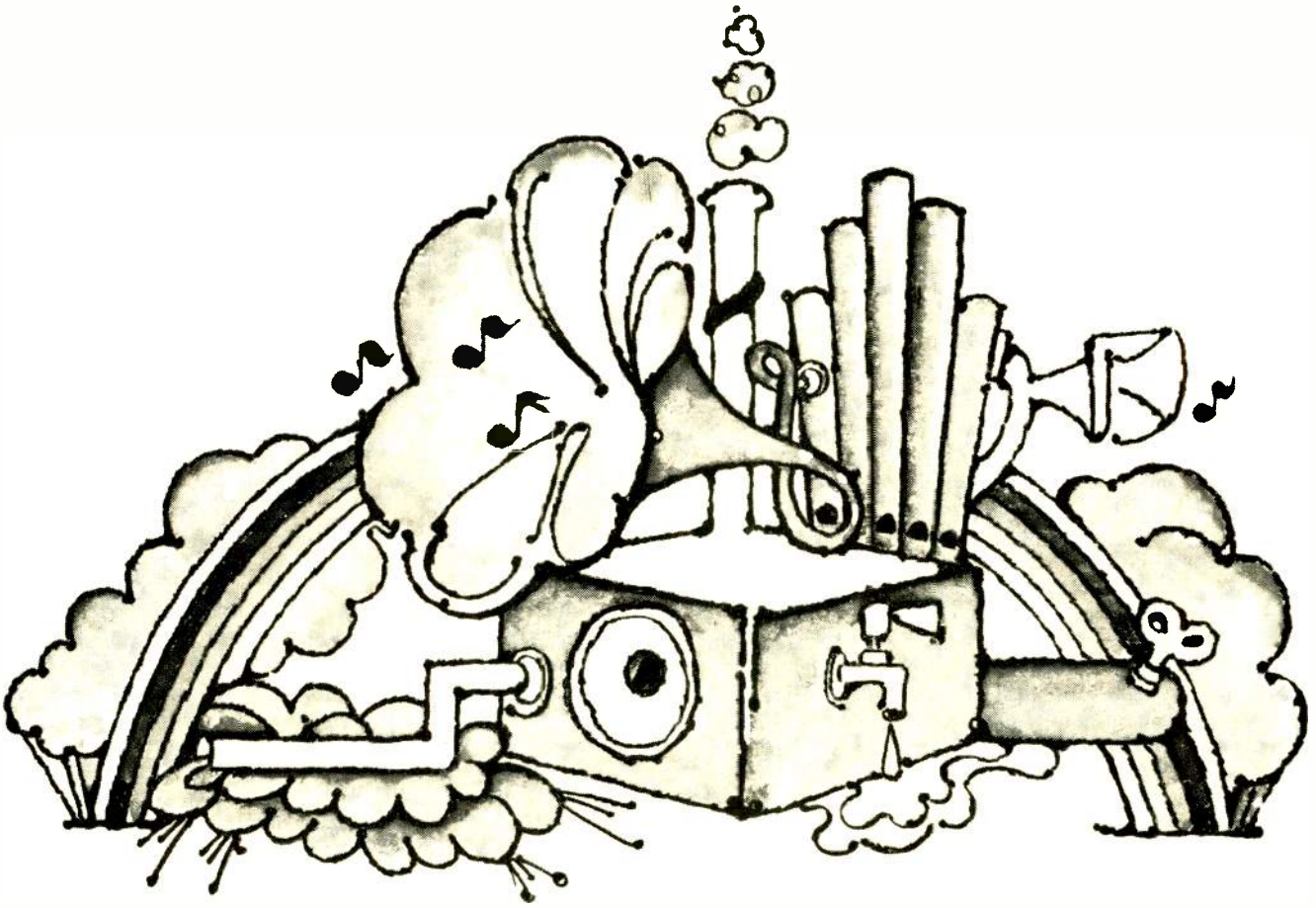
Sony TC-137SD Cassette Deck

● THE Sony TC-137SD is the first cassette deck we have seen that is designed for optimum performance with the new ferri-chrome tape as well as conventional gamma-ferric-oxide and chromium-dioxide tapes. It has the features we have come to expect in today's top cassette recorders, including Dolby noise reduction, a ferrite record/playback head, and a "memory" counter that stops the tape automatically at any predetermined point during rewind. The MIC and LINE inputs, which have separate slider-type recording-gain controls, can be mixed during recording. A separate knob adjusts the line-output level. The two illuminated meters read both the recording and playback levels, and a peak-level indicator light flashes when momentary excessive-signal overloads occur. A limiter circuit can be switched in to prevent such recording overloads without affecting normal program levels. The tape transport shuts off and disengages in any mode of operation if the tape breaks or jams.

The new ferri-chrome tapes combine

(Continued on page 30)

This advertisement originally appeared in 1969. It is true today and will still be true in another five years.



HO HUM
Another major breakthrough

Oh No! Not Again! Yes it seems that every year someone "re-invents" one of the discarded speaker designs of the past. Or they purport to modify the laws of physics by miniaturizing a 32-foot wavelength. They may even write a "technical" article on their revolutionary discovery and succeed in getting it published.

We customarily make an optimistic estimate that these speakers will survive five years. Some make it. Some even get re-invented all over again after a subsequent five years. In the meantime they sell. Because they sound different. Different from all other speakers. Different from the live performance.

We'd sort of miss them if they failed to show up. After all, what would spring be without a new major breakthrough? And would it really be fall without the letter edged in black? Pity!

So—aren't you glad you own KLIPSCHORNS®?

Paul

Paul W. Klipsch
Klipsch and Associates, Inc.

P. S. We have a list of over 20 major breakthroughs that have appeared, died and were interred. Your Klipsch dealer will be glad to show it to you. We know some more good prospects for this list. You can't see those names — until next year.

KLIPSCH & ASSOCIATES, INC.
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Hope, Arkansas 71801

Please send me complete information on Klipsch speakers and Klipsch Wide Stage Stereo. Also include the name of my nearest Klipsch Authorized Audio Expert.

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City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Occupation_____ Age_____

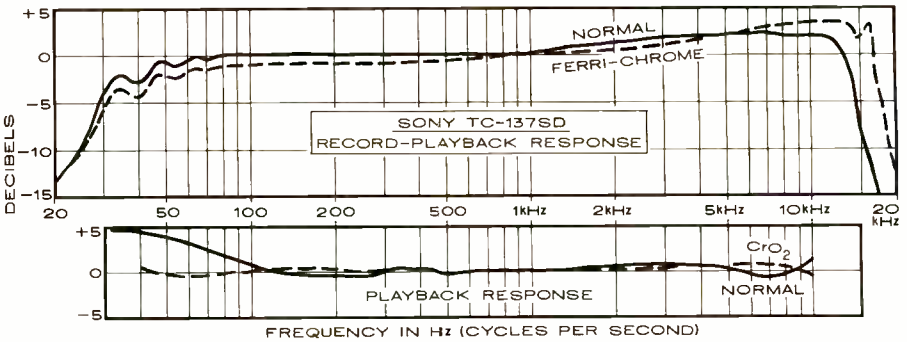
CIRCLE NO. 26 ON READER SERVICE CARD

most of the advantages of ferric-oxide *and* chromium-dioxide tapes, apparently without incurring any compensating disadvantages (except possibly cost). The FeCr tape has two layers of magnetic coating—an inner layer of gamma ferric oxide and an outer layer of chromium dioxide (CrO_2). Compared to CrO_2 tape, ferri-chrome has higher sensitivity and lower distortion. Its general high-frequency characteristics and freedom from modulation noise are claimed to be superior to either Fe_2O_3 or CrO_2 tape, and, in addition, the new tape operates with the same bias level—if not the same equalization—used for "normal" ferric-oxide tapes.

The Sony TC-137SD tape deck has a three-position TAPE-SELECTOR switch which optimizes bias, recording equalization, and playback equalization for each of the three tapes. Each has its own recording characteristic, while FeCr and CrO_2 share the playback equalization (70 microseconds) now in general use for playing CrO_2 tapes.

The tape-transport mechanism uses conventional piano-key controls. The cassette is visible through a window in a hinged cover, and an adjacent plastic strip unsnaps for access to the heads. The rear of the recorder's top surface slopes upward for easy viewing of the meters, index counter, and memory switch, plus the four mode lights (LIMITER, DOLBY, RECORD, PAUSE). The two microphone inputs and a stereo headphone jack (for 8-ohm phones) are on the front edge of the wood base, and the line inputs and outputs are at the rear.

The performance specifications for the TC-137SD are comprehensive, and are representative of the best of today's cassette machines. The flutter specification of 0.07 per cent (rms weighted), however, is definitely state-of-the-art for the cassette medium. The TC-137SD is approximately 16¼ inches wide, 11⅝ inches deep, and 5⅜ inches high; it weighs 15½ pounds. Price: $399.95.



● ***Laboratory Measurements.*** The playback frequency response for standard test tapes was ±1 dB from 90 to 10,000 Hz, rising to +5 dB at 31.5 Hz. In the FeCr and CrO_2 tape-switch settings the playback response was within ±0.7 dB from 40 to 10,000 Hz. We measured the overall record-playback response at a −20-dB level with three tapes: Sony UHF (normal), Sony ferri-chrome, and TDK Krom-O_2 (CrO_2). The normal tape had a response of ±2.5 dB from 31 to 14,500 Hz. With CrO_2 tape, the response was ±2.5 dB from 31 to 16,000 Hz. The ferri-chrome tape showed a slight reduction in low-frequency output, and some emphasis of the higher frequencies, with an overall variation of ±4 dB from 31 to 16,800 Hz.

When we repeated these measurements at a 0-dB recording level, the high-frequency differences between these tapes were clearly revealed. The response at 12,000 Hz, relative to the 1,000-Hz output, was down 30 dB with normal tape, 13 dB with CrO_2, and only 10.5 dB with ferri-chrome tape. The relative immunity to high-frequency saturation (overload) evidenced by the latter two tapes can be expected to improve the "openness" of recordings made with them, since high-frequency tape saturation is a major cause of the "veiled" quality on some cassette recordings.

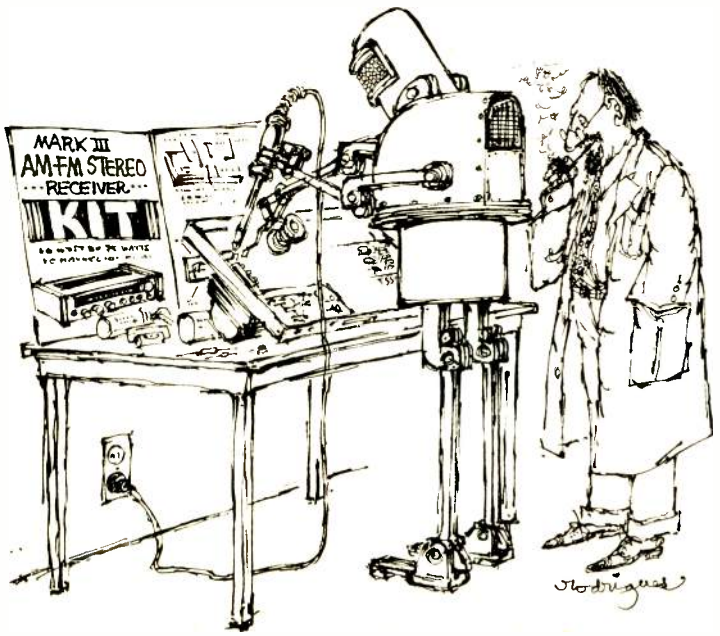
The Dolby-system tracking, at a −25 dB level, was within 3 dB, which meets Dolby's standards for high-quality cassette recorders. With the Dolby system on, the high frequencies were slightly emphasized in the record-playback process. As a result, the noise improvement afforded by the Dolby system was 4 to 6 dB instead of the usual 8 to 9 dB. The reference 3 per cent distortion level was reached at +3 dB with Fe_2O_3 tape, +2 dB with FeCr, and −2 dB with CrO_2. The corresponding unweighted noise levels were: −49 dB, −51 dB, and −45.5 dB. Applying IEC weighting, these improved to −56 dB, −59 dB, and −54.2 dB, respectively. Adding the Dolby system resulted in ultimate noise levels of −62.5 dB, −64.5 dB, and −58.8 dB.

The input sensitivity for a 0-dB recording level was 37 millivolts (LINE) and 0.08 millivolt (MIC), with a corresponding playback output of 0.8 volt. At maximum microphone gain the noise increased by 20 dB, but most of this took place in the upper third of the control range. Under normal recording conditions, the microphone inputs added only a slight amount of noise. The microphone preamplifier overloaded at 60 millivolts. The PEAK light began to glow at +7 dB. The limiter, which came into operation gradually at inputs from 0 dB to +3 dB, had a very fast attack and released slowly over a period of several seconds. It allowed only about a 1-dB increase in recorded level for each 10-dB increment of signal input, effectively preventing excessive recording levels.

The tape operating speed was about 1 per cent fast, and a C-60 cassette was wound in 63 seconds in fast forward and 69 seconds in rewind. The flutter was as low as we have ever measured on a cassette recorder—0.07 per cent unweighted.

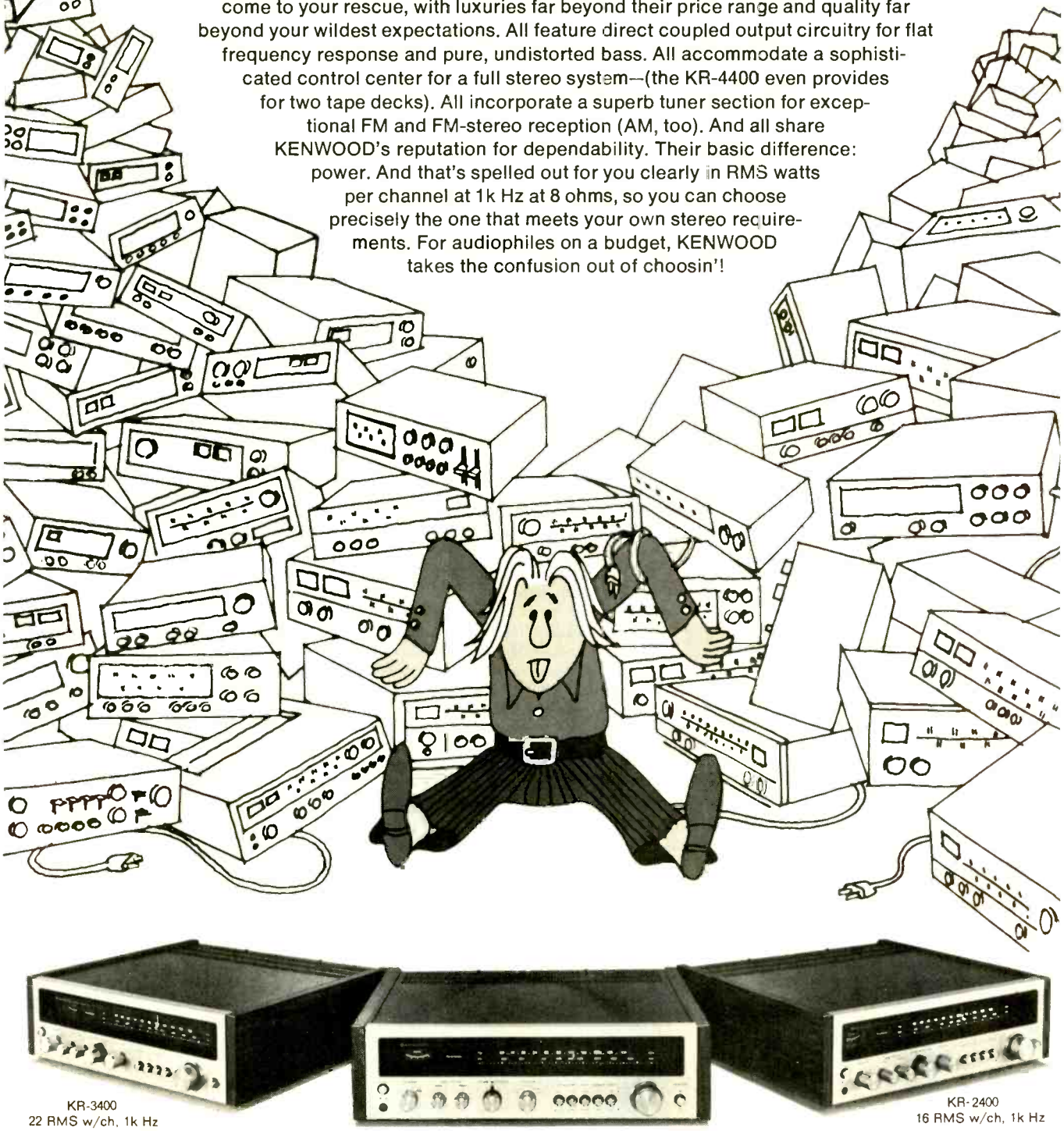
● ***Comment.*** Despite its conventional external appearance, the Sony TC-137SD is a highly refined recorder that ranks with the very best we have tested.

(Continued on page 38)



It's easy to make the right choice when you hear the new Kenwood receivers

If you're snowed under by the numbers. Iced by the prices. Vexed by the specs. And too confused to choose. Relax! Three moderately priced new KENWOOD stereo receivers come to your rescue, with luxuries far beyond their price range and quality far beyond your wildest expectations. All feature direct coupled output circuitry for flat frequency response and pure, undistorted bass. All accommodate a sophisticated control center for a full stereo system—(the KR-4400 even provides for two tape decks). All incorporate a superb tuner section for exceptional FM and FM-stereo reception (AM, too). And all share KENWOOD's reputation for dependability. Their basic difference: power. And that's spelled out for you clearly in RMS watts per channel at 1k Hz at 8 ohms, so you can choose precisely the one that meets your own stereo requirements. For audiophiles on a budget, KENWOOD takes the confusion out of choosin'!



KR-3400
22 RMS w/ch, 1k Hz

KR-4400 27 RMS w/ch, 1k Hz

KR-2400
16 RMS w/ch, 1k Hz

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To honor the 200th birthday of all time" TIME-LIFE RECORDS

BEETHOVEN BICENTEN

Beethoven's achievements are a reflection of the man himself, for his music is like a diary into which he poured his life, his desires, his regrets, his furies, his melancholies and his loves. Beethoven was at constant odds with his society—a society shaken by the opposing forces of repression and revolution. He transposed his own personal struggle to the scale of the whole human race, and dreamed of bringing to it joy and universal brotherhood.

Start your collection with the first six symphonies, recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. All six symphonies are yours to audition for 10 days free.

Over the years there have been many record albums devoted to various works of the immortal Ludwig van Beethoven. But there has never been a truly comprehensive collection of his works. That is why TIME-LIFE RECORDS assembled this magnificent collection that contains every important work the master ever wrote—even some rare vocal pieces never before available! It's the BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION, recorded by the famous Deutsche Grammophon Company of Germany.

10-day free audition: To introduce you to this incomparable collection we invite you to audition Volume I, the first six symphonies plus the popular LEONORE OVERTURE NO. 3 for 10 days FREE. These selections were performed by the renowned Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. Highlighted in Volume I are:

SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN E FLAT MAJOR—the *"Eroica."* This was Beethoven's first symphony on the "new" road—a decisive break from the eighteenth century school.

SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN C MINOR—The opening is probably Beethoven's most well-known theme. It is merely four notes but those four notes color and characterize the entire work, a work filled with violence and muscle, struggle, anger—and triumph.

SYMPHONY NO. 6 IN F MAJOR—the *"Pastoral,"* a musical evocation of nature's changing moods—from serene to tempestuous, from lush green to black stormy skies.

Only the beginning: If you decide to keep Volume I for just $17.95 ($18.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling, you become a subscriber, entitled to audition approximately every other month, other albums in the collection for the same low price. Some of the magnificent works contained here are:

THE 9TH SYMPHONY—the first choral symphony composed is a resplendent setting of Schiller's *"Ode to Joy,"* a celebration of the brotherhood of man.

MISSA SOLEMNIS—a synthesis of symphony, opera, church music—ending with a prayer for inner and outer peace.

5 PIANO CONCERTOS—including *The Emperor,* one of the most original, imaginative, effective of all.

CELEBRATED PIANO SONATAS—like the famous *Moonlight,* the turbulent *Appassionata* and the vast and difficult *Hammerklavier.*

VIOLIN CONCERTO and KREUTZER SONATA—two of the mainstays of every great violinist's repertory.

THE 16 QUARTETS—reflecting Beethoven's evolution from the elegant 18th century style to prophetic genius of the future.

FIDELIO—complete recording of his only opera, a heart-stirring drama of love, courage and the universal struggle against oppression.

Herbert von Karajan, Conductor

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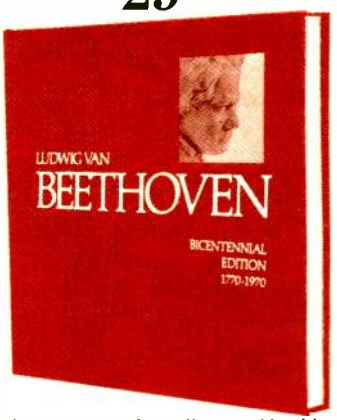

What a feast of reading and looking awaits you in this big, exquisitely designed and printed book! It has been carefully prepared in cooperation with the famed Beethoven Archive in Germany to enable you to explore both the life and the work of the master in fascinating detail. In this one lifetime volume, as a companion to your Beethoven albums, you enjoy an absorbing chronicle of Beethoven's life and times—essays and discussions of every aspect of his work by noted musicologists—reproductions of his manuscripts and much, much more!

These are just a few examples of the excitement you will discover in this monumental series. It includes every major work Beethoven ever wrote.

No risk or obligation: If you are as delighted with Volume I as we think you will be, you may keep the five-record set for only $17.95 ($18.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. We will include, free with your purchase, the giant book on Beethoven described above—a $29.50 value. You are under no obligation to purchase any minimum number of volumes and you may cancel your subscription at any time. Mail the postpaid card today—and reward yourself and your family with this truly remarkable collection.

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of "the great musician
created this magnificent

NIAL COLLECTION

TIME LIFE RECORDS

THE BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION

Think what it will mean to families that care about serious music, to young people just discovering the pleasure of meaningful music. Imagine this series of LP recordings on your shelf, always at hand to bring the enchantment of Beethoven to your home—his power, his ability to inspire, to confirm hope and make you laugh and rage and dream.

World-Renowned Artists Perform this Feast of Beethoven

HERBERT VON KARAJAN
Conductor, supreme interpreter of the Beethoven symphonic *oeuvre*.

YEHUDI MENUHIN
One of the world's most acclaimed violinists with a profound insight into Beethoven's work.

BIRGIT NILSSON
Opera's greatest dramatic soprano.

WILHELM KEMPFF
Dean of European pianists; searching, insightful, powerful.

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU
Baritone, acknowledged master of German lieder.

PIERRE FOURNIER
Silken-toned cellist who brings his superb technique to the service of Beethoven's five cello sonatas.

THE AMADEUS QUARTET
The brilliant British ensemble which probes the depths of Beethoven's string quartets.

KARL RICHTER
Masterful choral conductor who leads the less frequently heard but stirring Mass in C Major.

THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Brings a profound and moving interpretation to a number of Beethoven's major orchestral works.

Introducing the premium

Introducing the music tape BY CAPITOL. Simply the best blank tape you can buy for recording music. This extraordinary new premium tape performs with complete fidelity despite the unusual demands of music recording.

Now you can buy blank tape simply and confidently without being a sound engineer. Frankly, if you're recording a class or dictation, don't waste your money on the quality of the music tape BY CAPITOL. But if you're recording music, you can't really afford to buy less than the music tape BY CAPITOL.

Capitol XD27-G²? Never. Say goodbye to everyone else's pseudo-technical numbers and nomenclature. We've simplified the coding, the package and the whole business of buying tapes. Forget super vs. ultra vs. highest vs. dynamic. the music tape BY CAPITOL is made in one grade only. The finest. The best recording tape made: Extra high output/low noise for full dimensional sound.

The tape with an ear for music. What's the most demanding sound for a tape to reproduce?

It's music. Particularly the variety of pitch and sound levels found in symphonic music. The fortissimo of a kettle drum. The pianissimo of a harp. The timbre of a castanet. The bite of a trumpet. The sharp attack of a piano.

Ordinary recording tapes lose this range...this variety of sound. They round off an instrument's unique characteristics, its "color." They distort when the pitch is high. Or they create interference noise when the sound level is soft.

But not the music tape BY CAPITOL. You might say this tape has an ear for music.

Read between the lines. Signal-to-noise ratio (SNR) is really a way of charting a tape's performance limits. At what pitch (or frequency) will the tape distort? At what sound level (or amplitude) will you first hear unwanted noise?

Scientists can plot these performance limits on a SNR graph like the one below. The lines mark the outer limits of performance. Inside there's trouble-free recording. Outside, distortion and noise.

The larger the distance between the top and bottom lines, the better the SNR. And the wider the area covered, the better the tape's frequency response.

While no tape is perfect, the SNR graph, below, shows the superiority of the music tape BY CAPITOL over conventional tape. It's another reason we think the music tape BY CAPITOL is the best blank tape for music.

SIGNAL-TO-NOISE GRAPH

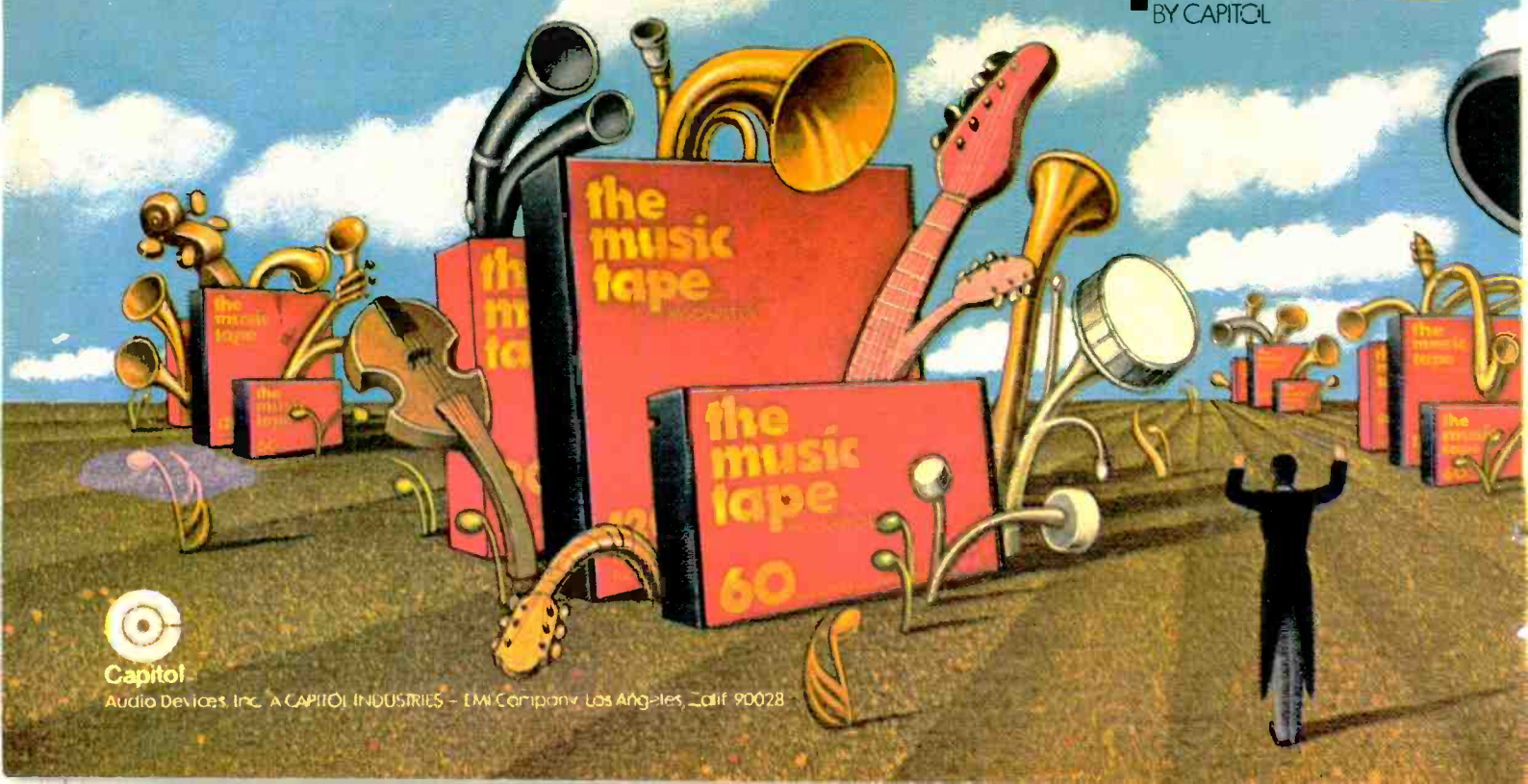
The secret is plenty of iron. Funny. You need iron to perform well. So does blank recording tape.

It's iron oxide particles that give tape the ability to record sound. We use only the finest grade oxide available. Each particle is smaller and more uniform. And we use them more efficiently. The result is greater sensitivity at both high and low frequencies and far less background noise.

Say 'Capitol' and playback 'music'. the music tape is from Capitol, the company that produces Capitol records and prerecorded tapes. So we're familiar with the demands music makes on recording tape. Since 1948 we've made blank tape for professionals in music recording and duplicating. In fact, more is done on our professional line—Audiotape®—than any other.

The next time you record music, get the tape that's especially attuned to music. the music tape BY CAPITOL. Cassette, cartridge or open reel in the red and gold package.

When you record ordinary things, use an ordinary tape.
But when you record music, record on the music tape™ BY CAPITOL

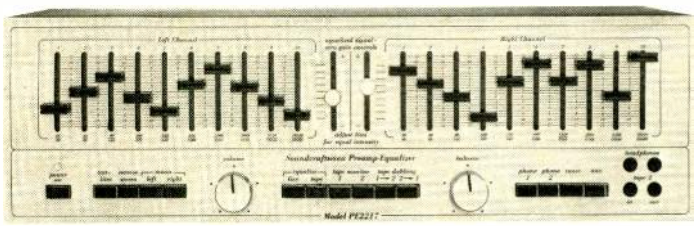


Capitol
Audio Devices, Inc. A CAPITOL INDUSTRIES - EMI Company Los Angeles, Calif. 90028

Although it is able to deliver excellent performance with Fe_2O_3 and CrO_2 tapes, its ultimate potential can best be realized with ferri-chrome tape. As we continue to use ferri-chrome tape with other cassette machines, we will be able to judge its overall effectiveness. In the meantime, it appears that, in the TC-137SD at least, it out-performs both CrO_2 and the best ferric-oxide cassette tapes in every important respect.

Circle 106 on reader service card

Soundcraftsmen PE2217 Preamplifier-Equalizer



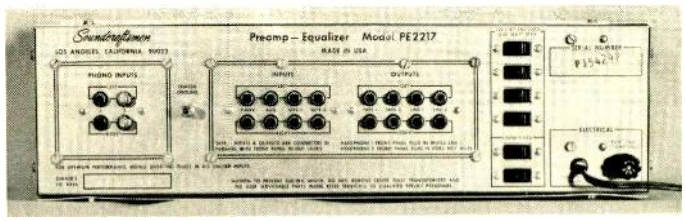
● THE Soundcraftsmen PE2217 preamplifier-equalizer combines a versatile stereo preamp control center with separate octave-band equalizers for each of the two channels. Each equalizer section consists of ten slider controls that provide up to ±12 dB of adjustment in each of the ten octaves that cover the range from approximately 20 to 20,000 Hz.

Since the equalizer takes the place of the usual tone controls and filters found on preamplifiers, the operating knobs have been reduced to the absolute minimum: one for volume control and one for channel balance. The other functions of the PE2217 are handled by fifteen push-buttons arranged in functional groups.

At the bottom left of the panel are the basic mode switches, which can feed either of the input channels, or their sum, to both outputs as well as interchange the left and right channels. A TEST-LITES switch activates four light-emitting diodes (LED's) which monitor the input and output levels of the equalizer sections. Small vertical sliders in the center of the panel are moved until both lights of each channel show equal intensity. This insures unity gain in the equalizer circuits, which is necessary for proper operation within the distortion specs.

At the bottom right side of the panel are the four input-selector buttons, for PHONO 1, PHONO 2, TUNER, and AUX. In the center, six mechanically interlocked buttons hint at the exceptional versatility of the PE2217. The equalizer section, which is normally bypassed, can be connected to modify either the tape-recording or line outputs so that programs can be equalized *before* taping them. Separate TAPE-MONITOR switches control that function for two three-head tape decks, as well as connecting their playback outputs to the audio system for listening. Finally, two TAPE-DUBBING switches make it possible to connect either recorder to copy from the other. This can be done while listening to one of the four normal program sources, and if desired the equalizer can be connected into the dubbing path.

There are two stereo-headphone jacks on the front panel (intended for high-impedance phones, and hence not usable with the usual 8-ohm phones). One of the phone jacks disables the LINE 1 outputs when a plug is inserted. Two more jacks are in parallel with the TAPE 2 inputs and outputs in the rear. The push-button power switch also controls four outlets in the rear of the unit, with a total a.c.-load capacity of 1,000 watts. Two unswitched a.c. outlets are also provided. The signal inputs and outputs in the rear correspond to the functions already described. In addition, there is a second pair of LINE outputs not affected by the use of headphones.



Despite the operating flexibility of the PE2217, the rear-panel input and output arrangement is so logical it is almost self-explanatory.

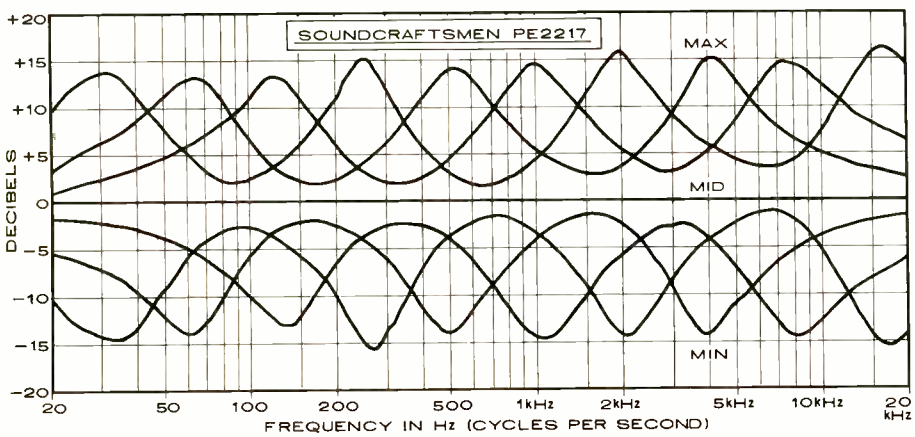
The Soundcraftsmen PE2217 has front-panel dimensions of 5¼ inches high and 18 inches wide; the unit is 9½ inches deep. It is supplied in a walnut-grained wooden case 7¼ inches high, 20 inches wide, and 11¼ inches deep. Price: $499.50. The preamplifier can also be purchased with a standard 5¼ x 19 inch rack-mount panel for $20 extra.

● ***Laboratory Measurements.*** The maximum output of the PE2217 before clipping was 6.6 volts into an open circuit and 3.3 volts into 600 ohms. The total harmonic distortion was 0.01 per cent at a 1-volt output and was unmeasurable at lower signal levels. The distortion increased gradually to 0.06 per cent at 3 volts and 0.22 per cent at 5 volts output, and it was not affected by the use of the equalizer section.

At maximum gain, an input of 0.17 volt at the high-level inputs (or 1.5 millivolts at the phono inputs) produced a 1-volt output. At the high-level inputs the unweighted output noise relative to 1 volt was below our measurement capability of −80 dB, and it was an impressive −79 dB on the phono inputs. The

(Continued on page 47)

Composite curves showing the boosts (MAX) *and cuts* (MIN) *available from the various equalizer controls over their range of operation. The centered* (MID) *position of the slider controls provides a flat response. Equalizer may be switched out of the circuit when desired.*



The Specification Guarantee.* Perhaps someday everyone will have it.

You're looking at the new Technics 600 Series, two of the finest cassette decks we've ever made. But equally important, they're also our first examples of "the Specification Guarantee."

The only kind of a specification we feel is worth serious consideration.

That's because "the Specification Guarantee" isn't merely a collection of overly impressive numbers achieved under ideal conditions. It's five meaningful performance specifications that *every* Technics RS-676US and RS-610US cassette deck, including yours, is guaranteed to meet or surpass*. And if by some unlikely chance it doesn't, we will make sure it does. After all, that's what we feel a guarantee is all about.

But the guarantee isn't the only impressive thing about these specs. The numbers are equally impressive. Even when you compare them with the "unguaranteed" performance figures you usually see. Yet our figures are conservative, understated. Figures that your unit is likely to surpass rather than just meet. And that makes them even more impressive.

	RS-676US	RS-610US
Wow & Flutter (JIS WRMS)	0.08% or better	0.15% or better
Frequency Response Normal Tape Position	40Hz – 12kHz (+2/–4dB) (+2/–3dB)	50Hz – 10kHz ±3dB
CrO_2 Tape Position	40Hz – 13kHz (+2/–4dB) (+2/–3dB)	50Hz – 12Hz ±3dB
S/N Ratio (Weighted, Signal level 250 pWb/mm) Without Dolby†	50dB or better	49dB or better
With Dolby (Above 5 kHz)	58dB or better	57dB or better
THD (0 VU at 1 kHz) Normal Tape Position	2.0% or better	2.3% or better
Speed Accuracy	Within ±1.5%	Within ±2.0%

†Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.

The RS-676US. The RS-610US. And "the Specification Guarantee."

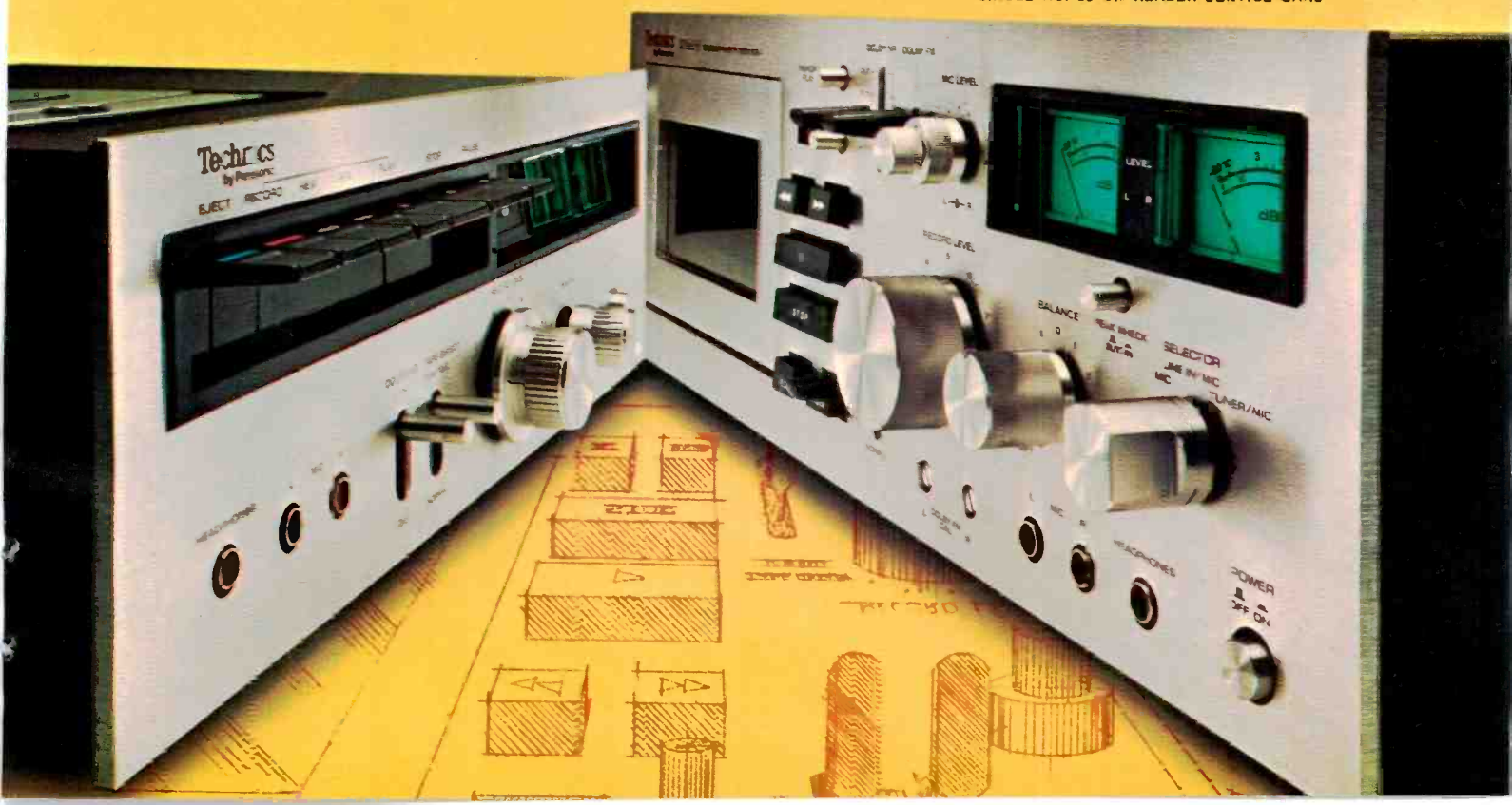
The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.

*Specification Guarantee will be honored for a period of ninety days from the date of original purchase. Void if the product is damaged, altered, or abused following original sale, or if repaired by other than authorized Panasonic personnel, or if the product is not purchased and retained within the U.S.A. or Puerto Rico. Test procedures are available in detailed description on request from Technics by Panasonic, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Specification Guarantee is in addition to the usual parts and labor warranty.

200 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 FOR YOUR NEAREST AUTHORIZED TECHNICS DEALER, CALL TOLL FREE 800 447-4700. IN ILLINOIS 800 322-4400.

Technics
by Panasonic

CIRCLE NO. 53 ON READER SERVICE CARD



Why nearly every a car that doesn't

record player is like steer straight.

If you've ever driven a car with badly aligned front wheels or a defective steering mechanism, you know what we're talking about.

It's a queasy feeling when you can't make the car point in the same direction as the road is pointing.

There happens to be a distinctly comparable problem with record players, except that it's a nearly universal deficiency, not just a malfunction.

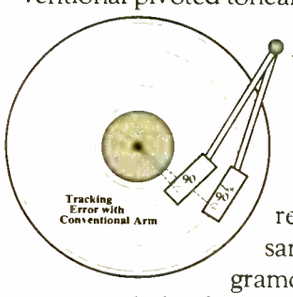
Of course, in this case there's no human life at stake, only the fidelity of the reproduced sound. And sometimes the life of the record.

Like a car, the phono cartridge (or pickup head) should point where it's going. Right down the middle of the groove. Not at an angle to it.

A more scientific way of saying the same thing is that the head should remain perpendicular to the line drawn through the stylus tip and the turntable spindle.

Any deviation from this ideal is known as tracking error. It's measured in degrees and it causes distortion. Inevitably.

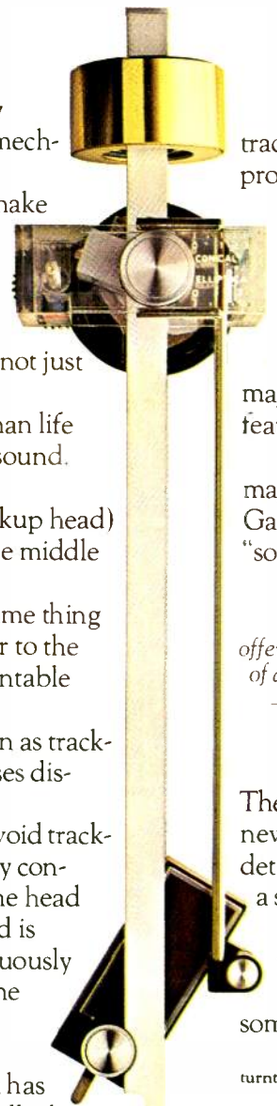
The trouble is that there's no way to avoid tracking error and the resulting distortion with any conventional pivoted tonearm. Why? Because the head swings in an arc and is therefore at a continuously changing angle to the groove as it travels across the record.



The problem has remained fundamentally the same since the Emile Berliner gramophone of 1887. It has been minimized, thanks to improvements in tonearm. geometry, but it hasn't been eliminated.

With one important exception.

In the current line of Garrard automatic turntables, the top models are equipped with Garrard's unique Zero Tracking Error Tonearm.



This remarkable invention ends tracking error once and for all. The head is always properly lined up with the groove because it's hinged instead of fixed and keeps adjusting its angle during play. A simple idea, yes, but the engineering details took the world's leading manufacturer of turntables seven years to perfect.

The Zero Tracking Error Tonearm is a major technological coup, not just a glamour feature. You can hear the difference.

The "Acoustics" column of *Rolling Stone* magazine, for example, reported that the original Garrard turntable equipped with the new arm "sounded markedly 'crisper' than the other turntables" under otherwise identical test conditions.

"It probably is the best arm yet offered as an integral part of an automatic player."
—High Fidelity Magazine

It's true. Just like a car that doesn't steer straight, tracking error can make a nasty sound.

It can even cause unnecessary record wear. The information engraved in the grooves of the new CD-4 discrete four channel records is so finely detailed that it can be partially wiped out by a stylus that doesn't sit absolutely square and true.

Ask your nearest Garrard dealer about the Zero Tracking Error Tonearm.

It's absurd to tolerate a problem that somebody has already solved.

Top of the line: Garrard Zero 100c, $209.95. Other Garrard automatic turntables from $49.95 up. To get your free copy of the new 16 page full color Garrard Guide, write Garrard, Dept. G-9, 100 Commercial St., Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

Garrard

Division of Plessey Consumer Products 100 Commercial Street, Plainview, New York 11803

Build it yourself!

Build this exciting color TV as part of Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating learn-at-home program employing digital electronics!

Digital clock that flashes on the screen!

Channel numbers that flash on the screen!

Automatic pre-set channel selector!

Simulated TV picture

"Electro-Lab" is a registered trademark of the Bell & Howell Company. Simulated TV picture

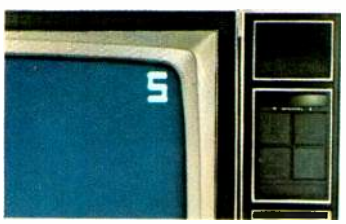
You get valuable "hands on" experience right from the very start...it makes learning faster and all the more exciting!

Digital electronics is a fascinating world to explore! It's an expanding technology that's changing not only our clocks, wristwatches and pocket calculators, but now, color TV!

By building Bell & Howell's big-screen color TV with digital features, you'll learn about this exciting field first hand. And you'll take special pride in this remarkable TV because you built it yourself!

You work with a color TV that's ahead of its time . . . and learn about these exciting features:

Digital channel numbers that flash on the screen

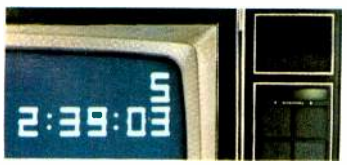


Press the instant-on button and the channel number flashes big and clear, right on the screen—and stays there as long as you want!

Automatic pre-set channel selector

Just a push of the forward or reverse channel buttons and instantly the VHF and UHF channels come on in a pre-set sequence. All "dead" channels are skipped over.

Digital clock that flashes on screen



With just the push of a button, this TV tells the correct time. The hours, minutes and seconds appear in clear, easy-to-read digital numbers.

You need no prior electronics background . . . we help you every step of the way!

We start you off with the basics and help you work your way up, one step at a time.

With your first lesson, you'll receive a special Lab Starter Kit that aids your understanding of electronics fundamentals . . . gives you immediate "hands on" experience. If there's a "snag," call one of our expert instructors toll-free. You can also talk shop with instructors and fellow students at our "help-sessions" scheduled in 50 cities at various times throughout the year.

Perform fascinating experiments with the exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system. It's yours to build.

Your program includes professional testing equipment to give you valuable "hands on" experience. You'll build and use a *digital multimeter*, a *solid-state oscilloscope* with "triggered sweep," and a modular *design console*. You will have the most up-to-date tools of the trade, including instruments you can use professionally after you finish the program.

The occupational skills you learn in digital electronics could lead to new income opportunities, full or part-time...perhaps a business of your own!

Once you've completed this learn-at-home program, you'll have the skills to service color TV's, plus repair a variety of home electronics equipment.

While many of our students do not ask for employment assistance, it is available. Of course, no assurance of income opportunities can be offered. No better or more practical at-home training in electronics is available anywhere!

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SAVE $90 on the magnificent STA-80 during this sale. Hurry—it's one of our best Realistic® sellers.

It'll make the heart of a great stereo system—a tape monitor lets you record like a "pro" and a switch lets you select main and/or remote speakers. For great sound we gave the STA-80 wideband AM, FET/IC FM, a hi-filter, FM muting, signal strength and center-channel meters, exclusive Perfect Loudness® for natural bass even at low volume and unique Glide-Path™ volume/balance controls. For beauty we gave it a blackout dial, a lighted dial pointer that doubles as a stereo beacon and a 29.95-value walnut veneer case. There's only one place you can find it... Radio Shack! #31-2046.

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CIRCLE NO. 43 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Soundcraftsmen PE2217 Preamplifier-Equalizer . . .

(Continued from page 38)

phono preamplifier overloaded at a safe 86-millivolt input. The RIAA phono equalization was accurate within ±0.3 dB from 30 to 15,000 Hz and was relatively independent of cartridge inductance. The equalizer section, which is ahead of the volume control, could be overloaded by a 3.7-volt signal, a signal level unlikely to be encountered in normal use.

Since a unit of this caliber is likely to be used with a rather powerful amplifier, we checked the output for switching transients. An internal circuit provides a time delay of a few seconds to eliminate these transients in normal use, but if the unit is turned off and on repeatedly without waiting for the relay to reset (a practice the manual specifically warns against), 10-millisecond output pulses of up to ±0.6 volt are produced.

The frequency response of the basic preamplifier (without equalizer section) was ±0.1 dB from 5 Hz to 150 kHz, and down 2 dB at 500 kHz. With the equalizer switched in, it was still ±0.4 dB from 5 Hz to 80 kHz, and was down 3 dB at 230 kHz. When its controls were centered, the equalizer had no effect on the overall frequency response in the audio range or on the square-wave response. At their maximum settings, the equalizer controls had a range of about ±14 dB.

● *Comment.* With rare exceptions, conventional tone controls are ineffectual for correcting undesirable room acoustics, loudspeaker-response characteristics, or even peculiarly equalized recorded or broadcast program material. Multiband equalizers, even with as few as five bands, are considerably better, but until you have used an octave-band equalizer such as the Soundcraftsmen PE2217, you cannot appreciate just how effectively such a device can change mediocre sound into something worth listening to, or transform merely good sound into really *high* fidelity.

Undeniably, twenty controls can be cumbersome to adjust (compared with conventional tone-control knobs), but one soon learns to leave the settings undisturbed once the optimum has been found. When the equalization for a given circumstance has been achieved, the PE2217 is one of the simplest control centers imaginable, as well as one of the best. For the serious audiophile, especially the tape recordist, the Soundcraftsmen PE2217 is an ideal combination of exceptional control flexibility and state-of-the-art performance, achieved without sacrifice of operating simplicity.

Circle 107 on reader service card

Dual's new generation: a matter of subtle refinement

Dual 1226, $159.95

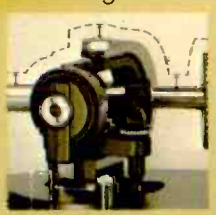
Dual 1228, $189.95

If you've known previous Duals, our new generation will look familiar. Which is not surprising since no radical change has been made in design or technology.

Tracking force is applied directly around the vertical pivot, maintaining perfect balance in all planes.

Dual, after all, is the multi-play turntable that music experts — record reviewers, audio engineers, hi-fi editors and the like — have long preferred to use in their personal systems.

The reason is simple: Dual provides superior performance (with the added convenience of being fully automatic). And because of Dual's proven reliability, many owners are reluctant to give up their original Dual; even after ten years of constant use.



The Mode Selector parallels the tonearm to center stack in multi-play mode; to single-record in single-play.

Through the years Dual has introduced refinement after refinement, many of them "firsts" among automatic turntables: pitch control; separate anti-skating calibrations for different stylus types; gimbal tonearm suspensions, and rotating single-play spindles.

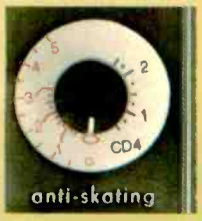
Dual engineers have never strayed from their original concept: to build every Dual turntable with more precision than you are ever likely to

rather than radical change.

Dual 1225, $129.95

Dual 1229Q, $259.95

need. Dual's ability to track at low stylus pressures, for example, has always been ahead of the finest cartridges. Even the lowest-priced Dual can track flawlessly at one gram.



Separate anti-skating calibrations for conical, elliptical and CD-4 styli are provided on every Dual turntable.

Another Dual policy: refinements introduced on the higher-priced Duals typically appear later on the lower-priced models. For example, Dual's two highest-priced models now have a built-in illuminated strobe. Three models now have rotating single-play spindles. All four models have low-capacitance tonearm leads and a special anti-skating scale for CD-4 as well as for conical and elliptical styli.

Tonearms of the 1228 and 1229Q are suspended in a true four-point gyroscopic gimbal.

With these subtle refinements each Dual remains the most advanced multi-play turntable in its price class. Radical change, after all, is necessary only when one is radically behind.

Dual®

United Audio Products
120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553
Exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual.

CIRCLE NO. 50 ON READER SERVICE CARD

WE HAVE CHOSEN THIS RATHER UNORTHODOX WAY TO PRESENT THE NEW B·I·C™ TURNTABLES—BECAUSE THE NEW B·I·C TURNTABLES ARE RATHER UNORTHODOX.

Traditionally, new audio equipment (new anything for that matter) is introduced with orthodox "product shots".

In the case of the B·I·C 980 and 960 we're breaking that mold. We're taking you inside and underneath—because much of the real beauty of these instruments lies in the innovation and engineering that's there.

In the exploded view at left you see a combination of things not found in any other turntable—a belt drive system and a record support post. Never before has there been a belt drive turntable with automatic multiple play capabilities. Only B·I·C has this combination.

At right you can see the B·I·C program panel. With it you can operate these turntables manually. Or you can elect to play a single disc automatically. Or you can repeat a single disc as many as 6 times. Or you can play from 2 to 6 discs in series.

For the first time one turntable combines the advantages of a manual unit with the convenience of perfect automatic record handling—without sacrificing playback performance.

The Worm's Eye View

The underside of the turntable is revealing.

Compare it with the underside of any unit you choose and you'll be struck by the simple, clean appearance of the B·I·C

Many moving parts found in turntables with automatic features have been eliminated. (We've sold and serviced millions of automatic record players over the past 37 years and one thing we've learned is that simpler is better and less is more.)

The motor is a 24-pole, 300 RPM unit. It has the torque to move the platter to playing speed in ⅓ a revolution. The 1800 RPM units used in automatic turntables are simply no match for its smoothness, silence, and durability.

Only B·I·C has a 300 RPM 24-pole motor.

The 4 shock mounts at the edge of the unit plate form an acoustically damped interface between the unit plate and base. These hollow rubber, spherical cushions were designed specifically for B·I·C Programmed Turntables.

Conventional units use metal springs.

Other Intriguing Features

The B·I·C tone arm includes features you won't find on any other arm at any price.

The cartridge shell can be adjusted so that optimum 15° tracking can be achieved no matter how deep or shallow your cartridge body is.

Cueing time can be adjusted for from 1 to 3 seconds via a knob on top of the unit.

Seven other adjustments can be made from the top of the instrument which permit easy fine-tuning of the tone arm system, to a greater degree than has ever been possible before.

The control tabs and linear scale for anti-skate and tracking force adjustment are unique.

The cycle button which controls play is unique.

Etc. Etc.

Dependability

B·I·C Programmed Turntables are made in the United States, in our own factories. We mention this because quality control is probably *the* most important factor in building this kind of equipment. The fact that the specifications for these turntables have been created and quality controlled by B·I·C is more important than you might guess.

Also, the considerable investment you are making in a B·I·C turntable is going into the turntable—not into import duties, currency fluctuations, and transportation.

Performance

The B·I·C 980 and 960 bring you an order of performance which is both outstanding and fast becoming *essential* in the new era of 4-channel reproduction.

They are bound to be copied.

For the time being, however, they are absolutely unique in their field—fundamentally different from any other turntable, be it fully automatic, single-play automatic, or manual.

We barely have space here to hint at the things you should know about these turntables.

Your audio dealer has a comprehensive 26-page booklet about them which includes performance figures, dimensions and details about the B·I·C 2-year warranty.

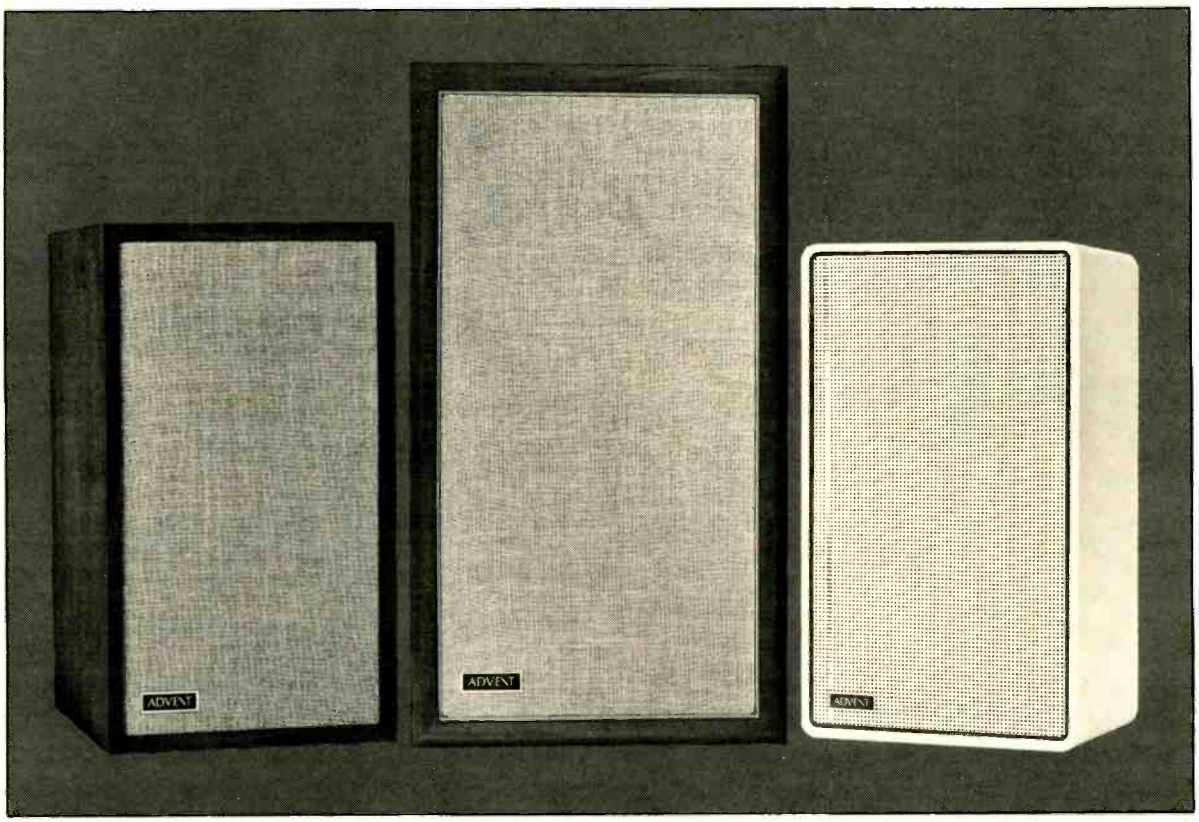
Get this booklet . . . or write for more information to Dept. C, British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y, 11590.

We think you ought to compare turntable features before you buy. And if you compare ours with any and all others you're considering (price no object) we'll be happy. We think you will be too.

B·I·C™

The 980 and 960 are identical except for the 980's electronic speed and pitch control circuitry and its lighted strobe. Accessories available include solid oiled-walnut wood base—matte black molded base—and hinged dust cover. The 980 will sell for approximately $200. The 960 for about $150.

The Three Advent Speakers



When products become best-sellers largely on the strength of word-of-mouth advertising, and when people consistently go out of their way to write the company and say thanks for making them, you have reason to believe that something special is going on.

The something special is this:

The three speakers described in this ad do exactly what they are represented to do.

The Advent Loudspeaker

The original Advent was designed to compete in every audible respect with the most expensive speakers available, at a fraction—often a very small fraction—of their cost. Its useful frequency range is as wide as any speaker's, and its sound is clean, clear, and beautifully defined, with a musical balance that is satisfying not just with the best recordings or one kind of musical material, but with the whole range of music and

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THE ART OF RAGTIME

A book (and a subject) reviewed

By Henry Pleasants

SEVERAL events of very recent years have focused attention on ragtime, all of them centered on the unique accomplishments of Scott Joplin, a black composer-pianist (1868-1917) heretofore remembered, insofar as he was remembered at all, for *Maple Leaf Rag*, dating from 1899.

There was, to begin with, the first public performance of his opera *Treemonisha* (1911) in Atlanta in 1972. At about the same time came a series of recordings of Joplin's piano rags by Joshua Rifkin, a classical pianist, and the publication by the New York Public Library in two volumes of *The Collected Works of Scott Joplin*, edited by Vera Brodsky Lawrence, also a reputable classical pianist.

It is symptomatic of the viciously dichotomous character of musical society in this century that Joplin should come to be taken seriously only when a few "serious" musicians saw fit to give him the nod, and that the devoted ragtime evangelism of such non-"serious" musicians as Max Morath, Eubie Blake, and Willie "The Lion" Smith over the years has gone unnoted, unheeded, and largely unrewarded. Not even the excellent *They All Played Ragtime* by Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis of fifteen years ago could earn for ragtime in general, or for Scott Joplin in particular, any acknowledgment of respectability among the musically respectable.

This dichotomy was vividly reflected in Joplin's own life and work, and probably had a lot to do with the disappointments and frustrations that may have contributed to his mental collapse and premature death. His dream was to distill from the folk elements of minstrel-show song, coon song, and cakewalk a black art music acceptable to those, both black and white, who thought of art music in terms of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. The enormous success of *Maple Leaf Rag* and similar rag suites by Joplin and others around the turn of the century encouraged him in his aspiration. But the success turned out to be a passing vogue, and the severely formalized, written-out ragtime of Joplin was quickly diluted and distorted and returned to the plebeian or commercial sources from which it had been derived. *Treemonisha* did not survive a single rehearsal performance in New York's Harlem in 1915. Blacks, at that time, were as little interested as whites in a ragtime opera.

The art-*vs.*-popular dichotomy is also reflected in a recent book, *The Art of Ragtime—Form and Meaning of an Original Black American Art*, by William J. Schafer and Johannes Riedel, and is responsible for some of its very severe shortcomings, including constant confusion as to just what the authors have in mind, from page to page, when they use the term "ragtime." Their heroes are Joplin, James Scott (black), and Joseph Lamb (white), whose work exemplifies the authors' definition of ragtime as "a formation of folk melodies and musical techniques into a brief and fairly simple quadrille-like structure, written down and designed to be played *as written* on the piano." This is a satisfactory definition of what the authors sometimes call "classic" ragtime, but, as they concede, ragtime as a generic term, both before and after the Joplin era, embraced (or was commonly accepted as embracing) a far wider—and more vulgar—range of form, performance, and function.

The crucial word in the title is not *ragtime*, but *art*. The authors say, for example, that "American music was never the same after the explosive impact of ragtime at the turn of the century," which is true. But the impact was made by the infiltration into the totality of American popular music of black elements significantly less sophisticated, less "artistic," than Joplin's through-composed dance and song suites, admirable and treasurable as these certainly are.

Schafer and Riedel associate Joplin with Brahms, Dvořák, Bartók, and other European composers who drew upon folk sources for works in the "higher" and larger forms. One of the book's dedicatees, significantly, is Charles Ives. Joplin undoubtedly had something of the same thing in mind. He wanted to make the black American's music acceptable in a white, essentially European, artistic context. And this was, I suspect, the source of his personal tragedy. His music faded not because it was too black, but because it was too white, especially in its frustration of the improvisatory instincts of black musicians that so attractively distinguished first ragtime, then jazz, from nineteenth-century European music.

Similarly, the authors continually refer in derogatory terms to the "commercial" roots, deviations, dilutions, and exploitation of ragtime, seeming to pre-empt for Joplin and his disciples an exclusive right to the term, and offering them as doomed heralds and defenders of the "art" of ragtime. This is typical of today's fashionable intellectual contempt for all that smacks of commerce, a posture that blinds so many to the fact that the commercial, by definition rooted in popular tastes and attitudes, draws vitality, often artistic vitality, from its popular roots. In the case of ragtime, popular tastes and attitudes led not to greater Joplins or ragtime operas and symphonies, but, more fruitfully, to jazz.

In *The Art of Ragtime* we are also offered yet another dose of that inverted racism that sees black-white relationships at the turn of the century in terms of the conventional, more enlightened attitudes of today, and castigates white society accordingly, although the authors do concede that Joplin was as much a victim of black snobbery as of white. In one chapter the word *racist* or *racism* occurs twenty times in seven and a half pages. This is tiresome.

It is also characteristic of the book's numbing repetitiousness. Its 249 pages could easily have been compressed into about 150, and would have been the more readable and the more intelligible for the compression. Its reckless hyperbole is also exasperating: "That [ragtime] ever came into being is miracle enough, but that it went on to change the whole shape and meaning of American popular music transcends the miraculous."

The Art of Ragtime offers a considerable amount of useful information, biographical, musical, and sociological. The musical examples are numerous, excellently printed, and knowledgeably discussed. Bibliography and index are exemplary, and will be valuable for future researchers. For all this one must be grateful.

There remains to be written, however, a book about ragtime as penetrating musically as this one, but more tightly edited and more sympathetic to the *whole* of ragtime, including those major and most influential manifestations of the style which Messrs. Schafer and Riedel, from social and aesthetic bias, find distasteful. The ragtime that "changed the whole shape and meaning of American popular music" was not the ragtime that sought respectability and status as art music.

The Art of Ragtime—Form and Meaning of an Original Black American Art, by William J. Schafer and Johannes Riedel. Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge (1974), 249 pp., $10; illustrated.

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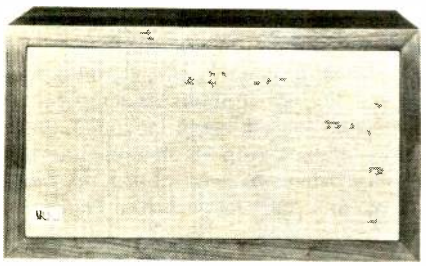

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CIRCLE NO. 2 ON READER SERVICE CARD

GOING ON RECORD

By JAMES GOODFRIEND
Music Editor

THE CADENZA QUESTION

A SHORT time ago, I received a letter from a reader with a problem. He had heard a radio broadcast of an oboe concerto (unidentified in his letter), had liked it, and had purchased a recording of that same concerto. Upon listening to it, he found that it differed from the recording he had heard on the radio, most particularly in the cadenzas. What, then, he wanted to know, accounted for these differences, and what, in general, is a cadenza? Assuming that other listeners may have come across this phenomenon, a little explanation may be in order.

A cadenza is a device used in concerted music, and occasionally elsewhere. It is (usually) an unaccompanied passage for the soloist or soloists, coming (usually) at the end of a work or movement, and it has a three-part function. Harmonically, its function is simply to lead (pardon the technical language, but it's unavoidable) from an unstable chord called the tonic six-four chord, to the chord of the dominant which in turn resolves to the tonic. Formally, its function is to delay that resolution, to accentuate the sense that the work is drawing to its conclusion, and to keep the ending from sounding too abrupt. Interpretively, its function is to show off the technical (and, at one time, the musically inventive) abilities of the soloist.

The full-fledged cadenza was probably a development of the Neapolitan opera of the eighteenth century, in which singers interpolated their own long, involved passages employing every kind of vocal trick and technique toward the end of an aria. It was a crowd-pleasing sort of thing, and was taken up with alacrity by instrumental soloists so that they too might share such audience approbation. In the beginning, the cadenza was an improvised passage, designed to show that creative talent was not wholly the property of the composer, but was shared by the performer. But it was a short step from improvising a cadenza to carefully and calculatingly preparing it some time before the performance, memorizing it, and presenting it as if it *were* improvised. By such little cheatings are musical developments set into motion.

The development went two ways. On the one hand, esteemed soloists labored long and mightily on their own cadenzas for concertos in their repertoire, and later found an additional source of income and fame by publishing those cadenzas. On the other hand, composers began to distrust both the compositional abilities of the soloists who played their works, and their taste (or lack of it), and they therefore wrote their *own* cadenzas as integral parts of the concertos. In general, composers tended to play *down* the virtuosic aspects of the cadenza, while cadenza-writing performers paid less and less attention (as the years separated them more and more from the composers) to historically appropriate style and more attention to incorporating their contemporary technical and musical preoccupations into the cadenza.

The composers' path probably reached its apex with Mendelssohn's E Minor Violin Concerto, in which not only is the cadenza an integral part of the work, but its position in the work is completely changed to come at the end of the development section and before the recapitulation rather than at the end of the movement—integration with a vengeance. The virtuoso's path probably crested with the complex, convoluted and chromatic cadenzas that Edwin Fischer (who was, in many other ways, a model of musical taste) pasted on to several of Mozart's piano concertos.

Today, certain cadenzas are relatively standard: those by Kreisler, Joachim, or Auer-Joachim for the Beethoven Violin Concerto; Beethoven's own for his piano concertos (though some pianists play others, and Beethoven himself wrote alternatives); Mozart for many of his own piano concertos; Joachim for the Brahms Violin Concerto; and so on. After Brahms, the cadenza became almost exclusively the responsibility of the composer, although they were frequently written in consultation with the soloist for whom the work was composed.

Concertos of earlier times, however (the major exception being, at times, Bach), only rarely come equipped with written-out cadenzas by either the composer or a soloist contemporary with him. At least the *aura* of improvisation was still demanded in those days, and what did get written out almost never got circulated.

We have, therefore, become somewhat accustomed to hearing such works performed without cadenzas at all, for the rediscovery of the major portion of the Baroque repertoire that we enjoy today was contemporaneous with the development of a new attitude toward performance paractice: Romantic freedom and excesses were to be avoided at all costs, and the ideal was held to be a strict and accurate rendering of a score as close as possible to the composer's original manuscript. This puritanism (though it had its good and cleansing effects) was somewhat misplaced, and is now being superseded by a more realistic view of the situation, one which recognizes that *few* composers before 1750 wrote down everything they expected to hear. They assumed a knowledge of styles on the part of their performers and they *expected* improvisations. They did not expect the work to sound the same at each and every performance.

GIVEN a hypothetical oboe concerto, then (eighteenth century or earlier vintage), one might hear it performed today in any of three different styles: (1) a Romantically inclined soloist, probably a member of the old guard, who would fill it with all those grand-gesture expressive devices of the nineteenth century; (2) by a member of the puritan group, who would play it metronomically (probably) and precisely, adding nothing, but being scrupulously accurate in the presentation of whatever directions the composer put into his score; and (3) by a more enlightened musician who would play freely in a style he knew, through study, was the style in which the work was conceived, and who would ornament, embellish, and add cadenzas within the proper framework of that style.

There is, then, the possibility of hearing almost a history of the last hundred years of performance style through the medium of a single concerto, depending only on the attitudes of the various performers. For music is not, as the New York *Times* has unfortunately (and malapropistically) put it at least twice in recent memory, "frozen architecture." Music is not frozen anything. Music is wonderfully fluid and open to change, filling a *restricted* range of possibilities, of course, but still a range. Don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise.

THE SIMELS REPORT

By STEVE SIMELS

RAMBLIN' ON

EVEN though I have been busy rehearsing for an off-off-Broadway production of the new rock opera *La Triviata*, watching interminable extra innings of a Yankee game while waiting to rejoin the *Star Trek* reruns "already in progress," and working on developing a slouch similar to that displayed by Zal Yanovsky on the back cover of the first Lovin' Spoonful album, rock-and-roll, or what passes for it these days, *still* occupies the major portion of my time. But there are nasty rumors going around to the effect that I ain't got no culchuh. Well, let's stop those right now: how many of you rockers can claim that you've ever attended a Leonard Bernstein recording session? Not many, I'll warrant you, and before a massive chorus of "so what?" begins, I'd simply like to mention that the one I went to was in many ways instructive. (The session in question was held at Columbia's East Side studio in New York City for a recording of the new Bernstein ballet *The Dybbuk*.)

As a veteran of ten years of recording demos with various garage bands, I must say I found surprisingly little difference between the way a "serious" contemporary work and a projected Top Ten smash are put together—in other words, the atmosphere in the booth, despite the presence of an orchestral score in the hands of the producer (something I doubt Phil Spector works with) was extremely informal, the musicians acted like real people, made dumb mistakes, and generally screwed around. More intriguingly, the recording was being put together in tiny pieces—the orchestra, apparently unfamiliar with the score, could only go half a minute or so before flubbing something, and the engineers were sitting there marking off splice points. I had thought such electronic chicanery was limited to the pop product. At any rate, given the episodic nature of the performance I was hearing, it was kind of difficult to get a fix on the piece—I haven't seen the ballet performed—but, at the very least, I can say that the music was instantly recognizable as the work of its composer. Lenny, by the way, was resplendently attired in a pair of *saddle* shoes that looked, from my vantage point in the booth, as if they had platform heels! Perhaps next year he'll be conducting the *Symphonie Fantastique* in glitter.

Continuing in this high-class classical vein, I can also report that I got a very pleasant surprise at Procol Harum's recent New York performance at the Felt Forum. The band, as always, was impeccable, but at the finish Gary Brooker announced "We have a special guest . . . Mr. [Leo] Kottke, the master of the six- and twelve-string guitars." And out he ambled. (He had been the opening act, and in fact I had attended the concert with my fingers crossed, having read that Leo and the Harum had toured Europe together and developed a little mutual admiration society.) He had a tough time tuning ("Close enough for jazz," Brooker told him at one point), but he finally got it right, and what do you know—they sounded great together. He plucked out the opening to *Power Failure*, and then the band came in, altering the rhythm slightly to fit Kottke's folk strum, and it was simply gorgeous; the twelve-string filled out their already stately sound magnificently. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, and I can't help hoping that something concrete comes out of this; perhaps they should back him on his next record, or he could guest on one of theirs.

Another pleasant surprise was a nice little party MCA Records tossed (at the Bottom Line) for my latest fave rave, Kiki Dee, whose album I reviewed last issue. Pete Townshend, who had a day off between gigs with the Who at Madison Square Garden, was at the next table (with Elton John, who is acting as Kiki's Svengali), and, groupie that I am, I found his presence inordinately distracting. Still, when Kiki and band took the stage, I had little time to contemplate my longtime idol, because this young lady is everything I'd hoped for. In fact, her record only hints at how good she is. Still, as much as I liked her (and to be honest, it was all I could do to keep from rushing the stage in a lustful frenzy), I couldn't help thinking: when, oh when, are the female Rolling Stones going to show up? Can't you just imagine it—a truly stunning, tough, no-nonsense lady with a great voice, demonic presence, and ace material, backed by a similarly compelling all-girl band that can keep up with her? If and when these lovelies ever arrive, there's going to be an explosion that will make Beatlemania look like a low-budget road show. Kiki's a step in the right direction, though, for sure, especially for those of us who never got into the Carole King school of tortured neurosis and suburban romanticism.

A not-so-pleasant surprise was the obnoxious reception for Sly Stone following his on-stage wedding at the Garden. (I wasn't even sure that Sly was actually there, but he was indeed in attendance: my spies report that he emerged, late in the festivities, wasted beyond belief, bumped into a wall, and then, as a friend led him out, managed to squeak "I want to take you higher.") But there were lots of other celebs to gape at, including some of the Andy Warhol crowd and John Phillips of the Mamas and Papas. I found the whole business intensely lame: the party (at the oh-so-boring and predictably decadent Starlite Room of the Waldorf Astoria) was attended by what seemed like millions of middle-aged record execs, who at long last could afford to be With It now that tuxedos are fashionable again. What nonsense; most of these people still don't even *like* rock-and-roll.

THE Who's recent Garden Party was, shall we say, more to my taste. They weren't quite as cosmic an experience as they were last year in Philadelphia, but they nevertheless put on one of the more exciting rock concerts anyone is ever likely to see. (They are also, if their slapstick clowning is any indication of where they're headed, turning into an old-fashioned vaudeville—or should I say Music Hall?—act.)

Finally, I now have to take back every nasty thing I've ever said about David Bowie. David, who claims he'll be getting much funkier during his summer tour (and I'll believe that when I hear it) is—are you ready?—planning to record two songs by the Bard of Asbury Park, Bruce Springsteen. He'll butcher them, of course, but if the gesture gets Bruce the recognition he deserves, Bowie will at last have done something useful, like hipping everybody to the most important talent to emerge in rock in the last three years. David, come home; all is forgiven.

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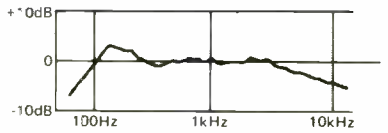

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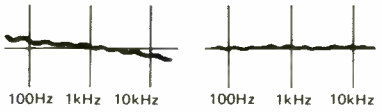

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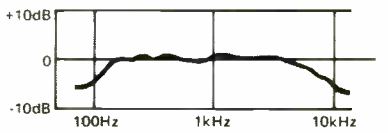

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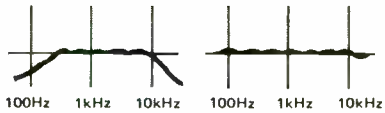

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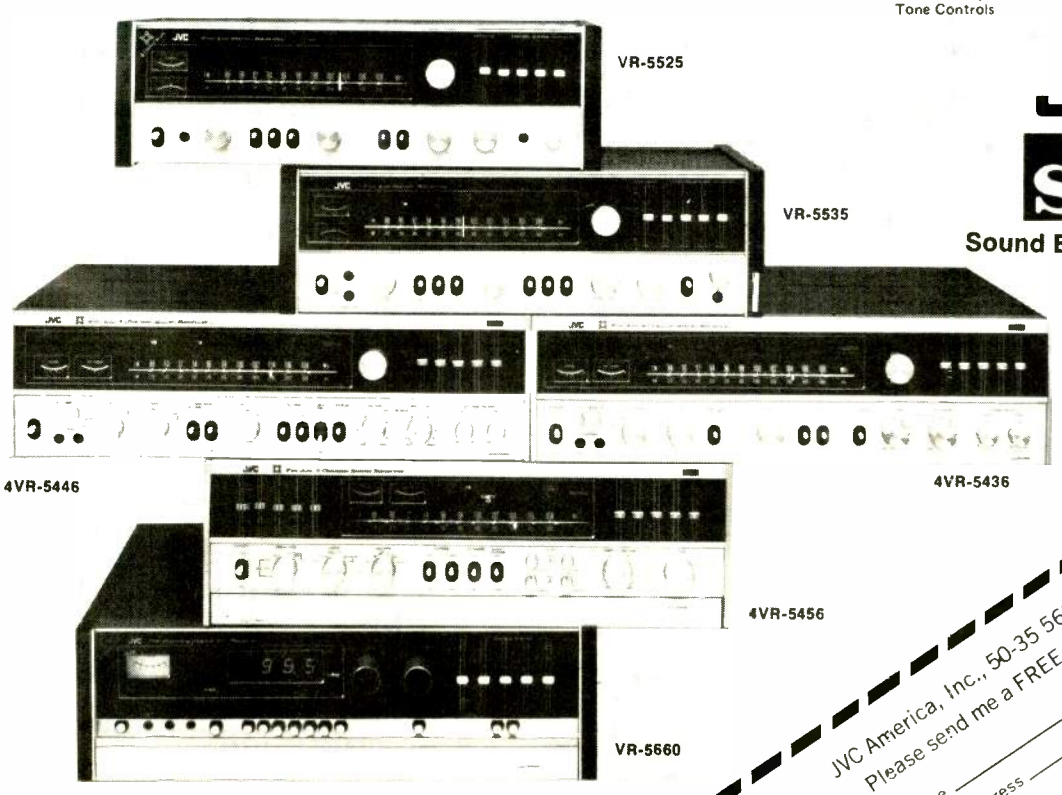

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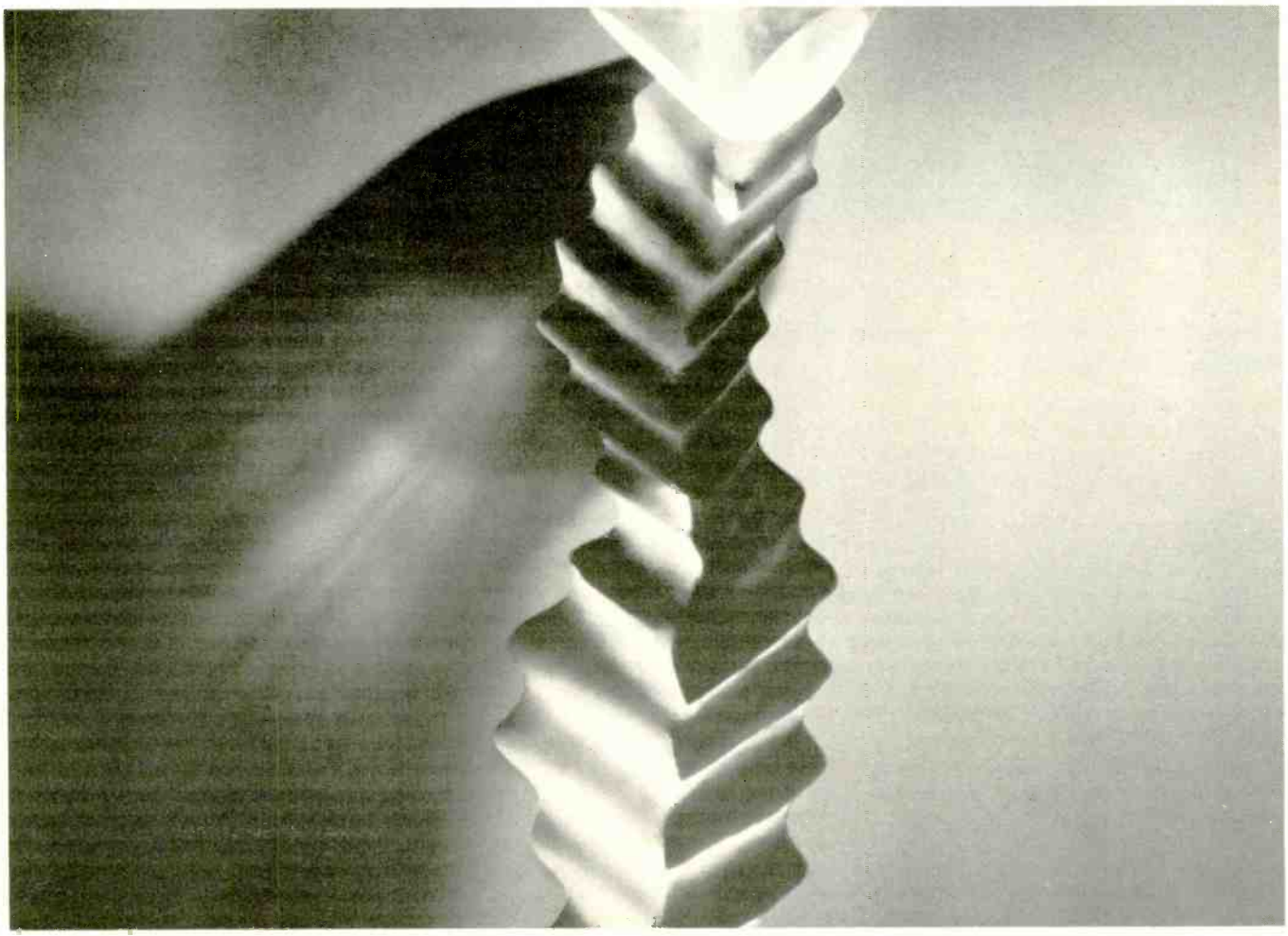

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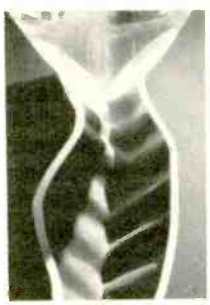

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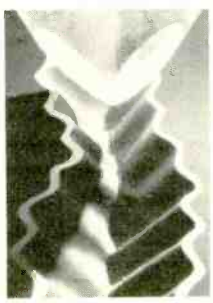

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THE BASIC REPERTOIRE · 173

By MARTIN BOOKSPAN

BRAHMS' TRAGIC OVERTURE

DURING the summer of 1880 Johannes Brahms composed two concert overtures in the house at Ischl in Upper Austria that served as his summer retreat for twelve years. The first of the two overtures he titled *Academic Festival*, as a tribute to the University of Breslau which a year earlier had conferred upon him an honorary doctor's degree. Incorporated in the music are what Brahms himself termed "a very jolly potpourri of students' songs *à la* Suppé." The companion overture, to which he gave the title *Tragic*, is an entirely different matter. It is a sober and dramatic work, reflective and searching in nature and with a brooding intensity that relates it to such other characterful overtures as Beethoven's *Coriolan*, Schumann's *Manfred*, and Handel's *Agrippina*.

Over the years, a number of literary associations have been advanced as the inspiration for the *Tragic* Overture. One theory had it that the overture was originally intended as incidental music for a projected production of Goethe's *Faust* at Vienna's Burgtheater. But the fact that extensive sketches for the *Tragic* Overture antedate the *Faust* production by at least ten years would pretty well seem to lay that theory to rest. The figure of Hamlet is another literary source sometimes cited in connection with this overture, but Heinrich Reimann, in his detailed study of the composer, finds no definite literary connection. Rather, according to Reimann, Brahms has taken "no definite, tragical, heroic figure as a basic ideal. It is only the universal, constant fundamental emotion of tragedy (somewhat in the sense of Aristotle or Lessing) which is reflected. Grandeur, nobility, and deep emotional earnestness are the essentials of tragic character."

The *Tragic* Overture begins with two fortissimo chords, followed by a muted roll on the timpani. The strings then immediately state the first subject, an undulating and arresting theme that rises to an impassioned climax. The development of the material leads to a lengthy section of resignation and despair, and then the trombones offer a hopeful pronouncement. The violins state the reflective second subject, and the section is brought to a dramatic conclusion. The two chords of the opening emerge from the argument, and then there is a return, in abbreviated form, of the first subject. What follows is a further working out of material in a section that, to some, suggests a funeral march. The coda, in the words of the great British musicologist Sir Donald Francis Tovey, "gathers up the remaining threads of the story in a catastrophe clearly represented by the solemn emphasis with which the trombones bring in the decisive close to the first subject."

THE first great recording of Brahms' *Tragic* Overture was the one made in London in the late 1930's by the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini and still available as a mono reissue on the budget-price Seraphim label (60150). This is an intense and feverish performance that underlines the drama in the score. The reproduction, considered quite advanced in its time, now sounds pretty feeble. It is interesting to contrast that Toscanini performance with the one included in the RCA Victrola album devoted to Toscanini-led performances of all the Brahms symphonies as well as the *Academic Festival* Overture and the *Variations on a Theme by Haydn* (VIC 6400, four discs, mono). In general, the older Toscanini grew, the more febrile and precipitate his performances became. Here, however, it is the *later* performance (the Victrola *Tragic* Overture is from a broadcast performance given in November 1953, Toscanini's final season with the NBC Symphony Orchestra) that is the more expansive and varied in both shading and tempo. And, though still sounding cramped by contemporary standards, the 1953 sound is a vast improvement over the sound of the BBC Symphony recording.

The *Tragic* Overture has been fortunate in its recorded representations over the years: there is not a dud among the more than a dozen other performances currently available. Among them all, though, there are several that I think are unusually worthy. Chief among these are the performances conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini (Seraphim S 60101), Otto Klemperer (Angel S 35532), George Szell (Columbia MS 6965), and Bruno Walter (Odyssey Y 30851). Both Giulini and Klemperer are working with London's Philharmonia Orchestra, and both deliver powerful performances. Giulini has the better of it where sound itself is concerned: Klemperer's recording, a product of very early stereo technology, has rather cavernous acoustical properties, while Giulini's is admirably clear, rich, and well balanced.

Walter's performance, too, is on the epic side, with a superb, rather headlong movement that in no way keeps the conductor from caressing phrases expressively and otherwise personalizing his reading. And, though his performance was recorded at about the same time as Klemperer's, Walter has much the better sound reproduction; indeed, there is an immediacy to the sound of the Odyssey recording that is impressive even by today's standards.

Which brings me to my favorite of all the currently available recordings of the score: George Szell's. Passion and drama abound in the Szell treatment of the music, along with a warmth and a flexibility that endow his performance with a grace and elegance that I find in no other recorded version. The Cleveland Orchestra plays with the disciplined abandon that was its hallmark during the Szell era, and the sound captured by the Columbia engineers is vibrant and ringingly clear.

AS of this writing, reel-to-reel tape collectors have only one performance of the *Tragic* Overture available to them in that format: Bernard Haitink's, with the Concertgebouw (Philips L 5155). In the cassette field there are two: Haitink's (Philips 7300139) and Lorin Maazel's (Deutsche Grammophon 923-028 or 923-076, with different couplings). Haitink's is much the more recent (Maazel's was made in the early years of stereo recording and was originally released as a companion to his recording of Brahms' Fourth Symphony) and thus has the advantage of richer and more detailed sound, but Maazel points the contrasts in the music more sharply than Haitink does.

* Mr. Bookspan's 1973-1974 UPDATING OF THE BASIC REPERTOIRE is now available in convenient pamphlet form. Send 25¢ and self-addressed #10 envelope to Susan Larabee, Stereo Review, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 for your copy. *

Photo by Larry Klein

YOUR EQUIPMENT FUTURE

The Electronic Industries Association's June trade show in Chicago provided a provocative preview of the audio components that will be tickling our ears in the months to come

By Ralph Hodges, Associate Technical Editor

THE summer trade show of the consumer division of the Electronic Industries Association, held in Chicago's McCormick Place, is the largest annual exhibit of home-entertainment products in the United States. It is also the occasion chosen by most manufacturers to introduce their new models for the next year. The magnitude of the event turns McCormick Place into a small, self-sufficient enclave with its own mass-transit system, hotel, daily newspapers, restaurants, and snack bars. There are literally acres of booths and exhibits on the two floors of the show, the majority of them displaying audio and high-fidelity equipment, and most of them fronting on an estimated 3.1-mile network of aisles.

Although there was plenty of four-channel equipment this year, it did not seem as numerically overwhelming as a year ago. This does not mean that stereo is making a "comeback"—it simply never went away. And, encouragingly, despite a rocky economic situation and crucial shortages of parts and raw materials, it is clear that the audio industry is not about to go into an economic tailspin. This evidence was provided chiefly by the numerous and interesting new products the technical editors of STEREO REVIEW saw or heard about at the show, the highlights of which are presented, by individual component categories, on the crowded pages that follow.

Receivers

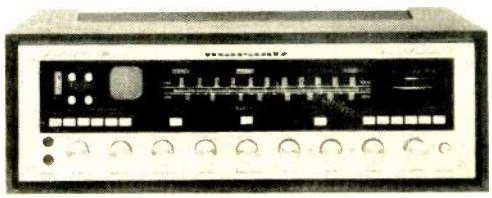
As a manufacturer, what do you do for an encore if your four-channel receivers incorporating SQ, RM (or QS), and CD-4 were introduced *last* year? If you're Fish-

er, Kenwood, or Pilot, you refine them. All three manufacturers now offer receivers with built-in or optional "full-logic" SQ decoding in one form or another, presumably using the SQ integrated circuits available from several sources.

Kenwood's two models, the KR-9940 and KR-8840, employ both the "wave-matching" and "variable-blend" logic systems for SQ (plus, of course, CD-4 and RM). The Fisher Models 634 and 534 lack specifically designated RM facilities, but provide front-panel switching for SQ in three different forms: SQ, SQ LOGIC (gain-riding), and PHASE LOGIC, which is actually variable-blend. Pilot's 430 receiver uses the conventional front-back/wave-matching SQ logic; like a number of others, the receiver switches automatically to CD-4 or SQ depending on the presence of the CD-4 carrier signal on a disc.

Fisher's Model 534 receiver

The Marantz four-channel receivers achieve their decoding flexibility through optional modules that slip into a "pocket" in the bottom plate. Available modules now include full-logic SQ and Sansui QS Vario-Matrix. Marantz's line leader, the prodigious Model 4400, contains full Dolby-B facilities for tape and FM, as well as a small



Marantz's Model 4400 Stereo 2 + Quadradial

oscilloscope for FM tuning and audio display. CD-4 must still be added externally, however.

All these manufacturers offered other new models as well, among them the Marantz 2325 with Dolby (at 125 watts per channel said to be the most powerful two-channel receiver available) and the very inexpensive ($180) Kenwood KR-1400 stereo model, with 10 watts continuous per channel. Many of the Fisher models have been updated for this year, and Pilot has added two new stereo units in the medium-power range.

In the CD-4 camp, JVC's 5426X (just under $400) is the first four-channel receiver to incorporate an integrated-circuit (IC) CD-4 demodulator. At twice the price, the more powerful Model 5456X also has CD-4 (non-IC) plus JVC's five-band SEA equalizer with separate adjustments for front and rear channels. The Technics line has grown by three receivers (with CD-4) which, like the JVC models, also have several switch positions to accomodate various matrix systems.

Magnavox, which has been active on the fringe of component audio for some time, has now launched a full-scale assault with its new MX brand name. The MX line includes the air-suspension speakers that have been advertised recently, a modest automatic turntable, and four new receivers. The MX receivers—two four-channel models and two stereo—are elaborately conceived devices with good specifications, liberally bedecked with illuminated indicators. The four-channel units have simple SQ and RM decoders. Another company with big plans is Rotel, which appeared with a CD-4/SQ four-channel receiver (Model RX-254) and several new stereo units, all restyled in a quietly attractive manner.

Sherwood, whose long-awaited full-logic SQ receiver is now in production, has followed up with three medium-power stereo models, two of which (the 7310 and 7210) feature built-in "Dynaquad" circuits for four-channel simulation from stereo material. A new name to electronics is Hervic, now introducing a stereo receiver with digital readout on FM and excellent specifications (see this month's New Products). Yamaha's CS70R four-channel receiver doesn't have a digital FM station indicator, but it does have a digital timer clock.

Pioneer's four-channel models remain the same for 1975, but most of the stereo line has been updated and renumbered. In general, the new units afford improved tuner specifications as well as modest increases in power output.

An SQ label now appears next to the QS (with Vario-Matrix) position on the selector switch of the new Sansui QXR-7001 four-channel receiver, indicating that the unit's decoding circuits also handle SQ material satisfactorily. Sony's product plans include three new SQ-equipped four-channel receivers—the Models SQR-8750, SQR-6750, and SQR-4750.

Tandberg's new stereo receiver, the Model 2075, is rated at 75 watts per channel. And Nikko presented two four-channel receivers (CD-4, SQ, and QS) and also showed a 60-watt-per-channel Class A (!) stereo power amplifier that was endowed—as you might expect—with massive heat-sink structures to handle the effects of the high bias currents.

Among the manufacturers aiming at the budget market are Concord, with three new stereo models ranging in power from 10 to 50 watts per channel, and Superscope, with several new products including two four-channel units (Models QR-450 and QRT-440), the second of which has a built-in eight-track cartridge player. Sylvania has a new stereo receiver, Model 4744, providing 60 watts per channel, and Realistic offers the STA-250 stereo receiver with something similar to the Dynaquad circuit for four-channel simulation. There was much, much more, of course; one might almost go on like this forever, and we will, in fact, be covering others of these units in our New Products listings for the next few months.

Amplifiers and Preamplifiers

Two recent innovations in power-amplifier design were shown as prototype products at the Chicago show. The first is based on field-effect power transistors, which have been the object of development programs by both Sony and Yamaha in Japan. Yamaha's amplifier, at present designated the CM-5000X, is a high-power stereo unit (150 watts per channel) of conventional design except for the FET output devices. These, because of their exceptional linearity and high-impedance characteristics, are said to result in a "safer" amplifier with inherently lower

distortion than is possible with bi polar transistors. (The date of availability and final price of the product were not known at show time.)

Sony's FET design, the Model TA-8650, is an integrated amplifier rated at 80 watts per channel and costing $1,300. In addition, Sony will introduce a 150-watt-per-channel stereo power amplifier employing conventional bi-polar transistors (Model TA-8250) and a stereo preamplifier (TA-8450) with a metering system that can be switched to read, among other things, average or peak levels. All these products are scheduled to be available in late fall.

The second amplifier innovation, also in the form of a prototype, is the Class-D "switching" power amplifier developed by Infinity Systems. The signal in the Infinity amplifier is in the form of rapid pulses (each is about 1/500,000 of a second in duration) that follow the audio waveform. Because of the mode of operation, heat build-up is not the problem with this unit that it is with conventional designs, and in addition a relatively compact high-frequency (25,000 Hz) power supply can be used. Although only 17 inches wide, 11 inches deep, and 3 inches high, the Infinity stereo power amplifier is rated at 250 watts per channel continuous with less than 0.1 per cent distortion.

Infinity also demonstrated a new FET preamplifier with a built-in "single-pass" correlator-type noise-reduction system and a sophisticated dynamic-range expander. The company is also said to be in the process of perfecting a record-noise suppressor (for scratches, ticks, pops, etc.) employing audio delay-line techniques.

Elsewhere on the amplifier scene, new products from Kenwood and Accuphase promise, I think, to be the forerunners of a vast influx of high-power amplifiers from Japan. The Kenwood 700-M is rated at 170 watts in each of its two channels. The high-performance 700-C stereo preamplifier and a new tuner (about which more later) are offered as companion units. And the 700M has smaller brethren: three new integrated amplifiers, the KA-8006, KA-6006, and KA-4006, at 68, 48, and 34 watts per channel, respectively.

The Accuphase equipment, manufactured by Kensonic and distributed in this country by Teac, has already acquired a reputation for uncompromising, ultra-conservative design. The line currently includes the P-300 stereo power amplifier (150 watts per channel), the C-200 stereo preamplifier, the E-202 integrated stereo amplifier (100 watts per channel), and two tuners.

Technics had on hand an elaborate stereo preamplifier (Model SU-9600) with two choices of turnover points for the bass and treble controls, plus switchable (from the front panel) input impedance and sensitivity for the phono preamplifier. A companion power amplifier, the SE-9600, is rated at 110 watts per channel. More intriguing, however, was a multi-band equalizer prototype, providing twelve independent controls, all variable in their effective bandwidths and their center frequencies.

Dynaco fans will rejoice at the arrival of the new PAT-5 stereo preamplifier, featuring redesigned phono and tone-control sections (perfected through extensive listening tests, according to a company spokesman), full facilities for two tape decks, and power and speaker switching adequate to control even brutes like the Stereo 400 power amplifier (an a.c. convenience outlet on the rear accepts three-prong plugs). Prices are: kit, $179; assembled, $289. Dynaco also introduced two power amplifiers, the

Technics' Model SE-9600 stereo power amplifier

Stereo 150 (75 watts per channel), and the QSA-300—essentially two Stereo 150's on a single chassis for four-channel applications.

The Bose preamplifier, Model 4401, will be introduced imminently. It is a straightforward four-channel design that concentrates on reliable circuit and construction techniques. SQ with full logic will be built in, and modules for installing other four-channel decoders and demodulators of the purchaser's choice will be available.

The first of Epicure's long-awaited electronic products, the Model One stereo power amplifier, is about to be introduced. Rated at 140 watts per channel, the unit employs sophisticated protective devices with front-panel warning indicators for excessive temperature, current, and voltage (the voltage lights indicate the onset of clipping). Waiting in the wings is a stereo preamplifier with a built-in oscilloscope and other facilities (such as an optional microphone) to permit performance checks on the entire audio system including the room acoustics.

The Marantz Model 3800 is, we believe, the only stereo preamplifier available with built-in Dolby B noise reduction. The Dolby circuits are set up to be used conventionally or as an adjustable single-pass dynamic noise filter. A less expensive preamplifier, the Model 3600, is also new, as is the Model 400 (200 watts per channel) stereo power amplifier, available with or without meters.

A four-channel preamplifier (as yet unnamed) is coming up from BGW. It has unusually flexible control features that include switching of all four inputs—separately or together—to any of the four outputs. Built-in CD-4 facilities and an interesting multi-band equalization system are also promised. SAE, meanwhile, has brought out a stereo preamplifier (Mark IX B) with a seven-band equalizer, plus a new octave-band equalizer affecting both channels simultaneously and a 100-watt-per-channel power amplifier.

The Philips name has reappeared with, among other products, a stereo preamplifier (Model SC-102) that is simple in concept and, according to specifications, immaculate in execution. Other new offerings from European manufacturers include the low-silhouette integrated amplifiers from Cambridge Audio and the Radford HD250 integrated stereo amplifier, which manages to dispense with knob controls of any kind on its front panel.

Large stereo power amplifiers are forthcoming from Cerwin-Vega and Integral Systems. The Cerwin-Vega monster (Model A-3000) is specified at a total of 1,500 watts into 4 ohms. The Integral Systems Model 700, with 350 watts per channel into 8 ohms, has an array of nine light-emitting diodes for each channel on the front panel to indicate instantaneous power output. A planned power amplifier from the Quintessence Group (Power Amplifier II, rated at 125 watts per channel) will also have an optional power-output indicator, but with digital readout!

The Audio Research Corp., manufacturer of vacuum-

tube electronics, has announced an improved power supply for the highly acclaimed SP-3 preamplifier, and the availability of modification kits for the Dynaco Mark III and Stereo 70 power amplifiers. (These kits are particularly recommended by Audio Research to Dynakit owners whose units have become "tired" through long years of service.)

And, finally, the "Dreadnaught" power amplifier, which has been around for some time, is now reappearing in the marketplace in the form of a 500-watt-per-channel stereo unit. The manufacturer is Dunlap Clarke.

Tuners

Until this year, frequency-synthesizing FM tuners (in which a super-stable crystal-controlled oscillator enhances tuning performance) have been relatively rare. The Heath digital extravaganza is the most shining example to come to mind. Now there are two more, the Scott T33S and the Kenwood 700-T.

The Scott FM-only unit resembles a model the company produced some years ago, but has extensive internal redesign. Digital frequency readout is again featured,

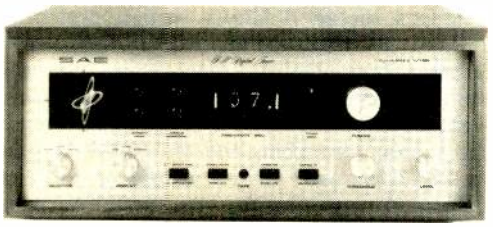
Kenwood's 700-series tuner, preamp-control, and power amp

along with the coded-card system that automatically and precisely tunes in the desired station when the appropriate indexing card (supplied) is inserted into a slot. Manual tuning is through a pushbutton-activated station-frequency scanning sweep.

Kenwood's frequency-synthesizing 700-T has a conventional tuning dial and knob. However, the dial is calibrated linearly in precise station widths, and a light-emitting-diode display ensures accurate tuning. The unit also has a signal-strength tuning meter that can be switched to register multipath. In addition, the unit includes a sophisticated pulse-noise interference suppressor.

Yamaha has developed what they believe to be the lowest-distortion stereo-FM tuner available—a total harmonic distortion figure of less than 0.1 per cent is typical. The CT7000 ($1,200) incorporates very elaborate internal circuits (a seven-gang tuning capacitor, for example), and it features user-variable selectivity and interstation-noise muting along with automatic frequency control (AFC) that is deactivated automatically when the tuning knob is touched. Another super-tuner, the long-promised Sequerra Model 1 ($2,500 with options), is appearing in limited quantities. The most visible feature of this digital-readout FM-only device is its 4½-inch oscilloscope screen, which displays either signal strength, channel center, or multipath, as well as internal and external audio (including four channel), or even a "panorama" of all FM stations broadcasting within 1 megahertz on either side of the selected station frequency. Dolby-B noise-reduction circuits are built in. Specifications include a rated stereo separation exceeding 50 dB.

SAE offers two digital-readout, FM-only tuners, the de luxe Mark VIB with built-in oscilloscope, and the Mark VIII without. The Kensonic Accuphase tuners distributed by Teac are offered in both FM (Model T-101) and AM/FM (Model T-100) versions. The Model T-101 has user-variable selectivity. Both have meters that indicate multipath interference in the received signal.



SAE's Mark VIB digital FM tuner

Two other new tuners, from Kenwood, have a feature worth noting: a meter that displays either signal strength, multipath, or *deviation* (modulation strength) of the incoming FM signal. The deviation mode is recommended as an aid in setting record levels when dubbing off the air.

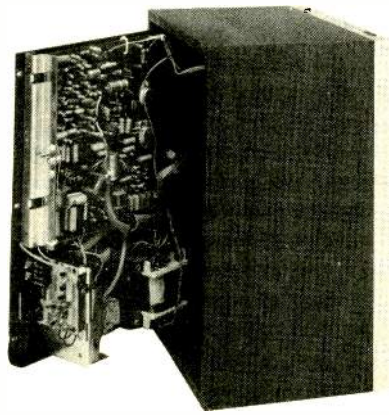
Speaker Systems

New speakers shown at the CES were, as usual, too numerous to hear and certainly too numerous even to list in this brief survey. But, for the highlights:

Acoustic Research has introduced a new three-way system, The AR π/one, which is very similar in configuration to the AR-3a, but with the dome mid-range and tweeter drivers redesigned for higher efficiency and greater ruggedness. The "π" designation refers to the function of the three-position switches controlling the drivers. These are intended to equalize the system response for its position (or radiation angle) in the listening room. The three switches are mounted behind a concealing wooden trim panel on the front of the speaker.

The Philips Motional-Feedback speakers employ an unusual (although not unique) system for improving low-frequency performance. In appearance the speakers are conventional: 8-inch woofer, 5-inch mid-range, 1-inch dome tweeter. But power amplifiers of 20 watts (for the mid-range and tweeter) and 40 watts (for the woofer) are built into the cabinet. In addition, mounted near its voice coil, the woofer has a motion-sensing transducer which feeds back an electronic signal to the input of the woofer amplifier. From this a "correction signal" is derived, and this compensates at the amplifier for any errors the voice coil makes in following the audio waveform. The LWE speakers, scheduled to be revived on a national distribution basis by CM Labs, also use corrective feedback, but they employ a different technique to derive it.

A new speaker system from Leslie, the Model DVX-580, has an upright paddle-shaped mounting assembly for the mid- and high-frequency drivers that can be pivoted by the user to face in any direction. The basis for the



Philips' Motional-Feedback speaker has a built-in power amplifier

design is that dipole radiators (which project mostly to the front and rear) are considered superior by the manufacturer in producing a clear, sharp, stereo image. The rotatable element constitutes such a radiator, which can be aimed for best results in a specific acoustic environment without disturbing the orientation of the main cabinet, which houses a 15-inch woofer. A more conservatively styled version with grille cloth concealing the paddle is available as the Model DVX-570.

Among the many changes at JBL are an expansion and updating of the Decade series (with two new models, the L16 and L36), a new column-type speaker (the Aquarius Q), and a new high-performance tweeter that employs a ring-shaped aluminum diaphragm working into a combination horn/diffraction-slot assembly. The tweeter is being introduced in the new Jubal L65 three-way system.

The radically different Heil woofer from ESS will be available by the end of the year. It works on a variant of the Heil "air-squeezing" principle, and takes the form of a surprisingly small perforated aluminum cylinder. Inside are moving and stationary plates that draw in and expel air between the intervening spaces.

Rectilinear was on hand with two impressive new models, the 5 and the larger 7, using combinations of cone and dome drivers. And KLH has added three column-shaped speakers to the line, as well as a new small bookshelf system. Infinity Systems has been occupied principally with improvements over the past year; updated versions of the POS I (now POS II), the 1001 (now 1001A), and Servo-Static I (now IA) were shown. However, a new floor-standing model (the TL Column) incorporating the company's Walsh tweeter also appeared. Other tweeters of interest are offered by Janszen. Eight of that company's electrostatic elements are now available in a single wide-dispersion array.

The latest from Design Acoustics is also a column speaker, trapezoidal in cross section, with a rear-facing 10-inch woofer, a 5-inch mid-range cone radiating through a small damped opening to enhance dispersion, and a cone tweeter on each of the three frontal surfaces. The Stonehenge series from Altec, comprising still more columnar shapes, has added a Model III, with a 16-inch woofer and coaxially mounted high-frequency compression driver and horn. Micro-Acoustics' new FRM-2 speaker system resembles the FRM-1, but it has three outwardly angled cone tweeters instead of the latter's five. Aside from the Model 60 introduced recently, the Avid Corp. has a new floor-standing system, the Model 104, incorporating a recently developed mid-range driver.

Epicure Products, Inc. is out with several new models, including a new Microtower (the Model III) and a large bookshelf system, the EPI Model 180. Improvements on the company's Model 400, converting it to the 400+, have also been announced.

The smallest speaker system yet from IMF is the Super Compact – 18 inches along its largest dimension. And the smallest speaker from Soundcraftsmen is the new SC-7 acoustic-suspension design. ADC is extending its WDDS (Wide Dispersion Discrete Source) design technique to other models, in particular the new WDDS-11 system. And Hegeman Labs is adding the Model II, a larger version of the successful Model I, which has been updated to the Model IA.

Following up on their acclaimed DQ-10 "Phased Array" system, the Dahlquist people have introduced the DQ-6, a smaller version in a comparatively conventional-looking cabinet, but retaining as many of the larger model's performance features as possible. In another design camp, Magnepan, whose Magneplanar "Tympani" film-diaphragm speakers are handled by Audio Research, will offer a less expensive model (designated the MG2167-F) through independent distributors.

Allison Acoustics, a recently formed company, will have available two systems specifically designed for optimum acoustic coupling to the listening room. The enclosure and the drivers have several novel aspects.

Two new speaker designs employ unusual materials: the Yamaha NS-1000X has mid-range and tweeter diaphragms formed of a beryllium alloy, and the White Electronics "Shotglass" speaker has resin-bonded glass-fiber cones. Both materials were chosen by the manufacturers for their superior mass-*vs.*-stiffness characteristics.

Other new speakers: a new line with three new models from Kenwood; the new Formula 1 from BIC Venturi, smallest of the lot; improvements on several of the Audioanalyst systems; several new models from Braun; and a clutch of new Cerwin-Vega lease-breakers – all in a variety of sizes, prices, and sound qualities.

Record Players and Cartridges

At last year's show there were murmurs that single-play turntables were rapidly coming back into their own. This year almost everybody took the hint, including some manufacturers who had not previously ventured into that end of the marketplace. For example: Audioanalyst, with a full series of speaker systems plus single-play turntable, and Rotel, offering an extensive line of stereo and four-channel electronics plus a single-play turntable. Both are attractive, well-designed belt-driven units (quite obviously of Japanese origin), with semi-automatic features.

Technics, who already had more single-play models than anyone else, now has two more, the SL-110A and SL-120. These are essentially the direct-drive Models SL-1100A and SL-1200 without tone arms, giving the purchaser the opportunity to choose his own. These join the recently introduced SL-1300 (with arm), which will automatically repeat a record as many times as desired.

Dual, who ventured into the single-play market last year with the highly successful Model 701, has now introduced the 601, which drives its platter with a belt rather than directly, but is otherwise very similar to its direct-drive predecessor. Dual has also updated and restyled its line of automatic turntables, extending some of the features of the more expensive models down to the lower price levels.

Some minor modifications have taken place in the existing Garrard line also. In addition, the company has added two single-play models: the Zero 100SB, which has the articulated arm of the Zero 100, and the Model 86SD, whose arm is of a comparatively conventional configuration.

Pioneer's Model PL-71 direct-drive turntable

Pioneer has blossomed out with three new single-play units, including the direct-drive PL-71 and the belt-driven Models PL-A45D and PL-10, all with redesigned tone arms. The Thorens TC-165C also has a new arm, closely resembling the arm supplied with the TD-125. The platter is belt-driven by a synchronous motor, with speed change accomplished through mechanical shifting of the belt on the stepped drive pulley. Stanton's "Gyropoise" turntable, available as Model 8004-2 with a Stanton stereo cartridge or as Model 8004-4 with a CD-4 cartridge, employs a magnetic platter-suspension system within a mechanical suspension that isolates the bearing well and tone arm from the motorboard.

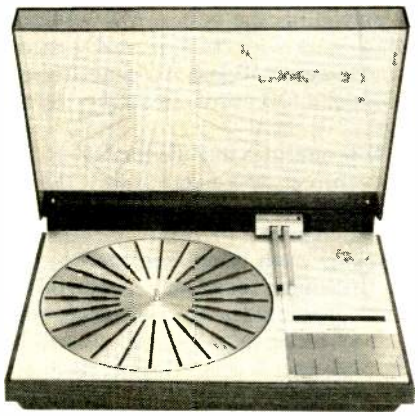
Two novel automatic turntables with belt-driven platters have been introduced by BIC. They are two-speed (33⅓ and 45 rpm) units, with the more expensive Model 980 employing electronically governed speed control. Both models offer some unique operating features, plus a simplified system for phono-cartridge alignment.

BIC's Model 980 belt-drive turntable

A two-speed, single-play turntable is now offered by KLH. The Model M-60 features a unitized sub-frame that mechanically links the platter assembly and tone arm within the outer chassis. The design's emphasis is on simplicity, except for its unique viscous-damped cueing system, which is electronically activated. Even Teac now has a turntable: a handsome direct-drive unit without arm, featuring a magnetic platter suspension. The model number is TN-400.

A less expensive brother of their Model GA212 has been introduced by Philips. The two-speed, single-play unit (Model GA407) has several novel features, in particular a pressure-sensing device (built into the tone-arm rest) which automatically registers the stylus force on a calibrated indicator (1 to 4 grams) on the motorboard. A third Philips product, the Model GA-209 "Electronic" single-play turntable, will make use of three motors—for platter, tone-arm cycling, and cueing—and will feature fully automatic record-size sensing and speed selection.

Something unique in the way of turntables, the B&O 4002, is scheduled for introduction in the United States sometime later in the year. It is a two-speed, straight-line-tracking design whose very short tone arm is propelled across the record surface by a worm-gear drive activated through photoelectric sensors. All manual functions of the turntable—tone-arm positioning, cueing, etc.—are accomplished electronically through a push-key panel on the motorboard. When left to its own devices, the turntable automatically selects speed, indexes to the proper record diameter, and, incidentally, refuses to lower its arm to the rotating platter surface if there is no record thereon. The B&O 4002 is specifically designed for—and comes equipped with—the B&O MMC 6000 CD-4 phono cartridge tested in this issue.



B&O's Model 4002 straight-line-tracking turntable

The new JVC JL-B44 and Yamaha YP-800 are both direct-drive, two-speed manual units with very similar features, including fine-tuning adjustments for both speeds. Hitachi's Model PS-14 semi-automatic player comes with a magnetic cartridge fitted with a Shibata stylus and a CD-4 demodulator built into its base.

Among the newer automatic turntables, Elac/Miracord's Model 820 is a three-speed (33⅓, 45, and 78 rpm), modestly priced unit with several de luxe features such as fine-speed adjustment. Like many manufacturers, BSR has equipped a number of its models with low-capacitance wiring for CD-4. In addition, the 810 and 710 models (now with "QX" suffixes) have acquired stylus-timing gauges on their motorboards.

Very few new phono cartridges made first appearances at the show. However, JVC and Technics presented CD-4 cartridges ($49.95 and $64.95, respectively), as did ADC: the ADC Super-XLM "All-Media" design priced at $75. And Stanton presented the latest in its 681 series of cartridges, the "Triple-E," with reduced tip mass. Each unit comes with a factory calibration curve.

Tape Equipment

Is it possible that a major evolutionary trend in open-reel tape machines is foreshadowed by the Teac A-7340? This is a 15- and 7½-ips three-motor model that accommodates 10½-inch reels; it records (with the company's Simul-Sync feature when desired) and plays back in two or four channels—a sophisticated but hardly revolutionary product by Teac's present standard. What *is* novel, however, is that the transport and electronics are fully separate in two equal-size modules and that the electronics module consists principally of a highly flexible four-channel mixer, with eight input channels (including four balanced microphone inputs), four outputs, complete channel-assignment switching, and external-processor loops. The four VU meters are augmented by separate LED peak indicators for low, mid, and high frequencies. The price of the A-7340 will be about $2,400.

Somewhat in the same mold is the four-channel Dokorder Model 1140, offering the same speed and reel-size formats, with the electronics section supported above the transport by a single upright pillar. This machine also has a track-synchronization feature (called "Multi-Sync" by Dokorder), as well as the company's continuously variable bias adjustment with readout on the recording-level meters. A more conventional machine from Dokorder, the stereo Model 1120 accommodating 10½-inch reels, also appeared.

Pioneer's new offerings include the RT-1011L, a three-motor, 10½-inch-reel stereo deck that is the least expensive in this Pioneer series, and a portable six-input mixer, the MA-62, with pan pots on two of the channels.

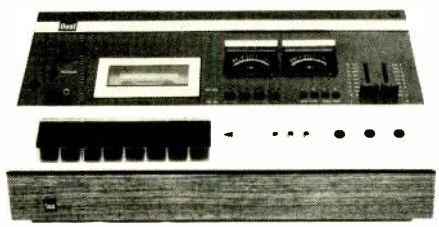
A new machine from Tandberg, the Model 10X, features Dolby, 10½-inch reels, and speeds of 15, 7½, and 3¾ ips. Sony presented a solenoid-controlled auto-reverse deck, the Model TC-558, with six heads to permit recording as well as playback in the reverse direction. Special efforts have been made to ensure interchannel phase accuracy of the heads to permit the processing of SQ-encoded material. Akai displayed a number of open-reel machines, the latest of which are two Dolby-equipped decks, the single-motor Model 4000DB and the three-motor, 10½-inch-reel GX-600DB. And Ferrograph exhibited the recently introduced Super Seven, with a host of features including optional Dolby and continuously variable recording bias.

Sony Model TC-177SD cassette deck

The quest for a viable three-head cassette technology goes on. Two new three-head cassette decks (permitting off-the-tape monitoring) have been announced by Sony and Dokorder. Both the Sony TC-177SD and the Dokorder MK-60 have the expected additional features: Dolby noise reduction, switching for standard and chromium-dioxide tape, etc. (The TC-177SC can also be set up for optimum compatibility with the new Sony Ferri-Chrome cassettes.) In addition, Sony previewed a compact mono *portable* three-head cassette recorder (non-Dolby), the Model TC-142, with built-in electret-condenser microphone. The Teac 850 three-head cassette deck was again displayed. However, it is not quite ready for introduction, according to a company spokesman.

Nakamichi Model 550 portable cassette deck

Nakamichi Research, which already has two three-head cassette machines to its credit, has now come up with some two-head offerings. The Model 500 deck is conventional in configuration, except for a center-channel input that can be blended into the left and right channels during recording. Internally, however, there are some significant refinements. The record/playback head has exceptional dynamic range, reducing the possibility of tape saturation's affecting the complementary action of the Dolby circuits. The peak-indicating recording-level meters are calibrated over a full 45 dB, permitting the noise level of most program sources to register. And the motor is an electronically speed-regulated d.c. device. The Model 550 is an a.c./battery version of the 500, with carrying case, shoulder strap, and external a.c. power supply.



Dual 901 automatic-reverse cassette deck

An automatic-reversing cassette deck that plays and records in either direction has been brought out by Dual. The Model 901 employs a dual-capstan transport driven by a motor used in the company's automatic turntables. Automatic chromium-dioxide switching (via the notch in the back edge of newer CrO_2 cassettes) is featured, as well as separate Dolby calibration adjustments for standard and chromium-dioxide tapes. Recording-level meters with true VU characteristics are augmented by a peak-level light.

Front-loading cassette decks are cropping up all over. In addition to the Pioneer unit covered in the New Products section of this issue, there are new decks from Concord, Sony, and Technics. The Concord and Technics machines, Models CD-1000 and RS-676US, respectively, incorporate solenoid transport controls.

Cassette offerings from other manufacturers were as plentiful as ever. Aiwa recently introduced three decks, two with Dolby, and JVC has a low-price deck featuring the company's ANRS noise-reduction system. A new mono portable from Superscope, the C-104, permits the

user to vary tape speed over a wide range during playback. And Sharp showed a prototype cassette deck with a numbered keyboard. Pressing the appropriate key causes the tape to advance rapidly to any selection on the cassette and then switch into the play mode.

The popularity of the eight-track format has engendered a crop of new recording decks, prominent among them being the handsome Wollensak 8080 with Dolby (with a tape-select switch to optimize the machine for 3M's new "Classic" eight-track tape), the JVC Model 1245 with ANRS noise reduction, and the non-Dolby Akai GXR-82D. All of these record and play back in stereo. However, the four-channel, eight-track recordist is catered to with Technics' new Model ARS-858.

Miscellaneous

Among the headphones that will vie for consumer attention in the coming season are: Superex's EP-5 "hybrid" headset, mating dynamic Mylar-diaphragm "woofers" with electrostatic tweeters; the Marantz high-efficiency Model SE-1S electrostatic headphones, requiring about 3 watts per channel continuous; and the Pioneer SE-700 headphones, employing piezoelectric drivers. Audio-Technica's electret electrostatic headphones (Model AT-707) can be driven directly from the headphone jacks of amplifiers and receivers. Pickering has introduced its Model OA-2 headset at the moderate price of $22.95.

Two manufacturers, Koss and Scintrex, offer headphone products that simulate ambiance and other spatial effects through electronic and acoustic processing of conventional stereo signals. Telephonics, meanwhile, has introduced a four-channel headset (Model TEL-101F) with an electronic matrix that processes four-channel programs for optimum effect through headphones. An optional adapter, the TEL-101A "Quadramate," permits decoding of matrixed material and also produces a four-channel simulation from stereo sources. The headphones and associated circuitry work on the principles of the "Fixler Effect," named after its inventor John Fixler.

Sennheiser has come up with a system for *miking* binaural recordings for playback through headphones. Two electret-condenser microphones are *worn* on the recordist's head like headphones. The miniature microphones, fixed to a supporting frame with a cable-connected battery power supply, are designated the Model MKE 2002. (A dummy head is included in the $330 price in case the recordist chooses not to use his own!)

The Burwen Dynamic Noise Filter has been used in professional applications for some time. Now a consumer version is available, the Model 1200. The Burwen device operates at the "hiss" frequencies, sharply attenuating high-frequency response when there is no program material present. The "hinge point" of the filter varies continuously according to the demands of the program. It is a single-pass system (that is, it does not require encoded recordings) equipped with a sensitivity control and switches to select suitable filter characteristics for the noise content of any type of disc recording, plus tape and FM. Price: $249.95.

Sennheiser Model MKE 2002 binaural microphones

New products from Soundcraftsmen and Crown include a dual-channel octave equalizer (Soundcraftsmen RP2212) with facilities for matching input and output levels, and what is called a Stereo Output Control Center (Crown OC-150), a unit that connects to the output terminals of an amplifier and provides speaker switching, headphone jacks, and meter indications of either average or peak output levels.

Among some of the new super-sophisticated (and expensive) audio test equipment shown by Radford, Sound Technology, and McAdam Electronics, there was a low-cost basic $80 audio generator/wattmeter intended for service shops and audiophiles. McAdam calls it the Model LK-1, since it was designed by Larry Klein, Technical Editor of this magazine.

Advent, well known for their best-selling bookshelf speaker systems, was also demonstrating its long-awaited Videobeam color-TV projection system. It provides—are you ready?—a *24-square-foot*, bright, sharp picture and has inputs and outputs for connection to an audio system or video tape recorder.

Summary

To mention *all* the new products for 1975 would require an article several times the length of this one. The many models that, regrettably, had to be left out will be featured in the New Products columns of forthcoming issues. A word of caution: the mere appearance of a new model at the Chicago show does not guarantee that planned production and delivery schedules will be met in every case. In fact, some products listed in my report on *last* year's show are still not available to consumers. So don't set your heart too firmly on a Frammis FPX or whatever. As much as the manufacturer would love to sell you one, shortages of materials or unforeseen design problems may yet trip him up. The products described as prototypes herein may be as much as a year away from actual production.

If you wish further information about any of the products mentioned above, you should write directly to the manufacturer in question. (The editors of this magazine can't supply it because in most cases we simply do not *have* any further information.) If you'll send a stamped, self-addressed long envelope to STEREO REVIEW, Department CES, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, we will be happy to send you a sheet listing the addresses of all the manufacturers mentioned.

JIMMY BUFFETT

"About ninety per cent factual"

By Noel Coppage

JIMMY BUFFETT insulted Buford Pusser's car once, so Jimmy carries these scars on his scalp where a hunk of hair was yanked out. Buford Pusser, six-foot-six, is the former Tennessee sheriff whose life story, buffed up with a swipe or two of poetic license, was the subject of the movie ("Audiences are standing up and cheering . . .") *Walking Tall*, which reportedly wasn't quite violent enough for Buford but has been a great favorite with Middle America. Jimmy Buffett is neither six-foot-six nor a great favorite with Middle America. He is about five-foot-nine and has long hair bleached a funny shade of blond by the Key West sunshine and a brush mustache that isn't bleached quite as much but usually shades a semiprivate smile that seems both a reaction to his world and a comment on it. Jimmy Buffett is a singer and guitar player and the writer of some wry and funny songs that seem to confirm the laconic self-analysis he offers in the lyrics of one called *Migration*: "I got a Caribbean soul I can barely control . . . and a little Texas in my heart."

Jimmy didn't *just* insult Buford's car, of course, but that was how it started. "We had just recorded *God's Own Drunk*," Jimmy says, "and we were shit-faced drunk ourselves." *God's Own Drunk*, found in his second album, "Living and Dying in ¾ Time," is a stoned rap of a type invented by Lord Buckley; it is an updating and fusion of both the tall tale and the talking blues, and it concerns guarding a brother-in-law's still (while he goes to vote) and meeting up with a bear that, at nineteen feet, is even taller than Buford Pusser. Fresh from that, perhaps with the imprint of the line "I was God's own drunk and a fearless man" still denting the backs of their minds, Jimmy and his drummer Sammy Creason stepped into the brooding humidity of Nashville's outdoors for a nip or two of Music City nightlife. But first they had to find their car, a rented Gremlin temporarily misplaced.

"So we got up on the hood of a parked car," Jimmy says. "And we were standing there looking around and it turns out to be Buford Pusser's car. We didn't know it was him. We'd drunk a whole bottle of tequila, so we gave him a whole ration of shit, and he beat the hell out of both of us. Yanked my hair out, punched Sammy in the nose. . . ."

Buffett later gives the story a few embellishments for an audience at the Main Point, a club near Philadelphia. "We finally found our car, but he followed us. He reached in and socked Sammy, and Sammy tried to counterattack by jabbing at his fist with a Bic pen. And while this man was beating the hell out of us, we couldn't get the car started because we didn't have our seat belts fastened.

"The ignition switch was buzzing and I was saying, 'Oh, God! I don't want to die in Nashville in a rented Gremlin.'"

And that is why Sammy Creason is listed as bodyguard as well as drummer on the cover of Jimmy Buffett's second album.

Jimmy has written a song about the episode, which is the normal thing for Jimmy to do. He tells me his songs are "about ninety per cent factual." For his first album, "A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean," he wrote one, called *Peanut Butter Conspiracy*, documenting how he and a friend used to steal their food—mostly peanut butter and Robitussin AC, the codeine-spiked cough syrup—from the Mini Mart. "I was a fantastic shoplifter," he says. "Had to, you know. I was playing in a rock-and-roll band and we never had any money for anything but amplifiers. I can still get a whole chicken in my pants."

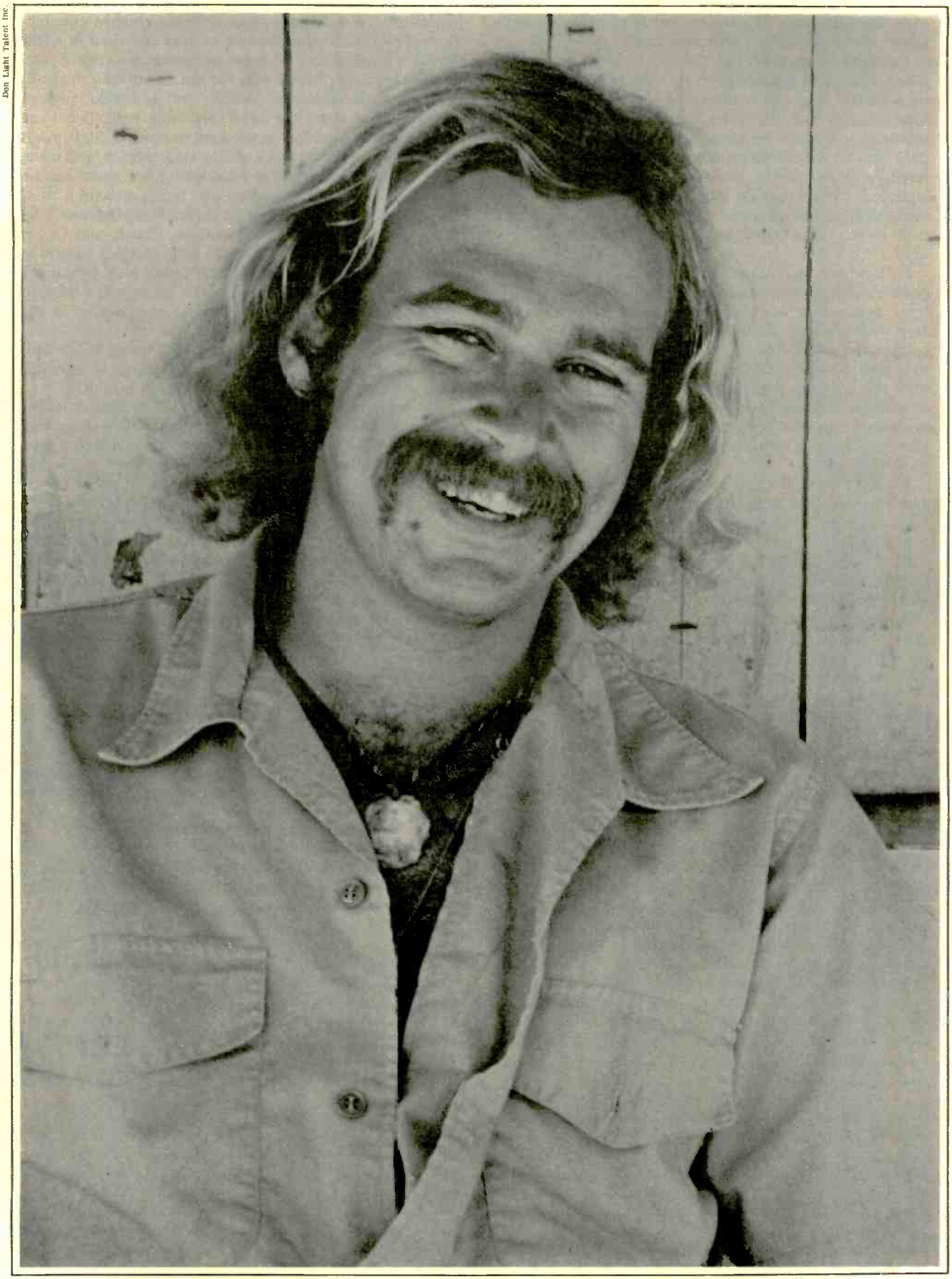
And he wrote one about a tire-swing like the one at his old Aunt Coo's place, although he had to have his memory jogged for that one. Another rental car was involved in the jogging; he wrecked it somewhere near Peoria—"which," he says, "is distasteful even to pronounce"—and the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was a tree with a tire-swing in it.

"So I wrote *Life Is Just a Tire Swing*," he says. It will be in his third album, as will the one about encountering Buford and *Migration*, which ostensibly is about trailer parks, always referred to by Buffett as "*god-damned* trailer parks."

"Aunt Coo was just nuts," he says. "She died of some incurable brain disease, and my uncle, he was an alcoholic. When she died he sold this elegant old antebellum mansion, columns and everything, for, like, four cases of Budweiser and a fifth of wine."

THIS last he tells one of his audiences, not me privately. He tells his audiences things he doesn't tell me, but then his audiences give him more energy for that sort of thing than I know how to give. Playing an acoustic guitar and accompanied only by Roger Bartlett, who also plays an acoustic guitar, Buffett is what they call a dynamic performer—which I guess means he somehow makes each member of the audience feel that what is happening is just between the two of them. The energy snakes back and forth, forming lines you can almost see.

"We started on Bourbon Street," he tells me, privately. "I was a front man for a rock-and-roll band, doing lots of jive-ass talking, and I guess I never lost that knack." At the Main Point, he tilts his guitar to show there's no list of songs Scotch-taped to its topside. "See?" he says. "No notes. We're just innocent up here. Sometimes we don't



Don Light Talent Inc.

even think to tune up until we've played two or three songs. We're not very avid tuner-uppers."

Innocent he may be, but not naïve. He is easygoing, funny, open, and appears to be peripherally amused when he is on the stage; he seems to be following his own advice: "Laugh at it, that's the secret." But he works hard up there, and when we happen to meet in the hallway of our color-TV-coordinated motor hotel immediately afterward, he looks drained. From the stage, he had asked the audience, "What time do the bars close?" But now he is going straight to bed, alone, mumbling about an appointment he has to keep in seven hours. "I'm really beat," he says.

He has been busy. Discovered some time ago by a few persons whose pop-music instincts should be good—these persons include Steve Goodman, John Prine, and Jerry Jeff Walker—Buffett is becoming a favorite on the college and coffee-house circuit: Passim's in Cambridge, the Quiet Knight in Chicago, the Main Point, places like that. He recently finished scoring and acting in a film (tentatively named *Rancho DeLuxe*) based on a script by his friend, novelist Tom McGuane. And he has experienced having one of his songs, *Come Monday*, make the popularity charts.

Except for the lines "I've got my Hush Puppies on/I guess I never was meant for glitter rock-and-roll," *Come Monday* is not particularly typical of Buffett's music. It would be difficult to say what is. He has adopted this and that, a little country, some Latin rhythms, some New Orleans gumbo, the sneaky irreverence the old black bluesmen taught the young white intellectuals—something like a fusion of Randy Newman and Merle Haggard, with the ghost of Xavier Cugat goofing around in the background. At least that's what I thought before I met him, but now it sounds a little too easy.

"I get a lot of comparisons with Jim Croce," he says. "I guess that's because we were on the same label [ABC/Dunhill] and we were good friends. He used to visit me down in Key West. He—well, those Eastern slang expressions, he had those down just perfect. . . . A lot of people compare my humor stuff to Martin Mull, but I'd never heard one of his albums until about three months ago."

Jimmy is a combination that hasn't been seen much lately, in any case. As he says in *Brand New Country Star* (from "¾ Time"), he could either go country or pop ("I had a certain individual in mind when I wrote that," he says, "but now most people seem to think it's very autobiographical"). Either way, he will go under a banner distinctly his own. Having a Caribbean soul does give him style, and having quick recall of the mundane glamour and trivial brand-names of daily living gives him access to some musty chambers in a listener's memory. He can kick up some dust in there, and maybe a few small junk-fascination orgies, memories of time pleasantly wasted and so forth.

"I wish I had a pencil-thin mustache," he writes, "the Boston Blackie kind,/A two-tone Ricky Ricardo jacket,/And an autographed picture of Andy Devine," and goes off into drinking on a fake ID and recalling how Ramar of the Jungle was everyone's B'wana, but only jazz musicians were smoking marijuana. "I've never been much of a sad-song writer or a love-song writer," he says. "I like to pick up things that everyone knows are there but just lets pass by. You just have to subtly remind them . . . things the majority of people take for granted."

Buffett is a different breed of Southern-born country-pop musician in part because he was spawned in a different sort of place; he grew up along the Gulf Coast, where the people hassle with the sea rather than the land. He's from Alabama, near Mobile, "but as a child I always traveled right along the coast, probably never went ten miles north of Mobile—never went to upstate Alabama at all." His grandfather was a sailing ship captain, and when Jimmy wasn't making it in Nashville a few years ago he considered going to Key West and hiring on with a boat. "The Gulf Coast is sort of keyed to New Orleans," he says. "It's a Catholic-based culture, Creole and Cajun influences and all that, you know, not a redneck culture at all. I listened mostly to gumbo rock out of New Orleans. I was never into country. I don't even know why I went to Nashville. Hank Williams—I could sing a few of his songs.

"You know what's weird? As a kid I loved Mitch Miller and the Mills Brothers. Loved those Sing-Along-with-Mitch albums, maybe just because I loved to sing."

He was always singing, except for the time he spent soaking up the advanced, no-punch-line humor of such as Bob and Ray, Lord Buckley, and Eddie Lawrence, the Old Philosopher. "There was nothing before music but school," he says, and I *hated* high school. It was the most miserable time of my life. But for most people, especially in the South, it's the *high* point of their lives." He made short work of flunking out of Auburn University and relocating at a junior college near New Orleans—"which was where I wanted to be anyway"—which was where he fell in with musicians organized, in a manner of speaking, as a band and where he started working the awful dives an unknown has to work and . . . stealing peanut butter.

And now he is, to borrow from his *The Wino and I Know*, living his life like a song, and trying to remind himself that a good song has rests in it. "My boogie span reaches about three days, and I get burned out and go home"—and that's Key West, mainly, but sometimes it's the even quieter life of Montana. Buffett says he meant, and still means, what he said about fame in a song called *My Lovely Lady*: "I don't want the thing that brings confusion/When people recognize you on a plane."

"It's kind of weird now with *Come Monday* making the charts. Even Middle America was playing the hell out of that. But that's okay. I just don't want to get into doing this three hundred days a year. I got too spoiled before it started. If I get too tired, that's a good enough excuse to go home, lie on the beach, ride my bicycle. . . . I spent two years in Nashville, working for *Billboard* and bummin' around. Couldn't get nothing recorded. Got depressed, got pissed off, got divorced, and left. Best move I ever made. I do get into some incredible situations on the road that lead to songs, but my free time means as much to me as far as writing is concerned. Wrote practically all of that second album while I was lying around out in Montana."

He says he has it "sort of mapped out for about two years—then maybe I can call my shots." Meanwhile, he's planning to use some of his free time to attend the tenth-anniversary reunion of his high-school class. "I'm just going to get real numb on something, go there, hang out, and ob-*zerve*!" he says. He pauses, fingering the lurid pink "treasure-box" oyster shell he wears on a chain around his neck and swashing the ice around in his drink. "Ought to be able to write a hellacious song about it."

Haydn's 104 Symphonies

Practice makes perfect, and though it took Haydn almost 104 steps to evolve his own grand design for the symphony, the result is the greatest body of social music ever composed

By Irving Kolodin

As of 1891 (that was the year of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*), Oscar Wilde was of the opinion that "A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite and leaves one unsatisfied." As of 1974, I would appropriate that statement and amend it to read: "A Haydn symphony is the perfect type of a pluperfect pleasure. It is exquisite and it leaves one wholly satisfied." I am as certain of that as I am that even a tone-deaf Surgeon General would not consider an addiction to Haydn to be a health hazard.

It is commonly assumed that this priceless adjunct to human happiness, the Haydn symphony, reached its climax of perfection as a reward for its composer's endless application to an original set and simple design, which somehow, in time, acquired attributes far from simple. My inclination to question this ready rationalization first arose when I discovered, in the 1930's, that a work I had enjoyed as No. 13, in G Major, was actually No. 88, and rather than there being another ninety-one "later" works in a design established early on, it had in fact taken Haydn eighty-seven earlier works to *reach* that point of development.

This led to a long-cherished, wistful desire to hear—sometime, somehow—every one of the one hundred and four Haydn symphonies in the order in which they were created. Objective: to find out, if possible, just what *did* happen, work by work, year by year. That the opportunity to do just that finally presented itself in June of this year was due in large part to the tenacity of London Records in pushing through to a triumphal fulfillment its history-making coverage of all the unknown and (thus far) all but the last dozen of the known symphonies, leaving only, as a reasonable encore for this fall, the long-familiar, most-recorded *Salomon* sequence, plus a trio of esoterica not included in the one hundred and four. Practically speaking, then, the great work of discovery and recovery for public consumption has been done. It calls for four cheers and two tigers for all concerned.

It might be counter-contended that the Musical Heritage Society had anticipated this accomplishment with a total coverage of its own. But this effort, valiant though it is, does not muster either the physical output of the Philharmonia Hungarica, matchlessly disciplined for London by Antal Dorati, or the intellectual input of H. C. Robbins Landon, without whose pithy and extensive commentary the brilliantly reproduced musical sound would be substantially less comprehensible. Since Robbins Landon is also responsible for the twelve volumes of carefully edited miniature scores of the symphonies issued in the Sixties by Philharmonia, one is convinced that the initials H. C. were divinely ordained, designed to identify him eventually as the Haydn Companion he has become.

As one breasts wave after wave of sound, initially mild and tender, subsequently rough and stormy, then full of unexpected crosscurrents, the understanding comes after a while that this massive stream of creativity must be taken not, as I first imagined, work by work and year by year, but dozen after dozen and decade after decade. For the fundamental, first fact about Haydn's functioning as a symphonist is that it was extraordinarily related to (1) place and (2) purpose. What he did at a given time was often related to a need of the moment rather than the exercise of free choice. He may perhaps have written, say, one and one-half per cent of the total without any exact idea of the circumstances under which it would be performed, but the simple truth is that the first dozen or so were created for the pleasure of an otherwise anonymous Count Morzin, the next nearly six dozen for the places (the Hungarian estates of his patrons, the Esterházys) in which he spent the greatest part of his working life, and the final two dozen almost wholly for performance in Paris and in London.

The sum and consequence is what I would call the greatest body of *social* music ever composed. There was never—at any time—anything between Haydn and the audience for whom he was writing

HAYDN'S 104

Franz Joseph Haydn: a man not easily satisfied

but a copyist. From the start he delighted in revealing himself to his listeners in the many guises for which he became famous: Haydn the spinner of enticing webs of sound that would trap the most wary listener as a spider's spun intricacies snare the wariest fly; Haydn the *bon vivant* and boon companion of several dozen anecdotal finales; Haydn "The Great Entertainer," so called by Robbins Landon for his ability to tickle the listener's mental ear and upset his fondest expectations while planting more fulfilling surprises than he could anticipate; Haydn the equal of Bach and Handel as a contrapuntist and vastly their superior in harnessing that mastery to funny, sincere, tricky, lovable, laughable, touching ends; and, finally, the Haydn who was not, in the common phrase, the "Father of the Symphony" (Johann Stamitz properly deserves that credit) but who nevertheless fathered more great ones than anyone who ever lived.

That adds up to a lot of Haydns, but it is interesting that an overriding difference between the earliest works and the latest is that, at the outset, Haydn tends to be the *lively* Haydn or the *sedate* Haydn or the *brooding* Haydn only one at a time, in one work at a time. Perhaps it was a carryover from the aesthetic of the earlier eighteenth century, which tended to equate one work (or at least one movement) with one emotional effect. But it was essential for the real *fulfillment* of the richness of Haydn's personality that feelings of rejoicing, for example, should not be channeled exclusively into such a score as the *Alleluja* Symphony (No. 30, in C Major), but woven into more varied and revealing musical likenesses of the man behind the sound. Here the expectations aroused by the opening movement are frustrated by a three-movement structure whose concluding *tempo di menuet* leaves one as unsatisfied as a breakfast of orange juice, eggs, and toast—but no coffee.

Tracing the true course of Haydn's striving to evolve a musical plan that would fulfill his inner needs is more than a little complicated by an apparent quixotic aberration of the composer, his reverting, in No. 37, for example, to a style of writing he had long since left behind. But, despite its number, No. 37 is a work from Haydn's very first year as a composer of symphonies and should rightfully bear the number 4 in a chronological sequence. Conversely, the numbering of *Le Matin*, *Le Midi*, and *Le Soir* as Nos. 6, 7, and 8 suggests that Haydn was achieving memorable results after but a few trial runs. These should more rightfully be numbered 17, 18, and 19. The scrambled sequence in the numbering of the first forty is only approximately characterized by Robbins Landon's statement that it is "rather chaotic." But, even as late as the first set of *Salomon* Symphonies, Haydn authorized a listing contrary to the order in which the music was written and first performed.

We must, then, balance *that* prerogative of genius against the surging unpredictability of expression that enabled Haydn, in the very next work after Symphony No. 30 in 1765, to sing out the news that a new art form had been conceived—not the symphony, that is to say, but the *Haydn* symphony, and specifically the *Joseph* Haydn symphony (brother Michael also wrote them, in Salzburg). After a long succession of semi-symphonies (embodying concerto grosso elements, Baroque overtones, and churchly undertones), mini-symphonies (too short to qualify), and non-symphonies (too many, or too few, movements), we hear, finally, the jubilant proclamation of the real thing.

Symphony No. 31 is known as *The Hornsignal*, the title being a clue to the circumstances that caused Haydn's spirits to rise and his muse to give them wings to soar even higher. Two new horn players had been added to the two already in residence at Esterháza, and the opportunity to set them chortling at each other, gagging on octave jumps, and otherwise raising merry "view halloo" was too good to be missed. The *violine concertante* gets into the virtuoso competition (in the Adagio-with-variations) with a concerto-like solo bravely answered by the horns playing both melody and ac-

companiment (very much like the horn quartet in the *Freischütz* Overture fifty years later, whose effect Weber was admired for inventing). The Menuetto is broad and stompy; the finale gaily thematic and deftly varied.

Of course, there is only a restricted development in the first movement, but take note that the sequence of movements—Adagio before Menuet—is the one that Haydn would eventually determine to be proper and inviolable. Haydn can scarcely have heard his Esterháza orchestra of twenty-odd play with the style, precision, and fluency mustered by Dorati and his happy Hungarians, but he must have been proud of the results nevertheless. The piece is a quantum jump beyond any prior symphonic concept, and a standard by which to measure at least the first forty.

THOUGH Sir Donald F. Tovey is on record as saying, of the works of Haydn's first decade as a symphonic composer, "Their many interesting features disguise the fact that the fortieth is on the same plane of orchestral thought as the first" (!), he does add a fascinating insight to our scrutiny of the next dozen and the beginning of the second decade. It is the time of "*Sturm und Drang*" and of the music associated with the influence of that literary and artistic movement on the Haydn psyche—such works of unprecedented drama and intensity as the momentous No. 39, in G Minor (evoking associations of Mozart's doings in that key), the *Lamentatione* (catalogued as No. 26, in D Minor, but more properly placed around No. 40), *La Passione* in F Minor (which should come sequentially as No. 41 but is known as No. 49), and the *Trauer* (No. 44, in E Minor). These are prevailingly single-minded in pursuit of a single mood, and to that extent they are not yet descriptive of the whole Haydn.

Next in line, of course, is the inimitable *Farewell* (No. 45, in F-sharp Minor). For all its endearing old charms—including the famous departure of the players in the finale (one after the other, until only two violins are left scratching out their reminder to Prince Esterházy that the year is running out and the party's return to Vienna is overdue)—I have always found that the high horns and oboes Haydn employed in this work, to achieve a rather plaintive effect, are a little thin and aurally unsatisfying.

Tovey again, in an essay entitled *The Chamber Music of Haydn* (from which the prior quotation was also taken), says that "The written instrumental parts [of eighteenth-century music] are an aristocracy for whom the problems of domestic service are perfectly solved by that most learned and modest of artists, the continuo player who was, in the best performances, generally the composer himself." Perhaps this is the answer to the seeming contradiction that a composer so attuned to balance and sound as Haydn was (listen to No. 42 in this dozen, in which oboes, horns, and bassoons are blended into a tasty trio of voices that held a siren appeal even for Mozart) would leave so much space between the top, middle, and bottom elements of these early-middle scores. A well-coupled continuo (the harpsichord, of course, produced octaves to order) playing nicely conceived chordal "fill" might have made all the difference. Unfortunately, I hear no sound of it in Dorati's direction of this run of scores, where it might have invoked a fuller flavor of the time. It is, however, dutifully displayed in No. 98, in B-flat Major, where it is hardly as necessary, simply because the score preserves a vestigial remainder of the part Haydn himself played in London (on the pianoforte, probably, says Robbins Landon in his BBC Music Guide *Haydn Symphonies*).

The grave *Trauer* Symphony (No. 44) begins with the first symphonic movement known to me in which the playing description is *Allegro con brio*. This doesn't appear to inspire Dorati unduly, but he does provide the Adagio with a properly long-breathed pulsation. Ongoing scholarship has recently determined, from a date on a handwritten copy, that No. 48, in C Major, long known as the *Maria Theresia*, was written *before* a famous visit of that monarch to Esterháza, and the name, therefore, is a misnomer—or, for these times, a Ms.nomer? In any case, some equally splendid *other* circumstance brought forth from Haydn the pomp of drums and trumpets, still not in general symphonic use. Thus, it would appear, the evolution of the fuller orchestral plan would have to await a fuller coordination of the man.

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Bettmann Archive

Maria Theresia, Empress: somewhat before the fact, a symphony all her own

One striking interaction of plan and man comes with the last in the sequence of symphonies in the 40's: No. 49, in F Minor, is a broadly conceived, beautifully crafted score which begins with a full slow movement rather than a slow introduction. This makes it similar to Nos. 5, 18, 21, and 22. It also makes it similar to the *sonata da chiesa* of Baroque times, which invariably comprised four movements in the order slow-fast-slow-fast. This slow movement is magnificent, with repeated references to a C, D-flat, B-flat, C "cell" which insists on the mind's recalling the beginning of Schubert's *Death and the Maiden*. It is also the last time Haydn opts for an opening slow movement. Clearly, the evolving plan specified a slow introduction as a more productive preparation for the Allegro to follow, with a slow movement to follow that.

With four-dozen works accounted for, and less than five-dozen to go, it might be useful to isolate some values that, for me, differentiate the good from the better or the best of Haydn, past, present, and future. With such touchstones of quality as the *Hornsignal* and the *Farewell* in being (others might choose alternatives as *their* touchstones), a basis for comparison is readily available. My formulation would be:

(1) Good craftsmanship and attractive materials have now become as identifiable with Haydn as his own signature; his *average* symphony is, at the least, good.

(2) Exceptional craftsmanship, in a specific instance, qualifies a work for the "better" category, as do uncommonly attractive materials—melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic.

(3) When exceptional craftsmanship is combined with outstanding materials for the duration of a movement or two, the work ranks with the best.

(4) When all *four* movements attain this euphorical unanimity, then you've got a masterpiece.

NEEDLESS to say, the euphoria induced by the music in a present-day listener only occasionally extended to Haydn himself. The evidence is clear that the ultimate objectives to which he addressed himself were—purely from the standpoint of keeping his job—quite unnecessary. "My Prince," he would say, "was always satisfied with my work." But as much as he continued to pour his energies into church music, into the mounting total of quartets and the numberless sonatas of all sorts, the challenge of the symphony remained gnawing, constant, unresolved. To write string quartets was simply a matter of evolving the best possible sound from the same four instruments. To build a symphony, one had not only to create a form but also the means for expressing it: the orchestral *sinfonia*, or, as we call it today, the symphony orchestra. It was Mahler's privilege to say a dozen decades later, "What I mean by a symphony is to build a world with all available means." It was Haydn's challenge in the 1760's and 1770's to make a world of the limited means available to him at Esterháza.

To the basic materials with which he had started—strings, oboes, flute, horns—he had by now sometimes added trumpets and drums. But they were available only on certain occasions (as in the so-called *Maria Theresia*) and in certain keys—C Major primarily, and thereafter in D. Whether the keys promoted their use or whether he chose such keys so that they *would* be available is a chicken-and-egg speculation. In any case, from No. 53 on, timpani and trumpets (or horns) appear in Nos. 54, 56, 60, 61, 63, 69, 70, 72, 73, 75—all but the first (an odd instance) either in C or D.

Even more significantly, the bassoon—which had begun orchestral life with Haydn as, in Tovey's phrase, a simple "domestic" doing servile duty by doubling the string bass—had gradually begun to find its own voice (as mention of it in No. 42, above, will suggest). Something of a problem occurred during the period when Haydn's bassoonist was also his timpanist. Obviously he could not score for both instruments in the same movement. The flute had its solo function, but, so far, a fairly limited ensemble one. Only the strings were an abiding joy and an ever-present comfort. But it was clearly Haydn's

artistic intent to tax them to the limit of his ingenuity—and their discomfort—in order to draw out *all* of their resources.

The 1770's saw the creation of the works numbered in the 50's and 60's. Progress was not uniform, steady, and substantial—like leveling an obstacle with a bulldozer—but rather sporadic, the attainments sometimes exceptional, at other times equivocal. After a few earlier intimations, the "Haydn finale" suddenly appears in No. 53, in D Major *(L'Imperiale)*. The work would be modified later to make it what it is today, but the first version of the finale is pulsating, impetuous, and, above all, bubbling with the high spirits that we associate with Haydn in his best mood.

Some purists might question the bloodlines of the finale of No. 53 because it is operatically derived (from an overture). The fact is that, in the symphonies between 50 and 70, Haydn had no compunction about interchanging elements from instrumental music for a play (as in *Il Distratto*, No. 60, in C Major, and *La Roxolane*, No. 63, in the same key) with other elements symphonically conceived. Paradoxically, we don't always know just what in the play prompted certain musical outbursts; they were inspired, we must assume, by dramatic situations. But we recognize them as the accents and emphases later used by Haydn to enrich the vocabulary of other, non-programmatic works.

Haydn borrowed elsewhere too: he so liked the lively finale of No. 53, in D, that he re-used it—with scant alteration—as the first movement of No. 62. It doesn't work. But Haydn rarely repeats a miscalculation. No. 54, for example, contains the longest slow movement Haydn ever wrote—eleven uninterrupted minutes. Something tells me it didn't play too well at Esterháza, for he never risked so

lengthy a slow section again. Symphony No. 55, in E-flat, is a quasi-favorite called *The Schoolmaster*. Nice; I wonder whether Leonard Bernstein ever studied under him, for if so, it would paternalize one of the defter ideas in his *Candide*. No. 56, in C Major, finds Haydn venturing another stitch in the making of the fabric of the orchestral symphony into the texture of the symphony orchestra: the first drum roll (at measure 222), says H.C.R.L.

At this point (1774) we have arrived, in structural terms, at:

(1) A fair prospectus of the first movement, though without a fully formed development, or coda.
(2) A good likeness of the Menuet.
(3) Varied, amorphous slow movements, representing a rather indecisive attitude on Haydn's part.
(4) Lively seedlings of Haydn's anecdotal, leg-pull finales.

So, 1774 turns into the year of the slow movement. Nos. 55, 56, and 57 are all of outstanding quality, fitting into place another pinion of the grand design.

FORTUNATELY for Haydn—and for all of us—Prince Nikolaus Esterházy grew as discriminating in his musical tastes as he was at table. As his chefs vied with each other to produce new ways of varying the familiar fare of poultry, game, and beef, so Haydn extended himself to produce what Robbins Landon has described as works "very sophisticated and occasionally rather cool." The sophistication produced some of the most entrancing instrumental interplay ever committed to paper (as in No. 66, where it becomes especially rampant in the section succeeding the exposition). In No. 67 (one of the unsung masterpieces of this period) Haydn elongated, partly through harmonic changes, partly by means of contrapuntal commentary, the section separating exposition and recapitulation to nearly

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Nikolaus, Prince Esterházy: he knew what he wanted

eighty measures. In a total of 260, this is roughly a third, or a fairly even distribution of emphasis in the tripartite scheme. The development section has assumed its proper station.

It is a reasonable assumption, measuring the beauty of the best work done by Haydn to this time, and the nice, tight, sometimes even brilliant sound he contrived for the better of the best, that he would have gone on indefinitely working in the same mode, for the same audience, and with the same means at his disposal at Esterháza: a demanding patron and an orchestra of twenty-four. What was it, then, that intervened to regenerate his impulses, to rekindle his interest in achieving his symphonic objectives, to impel him to press on to realize an outcome that he might, reasonably, now have left to other composers?

It was, simply, nothing more than the beauty of the best work he had done in the first six-dozen symphonies in the first two decades. As of early 1764, Haydn's name had begun to be known in Paris; the spread of his fame to London was not long behind. Indeed, by the beginning of the 1780's, Haydn could very well have anticipated his first visit to London by a dozen years. He was invited (by no less a person than Dr. Charles Burney), but Prince Nikolaus did not encourage an acceptance. He could not, however, discourage Haydn from composing, in 1782, three "beautiful, elegant . . . and by no means overlong" (the descriptive terminology is Haydn's own) symphonies for England (Nos. 76, 77, and 78).

Here, then, was a real turning point on the long, long road. Already, in No. 74 of 1781, Haydn had demonstrated his ability to weave a few scraps of chords and a curlicue of melody into a first movement that fascinates. With it is an Adagio cantabile in which Haydn expounds a classical version of the "Glenn Miller sound": flutes in a high register over oboes bolstered by bassoons and horns, with the double bass blending at the bottom. Now, in No. 77, in B-flat, he strikes out with flair and with flourish to show Londoners (already acquainted with certain of his earlier works) what a real up-to-date Haydn symphony might be like.

Let me borrow the words of Robbins Landon (in exchange for some of mine he borrowed from notes I wrote when the work was first performed in New York in 1939-1940!): "The stunning development of the first movement . . . the dashing, almost scherzo-like verve of the Menuetto . . . the brilliant . . . finale with its fantastic contrapuntal development section. . . . this is, hands down, one of the greatest symphonies Haydn ever wrote. . . ." Note the emphasis on *counterpoint* in the two development sections: this is the secret weapon Haydn kept in reserve to enlarge that middle part of the first-movement symphonic structure to make the movement the co-equal of slow movements expanded by variations, of menuets with broadened trios. In this particular instance, the slow movement could be fancifully described as "variations by Haydn on a theme of Mozart," for the basic melody is so similar to "*Il mio tesoro*" that one might be excused for thinking it was written after *Don Giovanni* rather than five years before.

If the idea of writing for a foreign capital could stimulate Haydn to produce his great symphony No. 77, imagine what must have been the appeal of an invitation to write *six* new works for Paris, a city boasting an orchestra with forty violins and ten double basses and rich enough to pay him a fee of twenty-five *louis d'or* for each symphony, a reward a later French musicologist described as "*un prix colossal.*" As Macaulay would have said, any schoolboy knows the magnitude of Haydn's response: his six *Paris* symphonies include such familiar favorites as *La Poule* (No. 83, in G Minor, with its clacking strings, clucking oboe, and a soupçon of a codetta in the first movement); the one called *L'Ours*, with its great growling in the double basses in the finale, which undoubtedly prompted some prosaic mind to dub it "The Bear"

(the growls are really the mock-menacing tones of *L'Homme* Haydn); and the greatest if least known of the lot, No. 87, in A Major, whose initial *vivace* brings on a motival-harmonic development of Beethovenian proportions.

What it also brought on was—exactly at the right time and for the right place—the greatest of Haydn's first ninety symphonies: No. 88, in G Major. It is a summation of all he had accomplished up to that time, the more remarkable for being *commissioned by himself* for performance in what had now become his favorite symphonic capital, Paris. The plan was to entrust the work to an Esterháza colleague who was journeying to Paris, with the idea of having it merchandised—to his and Haydn's benefit—at an advantageous price. The plan did not work out financially as Haydn had intended, but musically it could not have been more of a success. The work is a free-standing, full-length likeness of the great man in all his grandeur, the first of many to come. It has more than once been remarked that the great slow movement is distinguished by the presence of trumpets and drums, though they do not appear in the first movement. But what is even more to the point is the decision by Haydn that these instruments are now to be considered an inherent part of any proper symphony orchestra. And how could the point be better made than by taking advantage of a slow movement in D—one of his "timpani keys"—to use them, even if it were not possible in the starting key of G? Persuaded by the success of his bold action that he had made the right decision, Haydn includes the timpani in *every* symphony in the 90's (with the exception of No. 91). At first this is accomplished by using C Major as the key of No. 90, but thereafter he profited by the availability in England of timpani in *all* the keys he used.

In the leap from No. 88 to the last dozen, history has accorded only No. 92 *(Oxford)* the attention it merits. But each of its two predecessors embodies Haydn's affection and esteem for the French Comte d'Ogny, who had not only enriched him with the commission for the first six *Paris* Symphonies but had come back a few years later with a request for three more. Clearly a man of such taste and so much appreciation of Haydn's worth deserved the best of which the composer was capable, and that is as good a description as any of No. 90. It is crowned in all its timpanic glory by a dazzling finale which actually has a full close and four measures *tacit* (the conductor standing there, appearing to be unaware that the movement has seemingly finished) before slipping into a coda that goes on for *seventy-three* measures more before the work is really finished. Haydn had long before attained mastery of the *fausse reprise* (a device for bluffing a return to the recapitulation in the first movement, only to go on with further development). Now he had added what might be called the *fausse terminaison* to lure the listener into a belief the work was finished—and provide composers for all time to come with another Haydnism to exploit. I must say, however, that not one of them has ever surpassed Haydn's use of the oboe, when the coda begins (in D-flat), to thumb his nose at the audience's surprise and shock.

And so the stage had been set for the greatest adventure of Haydn's life. Prince Nikolaus Esterházy died in 1790, liberating Haydn from his emotional if not legal bondage to the man who had been his devoted patron and severely good friend for nearly thirty years. The news of Esterházy's death came to another, less severe, friend, Johann Peter Salomon, while he was touring the continent for talent to present under his management in London. He altered his route to seek out Haydn in Vienna and to persuade him that there was no longer any obstacle to the much desired visit to London, where Salomon had been propagating word of the greatness of the composer since the first concert under his management in 1786.

The results were history-making from January 1791, when Haydn arrived in London for his first visit, to December 18, 1795, four months after he had returned to Vienna after the second. Initially stimulated by the first foreign trip of his life and contact with "this endlessly huge city of London" (as he described it in a letter to a Viennese friend), Haydn grew, expanded, and flourished under the warmth of adulation with which each new work was received.

Indeed, he not only reacted, but he *over*-reacted to the warmth of his welcome, resuming his role as the Great Entertainer, on one of its lesser levels to

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Impresario J. P. Salomon: he brought Haydn to London

be sure, with No. 96, in D Major (the first to be composed), with the *Surprise* (whose "naïvely" loud bang in the slow movement was less than naïvely conceived, an afterthought, perhaps, to arouse some over-wined and over-dined members of the audience), and with No. 93, in D Major, which has one of the loudest of all examples of the Great Bassoon Joke—and, of all places, in the slow movement—a clownish low C, *fff*, and *solo*.

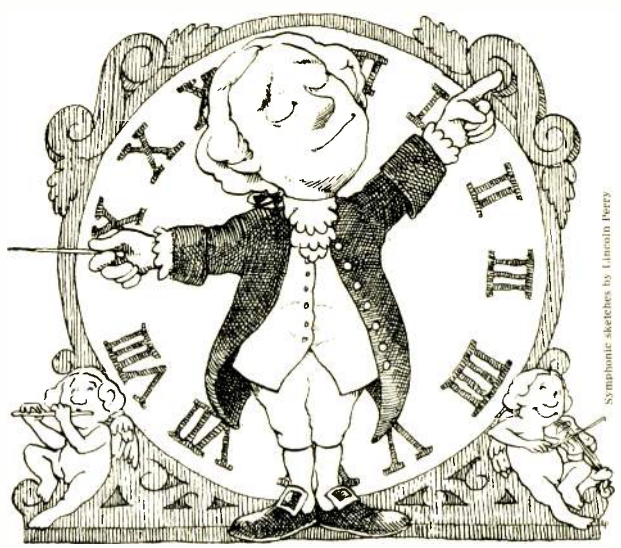
By 1792, however, he had regained mastery of his own impulses as well as fidelity to his strongest artistic inclinations with No. 98, in B-flat Major. And when he returned from Vienna for his second visit in 1794, he brought with him the great Symphony No. 99, in E-flat Major, which brings forth the final addition to his orchestral vocabulary (courtesy of Mozart): the clarinet. With all the other instruments retained, it fills in and fleshes out the orchestral symphony to make it the symphony orchestra that would serve Beethoven for his first four symphonies, until he added piccolo and trombones in the finale of the Fifth.

The greatness of the Symphony No. 100, in G Major *(Military)*, of No. 102, in B-flat Major, and of No. 104, in D Major *(London)*, are too familiar to be labored. And when Haydn ventures into the pleasantries of the *Clock* (No. 101, in D Major) and the *Drum Roll* (No. 103, in E-flat Major), they are replete with subtleties intimating that Haydn is now convinced Londoners will meet him on *his* level of wit; he need not descend to what he had assumed to be *their* level of comedy.

One could search out and summarize an infinity of ways in which, detail by detail, movement by movement, Haydn had added, in the first eight-dozen or so symphonies, the arts and resources which stand fully revealed as "The Symphony" only in the last half dozen. But one detail will have to suffice. Are you an *aficionado* of the *Clock* (No. 101), in all its *ticktackänliche* (as the German annotator for the Jochum version of DG has it) fantasy, particularly the vivacious finale with its scampering string passages in a flashing *detaché* pattern? Haydn began writing such passages as early as Symphony No. 31, and reverted to them again in No. 53 (both, it should be noted, are in D major). There are extensions and expansions of the device in No. 66 and in such other symphonies as Nos. 77, 87, and 90. At first the pacing strings race in unison. Would there not be more resonance with the seconds doubling the firsts an octave below? He tries that. How about intensifying both brilliance *and* sonority with passages in sixths and thirds, in contrary motion, and with double stops, thus broadening, from four to eight, the total of vibrating tones from firsts, seconds, violas, and cellos? All these refinements of the original idea can be found along the way. Now, *seventy* symphonies after No. 31, he has it all in hand for another D Major symphony, to dispose as he chooses and to utilize as and when he deems appropriate, up to and including a final chord split nine ways among the four sources of string sound!

WHEN Haydn left England, he left behind him a heritage of orchestral playing, formed in concert with Salomon, his concertmaster, which endures to the present time. He carried back to Vienna with him, of course, the manuscript scores of his last six symphonies. One (No. 103) ended up in the possession of Luigi Cherubini, a present from Haydn when the Italian's *Faniska* was first performed in Vienna; another (No. 98) was found among the effects of Beethoven after his death.

Fair enough. On December 18, 1795, when Haydn held an official "at home" to musical Vienna, Beethoven performed as soloist in a piano concerto of his own, and the "Kappelmeister" (Haydn) performed "three grand symphonies, not yet heard here" which were "composed during his last sojourn in London." Whichever they were (and no reference work I have consulted identifies them), they could hardly have failed to arouse in Beethoven an awareness of where *his* true destiny lay.



Symphonic sketches by Lincoln Perry

Conductor Antal Dorati

Courtesy London Records

THE HAYDN SYMPHONIES ON DISC

EVERY instance of the long process by which Haydn formed the symphony in his own image and to his own character is contained in London Stereo Treasury's superb survey on disc. It documents the combination of enormous talent, extraordinary application, ever-increasing discrimination, and that indispensable little bit of luck without which it would never all have come together. Not everyone will want to travel that long, sometimes digressive, trail with Haydn; some, of course, will not be able to afford it in time or money, whatever their other inclinations may be. For them, as well as for others, a series of recommendations can be offered:

● *First priority.* The supplementary and the "undiscovered" symphonies in Vols. I (Symphonies Nos. 65 to 72) and IV (they were not issued consecutively, but continue the sequence with Symphonies Nos. 73 to 81). Together they build a bridge and provide a link-up to the great *terra cognita* stretching from Symphony No. 82 to No. 104. "What if I can't afford both?", I hear a plaintive voice imploring. A coin flip would serve as well as my noncommitted comment, but a *little* edge of difference may be indicated. The connoisseur will learn more about a lot of unsuspected elements in Haydn from Volume I, whereas the general listener will find more fully developed content to his taste in Volume IV.

● *Second priority.* Those possessed of the means will derive the greatest value by gradually working their way *back* through symphonies numbered in the 50's, the 40's, and the 30's, rather than beginning earlier and moving forward. The rationale is simple: the higher the numbers, the fewer the discursive, the intrusive, and the unformed works. Earlier than No. 31 *(Hornsignal)*, the rewards are, with some exceptions, more for the antiquarian and the indefatigably curious than for anyone else.

● *General advice.* So far as the individual symphonies are concerned, I would counsel—for the orchestral enthusiast whose taste in Haydn is general rather than inclusive—selectivity rather than depth. At some time when London decides to reissue its great collection record by record, the task of recommendation will be greatly simplified. In the meantime, as supplementary to one or more complete volumes of the London set, all of which are listed with their contents below, the *individual* discs noted here as well offer the best combination of values in the works which themselves are the pick of the pack among the first eighty symphonies. Those subsequent to the eighty, the *Paris* and *Salomon* sets, plus a few individual masterpieces, are basic and may be presumed to be already in, or on the way to, most serious symphonic collections.

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Appendices, works not included among the 104 symphonies; two discs, London STS 15316/7.

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Symphonies Nos. 3, 39, 73: London Little Orchestra, Leslie Jones cond., Nonesuch 71096.
Symphonies Nos. 6, 7, 8: Vienna Festival Orchestra, Wilfred Böttcher cond., Turnabout 34150.
Symphonies Nos. 19, 31, 45: London Little Orchestra, Leslie Jones cond., Nonesuch 71031.
Symphonies Nos. 26, 34, 77: English Chamber Orchestra, Raymond Leppard cond., Philips 6500084.
Symphonies Nos. 34, 54, 75: London Little Orchestra, Leslie Jones cond., Nonesuch 71106.
Symphonies Nos. 35, 43, 80: London Little Orchestra, Leslie Jones cond., Nonesuch 71131.
Symphonies Nos. 44, 49: London Little Orchestra, Leslie Jones cond., Nonesuch 71032.
Symphonies Nos. 52, 53: Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner cond., Philips 6500114.
Symphonies Nos. 52, 60: Esterhazy Orchestra, David Blum cond., Vanguard HM-27.
Symphonies Nos. 59, 70: Esterhazy Orchestra, David Blum cond., Vanguard 71106.
Symphonies Nos. 63, 78: London Little Orchestra, Leslie Jones cond., Nonesuch 71197.

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS

It may be just like One Big Family, but it's still a lot of hard work

By Josh Mills

IF you really got into *The Godfather* and understood it—if you know what turned Michael Corleone around and brought him back home—then you'll appreciate what drives Gladys Knight & the Pips: "tending to family business." Twenty-two years of singing. A brother and a sister and two cousins. Twenty-two years of working out harmonies and dance steps. Always together.

"Life has been one long rehearsal," said Bubba Knight, brother of Gladys and a Pip (the others are William Guest, known as Cousin Red, and Edward Patten, Cousin Ed). Rehearsal for what? For upward mobility: Gladys & Bubba & Red & Ed rehearse and rehearse and rehearse, driven by a vision of success still not satisfied.

"Life has been one long rehearsal." When Bubba said that, it rang a bell. I checked and found it in my notes from an interview last year, and in nearly every article on the group I've read. They're so well-rehearsed, so self-conscious about their "image," that, word for word, the quotes are the same in every story, on television, *everywhere*. And lately, it is indeed EVERYWHERE, for Gladys Knight & the Pips are very big, with four albums in the Top One Hundred and five gold singles in a row. But while the product is entertaining, and their talent real, the packaging is growing just a bit stale.

But the packaging has worked—and isn't that what pop music is all about? With two Grammies, a dozen TV appearances including their own special, and all the hit records, the Pips have made it. They're successful products of the Big Hustle, a well-designed promotional game plan that turned them from an obscure funky soul group with occasional hits to one of the hottest pop acts around. The Big Hustle wasn't built on advertising sleight-of-hand; it was based on the group's capacity for hard work, coolly applied in the right places.

Gladys & the Pips work a day-to-day schedule that's exhausting. Day after day, night after night, they drive themselves. When I caught up with them after a concert, their dressing room resembled a locker room after a tough scrimmage. Bubba Knight stood in front of a mirror, arms lifted outward as though he'd just scored the

Red, Ed, Bubba, and Gladys/photo courtesy SAS, Inc.

clinching basket. Then he doubled over, clutching his side, pressed a hand up against his ribs, and reached for a six-inch-wide elastic bandage to wrap around them. Over on the couch, Edward Patten leaned back wearily while a doctor examined the inside of his left knee, probing gently to see how deep the bruise went. They had just finished the fourth night of an eight-show run at the Westbury Music Fair in a New York suburb.

Before the Big Hustle began, Gladys Knight & the Pips could sell out the Apollo Theater in Harlem, and they could draw r-&-b fans, but you wouldn't find them playing suburbia. Then, in March of 1973, they left the Motown label, where they'd been fifth or sixth—or ninth—fiddle for a long time, and set out with a new one (Buddah) and a new manager (Sid Seidenberg) to take aim at that vast audience the music business calls MOR—middle-of-the-road.

"We took a long hard look at it and decided we needed to get out there," Gladys recounted, scrunched into the back of the limousine along with the Pips—an interesting tableau, these millionaires sitting four-in-the-back-seat because their record company had miscalculated how many people were riding out to Westbury. ("It's cool; we like to ride this way. We like to do everything together," said Bubba, laughing as we crammed into the car outside their hotel.)

"It had to do with projection and planning on Bubba's part, and ours, in conjunction with Sid," Gladys said. "Making the right move as far as career goes, getting us out to the public, planning played a very important part."

And the Pips all nodded, Uh-huh.

"We felt that to reach the pop market, we had to change our material. We needed the right song. And then it came along: *Neither One of Us* was perfect. It cleaned up pop-wise."

And the Pips all nodded, Uh-huh.

Gladys & Bubba & Red & Ed average thirty-one in years, but they've been performing professionally since 1952. And you get the feeling it's *all* been planned, from the initial recording contracts to the scattered hits, to Motown, to the pop charts, to the fancy hotels, and on to Las Vegas.

"Playing the Vegas scene helped establish a new market for us, even before we found that right record," Gladys continued. "We been doin' Vegas for three years now, and that opened up a lotta doors for people to be waitin' when we finally gave them *Neither One of Us*."

And the Pips all nodded, Uh-huh.

Not that Gladys is the spokesperson for the group; they work very hard at being democratic. Gladys refuses to do solo interviews, and they share production credits on their albums.

Gladys glanced around, smiled wearily, and said to Sid Seidenberg, who was crammed in front of her on the jump seat, "I'm so sleepy."

Ed stirred: "Me too. It think it must be the ride."

Bubba: "I'm so tired when I get ready to come to work."

(Continued overleaf)

Sid: "You look like you're on the way home, not going out to the show."

But it's not just the ride, it's the Big Hustle that's wearing them out, leaving Bubba with a sore rib cage and Ed with a strained knee. Westbury was the seventh week of a tour, a tour that included not only several week-long runs but a bunch of one-nighters too.

"I'd like to settle down, you know, just level off a bit, to spend more time at home with my family," Gladys said. "But we're just so much in demand."

"That's when a lotta artists make that mistake—they get really hot and stop touring," Bubba agreed.

"You know, you want them to get out there and see you and buy your records," Cousin Red joined in.

"You take time off, they forget you," Bubba said.

"They stop buying the records, also," Cousin Ed chimed in.

A family chorus, it sounded almost as rehearsed as their slick stage show, with the little skits and ad-libs that are the same, night after night. When you've been in the same group, with the exact same people, day in, day out, night in, night out, for twenty-two years, there's a thin line between spontaneity and routine. They even think together. Ask one a question and you can feel—practically hear—all four of them thinking.

How long have you been on this tour? I asked Cousin Ed.

Gladys: "Let me think. . . ."

Ed: "When did we start?"

Red: "Uh. . . uh. . . ."

Bubba: "It was. . . uh. . . ."

Red: "It was a one-nighter, in Atlanta."

Ed: "New Orleans. . . ."

Red: "I think we came on the road on Easter. . . ."

Bubba: "It was Miami. . . ."

Ed: "We *closed* in Miami on Easter, so we went on the road before that."

Red: "That was the week we was supposed to be off."

Talk turned to the four days off the group would have after Westbury. They would head home to Detroit, where each of them owns a home on the same street, a closed family complex, just the way it's always been.

It all began on September 4, 1952, Bubba's ninth birthday, in the back yard of the Knight home in Atlanta, where the clan had gathered to celebrate. Gladys & Red & Ed & Bubba had sung together in the church choir before that day, but "that party, that was our *professional* debut," Gladys recalled. "Another cousin, James Woods, was our first manager. And his nickname was Pip, and we decided on that very day that we would be called the Pips, to honor him, for he helped hold us together."

"We always sang together as a family," Bubba cut in. "Life has been one long rehearsal."

"We had our Sunday gatherings," Gladys re-interrupted. "Man, they were something. See, we couldn't play rock-and-roll, it was sinful. On Sundays it was *more* sinful. We'd be in church all day! We'd have Sunday school, then regular services, then we'd have B.T.U. . . ."

Bubba clapped his hands. "Oh yeah! The Baptist Training Union."

Gladys resumed, "Then we'd have afternoon services, then evening services."

"Man, we'd even *eat* in church," said Bubba.

After an hour, it's a bit stifling, something like a Heckle-and-Jeckle routine. The interviewer becomes entrapped in the skit. Whatever they say, you're given the feeling they've already said it to someone else before.

"Well, we're going into the studio soon," Gladys said. "And we're gonna make a new album that'll have more space, be more relaxed."

"And it'll be a Christmas album," said Cousin Red.

"The first one we've ever done," said Cousin Ed.

"To be out this fall," said Bubba.

What else the future may hold is movies. Each Pip is interested, Gladys is interested, and Sid Seidenberg is interested. Their initial adventure in film was singing the soundtrack of *Claudine*, which Curtis Mayfield wrote. At one point, they were actually approached to star in the picture, they say, but it was decided to go with the big names, James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll. But Gladys, quietly, determinedly, wants to do films.

"There's not time, now," Sid said.

"I got two scripts in my case right now I'm reading for Gladys," Bubba said.

"He's my censor," Gladys said.

Cousin Ed: "Hey Gladys, do you want to be in pictures? I do."

Sid: "Everybody would like to be in pictures eventually. It's just another segment of the plan. The Beatles did the same thing. At the right time."

Gladys: "I didn't like them. I saw part of *Help* and it didn't move me."

When the Pips or Gladys do get moved these days, they usually can say where, when and how. They are incorporated as Perfection in Performance, Inc. (PIP, get it?), and, together with Seidenberg, they call their own shots.

The Motown years were somewhat different, and not entirely happy. But Bubba is philosophical—perhaps because he was instrumental in guiding Gladys & the Pips to Motown in the first place. "If I had been in business—now let's say you got a stable of race horses, and you got some horses that are runnin' and runnin' and runnin', well, naturally you gonna concentrate on those winners [Supremes, Temptations, Smokey Robinson & the Miracles, and, later, the Jackson Five and Stevie Wonder]. And then maybe you'll say, well here's a race where I can run this other horse [Four Tops, Martha and the Vandellas, or, maybe, Gladys Knight & the Pips]. They just concentrated on their major artists, the ones who had been there first."

Gladys piped in, "I wouldn't do it like that. I think it was stupid on their part."

Ed: "One thing I would change—if I had racehorses, I wouldn't-a stocked up my stable with a whole lotta horses I wasn't goin' to *run*."

But, like Stevie Wonder, who blossomed from a first-rate performer into a creative genius when he assumed production of his own albums, Gladys Knight & the Pips, free of Motown's tight rein and benign neglect, have seized their time. The string of hits is likely to lengthen as they continue to get the pick of the work of such songwriters as Elton John, Burt Bacharach, and Bill Withers. They will go on to host television specials, possibly have a series, score and possibly star in films, and hold center stage in the expanding black/MOR market for a good time to come. After twenty-two years, it's still just One Big Family—with all the security, control, and lack of experimentation that slightly worn but serviceable label suggests.

STEREO REVIEW'S SELECTION OF RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT

BEST OF THE MONTH

CLASSICAL

THE GRANDEST MANNER: BOLET AT CARNEGIE HALL

A two-disc release from RCA documents a resounding triumph of virtuosic Romantic pianism

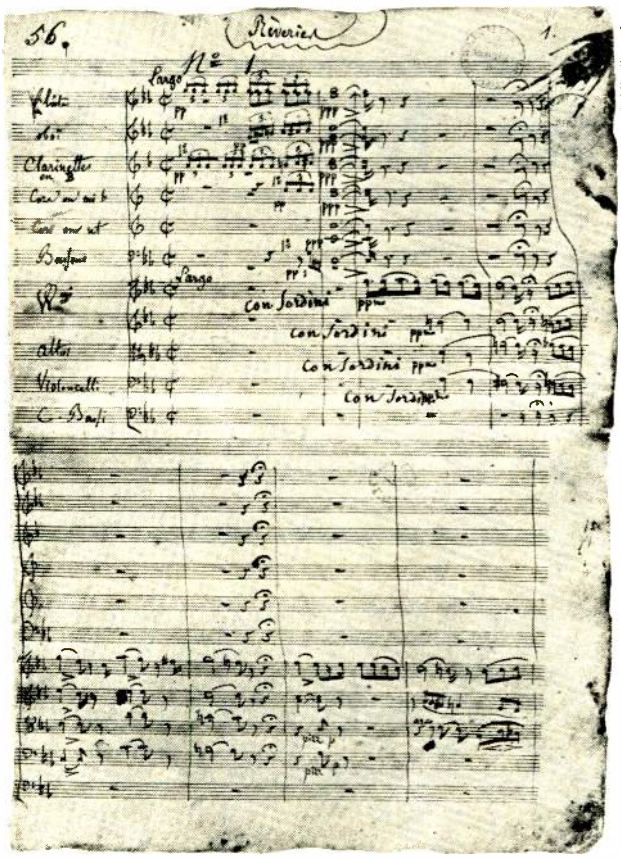
I DON'T know about you, but much as I like tramping off to unusual places for unusual experiences, I wouldn't normally walk across the street to hear anyone play a piano transcription of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* Overture—unless . . . unless perhaps the player were Liszt himself playing his own arrangement. Well, Jorge Bolet is not Liszt, but he is about as close as you can come these days, and you can hear him playing the bejeezuz out of that transcription in your own living room on a new RCA recording.

The recording was made on February 25, 1974, at a Carnegie Hall concert that was apparently intended to lay to rest, once and for all, the question of just who was going to claim the long-vacant and hotly disputed title of heavyweight champ in the Romantic Piano Virtuoso stakes. Bolet, I think, has won, hands up, hands down, hands all around the piano keyboard at a velocity approaching the speed of sound. The first part of the Carnegie evening was unarguably serious: the Bach-Busoni *Chaconne* is, of course, also a transcription, but a very high-class one (lots of class at *both* ends of the hyphen). The twenty-four preludes of Chopin's Op. 28 followed, giving ample demonstration of Bolet's poetic talents. There was no hyphen involved in these, but the program might just as well have read "Chopin-Bolet," for he takes every possible expressive liberty, playing off the beat, sustaining tones, arpeggiating chords, creating new lines and cross-rhythms, playing fast and free with the tempos, even changing the text here and there. Yet all of it has such authority and sensibility of touch, nuance, color, line, and phrase that one ends up agreeing with Bolet and not the dry-bone notes of the printed music! He re-creates it all afresh.

Serious matters taken care of, Bolet plunges on into the heady world of Strauss-Tausig, of the *Blue Danube* as a series of rippling, bubbling cascades, of Moskowskian jugglers and Anton Rubinstein *staccatissimi*. And, too, of course, Liszt's/Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. It's back to the Golden Age, the Grand Old Days of Romantic virtuosity, with a vengeance. In a way, it's a pity that so much skill—and I mean musicality, sensitivity, swiftness, sureness, taste, and communicativeness, not mere facility—is tossed away so lightly, so prodigally, on so many soap bubbles. There are, after all, transcriptions *and* transcriptions—but Schulz-Evler's *Arabesques on "The Beautiful Blue Danube"*? Nonetheless, it's a knockout without violence. Bolet doesn't have to hit you over the head; you keel over of your own free will.

JORGE BOLET
A sense of total command

Some slight editing was done on three of these works (it is not noticeable to me) owing, says RCA, to "technical difficulties" in the recording and not in Bolet's fingers. Wrong



Musical Autographs, by Emanuel Winternitz/Dover Publications, Inc.

Careful tempo and dynamic indications on this page of the manuscript for the Symphonie *show that Berlioz knew what he wanted.*

notes, in other words, have not been edited out, and there is, as a matter of fact, a smudge or two of no significance whatsoever. Bolet gives you the sense that he could hit a *really* resounding clinker so grandly, so authoritatively, that you would go home convinced it was supposed to go that way (as opposed to some pianists who play all the notes exactly as written and still make you wonder).

The Grand Manner is, finally, just that—a certain musical bearing, an aristocratic attitude that embraces the kind of natural *noblesse oblige* only those "to the manner born" seem able to achieve. With a certain patrician air and a sense of total command, Bolet not only gets away with all manner of pompous rhetoric and unabashed emotional display, but he makes *you* believe in it. Whether these are "worthy" goals or not is quite beside the point. This kind of playing has been put down and buried in ignominy for years; its revival just now—part of the Great Age of Nostalgia, of course—was inevitable, and Bolet is, at least for the moment, its outstanding exponent. Listening to this kind of performance on recordings is, unfortunately, by no means equivalent to experiencing the live event, for "presence" is a good part of the total effect of these musical rites. This is therefore one area in which the documentary "live" recording serves better than a studio one would. If nothing else, RCA ought to sell a lot of these albums just to the enthusiastic audience at Carnegie Hall last February; the rest of us can at least get a tantalizing taste of what it was *really* like. *Eric Salzman*

JORGE BOLET: ***At Carnegie Hall.*** **Bach-Busoni:** *Chaconne in D Minor (from Violin Partita, BWV 1004).* **Chopin:** *Preludes, Op. 28.* **Strauss-Tausig:** *Man lebt nur einmal; Nachtfalter.* **Strauss-Schulz-Evler:** *Arabesques on "The Beautiful Blue Danube."* **Wagner-Liszt:** *Tannhäuser Overture.* **Moszkowski:** *La Jongleuse, Op. 52, No. 4.* **Rubinstein:** *Etude in C, Op. 23, No. 2 ("Staccato").* Jorge Bolet (piano). RCA ARL2-0512 two discs $11.98.

SOLTI'S FANTASTIC *SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE*

Total fidelity to the Berlioz score marks a notably successful realization for London

My standard for the interpretation of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* was established 'way back in 1932 when I first encountered the recording by Pierre Monteux and the Paris Symphony Orchestra on Victor M-111. In this and in his three subsequent recordings of the work, Monteux seems to me to have struck just the right balance between the hair-raising "fantastic" elements of the piece and the Classicism that is implicit in so much of the music's lyrical content.

Now, in a remarkable new recording of the *Symphonie* for London, Sir Georg Solti has found this same vital balance. There is nothing sensational here, as there was in Munch's hectic approach, and the engineers have refrained from hyping up the sound gratuitously. Indeed, the overriding characteristic of this performance is its utter fidelity to what Berlioz wrote. Every dynamic marking, every *ritard*, every distinction between *legato* and dotted passagework is scrupulously observed, permitting the music to sound with all its youthful freshness and dramatic flair.

Interestingly, Solti chooses to observe the exposition repeat in the opening movement, and it does not take a Berlioz to understand its musical effectiveness. The succeeding waltz is brilliantly done, though it does not quite equal the elegance of Boulez. The *Scène aux Champs*, which seems to me to be one of the most treacherously difficult things in the entire orchestral literature to bring off successfully—everything is exposed, and one is walking on

eggs almost the whole time—is perhaps as close to perfection as it is possible to come in this life. Though one might ideally ask for a more volatile and eruptive treatment in those episodes of the waltz and slow movements where the *idée fixe* occurs, the poignant lyricism of the solo clarinet following the *tutti* outburst midway in the movement simply defies description.

As to the celebrated *March to the Scaffold*, I don't expect to hear a finer realization anywhere. The sternly measured tempo is exactly right, and the various counterpoints, especially the all-important ones for the bassoons, are heard in flawless balance and crystalline clarity, while (again!) the performance of the penultimate clarinet solo puts to shame any other I have yet heard of this passage. Solti remains faithful to the score even in the Witches' Sabbath finale, where most conductors are fatally tempted to throw caution—and taste—to the winds, and his *Dies Irae* is as measuredly relentless as Death itself.

As I have already mentioned, I can detect no effort on the part of the engineering staff to resort to gimmickry, to go beyond the already powerful techniques of straightforward stereo recording. There is a sense of ample dimensions in both breadth and depth, an ensemble sound rich in body and presence, a warm room ambiance, and a total sound texture that is perfectly clear without becoming at all fussy and analytic. All told, this is a most satisfying realization on disc of a work that will continue to test the mettle of orchestras, conductors, and engineering teams. It will be some time, I think, before the challenge is as successfully met as it is here by these London forces. *David Hall*

BERLIOZ: *Symphonie Fantastique, Op. 14a.* Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Sir Georg Solti cond. LONDON CS 6790 $6.98.

CHARLES MINGUS
Predictably unpredictable

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POPULAR

"MINGUS MOVES," YES, INDEED

The School of Mingus continues to produce its usual crop of high-caliber jazz graduates

WITH Thelonius Monk soon to enter his second decade of stagnation and Miles Davis giving us only more electronic apathy, it's good to have Charles Mingus back—and in his customary full bloom—with an Atlantic album appropriately titled "Mingus Moves."

Surrounding himself with newcomers (except for drummer Dannie Richmond) as is his wont, Mingus fulfills the promise of his Columbia recordings while running his usual tight ship: his players have ample freedom to express their individuality, but always within the unmistakable Mingus framework. The result is another classic set that will not only endure but will increase in importance long after time has erased from memory much of today's jazz-*cum*-Motown hybrids.

Each of the seven tracks here (only three of which are Mingus compositions) is impressive; these are cogent pieces of jazz rich in inspiration and that certain kind of *human* electricity your local utility cannot compete with. Many outstanding musicians have graduated from the various Mingus workshops of the past, and the Class of '74 is no less impressive.

Charles Mingus is an unpredictable man. By the time this review appears he might be leading a tango band in Oahu or plugging his first electric band into the sockets at the Village Gate. But whatever he

does, we will not only take notice, but we will learn as well. *Chris Albertson*

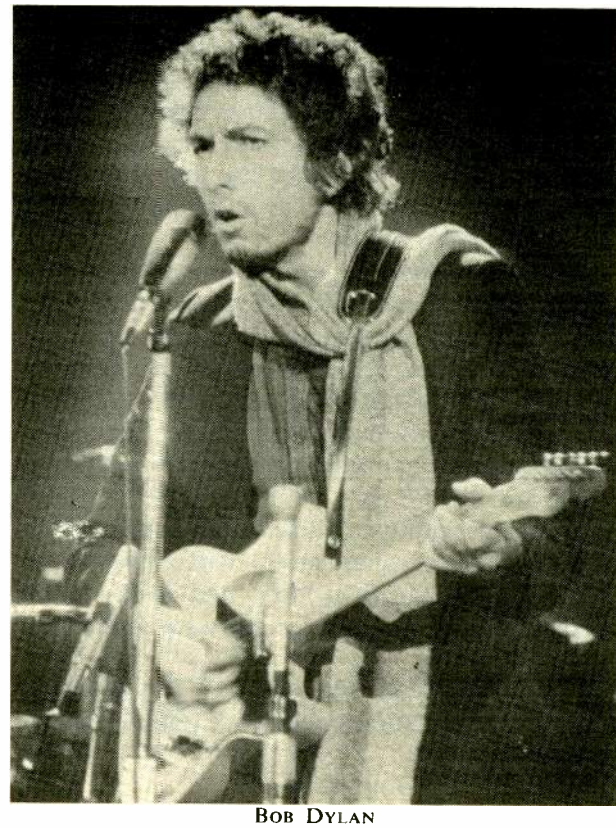
CHARLES MINGUS: ***Mingus Moves.*** Charles Mingus (bass); Ronald Hampton (trumpet); George Adams (tenor saxophone, flute); Don Pullen (piano); Dannie Richmond (drums). *Canon; Opus 4; Moves; Wee; Flowers for a Lady; Newcomer; Opus 3.* ATLANTIC SD 1653 $5.98, ® TP 1653 $6.97, © CS 1653 $6.97.

DYLAN AND THE BAND: THE STUFF OF LEGEND

"Before the Flood" is a return to the power and majesty of rock's Saturnian Age

IN 1972, a critic asked plaintively, "When is Dylan going to start being Dylan again?" Well, with "Planet Waves" and now "Before the Flood," Asylum's live document of Tour '74, that question has been more than satisfactorily answered. Dylan is indeed Dylan again, and perhaps that is one of the nicest things about this new album, that it finally puts the gravestone on the period of Dylan's career represented by "Nashville Skyline" and "Self Portrait," when, for reasons I have never understood, he attempted to peddle the myth that he was an empty-headed c-&-w crooner. The man who wrote such depressingly banal stuff as *Country Pie* may indeed have been the same man that gave us *Memphis Blues Again* or *Highway 61*, but I doubt that even Dylan ever really believed the former, and the fact that he is owning up at last is just one of the many delights of the new Asylum package. Another, and perhaps more important one, is that in its irrefutable rock-and-roll power and majesty, "Before the Flood" absolutely gives the lie to the various cosmically dopey comments made about the tour and Dylan's music by writers who should either know better or who simply have never understood what the hell the man does that makes him so special and important (or what, for that matter, makes *rock* so special and important—but that's another story).

I will spare you any further longwinded anlaysis, and simply mention that the Band (whose own sets on sides two and three, though at times moving, I would gladly have traded for more of the songs they did in tandem with Mr. D.) are brilliant here beyond words, particularly Garth Hudson, whose crazed keyboard work is possessed of a ghostly mysterioso that frames Dylan in a spooky splendor at times



Bob Gruen/Elektra/Asylum Records

BOB DYLAN
Framed in an appropriate, spooky splendor

even more appropriate than the backings on the classic originals. Further, the rocked-up versions of some of his early folk material (*It Ain't Me, Babe*, for instance) are killers, and even a piece of ephemera like *Knockin' on Heaven's Door* is transformed here by the intensity of its performance into something quite grand. Finally, despite my quibbles about what was left off the record, this is never less than, in Greil Marcus' phrase, "rock-and-roll at its limits." Between them, Dylan and the Band have now made not one but two of the albums of the year, and frankly I can't wait for more. It is the stuff, quite literally, of legend. *Steve Simels*

BOB DYLAN/THE BAND: ***Before the Flood.*** Bob Dylan (vocals, harmonica, guitar, piano); Robbie Robertson (guitar, vocals); Garth Hudson (keyboards); Richard Manuel (keyboards, drums, vocals); Rick Danko (bass, vocals); Levon Helm (drums, vocals). *Most Likely You Go Your Way (and I'll Go Mine); Lay Lady Lay; Rainy Day Women #12 and 35; Knockin' on Heaven's Door; It Ain't Me, Babe; Ballad of a Thin Man; Up on Cripple Creek; I Shall Be Released; Endless Highway; The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down; Stage Fright; Don't Think Twice, It's All Right; Just Like a Woman; It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding); The Shape I'm In; When You Awake; The Weight; All Along the Watchtower; Highway 61 Revisited; Like a Rolling Stone; Blowin' in the Wind.* ASYLUM AB 201 (two discs) $11.98, ® 8201 $12.98, © 8C5201 $12.98.

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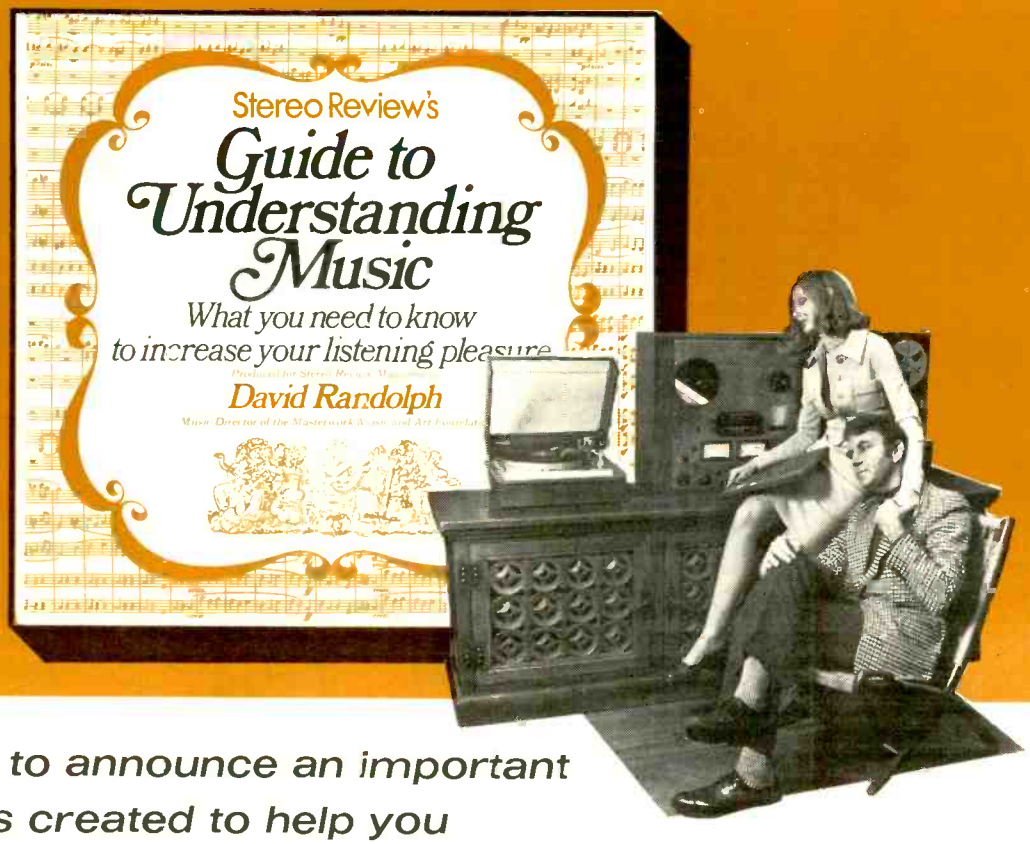

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THE HITACHI REPORT

No. 28 · Subject: Matrix quad-discrete quad-CD-4

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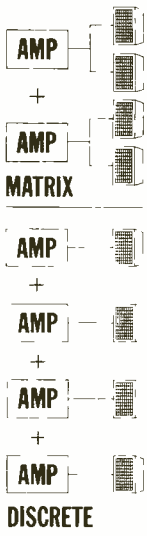

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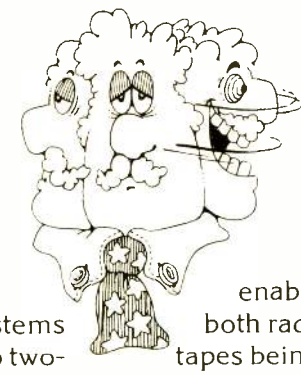

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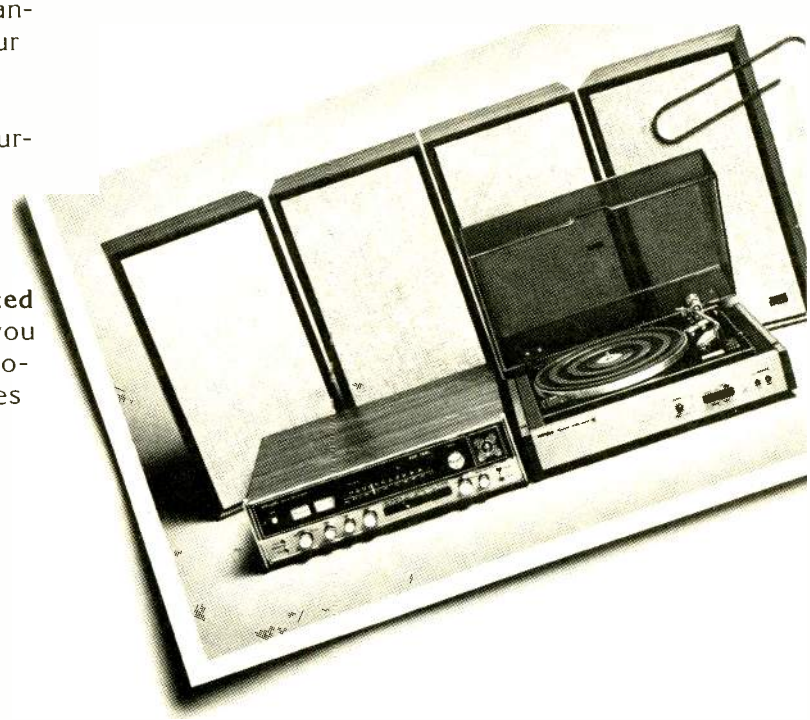

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CIRCLE NO. 19 ON READER SERVICE CARD

POPULAR DISCS AND TAPES

Reviewed by CHRIS ALBERTSON • NOEL COPPAGE • PAUL KRESH • PETER REILLY • JOEL VANCE

AMON DUUL II: ***Vive La Trance.*** Amon Duul II (vocals and instrumentals). *Trap; Pig Man; Ladies Mimikry; Dr. Jeckyll;* and seven others. UNITED ARTISTS UA LA198 F $5.98.

Performance: **Sechs Dumkopfs in Dreivierteltakt**
Recording: **Exotic**

Amon Duul II is a sextet whose members are all residents of a commune just outside of Munich. On the jacket of this album they are described as having created "Emotion Music," and, we are told, "Their sound is more located in the region of Art-Music within the area of Rock-Music." While this is obviously a translation-with-difficulty from the original vernacular, it expresses a truth easily borne out by such tracks as *Mozambique* and *Pig Man*, which wander around a *lot* of areas, all of them low-rent. "Emotion Music" must mean something like what they do in *Apocalyptik Bore*—at least the title seemed particularly apt to me. As a bonus, the famous German sense of humor rises irresistibly to the fore in such titles as *Fly United* and *Im Krater bluh'n wieder die Bäume*, a hilarious pun on *Im Prater . . .*, which is a famous operetta tune from the Good Old Days.

As the group swam through band after band, surrounded by exotic but unimaginative engineering and effects, I began to wonder why it is that continental Europeans (with perhaps the exception of the Dutch group Focus) have yet to produce a satisfactory rock group. One of those great imponderables, I guess—such as why Otto Preminger could never learn the tango. *P.R.*

Explanation of symbols:

- (R) = *reel-to-reel stereo tape*
- (8) = *eight-track stereo cartridge*
- (C) = *stereo cassette*
- ☐ = *quadraphonic disc*
- [R] = *reel-to-reel quadraphonic tape*
- [8] = *eight-track quadraphonic tape*
- [C] = *quadraphonic cassette*

Monophonic recordings are indicated by the symbol (M)

The first listing is the one reviewed; other formats, if available, follow it.

BLUE ÖYSTER CULT: ***Secret Treaties.*** Blue Öyster Cult (vocals and instrumentals). *Career of Evil; Subhuman; Dominance and Submission; ME 262; Cagey Cretins; Harvester of Eyes; Flaming Telepaths; Astronomy.* COLUMBIA KC 32858 $5.98, (8) CA 32858 $6.98, (C) CT 32858 $6.98, [8] CAQ 32858 $7.98.

Performance: **Tiresome**
Recording: **Very good**

Blue Öyster Cult may be a cult band, or may want to be, but avant-garde it is not. The ol' energy reserves seem to have been just about fully depleted, in this case, in the effort to wow 'em with the song titles—the material itself sounds like warmed-over Genesis, and the instrumentals are routine rock-and-roll pounding. "I'm making a career of evil," goes one of the few lyric lines pronounced clearly enough to be understood; I suppose if there's an eight-year-old intellectual with a mean streak in him out there somewhere he'll be mightily impressed. What I hear is a rehash of the vagaries of glitter rock, eons ago tiresome, and what I wish is that the neo-vaudevillians—especially the ones who can't begin to compete with Watergate—would find their own thing and stop picking on rock. *N.C.*

Warner Reprise Records

RY COODER
A treasurable potpourri of blues

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

RY COODER: ***Paradise & Lunch.*** Ry Cooder (vocals, guitar); Earl Hines (piano); Milt Holland (drums, percussion); Russ Titelman (bass); others. *Tamp 'em Up Solid; I'm a Fool for a Cigaree/Feelin' Good; Married Man's a Fool; It's All Over Now; Tattler;* and four others. REPRISE MS 2179 $5.98, (8) M 82179 $6.98, (C) M 52179 $6.98.

Performance: **Wow!**
Recording: **Good**

Ry Cooder's fourth solo album (he has been a sideman on hundreds) is treasurable for many reasons, the best of which is *Ditty Wah Ditty*, a funny, dirty blues dating back, I think, some forty years. (The label lists the composer as Arthur Blake—was he Blind Blake, the Twenties bluesman?) At any rate, Cooder's version is a joust between his vocal, his masterly guitar, and the astonishing piano of the greatest jazz pianist of all time, Earl Hines, whose fire and technique are as amazing now as they were nearly fifty years ago when he practically invented the piano as a jazz instrument. The Cooder/Hines essay runs nearly six juicy minutes. For this piece alone the album ought to be required listening.

But there are other delights. Some of Cooder's material is taken from the catalogs of old country blues singers like Blind Willie McTell and later tough South Siders like J.B. Lenoir. Cooder also contributes some originals that are excellent approximations of old country blues. *Jesus on the Mainline* is a country hymn that I think Cooder chose because it is silly as well as a lot of fun to sing. Then there is the charming half reggae, half lurching blues jam treatment of *It's All Over Now*, originally made popular by the Rolling Stones (Cooder was *used*—in both senses of the word—by the Stones in their "Let It Bleed" album). The only weak cut here is *Mexican Divorce*, but

that's because the song itself isn't much. Cooder has improved as a vocalist, and his guitar work is hard to beat—nothing flashy, everything assured and truly felt. This is one of those albums where part of the pleasure is hearing how much fun the musicians had. *J.V.*

RITA COOLIDGE: ***Fall into Spring.*** Rita Coolidge (vocals); orchestra. *Love Has No Pride; Heaven's Dream; Mama Lou; We Had It All; Cowboys and Indians*; and seven others. A & M SP 3627 $6.98, ® 8T 3627 $6.98, © CS 3627 $6.98.

Performance: **Monotonous**
Recording: **Good**

This time out Rita Coolidge sounds about as interested and involved as a court stenographer reading back testimony in a patent infringement case. Paul Williams' *That's What Friends Are For* is performed as if in a coma, and Kristofferson's *Burden of Freedom* seems to bring on an attack of sleeping sickness. I don't know about you, but I've got better ways to spend my time than with the equivalent of a singing Nembutal. *P.R.*

DEEP PURPLE: ***Burn.*** Deep Purple (vocals and instrumentals). *Burn; Might Just Take Your Life; Lay Down, Stay Down; Sail Away*; and four others. WARNER BROS. W 2766 $6.98, ® L 82766 $7.97, © L 52766 $7.97.

Performance: **Predictable**
Recording: **Good**

I don't like most hard rock, except in small doses, and I never will. But there is a strange comfort about Deep Purple. We must have—or we are stuck with—hard rock for a while, I suppose, and as long as we are, I am grateful for Deep Purple. They satisfy their fans, who could do worse and frequently do, and they sometimes get within ten miles of what could be a *tune*, which is closer than most others.

I am not convinced that Deep Purple take themselves all that seriously. I suspect they enjoy their success and will plumb it for as long as they can get away with it. I am reminded of John Lennon's comment on Picasso, who he guessed had been fooling his fans and deliberately putting out meaningless products that he knew would sell on his name: "He must have been laughing his ass off for the last eighty years." Deep Purple must be having a few giggles.

I can't say that this Purple album is much different from the last, or will be distinguishable from the next. Listening to it is like reading a furniture catalog; unless you're interested in redecorating you can't get enthusiastic over the various sofa models. But everyone needs something to sit down on, just like some folks need hard rock. So *viva* (conditionally) Deep Purple. *J.V.*

BOB DYLAN/THE BAND: ***Before the Flood*** **(see Best of the Month, page 88)**

EAGLES: ***On the Border.*** Glenn Frey (vocals, guitar, piano); Don Henley (vocals, drums); Bernie Leadon (vocals, guitar, banjo, steel guitar); Randy Meisner (vocals, bass); Don Felder (electric guitar). *Already Gone; You Never Cry Like a Lover; Midnight Flyer; My Man; On the Border; James Dean; Ol' '55*; and three others. ASYLUM 7E-1004 $6.98.

Performance: **Schizzy**
Recording: **Excellent**

Change is not necessarily growth. The Eagles have been fooling with the recipe; the border they're on is the one between what they've been doing and standard hard rock. Mighty twangs on the electric guitar and great crunching hits on the piano and the cymbals now appear where once the quieter jangle of acoustic guitars defined an elusive but pleasant style. Electric guitarist Don Felder has become a member of the group, and the boys have been writing and finding songs that rock a little harder and, like early Poco songs, have little substance.

I am able to restrain my enthusiasm for this turn of events. It isn't that the Eagles play hard rock badly, but that they don't play it significantly better than—or different from—dozens of other groups. At their older, country-flavored sound, they're significantly better than any other cowboy rock band I've heard. That hasn't been abandoned—*Midnight Flyer*.

Warner Reprise Records

ARLO GUTHRIE
Balances commitment and playfulness

the most satisfying cut, romps along in near-bluegrass trappings, and *Ol' '55* is another nice form the old sound can take—but the normal Eagles way of doing things seems to be abruptly suspended when they tackle something like the title song, which is standard big-beat trivia. Felder plays well enough, and his slide work definitely is an asset to whatever form of Eagles survives, but who needs another evocation of the Jeff Beck Group these days? *N.C.*

PETER FRAMPTON: ***Somethin's Happening.*** Peter Frampton (vocals, guitars, keyboards, percussion); Rick Wills (bass, vocals); John Headley-Down (drums); Nicky Hopkins (piano). *Doobie Wah; Golden Goose; Underhand; I Wanna Go to the Sun; Waterfall*; and three others. A & M SP-3619 $6.98, ® 8T-3619 $6.98, © CS-3619 $6.98.

Performance: **Clinical**
Recording: **Very good**

Someone up there in the record business thinks he sees star quality in Peter Frampton, who keeps reappearing with another gang of supporting musicians for another bash at it. To date, he hasn't shown me much in the way of style—he has a little less of it than Andy Williams, who at least can model sweaters well—and there seems to be the locus of the rub. Frampton plays guitar rather well, well enough to be a *musician*, which is more than good enough for a star, but I just can't find much personality in any of his recordings. He sings reasonably well, but I think only his mother and his agent could remember, from one day to the next, what he sounds like. His songwriting, to the extent that I'm familiar with it, has this same essence—or vacuum where there *should* be essence. I found myself mentally whistling *Goin' up Cripple Creek* right in the *middle* of side one here, and I've been sick and *tired* of *Goin' up Cripple Creek* for years. If I were Frampton, I'd give some thought to Nashville, where they say a good studio musician can sometimes acquire star quality by a little-understood form of osmosis—and can have fun and make a lot of money even if he doesn't have the permeability for that wondrous process. *N.C.*

DANA GILLESPIE: ***Weren't Born a Man.*** Dana Gillespie (vocals); orchestra. *Weren't Born a Man; Andy Warhol; Mother, Don't Be Frightened; All Cut Up on You*; and six others. RCA APL1-0354 $5.98, ® APS1-0354 $6.95, © APK1-0354 $6.98.

Performance: **Normal, under the circumstances**
Recording: **Good**

You see, Doctor, I've been getting these strange albums for some time now. Most of them feature men dressed up like women or, occasionally, women dressed as men. But the other day I got an album by this Dana Gillespie. On the front is a picture of a well endowed girl, with a masculine-looking face, dressed in some sort of corset and wrapped in a feather boa. Inside, Dana in a high and, I guess, girlish voice sings things such as the title song, which starts off "You love like a woman but you walk like a sailor," and, in another song, "Mother, Don't be frightened/By what you think you see/I've got some things to try out/But I'll take good care of me." My problem is this, Doctor: am I listening to a man who has changed into a woman? Or am I listening to a woman who wants to be a man? The name is no help (Dana Andrews, Dana Wynter), the cleavage may be silicone, and how about that line in *Eternal Showman* that runs, "Sometimes the way you act/Is not the way you are"? The album was recorded in London (I know that because it says so in the liner notes), and I do know that Dana, as a performer and as a songwriter, shuttles back and forth between *ferveur* and *longueur* with all the speed of a snapped garter—something else Dana is wearing in the cover photo. It's a mild album no matter who, or what, is its star. By the way, Doctor, has anyone ever told you that you have lovely eyes? *P.R.*

BARRY GOLDBERG. Barry Goldberg (guitar, keyboards, lead vocals); instrumental group; background vocal group including Bob Dylan. *Stormy Weather Cowboy; Shady Hotel; Silver Moon*; and seven others. ATCO SD 7040 $5.98, ® 8T-7040 $6.95, © CS-7040 $6.95.

Performance: **Ordinary**
Recording: **Very good**

Barry Goldberg, formerly of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and the Electric Flag, made some rather undistinguished records for Buddah in the late Sixties. Now he has made one for Atco, and his new producers (Bob Dylan and Jerry Wexler, no less) have not been able to improve his performance.

Goldberg has been responsible—in part, at least—for some good songs, such as *(I've Got to Use My) Imagination*, but one wonders how much imagination there is to use: only *Imagination* and *It's Not the Spotlight* stand out in this collection, and Gerry Goffin collaborated on both of them. If you listen to Gerry Goffin's recent Adelphi album "It Ain't Exactly Entertainment," which contains seventeen Goffin/Goldberg tunes, you might draw the conclusion that Barry Goldberg does not have what it takes to go it alone. He is a very ordinary singer, even in the hands of two extraordinary producers. *C.A.*

GUESS WHO: ***Road Food.*** Guess Who (vocals and instrumentals). *Star Baby; Attila's Blues; Straighten Out; Don't You Want Me; Clap for the Wolfman*; and four others. RCA APL1-0405 $5.98, ® APS1-0405 $6.95, © APK1-0405 $6.95.

Performance: **Smooth**
Recording: **Very good**

The last Guess Who album I heard was "#10," and, although I admired some of the lines in the lyrics, I had no idea what the songs were about. I much prefer "Road Food," which contains some very funny and perfectly executed burlesques, among them a slaughtering of mid-Fifties jazz vocals in *Straighten Out*, a series of violent threats to a girl friend with perky rhythms *à la* Fats Domino's version of *Jambalaya* called *Don't You Want Me*, and a trio of songs about touring, disc jockeys, and being in the music business as a performer. *Road Food* (the tune) is about the grisly hangers-on a band is likely to meet on tour—drunks, perverts, small-time amateur chippies. *Clap for the Wolfman* features the salutations of Wolfman Jack, now one of New York's leading disc jockeys after a long career on the West Coast.

After enjoying Guess Who's comments on the music business and what is laughingly termed rock-and-roll these days, I couldn't help but wonder why, if they dislike the whole silly mess so much, they don't get out of it. It seems to me that the group will have to either come to terms with their place and station or chuck the whole job. But that may be a long time away. In the meantime, their recorded complaints are highly entertaining. *J.V.*

ARLO GUTHRIE. Arlo Guthrie (vocals, guitar, harmonica); Ry Cooder (guitar); Byron Berline (fiddle); Jim Gordon (drums); other musicians. *Won't Be Long; Bling Blang; Presidential Rag; Deportees; Nostalgia Rag; Go Down Moses; Hard Times; Last to Leave*; and three others. REPRISE MS 2183 $5.98, ® M8 2183 $6.97, © M5 2183 $6.97.

Performance: **Lovable**
Recording: **Excellent**

Sometimes it helps me get a fix on someone if I imagine what kind of character he'd be if all the world were an animated cartoon. I realize that, the times being what they are, it would have to be along the lines of *Fritz the Cat*, but I still see Arlo Guthrie drawn as a duck something like Donald: quite an appealing little fellow, quirky, honest, in some ways innocent, and in some ways wise. But still a duck. One who, when he opens his mouth, quacks. It's hard to be eloquent when it sounds like your adenoids are laced together with barbed wire, so it would be interesting to see how much more seriously Arlo would be taken if his voice were more musical. As it is, he has never turned out a bad album—all of them, like this one, have had their small failings, but he has written some *good* little songs through the years, when you think about it, and he has been moving vocally, apparatus be damned, a few times.

Arlo is a good musician, fundamentally, and knows when to make a commitment to a song and when to toy with it. He has a great touch with campy old things, such as Jimmy Rodgers' obscure *When the Cactus Is in Bloom*, which shamelessly rings in every cowboy-song cliché available, and he has ways of singing around the hard parts that are, well, something to smile about, at least. You may even like the left-handed way he interprets *Go Down Moses*. This album contains the work of some of the finest of musicians—including Ry Cooder, Byron Berline, and Jim Keltner—and three or four nice songs, my favorite being the opener, *Won't Be Long*. Arlo does a fine job with one of his father's songs (he usually does) called *Deportees*, and *Hard Times* shows he's still a good journalist. The weakness is a string of rather brittle novelty songs, none of which is very novel or very funny; they're just filler. The album amounts to fairly good music, though, a lot better than the stuff from the guy I see drawn as Mickey Mouse. *N.C.*

JACK JONES: ***Harbour.*** Jack Jones (vocals); orchestra. *Harbour; Fools in Love; Here's to Love; Alone Too Long; All Cried Out*; and six others. RCA APL1-0408 $6.98, ® APS1-0408 $6.95.

Performance: **Glib**
Recording: **Glibber**

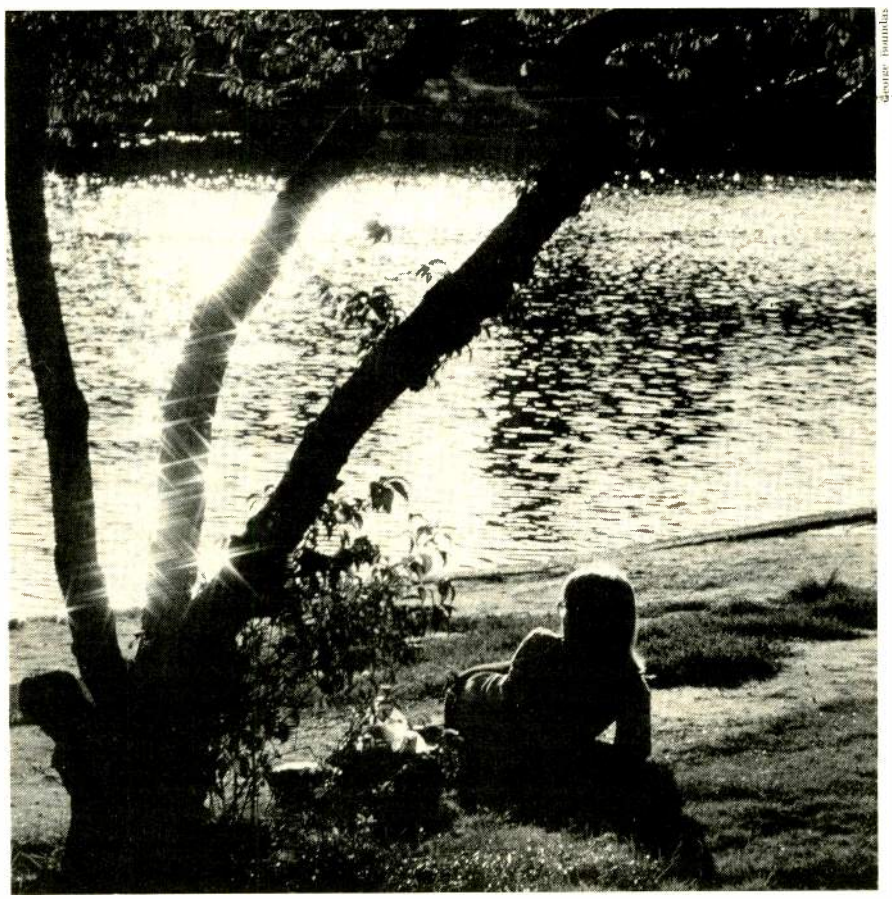
Why would anyone want to pick on Jack Jones? He comes across as a thoroughly nice guy who sings adequately, smiles it up on talk shows, is modest, and gives the middle-aged ladies whose hearts aren't strong enough for the hurly-burly of a Tom Jones recital a nice little twinge in his night club appearances. A decade ago he would probably have been a Superstar. Now listen to this album. From the gelid sentimentality of the opening song, *Here's to Love*, to the rather appealing Peter Allen closer, *Harbour*, Jack Jones makes no move forward *or* backward. He just stands there and sings—and sings. The emotional difference between the songs is nonexistent, as often, unfortunately, seems his comprehension of the lyrics. I could go on, but I won't, except to say that I suppose he's better than Robert Goulet . . . . *P.R.*

EDDIE KENDRICKS: ***Boogie Down!*** Eddie Kendricks (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *The Thin Man; Son of Sagittarius; Boogie Down; Hooked on Your Love; Honey Brown*; and five others. TAMLA T 330V1 $5.98.

Performance: **Er, um, right on?**
Recording: **Excellent**

There is nothing in this album's title selection, which runs seven minutes and seven seconds, that could not be said in three seconds. The rest of the material is standard stuff from the current staff of Motown hacks, Eddie Kendricks being the original falsetto of the Temptations (he is now on leave after having a few hits).

Of all the music of the Sixties that made my peers so enthusiastic, Dylan and Motown were two phenomena I could never understand. I thought, and still think, both were



EARTH DAY: CELEBRATION AND LAMENT

Reviewed by Paul Kresh

How is the human race ever to be persuaded to stop wasting the planet's resources and save the world before it is too late? The theme has been pursued in books as ominous as Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, in editorials, in windy Congressional speeches, on TV specials, and every time Carol Burnett signs off on CBS. Now Caedmon has joined the ecology movement by releasing *Earth Day, A Celebration and Lament for Voice and Orchestra*, and if a record can help at all, this should certainly be the one to do it.

Here the great voices of past and present join in a threnody of warning and exhortation: "Clean the air! Clean the sky! Wash the wind!" cries the line from T. S. Eliot at intervals. From the *Song of Songs* comes the most lyrical of all descriptions of spring's awakening; from Rachel Carson the warning that the "voice of the turtle" might someday be heard no more in the land. From the great naturalists and poets—Walt Whitman, Stephen Vincent Benét, John Keats, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Emily Dickinson, Alfred Lord Tennyson—emerges a solemn progression of lines deploring the waste of natural wealth; from D. H. Lawrence a celebration of the earth's bounty; from Henry David Thoreau the warning cry against the murder of trees; from Shakespeare's *As You Like It* ironic lines concerning the slaughter of deer; from Charles Darwin a speculation about how birds came to be afraid of men.

Producer Barbara Holdridge has done a painstaking and brilliant job in assembling this indictment of man's heedlessness from a plethora of precisely appropriate sources, and the powerful readings by Stacy Keach are distributed with restraint and discretion against the music of Ralph Vaughan Williams' poignant *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*. And then, as the record progresses, a curious thing begins to happen. The warning voices give way to hints of hope: the lines of a Navajo prayer in praise of nature are counterpointed against Miss Carson's tragic warnings; Tennyson's vision of a paradise among the lotus-eaters is contrasted with a grim news item about the spoilage of our oceans by oil and non-biodegradable plastics; Emily Dickinson's lost world is juxtaposed with a world that can be rediscovered and saved as envisioned in the hopeful words of others.

Earth Day may not prevent the slaughter of any vanishing species or the cutting down of a single tree, but if its message should ever penetrate enough minds—especially young ones—it might well help someday to instill the quality of caring that ultimately could heal our wounded planet.

EARTH DAY—A CELEBRATION AND LAMENT FOR VOICES AND ORCHESTRA. Created and produced by Barbara Holdridge, with music from Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*. Stacy Keach (reader); Philharmonia Orchestra, Sir Malcolm Sargent cond. CAEDMON TC 1430 $6.98.

vastly overrated. Motown did for music what Henry Ford did for automobiles, giving the public a convenience that was cheap because it was mass-produced and the parts were interchangeable. Ford specified that his automobiles could be "any color so long as they are black." Motown did (and does) the same. During the Sixties, when Motown became the delight of millions and the darling of some critics, the only serious competition they had was from Stax/Volt in Memphis, whose product was generally musically superior. As time went on, Stax tried to become more like Motown—their records are now blatantly commercial and assembly-line. Motown, from what I hear in the horn sections on the Kendricks album, has in the meantime tried to adapt some of the brilliant "head arrangements" used by the Stax studio musicians during their great days. *J.V.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

ALBERT KING: *I Wanna Get Funky*. Albert King (vocals, guitar); instrumental accompaniment. *I Wanna Get Funky; Cross-Cut Saw; Flat Tire; 'Til My Back Ain't Got No Bone; That's What the Blues Is All About; Playing on Me*; and three others. STAX STS-5505 $5.98, ⑧ ST8-5505 $6.98.

Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **Good**

Albert King is a blues guitarist and singer whose economical style, combined with the imaginative plotting of the lyrics to his songs, has won him a place of honor if not overwhelming fame. It isn't that he's starving; he does all right with his tours and recordings, but you'd figure a fellow *that* good would be better known. He's never gone pop the way B.B. King and Bobby Blue Bland have, but then maybe he figured he didn't want to, or maybe he didn't think it was necessary.

Still, Albert keeps putting out solid albums, all of them demonstrating what can be done with the right lick at the right time. What he leaves *out* of a solo is what the average and even famous blues-based rock guitarist plays noisily, endlessly, and wastefully. There ain't no chaff with Albert. A strong, mellow vocalist, he is also a great raconteur. His spoken narratives here are perfectly matched to the tunes. They are funny and true. He's not *trying* to sound intimate; he *is*. "I Wanna Get Funky" is another example of how Albert King does everything right, as he has been doing for several years. Hear it and be glad. *J.V.*

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS: *Knight Time*. Gladys Knight and the Pips (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *How Can You Say That Ain't Love; Ease Me to the Ground; Master of My Mind; It's All Over but the Shoutin'*; and six others. SOUL S741V1 $5.98, ⑧ M741T $6.95, © M741C $6.95.

Performance: **Good Knight**
Recording: **Very good**

The people who assembled this album aren't telling us, but this is a collection of previously released material, hits and near-hits by a group that has since soared to even greater success on another label. Some of the material here gets a bit too Motowny, but I must confess to having been a Gladys Knight fan since the summer of 1967 when she gave us the classic *I Heard It Through the Grapevine*, and I would trade ten Diana Ross hits for one

of Ms. Knight's less successful items any time. So, even though this is another Motown rip-off (only five short selections per side), I recommend it for such items as the hit *How Can You Say That Ain't Love*, and because it contains the likes of *Between Her Goodbye and My Hello* and *We've Got Such a Mellow Love*, songs that demonstrate Gladys Knight's real capabilities as a singer. *C.A.*

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON: ***Spooky Lady's Sideshow.*** Kris Kristofferson (vocals and guitar); orchestra. *Same Old Song; Rescue Mission; Lights of Magdala; I May Smoke Too Much*; and eight others. MONUMENT PZ 32914 $6.98, ⑧ ZA 32914 $6.98, © ZT 32914 $6.98, [8] ZAQ 32914 $7.98.

Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **Good**

Who cares if Kristofferson is for real or not? Over the years, this one-time Rhodes scholar has developed into one of the best, most relaxed, and most engaging entertainers around. He uses a personalized c-&-w form as his mode, but the brains and wit apparent in his songs are as far removed from Nashville as Balliol. *Star Spangled Bummer (Whores Die Hard)* is probably the most ambitious track here: an allegory about the current American predicament, it is unsuccessful because of Kristofferson's habit of burying meaning in a welter of symbols and images so complex that it would take a cryptographer to figure them out—and all this in that hokey down-home accent yet! Much to be preferred are his performances of such material as *I May Smoke Too Much*, the story of a Mr. Clean who slowly realizes that the smokers and drinkers and Casanovas are having all the fun and finally decides to join them, or his comment on his own life and career in the subtly defiant *Rock and Roll Time*. In these songs the use of a specific patois actually enhances the ideas in a solid American literary (Joel Chandler Harris, Arthur Kober) and musical (Stephen Foster, Charles Ives) tradition.

There's no doubt that Kristofferson is a clever man and performer—just how clever can be gauged by his ability to hide it most of the time behind his "jes' plain folks" guise. That the public buys that image in such vast quantities ought to reassure those old-time radio buffs who contend that *Vic and Sade* was one of the most sophisticated network shows ever produced, as well as one of the most successful. *P.R.*

TERRY MELCHER. Terry Melcher (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms; These Days; Dr. Horowitz; Beverly Hills; These Bars Have Made a Prisoner Out of Me*; and eight others. REPRISE MS 2185 $5.98.

Performance: **Pitiful**
Recording: **Good**

I vaguely remember Terry Melcher as having something to do with the Beach Boys and thereby being included among the persons who contributed to the vastly overrated California "surf-sound." Ex-Beach Boy Bruce Johnston has collaborated on the production of Melcher's solo album, and the sidemen are the capable fellows you usually find on LP's that come out of L.A. recording sessions.

There are several defects in this album, though. For one, it is almost entirely parochial, being all about California or about country music as approached by pop Californians. It uses antique studio effects that hark back to the Beach Boys' dates of the mid-Sixties. But the most ghastly aspect of the album is that Melcher simply cannot sing. He is so bad he is embarrassing. He massacres two good songs—Jackson Browne's *These Days* (recently and superbly done by Greg Allman) and *These Bars Have Made a Prisoner Out of Me*, written by Dan Penn and Spooner Oldham, the deans of white Memphis music in the Sixties. His off-key bleating of *Stagger Lee*, done with a Dylanish tempo and delivery, should make Lloyd Price come out of obscurity so he could stomp on him.

Present among the assorted company trying to prop Melcher up are Chris Hillman and Michael Clark (former Byrds), Sneaky Pete of steel and dobro guitar fame, Ry Cooder (always a best man but never a groom), and Spanky McFarland (I wish *she* would come out of retirement). But even their noble efforts are defeated. Whatever possessed them all to do it? *J.V.*

MOCEDADES: ***Touch the Wind.*** Mocedades (vocals); orchestra. *Recuerdos de Mocedad; I Ask the Lord; Adios Amor; Dime Senor*; and six others. TARA TRS 53000 $6.98.

Performance: **Pleasant**
Recording: **Good**

Mocedades seems to be a Spanish-speaking version of the Mamas and the Papas, just as easy, pleasant, and unmemorable to listen to

as that group was. Things tend to get a bit clumsy in the English selections, such as *I Ask the Lord*, but the two-girl, four-boy group swings gracefully through their Latin repertoire, especially the title song, *Eres Tu*, which has been something of a hit as a single. It's not an album you'd want to give a second thought to, but that's nice because Mocedades isn't insisting that you do. *P.R.*

MULESKINNER: ***A Potpourri of Bluegrass Jam.*** Richard Greene (violin, vocals); Clarence White (guitar, harmony vocals); David Grisman (mandolin, vocals); Bill Keith (banjo); Peter Rowan (lead vocals, guitar); John Kahn (bass); John Guerin (drums). *Mule Skinner Blues; Blue and Lonesome; Footprints in the Snow; Dark Hollow; Whitehouse Blues; Opus 57 in G Minor*; and five others. WARNER BROS. BS 2787 $5.98.

Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **Very good**

Some very able practitioners of urban country music got together for this one-shot album, billed as a "jam session" though the tunes are carefully arranged. There are fine moments mixed with some bathetic ones, but it's all quite enjoyable.

Opus 57 in G Minor, *Roanoke*, and *Soldier's Joy* are impressive instrumentals, the first featuring David Grisman's mandolin. *Dark Hollow* is a third cousin of dozens of other tunes about how the boy/girl would rather be in some dark hollow than to have his/her lover do any number of heartbreaking things. *Rain and Snow*, a murder ballad with the familiar line, "I ain't gonna be treated this-away," sticks pretty close to the tradition of country murder ditties, usually based on Elizabethan or Jacobean airs, which very often involve a pregnant sweetie who needs to be tipped over a cliff or a local burgher returning to the castle to find his wife getting it on with the stable-boy and exacting revenge forthwith. The genre tends to blur after a while.

Footsteps in the Snow presents a Victorian death scene, a motif that abounds in country tunes; the heroines are white Topsys going to better rewards. *Whitehouse Blues* is an adaption of an old song about the murder of President McKinley, who was shot by a halfwit anarchist at a Buffalo trade fair in 1902. The tune has been rearranged by Richard Greene, a very facile fiddler who sometimes lets his admirable technique get in the way of the material and the other guys in the band. *Mule Skinner Blues* is a breathless version of the original version by Jimmie Rodgers from the Twenties, while *Runways of the Moon*, a modern thing, brings in a little electronic and atavistic whoop-de-do.

The performances throughout are excellent—the quintet was obviously playing for pleasure. Sadly, these were the last sessions for guitarist Clarence White, of Byrds and other fames, who died shortly afterward. It is obvious from this album that his death was a loss for urban country music. *J.V.*

HELEN REDDY: ***Love Song for Jeffrey.*** Helen Reddy (vocals); orchestra. *Stella by Starlight; Pretty, Pretty; Songs; I Got a Name; Keep On Singing*; and five others. CAPITOL SO-11284 $5.98, ® 8XZ-11284 $6.98, © 4XZ-11284 $6.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Good**

Ms. Reddy's new album about family love and married love is very likable in the quieter moments of such songs as *Stella by Starlight* or *You're My Home*. Her own lyrics for *Love Song for Jeffrey*, dedicated to her husband-manager Jeff Wald, give one a certain pause, however, as she thanks him " 'cause I know you wouldn't trade me for the moon inside a jar/'Cause you made me both a son and a star." Hmm. . . .

She's her familiar strident self in *Pretty, Pretty*, and it suits the song perfectly. It's a grim little tale about one of those pathetic types, in this instance female, who once haunted the singles bars looking for, but never finding, a "swinging scene," and who now has grown too old for it and has sentenced herself to the confines of a tiny apartment. Actually this sort of material seems to suit Reddy's talents much, much better than all the velvet-glove stuff that surrounds it. *P.R.*


Capitol Records

HELEN REDDY
Some likable quiet moments

MICK RONSON: ***Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.*** Mick Ronson (vocals, guitar, piano); other musicians. *Love Me Tender; Only After Dark; Music Is Lethal; I'm the One*; and three others. RCA APL1-0353 $5.98, ® APS1-0353 $6.98, © APK1-0353 $6.98.

Performance: **Pale**
Recording: **Busy**

I don't know for a fact what Mr. Mick Ronson's sexual preferences are, but here he certainly comes off like a dolly-boy giving a recital (with orchestra) for the brethren. The album opens with nearly five minutes of *Love Me Tender*, the dull ballad with a melody of Civil War vintage (it used to be known as *Aura Lee*) for which Elvis Presley and others wrote new words. With a no-talent's unerring sense of the worthless, Ronson gives it a ridiculous concerto-style reading, complete with cracka-toom-ba-boom drumming. To close the album he does a semi-rock guitar version of *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*. It is quite a feat to insult both Elvis Presley and Richard Rodgers in the space of one recording. In between these affronts to civilization are several forgettable tunes, some of them written in collaboration with glitter-rocker David Bowie.

I suspect that Ronson's album is one of the last gasps of glitter-rock, which started off as likable satire of early rock stage antics and was soon taken over by shock troops of blatantly gay performers. Almost all of its notoriety was a publicity hype fostered, in large part, by a clique of rock critics who had nothing else to write about, and too many people came out of the closet who should have stayed in. In these egalitarian days, people in the arts who are homosexual are considered, in some quarters, more talented by virtue of their being so. That is stuff and nonsense. Performance quirks aside, there is no such thing as homosexual music. People make good or bad music; that is all. Ronson makes the latter. *J.V.*

ROXY MUSIC: ***Stranded.*** Roxy Music (vocals and instrumentals); other musicians. *Street Life; Just Like You; Amazona; Psalm; Serenade*; and three others. ATCO SD 7045 $5.98, ® TP 7045 $6.97, © CS 7045 $6.97.

Performance: **Inconsistent**
Recording: **Good**

This has what they call a "sexploitation" cover photograph. If one gets past that, there's credit information listing such titles as *Psalm* running such lengths as eight minutes and four seconds. If one gets past *that*, he will find lyrics about as pretentious as the average British weirdo group is pushing at us these days, and some melodies that are about as original as Spiro Agnew's plots, fictional and financial, and, in addition, an outlandish vibrato in the lead singer's throat. It isn't all bad, though; Bryan Ferry's washboard larynx does make interesting sounds sometimes, even if it never makes pretty ones, and the band does seem to have an understanding of the textural and dynamic potential of rock. They actually make good use of six full minutes for the closing *Sunset*, wherein repetition seems natural, evoking a cycle-of-nature subtheme in the bowels (where, heh heh, else?) of the arrangement. And at other times, drummer Paul Thompson leads the band into sudden moves that seem to have been just the thing. A couple of songs in there are real dogs, though, and the singing does get to be a little like having one's blood pressure tested after a while. Kind of a strange group, but the album is either a little too strange or not quite strange enough. *N.C.*

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE: ***Buffy.*** Buffy Sainte-Marie (vocals, piano, guitar); instrumental accompaniment. *Can't Believe the Feeling When You're Gone; I've Really Fallen for You; Sweet Little Vera; Star Boy; Sweet, Fast Hooker Blues; Generation*; and four others. MCA MCA-405 $5.98, ® MCAT-405 $6.98, © MCAC-405 $6.98.

Performance: **Uncommitted**
Recording: **Good**

I wish Buffy's later works didn't strike me as so tentative and halting, but that's how they stack up . . . which leads me, via nasty, chauvinistic nuances, into describing, for example, the cover of this one: it has Buffy showing some leg and some breast out of a Sergeant Pepper jacket as she teeters on some of those ridiculous platform shoes. It seems to be about half satire and half a plea for acceptance by what is being satirized—and her music seems to show the same dichotomy. This album is top-light with easy, mindless rockers, some of them tuneful and delightfully (if predictably) played by the standard array of Nashville cats, but they take an unreasonable amount of time for what little they say, con-

sidering how most people apparently regard Buffy. I mean, "I've really fallen for you" repeated nine times in the course of a song is okay for Bobby Womack, but one expects a bit more sociology from Buffy Sainte-Marie. The only protest song, and one of only two that use the language for something more than a handy gob of syllables (the other is *Waves*), is *Generation*, which has some of the old passion but is perhaps tainted with a new kind of hope that may parallel the yen-to-be-hip feelings that have crept into so much of her music lately. *N.C.*

BOZ SCAGGS: ***Slow Dancer.*** Boz Scaggs (vocals and guitar); instrumental accompaniment. *You Make It So Hard; Pain of Love; Slow Dancer; Sail On White Moon; Angel Lady; Let It Happen*; and four others. COLUMBIA KC 32760 $5.98, ⑧ CA 32760 $6.98, © CT 32760 $6.98.

Performance: **Crowded**
Recording: **Very good**

I believe I'll sit this one out. There must be people who like this sort of thing, and I agree with them that Boz Scaggs does it pretty well, but I've heard him do other, more interesting (to me) things better. What it is is, oh, Dick Haymes updated, or Van Morrison *back*-dated. Boz doesn't exactly croon, thank God, but he comes outfitted like a crooner, strings and horns and choruses careening all over the place. The contrast between Boz's personal singing style and the dispassionate bureaucracy of the orchestration is a point of interest, but it carries the thing only so far. The songs, about half of them written by Scaggs, aren't bad, but you don't have to hear them many times before you have every nuance memorized. This combination of circumstances gives the album a disposable, use-once-and-throw-away quality. I think Scaggs is a pretty good singer, but I wish he'd decide what he wants to do about that and stop making these so-what records. *N.C.*

SHA NA NA: ***Hot Sox.*** Sha Na Na (vocals and instrumentals). *Bad Boy; Too Chubby to Boogie; You Talk Too Much; Hot Sox*; and seven others. KAMA SUTRA KSBS 2600 $6.98.

Performance: **Okay**
Recording: **Good**

Sha Na Na is still hanging in there, trying to wring the last drops from the nostalgia craze for early rock. It isn't so much that they are bad, which they often are, as that they are so damned boring. Track after track they do the same thing, so that *Dreams Come True*, for instance, is completely interchangeable with *Sh-Boom*. To a lot of people this is their charm. But then I find some of those same people frozen into a pose of amused tolerance that borders on patronization in regard to *all* nostalgia. *P.R.*

CYBILL SHEPHERD: ***Cybill Does It . . . To Cole Porter.*** Cybill Shepherd (vocals); orchestra, Artie Butler arr. and cond. *Let's Do It; But in the Morning, No; Let's Misbehave; Anything Goes; Kate the Great*; and five others. PARAMOUNT PAS-1018 $6.98, ⑧ C 8091-1018 $7.95.

Performance: **Grotesque**
Recording: **Good**

This is an album that would have greatly

(Continued on page 100)

THOSE GLORIOUS M*G*M MUSICALS

You can have them all for under $100—but first read the review by Robert Kimball

THE end of World War II coincided with a release of pent-up creative energies and a surge of joyful expectancy which had a powerful, catalytic effect on the musical offerings of Broadway and Hollywood. While Broadway flourished, MGM, led by the farsighted producer-lyricist Arthur Freed, was at the center of what was for many the Golden Age of the Hollywood musical. That great period ended in the late Fifties, and the isolated high-quality film musicals that have followed only remind us of the paucity of outstanding contributions to the genre over the last fifteen years.

Comes now, however, welcome news for film buffs, music lovers, and students of our cultural history, for MGM has recently retransferred, repackaged, and rereleased, in a series of twelve two-record sets, twenty-nine soundtrack recordings that are immensely enjoyable as sheer entertainment as well as immensely valuable for the insights they provide into the dreams, values, and preoccupations of post-World War II America. Set down for all—young and older—to savor are recorded reflections of the excellence, the extravagance, the excitement, and, above all, the extraordinary exuberance that were then the keynotes of our national hopes and aspirations. But how naïve it all seems! Could we *really* have been so full of optimism and self-confidence such a short time ago?

Many talented people helped make these films, scores, and recordings possible, and the John Greens, Vincente Minnellis, and Conrad Salingers all deserve acclaim. So do the performers who were either principal or secondary members of Arthur Freed's MGM stock company of the Forties and Fifties. But on these recordings three supremely gifted artists tower above everyone else: Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Gene Kelly.

While Astaire, Garland, and Kelly were unique performers, they also shared certain attributes, evident on these recordings, which contributed to their greatness as interpreters of songs. They all had a remarkable ability to project a song's lyric as effectively as they presented the music. All three had in abundance those indefinable qualities of sensibility and taste. All had excellent diction and phrased their songs impeccably. And they never made themselves more important than the songs they were singing.

Garland, a great "natural" singer, gave us energy, tenderness, innocence, and vulnerability, even in this last phase of her long career with MGM. While one could argue that most of Garland's best work preceded and followed the period of her final MGM films, what we have here is still pretty terrific.

Astaire certainly did most of his best work long before the years covered by these recordings, but it is always a pleasure to hear this superb perfectionist present a song. His approach is never ostentatious, and he never sounds rushed. His simplicity and elegance in delivery made him the favorite singer of many of our greatest songwriters—even though most of us, including Astaire himself, consider him primarily a dancer.

But it is Gene Kelly, with his vitality and versatility, who is perhaps the most important of the three standouts in this series. He was at his peak in this period, and in a number like *Singin' in the Rain* he somehow crystallizes the joyful confidence that characterized the era. The ebullient Kelly can lift the spirits of even the most hardhearted and make us believe—if only for the duration of the song—that life is perpetual spring and the world is "puddle-wonderful."

Among the many other performers on these records are Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson, Ann Miller, Donald O'Connor, June Allyson, and Lena Horne. There are also a few people whose names you may not know, such as India Adams, who sang for Cyd Charisse in *The Band Wagon*, Carole Richards, who sang for Miss Charisse in *Silk Stockings*, Anita Ellis, who sang for Vera-Ellen in *Three Little Words*, and others who dubbed ("ghosted") for stars whose dancing and glamour were the principal reasons for their stardom (MGM, when it originally issued these records, was the first record company to identify the singers who didn't appear in the films but whose voices were heard on the soundtracks).

One of the most unlikely artists present in this series is opera singer Helen Traubel, and she—not surprisingly—sang for herself, in the film biography of Sigmund Romberg, *Deep in My Heart*. Her performances of *Stout-Hearted Men* or *Auf Wiedersehen!* are not only magnificent displays of singing at its best, but a reminder of what can happen when the barriers between "popular" and "classical" music come tumbling down and true artistry transcends the artificial limits we sometimes create.

FOR those who want only the high spots of MGM musicals, there is the MCA album "That's Entertainment!" reviewed here last month, but for collectors hungry for more, this MGM series is a blessing. And before going on to a capsule, chronological guide to the films represented, I would like to extend my personal thanks to all at MGM who made these reissues possible, especially to John Herardi and Richard Oliver, who compiled and produced the series (Oliver also wrote the detailed, informative notes). Without their efforts we would still be paying $30 or $40 or higher for rare, old—and probably somewhat defective—copies of previous releases of *I Love Melvin* or *Summer Stock*. At $7.98 per set, these recordings are both a bargain (even by today's wildly inflationary standards) and an impressive document of the glory and grandeur of the MGM musical in its heyday.

Fred Astaire and Judy Garland in *Easter Parade*

THE CHRONOLOGY

1946

● ***Till the Clouds Roll By.*** A musical biography of Jerome Kern. Garland's performance of *Who!* is first-rate. The recording has historical significance as "the first motion picture sound-track album."

1947

● ***Good News.*** The second film version of the 1927 DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson musical starred June Allyson and Peter Lawford. The score's basic strength is undermined by orchestrations and choral arrangements that are years away in spirit from the Broadway original.

1948

● ***The Pirate.*** Judy Garland and Gene Kel-

Judy Garland and Gene Kelly in *The Pirate*

ly excel in this Cole Porter score, which happily seems to have improved (it was good to start with) with time. Vincente Minnelli directed.

● ***Easter Parade.*** Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, and a memorable Irving Berlin score (*A Couple of Swells* and *Stepping Out with My Baby*) combine to create one of the very best of the bunch. Judy sang the title song.

● ***Words and Music.*** A humdrum sort of biography of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Betty Garrett (*There's a Small Hotel*) and Ann Sothern (*Where's That Rainbow?*) sound very good, the rest mediocre.

1949

● ***The Barkleys of Broadway.*** The illness of Judy Garland made possible the reunion of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the screen's most popular dance team, in this film. The basic score by Harry Warren and Ira Gershwin—a good one—was bolstered by the addition of George and Ira Gershwin's perennial *They Can't Take That Away from Me*, which turned out to be the high spot of the film.

Cyd Charisse and Fred Astaire in *The Band Wagon*

● ***In the Good Old Summertime.*** This musical romance set in turn-of-the-century Chicago proved to be an unpretentious, but highly effective, showcase for Judy Garland. The score embraced a potpourri of styles, but Judy was equal to everything from *I Don't Care* to the Harburg-Arlen *Last Night When We Were Young.*

1950

● ***Nancy Goes to Rio.*** A vehicle for the young, sweet-voiced Jane Powell, who was assisted by Ann Sothern and Carmen Miranda. The score—another mélange—is not very interesting.

● ***Annie Get Your Gun.*** The film version of Irving Berlin's 1946 Broadway smash elicited a gutsy, energetic effort from Betty Hutton, quiet probably her best on film.

● ***Three Little Words.*** The life story of the songwriting team of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. The songs are enjoyable and well-performed by a cast headed by Astaire. Helen Kane, portrayed by a young, non-singing Debbie Reynolds, re-created her timeless *I Want to Be Loved by You.*

● ***Summer Stock.*** Judy Garland's farewell to MGM. The songs, mostly by Harry Warren and Mack Gordon, are quite good, but Judy's great moment was her sparkling performance of the Arlen-Ted Koehler evergreen *Get Happy.*

● ***Two Weeks with Love.*** This film will be remembered for Debbie Reynolds and Carleton Carpenter's hilarious presentation of *Aba Daba Honeymoon.*

● ***Pagan Love Song.*** Romance in Tahiti with Esther Williams and Howard Keel. Musically undistinguished.

1951

● ***Royal Wedding.*** Burton Lane and Alan Jay Lerner created one of the loveliest original scores ever written for Hollywood. Jane Powell's performance of *Too Late Now* is especially beautiful. Also present is Fred Astaire, and in top form.

● ***Show Boat.*** A disappointing second film version of the Kern-Hammerstein Broadway classic. Musically it is slow and tedious, although Marge and Gower Champion manage to give off an occasional spark.

● ***Rich, Young and Pretty.*** Jane Powell and a pleasant score.

1952

● ***Singin' in the Rain.*** A top contender for the best-film-musical-ever-made award. Most of the score was drawn from the early MGM triumphs of Arthur Freed and his collaborator Nacio Herb Brown, Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote a crackerjack script, Donald O'Connor and Debbie Reynolds are delightful, and Gene Kelly gives one of his greatest performances.

● ***Lovely to Look At.*** Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel prove here (and elsewhere) their fine abilities as singers, but this remake of *Roberta* is from the middle drawer.

● ***Everything I Have Is Yours.*** A fine, underrated score with music by John Green (who, as music director at MGM, contributed mightily to the success of many of these musicals) and a good effort by the Champions, who had puh-lenty of talent.

1953

● ***I Love Melvin.*** Not as bad as the title might lead one to think. Donald O'Connor and Debbie Reynolds handle the Joseph Myrow-Mack Gordon score with aplomb.

● ***The Band Wagon.*** The songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, drawn from several of their previous works, and the stellar performances by Astaire, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan—along with Cyd Charisse's dancing—helped make this one of the finest Hollywood musicals.

● ***Kiss Me Kate.*** The first musical to be filmed in 3-D. The songs are generally well handled by Grayson, Keel, Ann Miller, and the rest of the cast. Some of Porter's lyrics were "laundered," and the film, though good, was not up to the standard set by the Broadway original.

1954

● ***Rose Marie.*** Heavy going and generally lifeless. Not even Bert Lahr and some new Friml tunes make it worthy of much attention. It was, however, the first film musical to appear in Cinemascope.

● ***Seven Brides for Seven Brothers.*** A brilliant musical (with a score by Gene De Paul and Johnny Mercer) in which good performances by Powell and Keel were delightfully overshadowed by some of the most exciting dancing ever filmed.

● ***Brigadoon.*** Despite Gene Kelly's efforts, this earnest treatment of the 1947 Lerner-Loewe triumph is disappointing.

● ***Deep in My Heart.*** The film biography of Sigmund Romberg. Opera star Helen Traubel sings magnificently.

1955

● ***Hit the Deck.*** Practically everyone under contract to MGM was in this one, but almost all the Youmans songs are better served elsewhere.

1957

● ***Silk Stockings.*** Even with Astaire and two new Porter songs, this falls short of the Broadway original.

● ***Les Girls.*** Porter's farewell to the screen (*Ça C'est l'Amour* and other songs) did not equal the film itself, a classy George Cukor-directed comedy with a fine cast (Gene Kelly, Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor, Taina Elg).

THE COUPLINGS AND TRIPLINGS

(all albums priced at $7.98)

☐ ***Singin' in the Rain/Easter Parade,*** MGM 2-SES-40ST.

☐ ***Seven Brides for Seven Brothers/Rose Marie,*** MGM 2-SES-41ST.

☐ ***Annie Get Your Gun/Show Boat,*** MGM 2-SES-42ST.

☐ ***The Pirate/Pagan Love Song/Hit the Deck,*** MGM 2-SES-43ST.

☐ ***The Band Wagon/Kiss Me Kate,*** MGM 2-SES-44ST.

☐ ***Till the Clouds Roll By/Three Little Words,*** MGM 2-SES-45ST.

☐ ***Good News/In the Good Old Summertime/Two Weeks with Love,*** MGM 2-SES-49ST.

☐ ***Lovely to Look At/Brigadoon,*** MGM 2-SES-50ST.

☐ ***Silk Stockings/The Barkleys of Broadway/Les Girls,*** MGM 2-SES-51ST.

☐ ***Summer Stock/Everything I Have Is Yours/I Love Melvin,*** MGM 2-SES-52ST.

☐ ***Royal Wedding/Nancy Goes to Rio/Rich, Young and Pretty,*** MGM 2-SES-53ST.

☐ ***Words and Music/Deep in My Heart,*** MGM 2-SES-54ST.

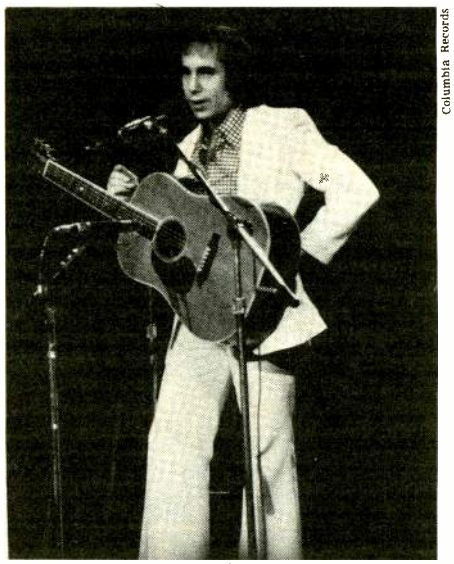
amused Cole Porter. Cybill Shepherd, whose past credits include being Miss Teen Age America, TV pitchwoman for Noxzema cosmetics, and great and good friend of Peter Bogdanovitch (who seems to draw cinematic inspiration from her sullen good looks; he cast her as the lead in his *The Last Picture Show* and *Daisy Miller*), has decided to favor us all with her singing debut. She has confided, elsewhere, that her real ambition is to be an opera singer—a lofty goal indeed, and a ludicrous one, judging by what goes on here. First, her diction is so clumsy that it destroys almost all the comedic points in Porter's intricate rhyme schemes, and in one song, *Give Him the Oo-la-la*, she sounds totally oblivious of the meaning of the final double entendre, ". . . go to Lou-lah, and give *him* the Oo-la-la." Second, she is so unrelentingly arch, in a pouty, schoolgirlish way, that she turns even the classic *Let's Do It* into the aural equivalent of a little girl walking around the house in her mother's shoes. Third (look, I intend to follow this thing right down to bottom—remember, I had to *listen* to this massacre), her vocal equipment consists of about a half-octave of light, water-logged soprano.

Bogdanovitch is, of course, omnipresent. He "Directed and Produced" the album and seemingly did everything else here (he even turns up in a speaking part in several tracks devoted to variations on *But in the Morning, No*) but sing the songs and pose for the cover picture. I would imagine that he also rustled up the liner quotes from Orson Welles, Fred Astaire, and Gene Kelly. The one that would have pleased Porter the most, I am sure, is Cary Grant's straight-faced "I only wish Cole could have heard it." As the composer of *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* (a song Miss Shepherd does easily) and as a master of the double entendre (a device that seems to be over the head of everyone involved here by a country mile), he would have savored that remark as gleefully as he would have played this party album for his friends. *P.R.*

PAUL SIMON: ***Live Rhymin'.*** Paul Simon (vocals, guitar); Urubamba (instrumentals); Jessy Dixon Singers (vocals). *Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard; American Tune; Jesus Is the Answer; The Boxer; Duncan; El Condor Pasa; Homeward Bound*; and five others. COLUMBIA PC 32855 $6.98.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Very good**

The attraction here is that the production is not so fussy that it gets between us and Paul Simon. I don't think he set out to sterilize the production of his other two post-Garfunkel albums, but they *did* come out a little slick. This one, if thanks are due only to the vicissitudes of live recording, doesn't; acoustic guitars do tend to wander out of tune during the course of a concert, and singing voices are never quite as predictable in the real world as they are in the studio, especially when they have to sing high notes that were written with Garfunkel's higher-ranging equipment in mind. When all these elements move together toward funk, it's a treat; Simon's singing of *Duncan*, for example, is more intense and more moving than the detached studio version was. But sometimes it's just another live recording, touched by the usual confusions: in *Mother and Child Reunion, Loves Me Like a Rock, Bridge over Troubled Waters* (which, vocally, simply *belongs* to Garfunkel), and *The Sound of Silence*, Simon is backed by the Jessy Dixon Singers (who also do *Jesus Is the Answer* without him), and as gospel shouters go they are notably self-indulgent and undisciplined. Urubamba, famous for their eerie, almost harmonizing Peruvian flutes, give *Duncan* and *El Condor Pasa* the studio-album treatment and then try to fill in the dynamics Garfunkel and the studio had furnished for *The Boxer*, which probably is the most classic of Simon's classic songs. It's a qualified success, nice to have around but obviously not the best way to do the song. The album is *not* the usual bored run-through of "greatest hits," though, because Paul Simon is not the usual great hit maker. He is to pop music what Norman Mailer is to pop literature, and the kinks and mannerisms they expose in a project of this sort are simply more interesting than your kinks and mannerisms or my kinks and mannerisms are. *N.C.*



Columbia Records

PAUL SIMON
The Norman Mailer of pop music

SLADE: ***Stomp Your Hands, Clap Your Feet.*** Slade (vocals and instrumentals). *Just Want a Little Bit; When the Lights Are Out; Find Yourself a Rainbow; Miles Out to Sea; How Can It Be; Everyday*; and four others. WARNER BROS. BS 2770 $5.98, ® M 82770 $6.97, © M52770 $6.97.

Performance: **Derivative**
Recording: **Good**

To say Slade is derivative is like saying prunes have wrinkles. One guy sounds like McCartney when McCartney's shouting and another guy sounds like Lennon when Lennon's bored, and those are the main elements in the vocal harmonies; the main element in the instrumentals is the kind of repetitive flailing Jimmy Page does when *he's* bored. The tunes played here wouldn't be bad if some provision were made for contrast, but as it is the tempo changes don't come often enough, the melodies bleed into one another, and the same mood seems to prevail all the way through: they give you everything they've got in the first eight bars, and give it to you again in the second eight bars, and each time it sounds pretty much the same as the last time. But it's better, I suppose, than listening to Lance Loud's brother imitate the Rolling Stones. A little better. *N.C.*

SPINNERS: ***Mighty Love.*** Spinners (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *Since I Been*

Gone; I'm Coming Home; Ain't No Price on Happiness; Mighty Love; and four others. ATLANTIC SD 7296 $6.98.

Performance: **Oily**
Recording: **Good**

What passes for soul music these days might better be called "black bubblegum." As music it is inconsequential, though some of it is very pleasant and some of it pompous. The Spinners are one of the many groups who *could* have made this album; they have no identity beyond their hits, and are dependent on their producers and writers to supply them with material and studio sound. I have not seen the Spinners on stage but they probably do a good show. Offstage they are probably swell guys. But this album means nothing musically. Still, the production is by Thom Bell, a very capable craftsman operating out of Philadelphia, who is responsible for the hits of the O'Jays and the Delfonics, two other file-and-forget groups who had no identity beyond Bell's studio dial-twisting and the services of house songwriters.

If you don't believe there's such as thing as "black bubblegum," read what passes for liner notes on the back of the album cover; even us ex-press agents have to giggle at a "bio" form that was passé in 1964. Back then it was "Jimmy likes cute girls with loads of personality; his favorite food is steak, and he wants to continue in show business." Styles change, though the guff doesn't, so the Spinners are described according to the current astrological hooey: "Pervis—born under the sign of Taurus (Bull) with the erratic, unusual planet of Uranus, with his sign bringing him an unusual gift to sing, also making him very harmonious with the group, giving him quick money but he's a group singer." I'm a Scorpio myself, and my rising sign tells me that this album is nonsense. *J.V.*

JOHN STEWART: ***The Phoenix Concerts.*** John Stewart (vocals, guitar); Buffy Ford (vocals); Arnie Moore (bass); Jonathan Douglas (keyboards); Jim Gordon (drums); other musicians. *Wheatfield Lady; Kansas Rain; You Can't Look Back; The Pirates of Stone County Road; The Runaway Fool of Love; Roll Away the Stone; July You're a Woman; The Last Campaign Trilogy; Little Road and a Stone to Roll*; and seven others. RCA CPL2-0265 two discs $6.98, ® CPS2-0265 $9.95, © CPK2-0265 $9.95.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Good**

Strange how tastes cycle and recycle in this so-called culture we're running (or that is running us) in these checkered times. The low-pitched male voice is in again, or seems to be as this is written, and—don't laugh—that may be the main reason why people are finally starting to notice John Stewart. It makes me a little grouchy, having my favorite private singers go public—is Fred Neil going to be noticed now also?—but Stewart has one of the most interesting sounds around, no matter what the number of listeners, and this is one of the few live albums that has made me envious of the live audience. In this case they were at Phoenix Symphony Hall, and if the date on the jacket is correct, that was a scant *two months* before RCA had the review copy, beautifully packaged, in my hands. Talk about planning.

This is not nearly as fine an album as John Stewart *could* make (and *did* make the last time he released one from the studio), but it does offer insight into something the studio albums could not: he's rather a ham, in a charmingly understated way. Roughly the age of Paul Anka, Stewart is much more a man of this time than of Anka's time, when Stewart joined the Kingston Trio. His rapport with the audience seems, from the sound of it, extraordinary. He doesn't pander, sloganize, or cut any monkeyshines; he simply has a personality that commands respect and results in, among other things, dead quiet when he wants it. He could have selected stronger material and assembled a stronger band, but this band is decent and the material is at least representative. The road song is always with Stewart, and if *Little Road and a Stone to Roll* sounds a little incongruous in this setting with all these stationary people, *July You're a Woman*—a different kind of road song—seems to take on an edge in the live setting. The voice is working well, wavering on either side of the pitch in Stewart's engrossing "averaging" method of dealing with the scale. And there are people one had almost forgotten: Buffy Ford, who does some duets with Stewart (and still sounds great), and Mike Settle, who, the credits tell us, is among the background singers, not all that frequently used. The whole thing could have been a little tighter, but it does present Stewart as the pro he is and indicates he is relaxed and confident. He deserves to be. *N.C.*

STRING DRIVEN THING: ***The Machine That Cried.*** String Driven Thing (vocals and instrumentals). *Heartfeeder; To See You; Night Club; Sold Down the River; Two-Timin' Rama; Travelling; People on the Street*; and three others. CHARISMA FC 6063 $5.98.

Performance: **Progressing**
Recording: **Very good**

String Driven Thing is driven by the scratchy-lyrical violin of Grahame Smith, and what it drives is generally a song written by lead singer Chris Adams. And it's generally a semi-wild ride through Gothic country on a dark and stormy night, for Adams' vision is something that would scare the pants off the average cockeyed optimist. The group is Scottish, no doubt the most famous rock-and-roll band in Scotland's history. It is an improving band, and Adams' songwriting is improving, but it still seems, performance-wise, like a hot-dog fiddler and a bunch of other guys, and it still seems, song-wise, like a matter of feast or famine. Adams looks bad missing and looks good hitting. As a vocalist, he is just adequate, sounding something like George Harrison with a little unswallowed popcorn in his throat. His wife, Pauline, has a nice sound, I think, but her delivery is . . . well, you remember the Marianne Faithfull Shaky Voice Syndrome? Smith's violin serves the normal rock-group function of lead guitar, with Adams hitting a few counter licks but mostly rhythm on his guitar. I think Adams probably is learning to play the guitar well enough to make things a bit more interesting in and around the melody on the breaks, but as things stand he *has* to play a lot of rhythm, for the band's rhythm section is strictly of the one-two-wham sort. Smith doesn't seem to improvise all that much, but he still leaves me feeling he's a bit wild and unpredictable; he wastes very little effort compared to, say, a fiddler like Richie Greene, and he can create a grating lyricism (check him behind Pauline in *The House*) that's a knockout. *(Overleaf)*

A little more development on the vocals and the rhythm section and this band could create quite a stir. As it is, the album is a large improvement over the other one that reached here, with only one or two songs, this time, becoming so serious that people will laugh out loud. These do not include *People on the Street*, which just about sums up where Adams seems to see life pointing: "Time's gonna shoot you down some day." Righto, Chris. Thanks for the cheer. *N.C.*

THE SUTHERLAND BROTHERS AND QUIVER: ***Dream Kid.*** Tim Renwick (guitar, vocals); Iain Sutherland (vocals, guitar); Gavin Sutherland (vocals, guitar); Bruce Thomas (bass); Peter Wood (keyboards); Willie Wilson (drums). *You and Me; I Hear Thunder; Flying Down to Rio; Seagull/Lonely Love; Champion the Underdog*; and five others. ISLAND SW-9341 $5.98, ⑧ 8XW-9341 $6.98, © 4XW-9341 $6.98.

Performance: **Mediocre**
Recording: **Good enough**

The mind *needs* to be fed a certain amount of junk, I guess. Some read paperback mysteries, some watch a lot of TV, some listen to inane rock-and-roll such as this. Myself, I prefer to read the backs of cereal boxes. True, the literature there doesn't usually rhyme, as these lyrics by Iain Sutherland do, but I should think these lyrics *and* the stale pounding of these performances would be too much junk for anyone. Besides, there's just more about *life* in those special offers on Sugar Crisp, and usually there's more poetry in the dietary information section on Wheat Chex. And did you know that Cheerios is 13 per cent protein? Now *that's* something to shoot for. This album, unfortunately, is more like the unreal flavors of cardboard they offer under such names as Quisp, Quake, and Frankenberry. Ugh. *N.C.*

GENE VINCENT AND HIS BLUE CAPS: ***The Bop That Just Won't Stop.*** Gene Vincent (vocals, guitar); Cliff Gallup and Willie Williams (guitars); Jack Neal (bass); Be-bop Harrell (drums). *Be-Bop-A-Lula; Race with the Devil; Woman Love; Cruisin'; Important Words; Bluejean Bop*; and seven others. CAPITOL Ⓜ ST-11287 $5.98, ⑧ 8XT-11287 $6.98.

Performance: **Quaint**
Recording: **Clean mono**

Since his death in 1971 Gene Vincent has not had an official recorded memorial. "The Bop That Just Won't Stop" is a slightly altered repackaging of a "greatest hits" album put out around the turn of the last decade; the new release contains excellent liner notes by Michael Ochs (brother of Phil) and two previously unissued songs that might have stayed unissued.

Vincent belonged to the second string of Fifties rock stars, a category that included Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran, and Bill Haley. Most of the huzzahs were reserved for Presley, Berry, Little Richard, and Fats Domino. Since Holly's death in 1959 he has become a cult figure, but beyond that he did write some marvelous songs. I'm afraid I can't say the same for Vincent. Most of his songs were terribly bland, even for teen dance ditties of the time, and listening to this collection all the way through gives you the impression that you're hearing *Be-Bop-A-Lula* in twelve versions. Although his delivery is smooth and confident, it is hard to tell how good a performer he was because the material is so punk.

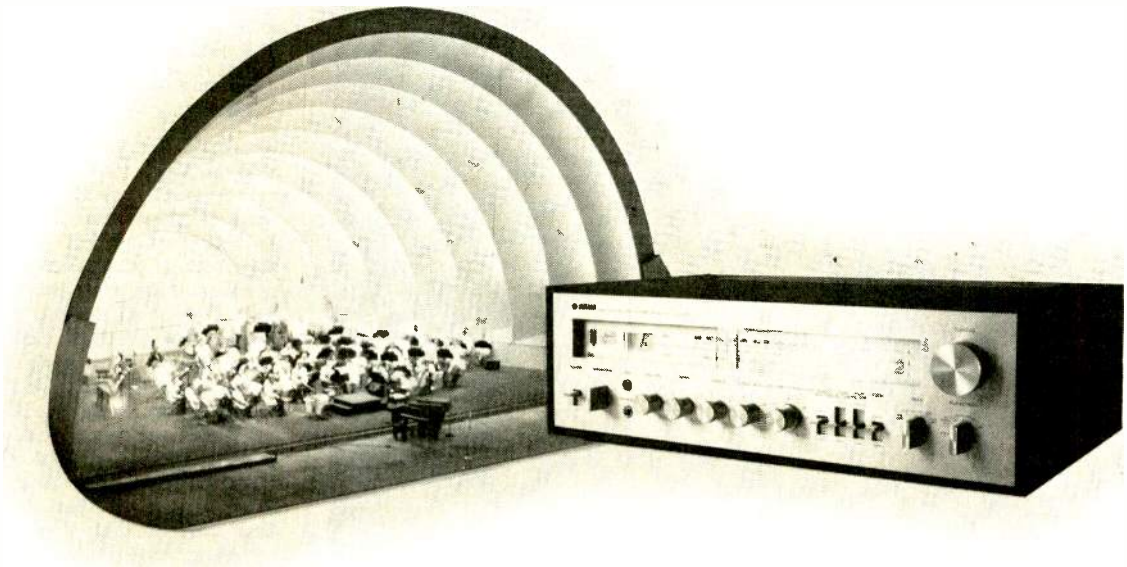
During his stardom, which ended in this country in 1960, Vincent was famous for wearing black leather and being sexy, and he was adored for his limp, acquired during Navy service in Korea (whether from an enemy bullet or a motorcycle accident was never made clear). He was riding high and loving it, pulling in money and recording a stream of albums for Capitol. He sounded like Elvis, used a lot of echo in his recording sessions, and had a good rural Southern back-up group. The Blue Caps sound very much like Carl Perkins during his Sun Records days and probably took him as their instrumental model, but today they sound very polite.

Vincent sings here in a country style very thinly laid over with rock. As Michael Ochs points out, if he had been smart like Jerry Lee Lewis or Conway Twitty, he would have avoided the pains of comeback and the rigors of expatriate tours on the Continent by going pop-country. He probably would be very happy and successful today. But he was a man of limited imagination. All he could think of was his former stardom and how he must get it back, or perhaps he felt he had been a rocker too long to change. He was not much in demand by 1967, and the audiences he did have came to see the skinny, black-leather-jacketed bopper. By this time, though, the drink had made Vincent puffy and fat, and his attempts to don the black leather outfit again were embarrassing. (He appeared as the opening act for Merle Haggard at an auditorium down South and was booed off the stage.) Of his last two albums, the first was made with the Sir Douglas Quintet (minus Doug Sahm) and was undoubtedly his best recording. Much of the material was written by Quintet organist Augie Myers, and it fit Vincent perfectly. He had changed his style. He was soft but authoritative, with perfect diction and an occasional salacious altering of the lyrics. By the time his next album—very countryish—was ready for release, Vincent's physical appearance had deteriorated to the point where no photographs were suitable.

Yet the closer he got to death the better his singing became. He was making the best music he ever had. Despite indications from Nashville radio stations that Vincent's new singles were getting airplay, though, Buddah never understood that his conversion to pop-country, however tardy, was his only professional salvation (besides, the company had no experience in country promotion). In his last album, "The Day the World Turned Blue," Vincent included *North Carolina Line*, which he wrote with Jackie Frisco, about two Virginia across-the-tracks boys arguing over whose car was faster. This was Vincent as he really was and always had been. His tragedy was that he got sidetracked by rock-and-roll.

The tale ends badly. Beaten, bewildered, still warring with his alternate moods of depression and cocky arrogance, too old, too fat, and too wasted to repeat his fever dream of the Fifties, Vincent was visiting his mother when he suddenly doubled up and crashed to the floor, dead of a bleeding ulcer. His fame lay far behind him, and his real musical accomplishments were too new to be appreciated. How unfair it is that his memorial should be the very recordings that were his undoing. Rest, rest in peace. *J.V.*

(Continued on page 104)



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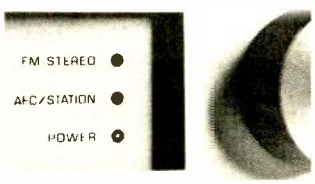

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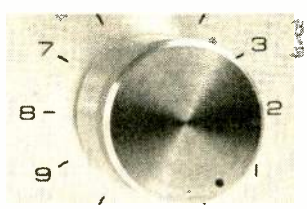

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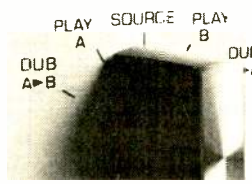

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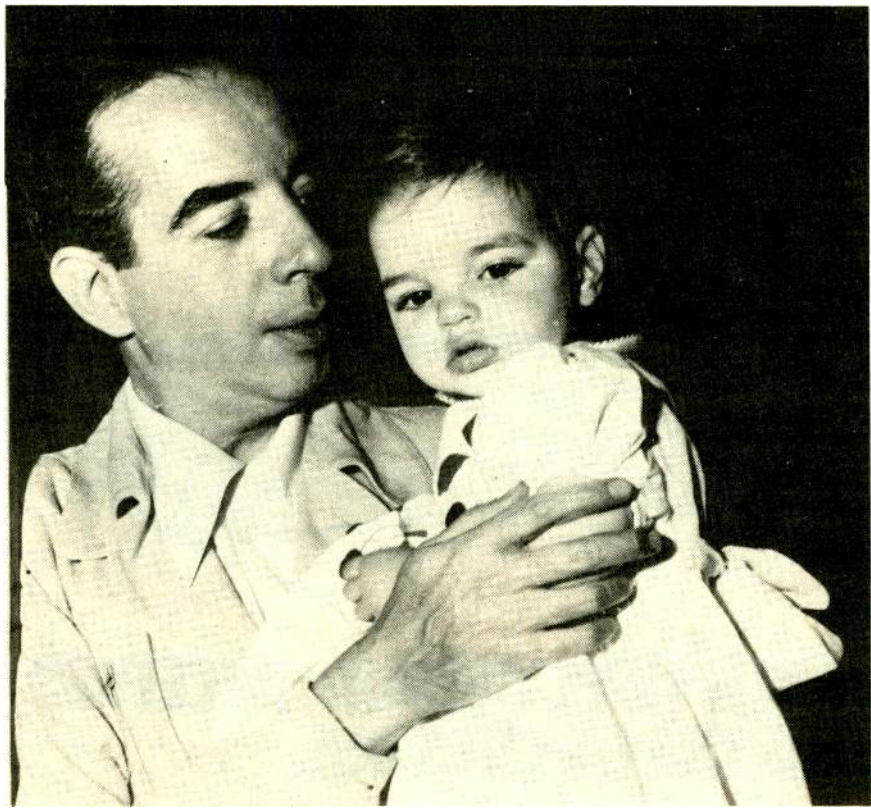


From Howard Dietz's *Dancing in the Dark*, Quadrangle Press/N.Y. Times Book Co.

Vincente Minnelli and his darling daughter Liza on the set of MGM's film musical The Band Wagon.

LIZA MINNELLI

Coming of age at the Winter Garden

A review wherein critic Peter Reilly eats his words

No need to pass the humble pie, thank you all the same, for I will take back not one word of the criticism I've laid on Liza Minnelli's past recordings. Her studio-produced albums are still, I insist, phony, overproduced, and as stridently empty as any late pronouncement from Washington. *However*, "Liza Minnelli Live at the Winter Garden," new and welcome from Columbia, is quite another tin of sturgeon's eggs. From opening medley to closing reprise (of *Cabaret*), it is a simply dazzling display of the whole panoply of performing gifts. Liza Minnelli, I here own, really *does* like her audiences, she really *can* give a dramatic (or, yes, genuinely comedic) reading to a line, she really *is* a performer in her own right and not a frantically imploring replica of her mother. She comes of age before your very ears in this album, assured, blithely expert, and able to communicate strongly, in her own terms, a wide variety of moods and feelings.

The live audience, I think, is the key: Liza (in this she *is* like her mother) needs that feedback, that immediate response from a present company to trigger the deepest expressions of her remarkable talent. The audience is, indeed, her instrument: at times she strums it lazily, as in *More Than You Know*; at others she teases it with a playfully inoffensive put-on (*Shine On Harvest Moon*); and then she abruptly strikes a chord of dry pathos in Charles Aznavour's *And I in My Chair*, a Dorothy Parkerish vignette about the uneasy mistress of a rich man. Through it all you can almost *hear* the rich thrum of communication between performer and audience, the vibrant expectancy, the impatient eagerness to know what will happen next. And there is none of that sticky "Golly, I just *love* you *all*" goo that comes across in Liza's talk-show appearances and that flaws her previous recordings. Interestingly, Judy Garland, as big a star as she was in films, didn't gain much popularity as a *recording* personality until her "Judy Garland at Carnegie Hall" album, which was released long after her film heyday. That too was a "live" album and (for you comparison shoppers) as sensational as this one.

About that humble pie . . . well, maybe just a small, "live" slice.

LIZA MINNELLI: ***Liza Minnelli Live at the Winter Garden.*** Liza Minnelli (vocals); orchestra. *If You Could Read My Mind; Come Back to Me; More Than You Know; I'm One of the Smart Ones; I Can See Clearly Now; The Circle; Exactly Like Me; Natural Man; And I in My Chair; Anywhere You Are; I Believe You; There Is a Time; Shine On Harvest Moon; Quiet Thing; Cabaret.* COLUMBIA PC 32584 $6.98, (8) PCA 32584 $7.98, (C) PCT 32584 $7.98.

WET WILLIE: ***Keep On Smilin'.*** Wet Willie (vocals and instrumentals). *Country Side of Life; Keep On Smilin'; Alabama; Soul Jones; Lucy Was in Trouble*; and five others. CAPRICORN CP 0128 $5.98, (8) M 80128 $6.98, (C) M 50128 $6.98.

Performance: **Tepid**
Recording: **Good**

Wet Willie is a Southern band that sounds a little too tough for a senior prom and a little too precious for a whorehouse. Methinks they are a bar band that has overreached itself. Their original material is mediocre and is not helped by an inept lead singer. Wet Willie is not as well drilled as Bill Deal & the Rhondels, a Virginia-Carolinas dance band of the Sixties; they are light years away from the chug and gasp of the sainted Allman Brothers; and they lack the expertise of a middle-of-the-road band like the Doobie Brothers.

I cannot see any reason for this being Wet Willie's third album if the other two are anything like it. I am all for Southern groups—many of them are excellent, and, as a whole, they constitute a repressed minority to which not enough attention has been paid. But Wet Willie is only all right, and that, even in these troubled times, isn't quite enough. *J.V.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

EDGAR WINTER GROUP: ***Shock Treatment.*** Edgar Winter (vocals, keyboards); Rick Derringer and Dan Hartman (vocals, guitars, bass); Chuck Ruff (drums). *Some Kinda Animal; Easy Street; Sundown; Miracle of Love; Do Like Me; Rock & Roll Woman; Someone Take My Heart Away*; and five others. EPIC PE 32461 $5.98, (8) PEA 32461 $6.98, (C) PET 32461 $6.98, [8] EAQ 32461 $7.98.

Performance: **Really right**
Recording: **Excellent**

Either my ears have improved or the band has; this new effort by the Edgar Winter Group is a kayo. The ride-out at the end of *Do Like Me* is exhilarating. *Someone Take My Heart Away* and *Some Day You'll Call My Name* are superb examples of rock-pop such as we haven't had since the halcyon days of the Sixties. By golly, there's everything you could want here: actual, no-fooling melodies, good arrangements, and a band blazing with exuberance and experience. Winter's quartet gets a little studio-happy at times, and there is a little too much fancy dial-diddling on the control-board console, but most of this album is something we hear a lot about but seldom get: genuine, high-powered, glandular rock-and-roll. Huzzah! *J.V.*

JESSE COLIN YOUNG: ***Light Shine.*** Jesse Colin Young (vocals, guitar); Jeff Myer (drums); Scott Lawrence (keyboards); Kelly Bryan (bass); Jim Rothermel (reeds, harmonica); other musicians. *California Suite; Pretty and the Fair; Barbados*; and three others. WARNER BROS. BS 2790 $5.98, (8) M 82790 $6.97, (C) M 52790 $6.97.

Performance: **Coolish**
Recording: **Very good**

Jesse Colin Young is a wonderful singer, and he seems to suggest in this album—more strongly than before—that the only place for vocals like his to wind up is in that category most people, for want of a better term, call jazz. Accordingly, he displays some striking technical skill here, and has some fine mo-

ments on guitar as well. The only thing wrong with this, with his interpretation of some sort of jazz-like idea, is that it's such a handy excuse for padding—partly because improvisation, which seems to be endemic in the style, too easily becomes the overlong, repetitive kind of thing that happens with the instrumental section in the *Grey Day* part of *California Suite*. There are too many expensive-sounding baubles hung on some sketchy, lightweight songs. Young, much as I like him, has never shown what I'd call fascinating depth as a songwriter. *California Suite* is, in fact, three pleasant but derivative little songs with far too much instrumental propping-up all around them; *Pretty and the Fair*, *Barbados*, and *Motorcycle Blues* are stylistic exercises, costume parties for the writer's muse, character parts for the vocalist. *Susan* is *about* something very personal, so personal that Jesse stops short of actually letting the song get in on it; the song skims over the top, and at that level the available fuel is heavily cut with clichés. There are mitigating licks here and there in all the instrumental propping—Jim Rothermel's reeds stand out occasionally—but it bothers me when a fine vocalist seems to make an increasingly technical connection with his material. I'm afraid the pressure to write one's own repertoire is pushing Jesse Young in that direction. Falling in love with a great song that needs a super singer would check that. *N.C.*

COLLECTIONS

HISTORY OF BRITISH ROCK, VOL. 1. *Do Wah Diddy Diddy* (Manfred Mann); *Have I the Right* (Honeycombs); *I Like It* (Gerry and the Pacemakers); *A World Without Love* (Peter and Gordon); *I'm Telling You Now* (Freddie and the Dreamers); *Needles and Pins* (Searchers); *Hippy Hippy Shake* (Swinging Blue Jeans); *The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine* (Walker Brothers); *Blue Turns to Grey* (Cliff Richard); *Easy Livin'* (Uriah Heep); *Maggie May* (Rod Stewart); *Hide Your Love Away* (Silkie); *I Only Want to Be with You* (Dusty Springfield); *Wild Thing* (Troggs); *You Really Got Me* (Kinks); *Glad All Over* (Dave Clark Five); *Hitchin' a Ride* (Vanity Fare); *In the Summertime* (Mungo Jerry); *Sorrow* (Merseys); *New York Mining Disaster 1941* (Bee Gees); *A Groovy Kind of Love* (Mindbenders); *Catch the Wind* (Donovan); *Itchykoo Park* (Small Faces); *Pictures of Matchstick Men* (Status Quo); *Little Children* (Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas); *I Can't Let Go* (Hollies); *Don't Bring Me Down* (Pretty Things); *Game of Love* (Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders). SIRE SAS 3702 two discs $7.98, ⑧ N 8147 3702 $8.95.

Performance: **Variable but evocative**
Recording: **Good**

Collections such as this one, where the choice of selections depends on which labels are willing to lease material and what kind of royalty terms are involved, tend to be spotty. The idea here is a good one, if a little too sweeping: to present a representative view of British rock from roughly 1964 to 1971. But the net result is a compromise. However, there are some relatively rare records included, and there are probably some happy memories for anyone alive and pubescent at the time of the British Invasion.

Among the better selections is *Glad All Over*, by the Dave Clark Five. I always thought them a clumpy band, but here they are

bushy-tailed and fire-eyed. Despite the band's being named after drummer Clark, its honcho was keyboardist-vocalist-writer Mike Smith. The Searchers' *Needles and Pins* sounds very Beatlish, the lead singers resembling John and Paul, and the arrangement much like the Fab Four. (The spirit of the Beatles, of course, dominates this collection in many ways, as they captained most rock of their time.) Another song I keep going back to is *Sorrow*, by the Merseys, which is also quite Beatlish, with horn parts and a final chorus of "round" singing that is irresistible. It's a fine example of pop craftsmanship. Then there is *A World Without Love*, also penned by John and Paul, which was Peter and Gordon's first hit.

Some of the lesser efforts include the Walker Brothers' *The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine*, which is entirely derivative of the Righteous Brothers' work with Phil Spector; Freddy and the Dreamers' *I'm Telling You Now* (still too damned cutsey-poo); the Pretty Things' *Don't Bring Me Down* (good white pop-blues, but the Stones did it better); and the Honeycombs' *Have I the Right?*, pop tripe made worse by mincing delivery. *Hippy Hippy Shake*, by the Swinging Blue Jeans, and the Troggs' *Wild Thing* are also eminently forgettable; the years don't redeem them.

It would be fairest to everyone concerned to conclude this review with half a column of blank space, so that readers and the editors of "History of British Rock" could pencil in the records they would have liked to see included. Oh well, try to imagine the all-time great collection of British rock from those great, innocent, hardy, and heady days. This album isn't it, but there are *parts* of it here. Sigh. Life is a compromise. Deep sigh. *J.V.*

A SALUTE TO THE HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN. *You'll Never Know; No Love, No Nuthin'* (Alice Faye). *You're the Top* (Ethel Merman). *Yes Indeed* (Connee Boswell and Bing Crosby). *Lonely* (Vivian Blaine). *Ain't Misbehavin'* (George Burns). *Rhythm Is My Romeo* (Gertrude Niesen). *The Last Time I Saw Paris* (Eartha Kitt). *The Umbrella Man; Elmer's Tune; Little Sir Echo; I'll Be Seeing You* (Vera Lynn). *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square* (Acker Bilk). *Chattanooga Choo Choo* (Andrews Sisters). *What Now?* (Gertrude Lawrence). *Say Goodbye* (Yvonne de Carlo). *Love at Last* (Glynis Johns). *London Pride* (Noël Coward). *I'll Never Smile Again* (Jo Stafford). *The Flat Foot Floogie* (Fats Waller). *Basin Street Blues* (Dinah Shore). *Baby Doesn't Know* (Beatrice Lillie). *Blow Out the Candle* (Dorothy Dandridge). *Amor* (Rod McKuen). *Chattanooga Choo Choo* (Carmen Miranda). *Stormy Weather* (Frances Langford). *Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup* (Hildegarde). *A Kiss and a Cuddle* (Diana Dors). *My Melancholy Baby* (Larry Adler). *Pardon, Madame* (Jeanette MacDonald). *Head Over Heels in Love* (Lilli Palmer). Various orchestras and conductors. STANYAN two discs 2SR 10066 $7.95 (from Stanyan Record Co., Box 2783, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069).

Performance: **Marathon melange**
Recording: **Fair to middling**

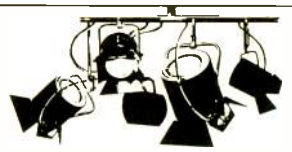
Back in the days of World War II, when American troops were joined with the "free world" in the bloody conflict against the Axis powers, and Hollywood musicals had a tendency to culminate in red, white, and blue production numbers, the entertainment industry was out in force keeping up the morale of "our boys" abroad and serving them coffee and doughnuts at home in celebrity-staffed canteens. The success of New York's Stage Door Canteen prompted a group of Hollywood entertainers led by Bette Davis and John Garfield to fix up an abandoned livery stable on Cahuenga Boulevard and open their Hollywood Canteen in 1942. There the visiting man in uniform could expect to have his coffee poured by Miss Davis and watch busboy Walter Pidgeon gathering up dishes and Jean Gabin washing them. The canteen, staffed by 3,500 registered and fingerprinted hostesses, provided refreshment and entertainment for some three million servicemen over a three-year period and wound up as the subject of an appalling all-star epic featuring sixty-two Hollywood names in 1944.

This chapter in entertainment history has only the most tenuous of connections with the album under consideration, but it has provided Richard Oliver with the opportunity to furnish an exceptionally diverting and informative set of notes, while the records themselves pour out a prolonged bath of nostalgia in which any listener over forty is in danger of drowning if he doesn't keep his wits about him. Less than half of the twenty-eight bands on these two records were actually recorded in the old monaural days, and some of the singers, like Rod McKuen, would seem to have been too young at the time to be staying up nights at the Hollywood Canteen. But it's his record company, after all, and anyhow, who cares, and who's counting? A lot of dusty vaults must have been scoured to put this collection together, and the fact that some of the stars re-recorded their material in recent times makes the sound easier on the ears.

Here they are, anyhow, singers by the dozens performing their incantations to summon back the Forties in all that era's fatuous romanticism and boogie-woogie jitterbuggery. As the vaudeville proceeds, the mixture of styles and subject matter grows ever more dizzying. And from nowhere at all issues a Beatrice Lillie number I never heard before—a crushing little piece of anti-cuteness called *Baby Doesn't Know*. It's a high point.

What does it all add up to? The Hollywood Canteen, if that pleases your fancy. Otherwise, it's just a mixed bag of mostly very good entertainment from stuff the Stanyan people could put their hands on. *P.K.*

BEATRICE LILLIE
A crushing little piece of anti-cuteness



THEATER • FILMS

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Victor Young). Orchestra, Ray Heindorf cond. STANYAN ☐ SRQ 4013 $6.98 (from Stanyan Records, Box 2783, Hollywood, Calif. 90029).

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Good**

The screen version of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a mawkish love story set during the Spanish Civil War, was made in 1943, when Ernest Hemingway was already a legend-in-his-own-lifetime. He had made damned sure of that. His picaresque exploits—down and out (yet having tea with Gertrude and Alice) in the Paris of the Twenties, big-game hunting in Africa, volunteering for the Spanish war, and playing his then current role as foreign correspondent—somehow always found their way quickly into the news reports and gossip columns of the day.

For Whom the Bell Tolls was a "prestige" production, and Paramount threw in all of its big guns: Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, and Katina Paxinou to star; Sam Wood to direct; a screenplay by Dudley Nichols; and Technicolor photography (in those days seldom used for dramatic films). Victor Young, *the* Paramount in-house composer, was chosen for the music. Either he was overawed by his assignment or he was ordered to play it completely safe, for the result is a score so dreary that it beggars description. The album opens with the tolling of a bell (what else?); *Maria's Theme* is pea soup glopping from a ladle; Pilar (ah, you wild gypsy) is represented by music that sounds like Victor Herbert in delirium; and *The Earth Has Moved* (a polite euphemism, although directly from the Hemingway text, for the fact that Gary and Ingrid had finally made it in their shared sleeping bag) as a track perfectly sets into perspective the corset-like morality of cinema in the Forties. That is, it is definitely celestial, as all music that accompanied pre- or extra-marital sex had to be. After all, even the dimmest viewer realized that any screen fooling around in those days had, according to the censor, to end with one partner or the other (preferably both) being either blown to bits or run over by a truck so as to atone for such rash behavior.

The film, seen today, is a sentimental and melodramatic relic of a more gullible time. The score remains gaudy balderdash. The performance—and this is a *new* performance, not a dub from the soundtrack—is oppressively authentic, and the quadraphonic recording makes full use of the four channels for both spread of sound and directional solos to produce a sonic Never-Never Land. It's nice, but it's not enough to help much. *P.R.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

RAISIN (Woldin-Brittan). Original-cast recording. Virginia Capers, Joe Morton, Ernes-

tine Jackson, Ralph Carter, and others (vocals); orchestra, Howard A. Roberts cond. COLUMBIA KS 32754 $6.98, ⑧ KSA 32754 $7.98, © KST 32754 $7.98.

Performance: **Warm and heartfelt**
Recording: **Excellent**

What a tremendous loss it was to the theater when the young Lorraine Hansberry died. She was a writer of warmth, compassion, and humor which she combined with a strong, almost classical technique to rip away the stereotypes about the black experience in America. Her masterpiece was *A Raisin in the Sun*, the story of a black family desperately trying to escape ghetto life by using a small life-insurance check from their father to buy a house of their own.

This new musical version is fine in almost every respect: an evocative and honest score by Judd Woldin and Robert Brittan, deeply felt performances by everyone, especially Virgina Capers in the role of the indomitable mother, and splendid production for records by Thomas Z. Shepard.

As befitting a story of hope centered on the character of the mother, Virginia Capers provides the most moving song, *A Whole Lotta Sunlight*, sung to one of her little plants. I was just as choked up when I heard this song as when I had seen the original version. (There are only two plays I've ever seen in my life where I unashamedly wept, no matter who saw me. One was *Raisin in the Sun*; the other was *Come Back, Little Sheba*). Joe Morton does a fine singing job as the son, particularly in *It's a Deal*, and Ernestine Jackson as his wife joins him in a charming performance of *Sweet Time*. Travis, the youngest son, is played by Ralph Carter, and his rendition of *Sidewalk Tree*, a kid's mixed feelings about leaving the old neighborhood, is a performance of genuine delight.

Miss Hansberry's warmly embracing humanity still shines through brightly in this musical version, and I'm very glad to report that the adaptors have drained none of the vitality from her work in an effort to make it "A Broadway Musical." This is a must album for any collector of original-cast recordings. *P.R.*

SHOW BOAT (Oscar Hammerstein II-Jerome Kern). Paul Robeson, Helen Morgan, James Melton, Frank Munn, Countess Albani (vocals); orchestra and chorus, Victor Young cond. COLUMBIA SPECIAL PRODUCTS Ⓜ AC 55 $6.98.

Performance: **Ready for drydock**
Recording: **Fair to middling**

A couple of months ago, this first album ever devoted to songs from a particular Broadway show was selling at ridiculously high prices in its original 78-rpm form as Columbia set C-55. Now, reprocessed from the original stampers in the archives, it has been given a new coat of audio paint and comes sailing down its cardboard Mississippi, complete with the original cover, bravely bearing the voices of Helen Morgan, Paul Robeson, James Melton, and other show-business legends. You can climb aboard for $6.98, but I'm afraid you may find the old river boat a bit tatty and leaky at the seams.

True, the story has survived any number of stage and motion-picture revivals ever since the first production opened in Washington, D.C., in 1927, a year after Edna Ferber's best-selling novel appeared. Helen Morgan's quavering, heartbreaking voice was heard in

the original, singing *Bill* (left over from an earlier collaboration between Kern and P.G. Wodehouse) and the sob-song of them all, *Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man*. In 1932 Miss Morgan returned as Julie in a Broadway revival, and this time Paul Robeson was on hand to play Joe and bring the whole house to tears with *Ol' Man River*. This was the production that led to the Columbia album.

The ghost of Miss Morgan has managed to survive time remarkably well, and the throb in her soprano can still break your heart. Mr. Robeson, however, has been heard to better effect in the more fervid versions of *Ol' Man River* that he recorded later, after he had rewritten the words to express more liberal, less defeatist sentiments. James Melton has a sweet voice but a manner that went off the air with the old Bell Telephone Hour. Frank Munn and the "Countess" Albani, whose career I have not been able to work up the necessary energy to trace, are just passable. And over it all hangs the sticky, saccharine sound of a studio orchestra under Victor Young, drowning Jerome Kern's lovely tunes in sobbing violins and sentimental saxophones. The recorded sound remains pretty terrible, despite valiant efforts on the part of Columbia's engineers. *P.K.*

SON OF DRACULA. Original-soundtrack recording. Harry Nilsson (vocals and piano); Ringo Starr (drums); George Harrison (cowbell); others. RAPPLE ABLI-0220 $6.98, ⑧ ABS1-0220 $7.95, © ABK1-0220 $7.95.

Performance: **Murky but masterly**
Recording: **Very good**

It's a somber black-and-white album containing spooky photographs from a send-up horror movie that includes not only Frankenstein, Dracula, and the Wolf Man, but Ringo Starr himself portraying Merlin the Magician and Harry Nilsson as Dracula's son. There is also, in a black paper bag, a creepy decal (suitable for application to jeans, tee-shirts, skirts, blouses, and "tea towels") with a design that includes not only the black-caped, fang-toothed vampirical hero but the message "BITE IT" in Gothic script.

Oh, yes—there's also a record, containing snatches of thunder, lightning, and dialogue of a mumbly kind from which I pieced together the idea that the plot of *Son of Dracula* has something to do with an attempt to perform an operation on the Count's befanged, bloodthirsty offspring that will "humanize" him and cause him to renounce his vampire status. In the course of all this there are a number of songs, some of them attributed to a girl named Amber who apparently plays a stimulating part in the movie. The score, an artful one to a rock beat heavily laced with bloodcurdling sound effects, is the most winning in its idiom to come along since *The Yellow Submarine*. I was particularly taken with Harry Nilsson's *Daybreak* and *The Moonbeam Song*, but I also enjoyed his *Remember Christmas*, *Without You*, and *Jump into the Fire*. Other material is attributed to Paul Buckmaster, to two teams listed as Abner-Moore and Ham-Evans, and to somebody named Taverner, but it's impossible to tell whether this has to do with the incidental music, the dialogue, or the sound effects. If things like that don't bother you, and if you're satisfied to take in the spirit of *Son of Dracula* without needing to figure out except in the haziest way what you're hearing, by all means get the record and put the decal on a tea-towel. *P.K.*

JAZZ

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

AIRTO: ***Virgin Land.*** Airto Moreira (vocals, drums, percussion); various instrumental combinations. *Peasant Dance; Lydian Riff; Hot Sand*; and four others. SALVATION SAL 701 $6.98, ⑧ SA8-701 $6.95, © SAC-701 $6.95.

Performance: **Splendid**
Recording: **Excellent**

Just a few years back, Airto Moreira was scratching gourds for Miles Davis and sounding as modern as the sophisticated electronic gadgetry that surrounded him. Since then, the biblical-looking Brazilian has scratched, tapped, and rattled his way to the top in the field of percussion.

Four Airto albums are already on the market, but this splendid exercise in rhythmic exhilaration, flashy tonal colors, and joyous, wordless vocals is the best I have heard. Produced by the dynamic Billy Cobham (who does not perform here himself), "Virgin Land" should have the wide appeal of Deodato's *2001* (on which Airto appeared), but greater longevity, because every track is a gem. *C.A.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

RUBY BRAFF/GEORGE BARNES: ***The Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quartet.*** Ruby Braff (cornet); George Barnes (guitar); guitar and bass accompaniment. *Old Folks; Liza; Here There Everywhere; Oh That Kiss; Nobody Else but You*; and five others. CHIAROSCURO CR 121 $6.98 (available by mail from Chiaroscuro, 173 Christopher Street, New York, N.Y. 10014).

Performance: **Easy swing**
Recording: **Very good**

Breezing delicately through a most prepossessing repertoire of originals and Gershwin-to-Beatles familiars, George Barnes and Ruby Braff—veterans of the swing and post-swing eras—prove that tasteful music is never out of date. Perfectly matched in temperament, they are exquisitely smooth, effortless, and unpretentious. Pure velvet. *C.A.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BILLY COBHAM: ***Crosswinds.*** Billy Cobham (percussion); Randy Brecker (trumpet); Garnett Brown (trombone); George Duke (keyboards); John Abercrombie (guitar); others. *Spanish Moss, a Sound Portrait in Four Parts; Heather*; and two others. ATLANTIC SD 7300 $5.98, ⑧ TP 7300 $6.98, © CS 7300 $6.98.

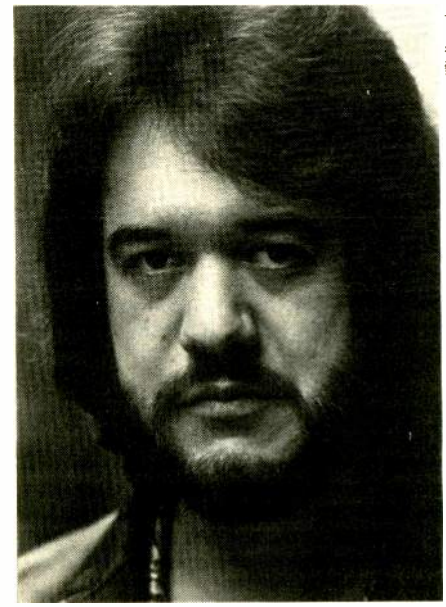
Performance: **Wider spectrum**
Recording: **Excellent**

If his previous album, "Spectrum," opened your eyes to Cobham's talent, then "Crosswinds" will sweep you off your feet. A smooth breeze moves across the vinyl, brass and woodwinds nudge tendrils of Spanish moss across your speakers, Garnett Brown's tender trombone unfurls before your very ears, wraps itself around your lobes, and lets George Duke's subtle keyboard ooze into your mind. Do you get the picture? And all this is really the calm before the storm. Billy Cobham has another winner on his hands. *C.A.*

RICHARD DAVIS: ***Dealin'.*** Richard Davis (bass, vocal); Marvin Peterson (trumpet, tambourine, cow bell); Clifford Jordan (tenor and soprano saxophones); Paul Griffin (keyboards); David Spinozza (guitar); Freddie Waits (drums). *Sorta; Blues for Now; What'd You Say*; and three others. MUSE 5027 $5.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Very good**

I was extremely impressed by Richard Davis' previous album ("Epistrophy and Now's the



AIRTO
A splendid exercise in rhythmic exhilaration

Time," Muse 5002), but this set, recorded a year later with similar personnel, is something of a disappointment. The three selections on side one are not very interesting, perhaps because they were written by Davis for a TV pilot film, and what works as background for an action film does not necessarily fare well on its own. Be that as it may, this is still a good album; Marvin Peterson is an excellent trumpet player, Clifford Jordan continues to impress me, and drummer Freddie Waits makes me wonder even more why he hasn't yet received wider recognition. Organist Paul Griffin, on the other hand, is a good studio musician, but he is quite unimpressive in a jazz setting, and I find his inclusion in this album rather puzzling. As for Davis himself, he can do no wrong except when he sings, as he does on one track here. *C.A.*

BOBBY HENDERSON: ***Last Recordings.*** Bobby Henderson (piano). *Squeeze Me; Black and Blue; I'm Coming Virginia; Gershwin Medley*; and six others. CHIAROSCURO CR-122 $6.98 (available from Chiaroscuro

Records, 173 Christopher Street, New York, N.Y. 10014).

Performance: **Cocktail plus**
Recording: **Good**

Bobby Henderson played nice piano. He was a couple of notches above the best of the cocktail keyboard men, but John Hammond and others who sang Henderson's praises in the late Sixties (and arranged for this session) have, I think, overrated him. True, there aren't many left who can play in that old lyrical swing style, and as their ranks diminish so does the quality of the music. Bobby Henderson was listened to as a vestige of his admirers' past, an also-ran who survived. This is a pleasant album, but you can buy Wilson at his peak for the same price. *C.A.*

DICK HYMAN: ***Genius at Play.*** Dick Hyman (piano). *God Bless the Child; The Sheik of Araby; Truckin'; Lush Life; The Look of Love*; and five others. MONMOUTH EVERGREEN MES 7065 $6.98.

Performance: **Not quite Art**
Recording: **Cavernous**

Pianist Dick Hyman spent three years as Arthur Godfrey's musical director, and although he has mostly been involved in the commercial end of music—including a horror of 1964 called "Shakespeare's Greatest Hits" and a recent, wretched attempt to re-create Jelly Roll Morton's music—his jazz interest has never been in doubt.

An excellent technician, well versed in jazz piano styles, Hyman romps through this set of familiar material, striding and strutting but rarely swinging. He relates stories that are available firsthand on any of Art Tatum's records, and I would prefer to hear the real genius at play. *C.A.*

CHARLES MINGUS: ***Mingus Moves*** **(see Best of the Month, page 87)**

DJANGO REINHARDT/STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI: ***Quintet of the Hot Club of France.*** Stéphane Grappelli (violin); Django Reinhardt, Pierre Ferret, Marcel Bianchi (guitars); Louis Vola (bass). *Liebestraum No. 3; Solitude; Tears; Body and Soul; Rose Room*; and seven others. ANGEL S-36985 $5.98.

Performance: **Savory**
Recording: **Tampered with**

The Quintet of the Hot Club of France was not the first European jazz group, but in the forty years since its formation, no other non-American jazz group has come close to being as innovative. The very idea of a jazz quintet without piano or drums was revolutionary in 1934, but the real strength of the group did not lie in the fact that two vital instruments were missing; the secret of the QHCF's success was—more than anything else—Belgian-born gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt.

Reinhardt had lost the use of two fingers on his left hand, but he played as though he had gained a pair instead. His highly original, often driving, always haunting style is well documented on literally hundreds of recordings made before his death in 1953, but there is something special about these 1937 QHCF sides. They capture the group at its peak, demonstrating the sound that first attracted American jazz musicians.

Grappelli—now in his mid-sixties and still active—lacks Django's originality, but he is a fine technician who can swing almost as well as the late Stuff Smith, and the teamwork of Reinhardt and Grappelli ranks with that of such twosomes as Eldridge and Hawkins or Armstrong and Oliver.

This album was released in 1960 as half of a Capitol double set entitled "The Best of Django Reinhardt." Let's hope Angel will release the other half and that they will not mar it—as they did this one—with an attempt to "enhance" the good mono sound. *C.A.*

WOODY SHAW: ***Song of Songs.*** Woody Shaw (trumpet); Emanuel Boyd (flute, tenor saxophone); Ramon Morris, Bennie Maupin (tenor saxophone); George Cables (keyboards); Henry Franklin (bass); Woodrow Theus II (percussion). *The Goat and the Archer; The Awakening*; and two others. CONTEMPORARY S7632 $5.98.

Performance: **Disappointing**
Recording: **Good**

Trumpeter Woody Shaw has served as a sideman on numerous recordings with some of the best players in his field; he spent almost three years in Horace Silver's band and has just recently ventured out on his own. This is Shaw's second album as a leader. I cannot comment on his first release because I haven't heard it, but, having previously regarded him as a musician of great promise, I find the present set most disappointing.

The influences are clear: a bit of Hubbard, a dash of Gillespie, and a smattering of McCoy Tyner, but no Shaw. There seems to be no rapport between the musicians, so we are presented with a seven-way conversation with no subject in common, a variety of emotions which leave the listener cold.

Shaw was often impressive when performing under the leadership of another, but now that he is on his own he tries too hard to create an individualism that simply isn't in him. The result here is strained and distractingly omnidirectional. *C.A.*

DINAH SHORE: ***Dinah Sings the Blues.*** Dinah Shore (vocals); orchestra, Jack Elliott cond. *Basin Street Blues; Do-Re-Mi; Nashville Blues, I Can't Stop Loving You; My Man's Gone Now; Cry Me a River*; and five others. STANYAN SR 10071 $5 98 (available from Stanyan Records, Box 2783, Hollywood, Calif. 90028).

Performance: **Bright blue**
Recording: **Excellent**

That imperishable old smoothie Dinah Shore is back for an encore on this welcome reissue from the vaults of Reprise Records, recorded some years ago with an orchestra conducted by Jack Elliott. Miss Shore's vivacious disposition makes it hard to believe that she is really the jilted wretch of *Cry Me a River*, yet even her understated handling of that sentimental standby can get to you. In the course of a concert that dispenses cheer in spite of itself, she also takes on the dark side of things in her own nonoperatic but thoroughly persuasive treatment of *My Man's Gone Now* from *Porgy and Bess*, and roams through the dismal swampland searching for *Chloe* in the only version of that song that doesn't remind me of Spike Jones and make me want to burst out laughing. She is more at home, though, in the *Nashville Blues*. *I Can't Stop Loving You*, and a joust with the old *Bye Bye Blues* that really lets the sunshine in. I strongly recommend this album unless you already have it in its earlier incarnation. *P.K.*

CHOOSING SIDES

By IRVING KOLODIN

BERLIOZ'S ROMEO AND JULIET

My resistance to Lorin Maazel's direction of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* (London OS 26370) set in with the entrance of the cellos in measure four of movement one. This may be a world's record for speed of critical reaction, but I hesitate to make the claim on the basis of this instance alone. For a variety of reasons, I have rarely heard a wholly satisfactory performance of this portion (entitled "*Combats-Tumulte-Intervention du Prince*") of the French composer's great score. The very first of the reasons is the playing direction: *allegro fugato. Allegro* is of course *allegro*, but how fast is *fugato*? It is perhaps, next to Mahler's characterization of *allegro ordinario* for the finale of his Seventh Symphony, the most mystifying tempo marking in nineteenth-century music. In a further effort to be helpful, Berlioz offers a metronomically designated tempo in which a half note equals 116, and this is about the speed at which Maazel takes it. Nevertheless, the passage sounds rough and scrambled owing to the failure of the violas and cellos to produce a sufficiency of sound.

Is the metronome marking itself a clear guide to what Berlioz had in mind? One really doesn't know. It is a familiar fact that the metronome markings Beethoven painstakingly entered in his scores late in life serve little contemporary purpose. The composer himself grumbled: "It is silly stuff; one must feel the tempos." He refused to grant them an importance comparable to "the words used to designate the character of the composition." That, he said, is because "time is really more the body while *these have reference to the spirit. . . .*" Which brings us back to Berlioz's eloquent *allegro fugato*.

It also might bring us to the four other versions of *Roméo et Juliette* recently or currently available on disc. Colin Davis is in no less haste at the outset of his, but he does at least, unlike Maazel, evoke a character more appropriate to Berlioz than to Mendelssohn. Charles Munch, whose *Symphonie Fantastique* recording ended with perhaps the fastest *March to the Gallows* and *Witches' Sabbath* in history, is not much outdone by Maazel and Davis in his second version of *Roméo et Juliette* with the Boston Symphony (RCA VICS 6042). But it is old Papa Monteux (on Westminster 8127-2), even more than Toscanini (RCA LM 7034), who has both the musical convictions and the courage of them to make a truly cumulative statement of these eighty or so measures: it may have been his revolutionary rationale that Berlioz would not have written all those notes, with all those fugal entrances, if he had not meant them to be heard. In seeing to it that the body (to use Beethoven's analogy) was properly shaped, he also penetrated to the spirit.

However, the Monteux version is no answer to the problem of a proper *Roméo et Juliette*, for it was closely microphoned, tight-sounding, and lacking in aural luster when issued in the early Sixties, and so it remains today. And considering the gloss Maazel had achieved in his performance of Prokofiev's music for the celebrated Bolshoi ballet of the same name, one expected—perhaps unreasonably—something comparable in his Berlioz. As it is, however, nothing could more vividly demonstrate that a Russian Juliet and a French Juliette can be even more different than, say, a Galina Ulanova and a Henrietta Smithson.

It may surprise some to learn that when Toscanini performed his landmark service on behalf of Berlioz in the Forties (the first performances of the complete score in New York for more than sixty years), Olin Downes of the New York *Times* declared: "The core of the work lies in the three purely orchestral movements which follow the instrumental prelude and the vocal introduction. The vocal parts are practically superfluous." To say that Maazel approaches the work in this spirit would be a decided exaggeration, but it is unquestionably a fact that he scintillates and gleams more in Berlioz's writing for the orchestra alone than he dramatizes or poeticizes in those sections in which words and voices are added to the whole. Further to the point, the true center of gravity in this recording, even within the specific scope of the instrumental elements, is to be found in the airy *Queen Mab* Scherzo rather than in the reflective *Romeo Alone*. One is a miracle of orchestral imagery; the other is merely beautifully played.

But, in either instance, the name of Maazel's game is *facility*, and this facility for realizing his orchestral objectives has been growing in the course of a career that now encompasses, surprisingly, more than thirty years—Maazel is only forty-four. He is, of course, a living refutation of the thesis that conducting is one musical skill for which aptitude in childhood is no index of future development. Of the several prodigies who flashed into view in the Forties and Fifties (others were Ferruccio Burco, Joey Alfidi, and the slightly later and slightly older Pierino Gamba), only Maazel has proved not to have been overrated.

Was he more prodigiously gifted, a different sort of musical animal, one with a greater original potential for growth? Possibly—though when, at age eleven, he rehearsed the NBC Orchestra for a performance in 1941 its members were quoted as saying much the same things that were said of the other, later, symphonic sprouts: "He is not old enough to be self-conscious"; "He has been drilled and drilled"; "A perfect copy of Bakaleinikov" (the associate conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony, with whom Maazel studied both there and earlier in Los Angeles). The wisest comment was made by Edwin Bachmann, who, because he was a second-chair man with many famous quartets and had served Toscanini in the same capacity throughout the history of the orchestra, was known as "the professional second violinist." Bachmann said, "Wait a few years. See what happens then."

What usually happens is that, with the disappearance of childish ways, the interest of grown-ups also departs, and Maazel's opportunities too were not nearly so plentiful as they had been. The crunch came not between thirty and forty, as it usually does with conductors, but between fourteen and nineteen. He graduated from Peabody High in Pittsburgh at fifteen, began studies at the University, and, as part of his on-going training to be the excellent violinist he is today, sat in the Pittsburgh Symphony's string section.

Wide World Photos

Thirty years ago: fourteen-year-old conductorial prodigy Lorin Maazel in rehearsal with the New York Philharmonic for a Lewisohn Stadium concert.

Though the reigning deity in Pittsburgh was then Fritz Reiner, Maazel did not find his model until Reiner's departure for the Metropolitan (on the way to a memorable career in Chicago) brought on a series of guest conductors. One was Victor de Sabata, of whom Maazel has said: "He was the best conductor of his time." In the *second* lengthy article on Maazel published in the New York *Times* Sunday Magazine (September 30, 1962, twenty-one years after the first), Paul Moor quoted Maazel to the effect that de Sabata was the only conductor to exert a major influence on him.

By chance, I heard de Sabata for the first time during the same week—perhaps on the same day—that Maazel did. The tall, white-haired Italian had been invited to Pittsburgh, and a group of New York critics were brought out to hear his debut. They came, heard, and were subjugated—for the time, at least—by a program that began with Berlioz's *Carnival Romain* Overture, offered a splashy premiere of *Marinaresca e Baccanale* by Giorgio Ghedini (an Italian composer whose name disappeared from American programs when those of de Sabata and Guido Cantelli did), included the Franck Symphony, and ended with Ravel's *Boléro*—the last and loudest of the evening's four *fortissimo* endings.

At his New York debut with the New York Philharmonic in March 1950, de Sabata was cunningly characterized by Virgil Thomson as "what used to be called in horsy circles a great whip. Certainly he rode the orchestra hard and well, made it play soft and slow, loud and fast, stop dead in its tracks, change gaits, do everything but spell." As Thomson observed on later occasions, there were things that de Sabata did extremely well, and these included the Mozart Requiem (of which a recording, on Cetra-Soria, once circulated). But there is no doubt that he did best what he loved most: romping over the hills and frisking through the dells with an orchestra. Whether audiences took in the scenery or not hardly seemed important.

I will not undertake to beat Maazel with de Sabata's whip, but just as he has left behind the days when he would dash through a Met *Rosenkavalier* so fast that a famous Octavian (Risë Stevens) declined the honor of participating, so I would suggest that the time has come for him to shift his allegiance elsewhere. His winter season in New York with the Cleveland Orchestra brought us a splendid Beethoven *Egmont* Overture, a notable Strauss *Elektra*, and a not-so-splendid Mahler Seventh. But his tendency to move toward extremes also resulted in a lethargic *Kindertotenlieder* in which Christa Ludwig, who performs so nobly in this recording of *Roméo et Juliette* (to return to our starting point), was hard put to maintain her breath.

Unlike Colin Davis' *Romeo*, which assembles all the elements of Berlioz into a coherent whole, Maazel's is characterized by streaks of brilliance offset by periods of meditation; a steady pulse is wanting. The interpretation is, in more than a few respects, an *exaggeration* of the marvelous images in a work crowded with them, images that are already enough in themselves. In this very work, Shakespeare has Mercutio say ruefully of his wound: "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve." Maazel's treatment here is deeper than a well, it is wider than a church door, and therefore 'twill *not* serve.

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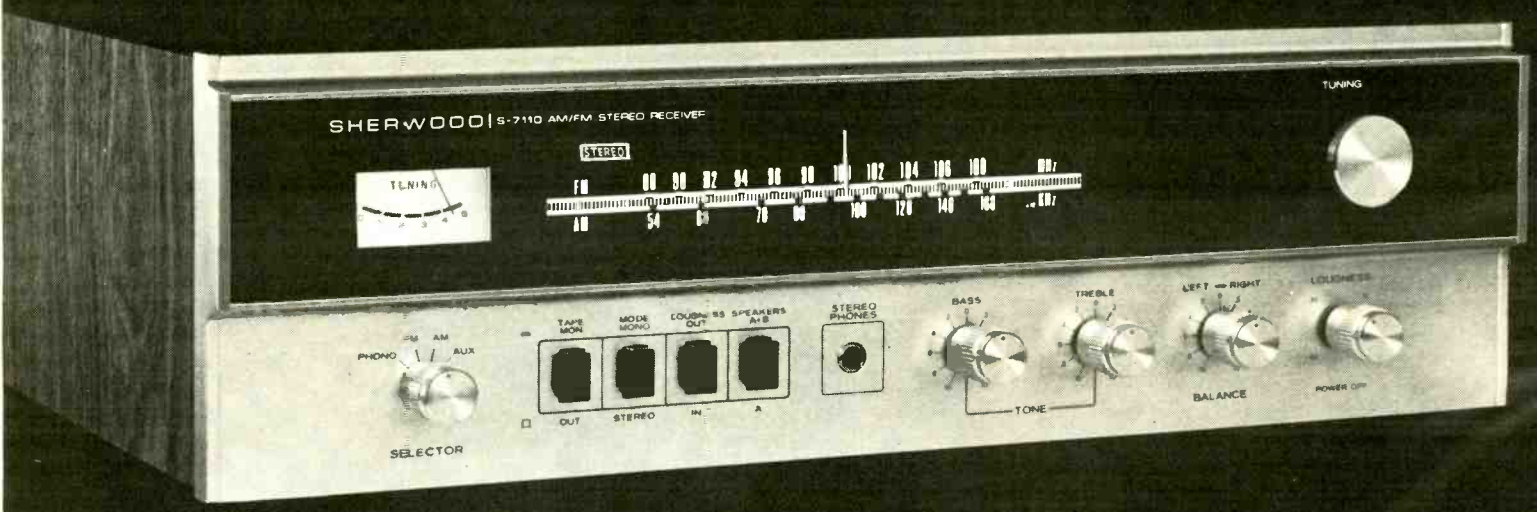

CIRCLE NO. 48 ON READER SERVICE CARD

CLASSICAL DISCS AND TAPES

Reviewed by RICHARD FREED • DAVID HALL • GEORGE JELLINEK • IGOR KIPNIS
PAUL KRESH • ERIC SALZMAN

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BERIO: *Differences; Sequenza III; Sequenza VII; Due Pezzi for Violin and Piano; Chamber Music.* Cathy Berberian (voice); Heinz Holliger (oboe); members of the Juilliard Ensemble, Luciano Berio cond. PHILIPS 6500 631 $7.98.

Performances: **Superb**
Recording: **Very good**

This is a collection of Luciano Berio's music ranging from 1951 to 1969. The Two Pieces for Violin and Piano are among Berio's earliest published pieces and suggest the kind of lyric modification of Bergian expressionism that was popular at the time in Italy and elsewhere. These rather neat and striking pieces were followed only two years later by the settings of three poems from James Joyce's *Chamber Music*, the first mildly Webernesque, the second a daring "monotone," and the third declamatory and coloristic but rhythmically traditional. *Differences*, written in 1968-1969 for five instruments and electronic tape, is full-blown Darmstadt serialism.

But the pieces that will attract the most attention here are the *Sequenza III*, written in 1965 for soloist Cathy Berberian, and *Sequenza VII*, written in 1969 for oboist Heinz Holliger. Both exploit the remarkable talents of their performers in striking ways. *Sequenza VII* uses a sustained B-natural as a pedal point dotted and diddled by elaborate oboe punctuation. *Sequenza III* is a rich and complex work—easily the most fascinating in the album—in which language, vocal sound, and ways of singing intersect with expressive states. It is extremely effective in this startling, virtuoso performance by Cathy Berberian, and why it isn't the featured work on the record I don't know; it is an earcatcher! *E.S.*

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The first listing is the one reviewed; other formats, if available, follow it.

BERLIOZ: *Symphonie Fantastique* **(see Best of the Month, page 86)**

BRAHMS: *Hungarian Dances, Nos. 1-21.* Györ Philharmonic Orchestra, János Sándor cond. HUNGAROTON LPX 11566 $6.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Good**

BRAHMS: *Hungarian Dances, Nos. 1-3, 5, 6, 10-21.* Prague Symphony Orchestra, Dean Dixon cond. SUPRAPHON 1 10 1206 $6.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Good**

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BRAHMS: *Hungarian Dances, Nos. 1-7, 10-12, 15, 17-21.* London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati cond. MERCURY SRI 75024 $6.98.

Performance: ***Sui generis***
Recording: **Good**

When Mercury began its "Golden Imports" reissue series last winter, I hoped Dorati's extraordinary recording of the Hungarian Dances would be given priority, for I had been foolish enough to let my flawed copy of ST 90154 go. Now that the reissue has materialized, I'm happy to report that my recollection was by no means exaggerated: these are fabulous performances—not gimmicked up in any way, but incomparably alive with the heady excitement generated by the combination of super-virtuosity and the most genuine enthusiasm on the part of the virtuosos. Dorati still speaks of how much he enjoyed making this record some seventeen or eighteen years ago, and the London Symphony must have relished it every bit as much; the orchestra is in fantastic form (with stunning individual contributions from Gervase de Peyer and Barry Tuckwell, who were principals at the time), and the sound is more than competitive with that of the more recent issues considered here. The dances are not performed in numerical order, incidentally, but in a sequence that makes for the most effective contrasts and climaxes.

János Sándor does follow strict numerical sequence, and he includes the five dances Dorati omitted; by any standards other than Dorati's, Sándor's is a satisfying account of the music, but, since there *is* the Dorati record, Sándor's can be recommended only to those who insist on having all twenty-one dances. Even in that regard, there are some frustrations involved: one is the omission of the little fanfare at the beginning of No. 7; the other is the substitution of new orchestrations by Gábor Darvas for those of Albert Parlow in Nos. 11-16 and those of Dvořák in the last five numbers. The Darvas settings are agreeable enough (they are not all that different, really), but Dvořák's hardly allowed for any improvement.

Dean Dixon sticks to Parlow and Dvořák, but the especially attractive Nos. 4 and 7 are among the dances he omits, and his readings in general are less persuasive than Sándor's,

let alone Dorati's. With the Dorati record back, and sounding better than when it was new, virtually *any* contender would be hopelessly outclassed. It is in no way belittling Dorati's achievements in the realm of Bartók, Haydn, or Tchaikovsky to suggest that there is no record in his vast discography more spectacularly satisfying than this one of the Hungarian Dances. *R.F.*

BRAHMS: *Piano Concerto No. 2, in B-flat Major, Op. 83.* Monique de la Bruchollerie (piano); Pro Musica Orchestra, Stuttgart, Rolf Reinhardt cond. EURODISC 87 430 XAK $7.98.

Performance: **Poetic**
Recording: **From 1952 mono original**

Monique de la Bruchollerie, who made a strong impression in her appearances in Boston and New York early in the 1950's (Irving Kolodin referred to her as "Monique de la Musique"), was one of the several unusually interesting pianists introduced on records by Vox during that decade. An automobile accident in Rumania in 1966 left her with injuries that prevented her from performing again, and she soon found herself virtually without income. A committee set up to help her prevailed upon Eurodisc to recirculate her recordings for the pianist's benefit; Vox contributed this and other recordings to that project, and at the same time made them available to Electrecord in Rumania for a similar purpose (it was in a Rumanian government car that Bruchollerie was injured). These arrangements were too late to benefit Bruchollerie, though, for she died in December 1972.

This recording of the Brahms B-flat Concerto was perhaps less well-known than those the pianist made of the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1, some Mozart concertos, and the Franck Symphonic Variations. It is a lyrical, aristocratic performance, frequently reaching a poetic level, and Reinhardt (whose brief memoir of the undertaking is printed on the jacket) came through at age twenty-five with the genuine distinction befitting such a partnership. I do not have a copy of the original recording (Vox PL-7950) for comparison, but the sound of the new release strikes me as failing to meet the generally high Vox standard of 1952. The obtrusive noise at the beginning of side one (like a train in a distant tunnel) and the blurred horn notes in the opening of the work may be results of the phony stereo processing—which, however, is otherwise quite well done; there are no disfigurements to mar side two, and the piano sound is pretty decent throughout. *R.F.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 2, in D Major, Op. 73; Alto Rhapsody, Op. 53.* Janet Baker (mezzo-soprano); London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Sir Adrian Boult cond. ANGEL S-37032 $5.98.

Performance: **First-rate**
Recording: **Very good**

Sir Adrian Boult's fine mono set of the four Brahms symphonies, released by Westminster in the Fifties, has long been unavailable. The present disc may indicate a new set in the making, and, however crowded the field may be, a recording by such an authoritative interpreter is always justified.

This is a solid, straightforward Brahms Second, firmly shaped but without rigidity. Unlike many other conductors, Sir Adrian repeats the first-movement exposition, but the constant forward motion of his pacing keeps the movement from seeming unduly long. His second movement is a relatively unsentimental *adagio non troppo* notable for textual clarity, and the third is appropriately lilting and graceful. For my taste, the finale does not quite move with the excitement toward which such a finely controlled interpretation should build, but the overall performance displays a maturity, sense of proportion, and delicacy of detail hard to find fault with.

The same elements go into the orchestral leadership of the Alto Rhapsody, in which Janet Baker sings the solo part with her customary dignity and self-effacing musicality. The music lies a bit low for her most effective range—the phrase "*Das Gras steht wieder auf*" calls for a truer contralto sonority—but the singing line is beautifully sustained and the text is enunciated with model clarity. The recorded sound is unspectacular but decent. *G.J.*

BRAHMS: *Tragic Overture* **(see The Basic Repertoire, page 61)**

BRITTEN: *Nocturne, Op. 60* **(see MAHLER)**

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BRUCH: *Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra, Op. 88a; Six Piano Pieces, Op. 12; Two Piano Pieces, Op. 14.* Martin Berkofsky and Nathan Twining (pianos); London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati cond. ANGEL S-36997 $5.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Good**

The strange story of the Two-Piano Concerto that Max Bruch composed in 1912 for the pioneering Baltimore duo-pianists Rose and Ottilie Sutro is recounted in some detail in the jacket notes accompanying this first recorded—and evidently first authentic—performance. It seems that when the Sutro sisters gave the music its world premiere with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra on December 29, 1916, they had altered the work considerably. Pianist Nathan Twining stumbled upon the music at a 1971 auction of Ottilie Sutro's effects, and, with several years of research and considerable foundation help, he restored the concerto to approximate as closely as possible what Bruch had originally written.

A major masterpiece this concerto is not, but its best pages—the extended polyphonic-textured introductory slow movement and much of the third-movement adagio—display the same lyrical Romantic impulse and effective command of material that accounts for the steadfast popularity of the G Minor Violin Concerto. Even with its occasional episodes of note-spinning and conventional rhetoric, I find the Two-Piano Concerto a decidedly more vital piece than the Op. 44 D Minor Violin Concerto recorded by Angel with Menuhin a year or so ago. The writing for the two pianos is skillful and effective, the orchestration amply rich, but whether the music will become part of the working concert repertoire remains to be seen. There are possibilities here, however, for the Romantic repertoire is virtually devoid of two-piano concertos.

In any event, the pianistic part of the recorded performance is effectively put across

(Continued on page 116)

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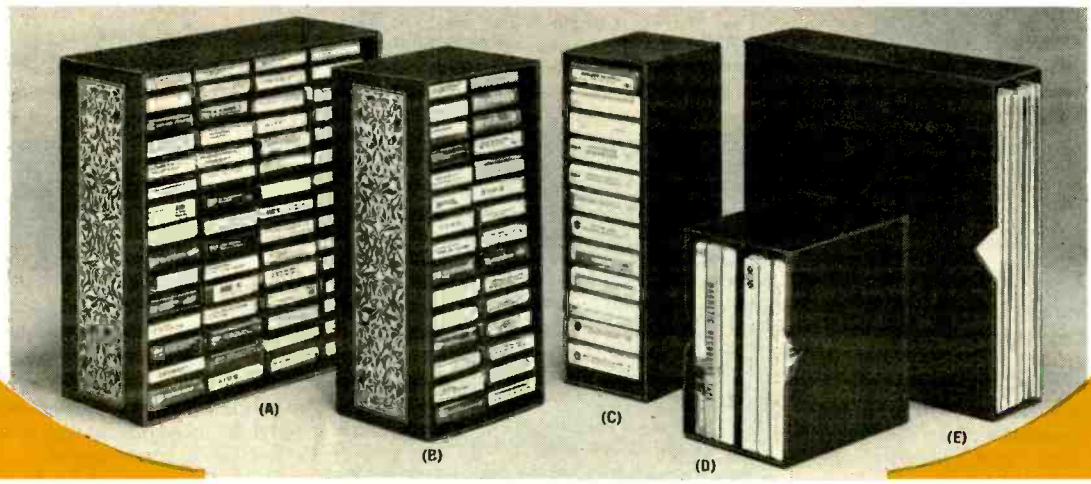

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by Berkofsky and Twining, and the orchestral work is handled with expertise and vitality by Maestro Dorati and the London Symphony. The whole is recorded with ample sonic body and good solo-ensemble balance.

The solo pieces from the Max Bruch Archive at the University of Cologne, neatly played by Mr. Berkofsky, are pleasant *morceaux* of minor moment; especially enjoyable are the charming waltz from Op. 12 and the zestful *Fantasiestück* from Op. 14. *D.H.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

CARTER: *String Quartet No. 2; String Quartet No. 3.* Juilliard Quartet. COLUMBIA ☐ MQ 32739 $7.98, M 32738 $6.98, [8] MAQ 32738 $8.98.

Performance: **Knockout**
Recording: **Excellent**

Since I have long been a fan of Elliott Carter's music and, in particular, of the Second String Quartet, I was happy finally to be able to catch up with his Third String Quartet, written in 1971 and a continuation of the remarkable series begun in 1959 with the Second Quartet. The Third Quartet is in many ways a simpler, even more original and more accessible exposition of Carter's basic ideas than its predecessor.

More than any other living composer, Carter was personally close to Charles Ives, and Carter's very sympathetic ideas about musicians' individuality and multiple time spaces—independent and yet related—are quite Ivesian. These ideas, combined with the vocabulary of expressionism and a virtuosic richness and fantasy, have produced a unique body of work.

In the Quartet No. 2, Carter individualized the four players and created a complex four-movement form out of the idea of the simultaneous coming together of the four separate ways. In the newer work, a simpler dialectic prevails—violin and cello versus violin and viola. One pair expresses itself in a four-movement scheme (*Furioso, Leggerissimo, Andante espressivo,* and *Giocoso,* all in a free, intense, rubato style) while the other duo stays in strict time (*Maestoso, Grazioso, Pizzicato giusto meccanico, Scorrevole, Largo tranquillo, Appassionata*). This contrast, unlike some of the more involved individualities of the Second Quartet, is nearly always apparent. The Second Quartet, for all its tremendous dynamism, seems more conversational and lyric, while the new work takes on a genuinely dramatic form. Carter's music is hardly "easy listening," but I think the Third Quartet's dramatic planes and juxtapositions, its virtuosic writing for strings, and, without any elaborate use of unusual playing techniques, its imaginative play of color and line, all suggest an excellent place to start listening to the music of one of our most important composers.

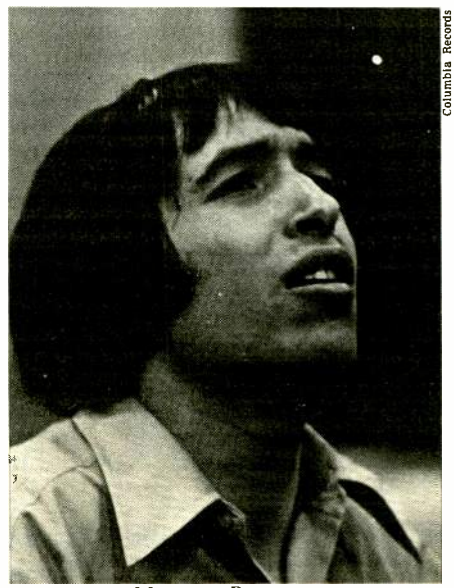
Both of these quartets had their premieres at the immensely skillful hands of the Juilliard Quartet, which is closely identified with Carter and his music. This is the third recording (or is it the fourth?) of the Second Quartet and the second by the Juilliard. Part of the logic behind a new version is, of course, quadraphonic recording. No music was ever more obviously destined for four channels than this work, although the technique certainly suits the Third Quartet as well. In compliance with the nature of the music, *and* with the composer's directions, the Columbia recording separates the instrumentalists spatially to a far greater degree than we normally expect in a quartet recording. It sounds terrific. But don't despair if you have only two channels to play with. It sounds fine that way too. *E.S.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

CHOPIN: *Sonata No. 2, in B-flat Minor, Op. 35; Sonata No. 3, in B Minor, Op. 58.* Murray Perahia (piano). COLUMBIA M 32780 $6.98.

Performance: **Superb**
Recording: **Excellent**

I didn't care that much for Murray Perahia's recorded Schumann, but it gives me pleasure to say that his Chopin is just great. Perahia thinks big, and largeness of scale is exactly what this music needs; it is only too easy to get lost in a mass of expressive detail and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MURRAY PERAHIA
No sentimental detail in his Chopin

accuse Chopin of being unable to compose in large forms. Not true, as Perahia points out in his excellent liner notes. And he makes the point even more effectively in his own brilliant playing.

Largeness of scale does not mean rhetoric. On the contrary, Perahia's approach is essentially simple, even delicate. His command of technique is effortless, never showy. His timing is perfect; after technique, timing is the most essential factor here. Perahia knows how to make the music bend and flow in an expressive manner that reinforces the large form and never bogs down in sentimental detail. The word "aristocratic" has been applied to this kind of playing, but that makes it sound stand-offish, snobby, and off-putting, which it is not. What it has is a kind of masterly simplicity that never forces its points. Yet there is a certain showmanship, too, and it is this combination of thoughtfulness and extroversion that is so appealing.

At least one person who listened to this recording thought that the piano sound was brittle, but I like its clarity. Indeed, I think it is on all counts an exceptionally well made recording. *E.S.*

DEBUSSY: *Orchestral Music, Volume I. La Mer; Prélude à l-Après-midi d'un Faune; La Plus Que Lente, Valse; Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien (excerpts); Le Triomphe de Bacchus; Music for King Lear (Fanfare, Le Sommeil de Lear); Marche Écossaise; La Boîte à Joujoux; Cortège et Air de Danse, from L'Enfant Prodigue; Berceuse Héroïque. Orchestral Music, Volume II. Jeux, Poème Dansé; Nocturnes (Nuages, Fêtes, Sirènes); Khamma, Ballet; Printemps, Symphonic Suite; Images pour Orchestre (Gigues, Ibéria, Rondes de Printemps).* Jacques Navadic (narrator, in *Saint Sébastien*); Psallette de Lorraine Vocal Ensemble (in *Saint Sébastien* and *Sirènes*); Katerina Zlatnikova (cimbalom, in *La Plus Que Lente*); Orchestra of Radio Luxembourg, Louis de Froment cond. Vox SVBX 5127 and 5128, three discs each, $9.95 each.

Performance: **Alert**
Recording: **Adequate to good**

Vox deserves credit for the idea behind these two sets, for here is a substantially complete survey of Debussy's orchestral output at a budget price, and the music is performed tastefully and for the most part with alertness and style. The problem is not so much with the packages themselves, but with the stiffness of the competition and the likelihood of duplication. The really well-known pieces are available in virtuoso performances under virtuoso conductors in both full- and budget-price recordings. Indeed, the Ansermet performance in the London Stereo Treasury series includes even the lesser-known *Khamma* and *Boîte à Joujoux*, as well as a goodly share of the familiar masterpieces.

I would recommend the Vox Volume I as having the least overlap with existing recordings, including as it does first recordings of Debussy's own orchestration of the parodistic *La Plus Que Lente* (with a cimbalom part that anticipated by some eight years Stravinsky's use of the Hungarian instrument in his *Ragtime for Eleven Instruments*), the very early and brief *Triomphe de Bacchus*, and the surviving *King Lear* music, as well as excellent performances of the delightful *Marche Écossaise* and *La Boîte à Joujoux*. Except for a somewhat obtrusive microphoning of the narrator's voice in the early sections of *Saint Sébastien* and a lack of ultimate power and virtuosity in *La Mer*, I find this package offers good value in terms of musical interest and recorded performance. Volume II contains a pleasingly lean treatment of *Jeux*, Debussy's fascinating "action music" for Nijinsky, but most of the contents of this album are overshadowed by competitive recordings, including budget-price versions by Ansermet and Stokowski. *D.H.*

DONIZETTI: *Il Furioso all'Isola di Santo Domingo.* Rita Talarico (soprano), Eleonora; Gianluigi Colmagro (baritone), Cardenio; Veriano Luchetti (tenor), Fernando; Lilia Reyes (soprano), Marcella; Renato Borgato (baritone), Bartolomeo; Charles Williams (baritone), Kaidamà. Coro "Oratorio SS. Stimmate," Rome; Orchestra of the Teatro Verdi di Trieste, Bruno Campanella cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1543/44 two discs $7.00 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Semiprofessional**
Recording: **Ditto**

This strange opera comes from Donizetti's most astonishingly prodigious period, the years 1832-1833 in which no less than eleven

(Continued on page 119)

of his operas were produced, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Maria Stuarda* among them. The musical inspiration in *Il Furioso* is often felicitous enough to recall these superior scores, but the opera as a whole is not successful. Its intriguing subject—a temporarily deranged man in bitter self-exile among the natives on the "exotic" island of Santo Domingo—is compromised by a libretto of singular ineptitude.

Although the notes accompanying this album include important details of the opera's past history, they inexplicably fail to reveal that this is a live performance originating from a recent Spoleto Festival (a taped rehearsal, perhaps, because the attendance appears to be small). Among the singers, tenor Luchetti discloses a voice of quality. The title role (Cardenio) is effectively conceived, and it is easy to imagine that in the hands of the famous Giorgio Ronconi, who was its first interpreter, it really amounted to something, but Gianluigi Colmagro only halfway meets the role's demands. The other singers range from barely adequate to downright bad.

It is hard to judge an opera fairly on the basis of such a recording. The sound quality is amateurish, with inconsistent audio levels and poor balances. Sonically it rates with the less successful pirate efforts. Still, this is the only recording of *Il Furioso* commercially available, and those not discouraged by so many shortcomings may wish to acquire it as an interesting curio. *G.J.*

DVOŘÁK: *Quintet in A Major for Piano and Strings, Op. 81; Quintet in E-flat Major for Strings, Op. 97.* Stephen Bishop (piano); members of the Berlin Philharmonic Octet. PHILIPS 6500 363 $7.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Variable**

DVOŘÁK: *Quartet in F Major, Op. 96 ("American"); Quintet in E-flat Major for Strings, Op. 97.* Budapest String Quartet; Walter Trampler (viola). COLUMBIA ☐ MQ 32792 $7.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Variable**

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

DVOŘÁK: *Nocturne in B Major, Op. 40; Ballade in D Minor, Op. 15; Slavonic Dance in E Minor, Op. 46, No. 2; Mazurek in E Minor, Op. 49; Sonata in F Major, Op. 57; Romantic Pieces, Op. 75; Sonatina in G Major, Op. 100; Humoresque in G Major, Op. 101, No. 7.* Josef Suk (violin); Alfred Holeček (piano). SUPRAPHON MS111 1311/2 two discs $13.96.

Performance: **Superb**
Recording: **Perfect**

Of the five relatively substantial works that are performed on these discs, three date from Dvořák's American sojourn. Indeed, it is fascinating to hear the *American* Quartet, the E-flat String Quintet, and the Violin Sonatina successively, for these and the *New World* Symphony were woven of the same basic musical fabric, and Dvořák interchanged and transformed characteristic figurations and intervals as he used them in one or another of these pieces.

By all odds the most successful of the three releases under review here is the two-disc survey of Dvořák's violin-and-piano works by Czech virtuoso Josef Suk with the expert keyboard collaboration of Alfred Holeček. Although Dvořák's violin-piano *oeuvre* is not quite the equal, in substance and interest, of the bigger ensemble works of his mature years, there are delights and fascinations aplenty in this album. The F Major Sonata, for one, should certainly be heard in concert more often. The zest of this is irresistible, and, for all its Brahmsian overtones, the slow movement is a treasure. The Op. 100 Sonatina has been dismissed as a negligible bit from the American years, but, on its own terms, and especially in as good a performance as this one, the piece stands up very well indeed. As for the smaller works, the *Mazurek* is a delectable first cousin to the *Slavonic Dances* composed at about the same time, the D Minor Ballade—a work of 1884 despite its early opus number—comes across with an effectively brooding, narrative quality, and the four *Romantic Pieces* are pleasingly melodic and beautifully written. No comment is necessary on the popular E Minor *Slavonic Dance* and the *Humoresque*, save that these recorded performances are ideal in their zest, lyrical feeling, and freedom from sentimentality. The recorded sound throughout is a model of its kind. The American and West European engineers who produced the new Columbia and Philips Dvořák discs could do worse than to learn a few things from Supraphon about chamber-music recording balance.

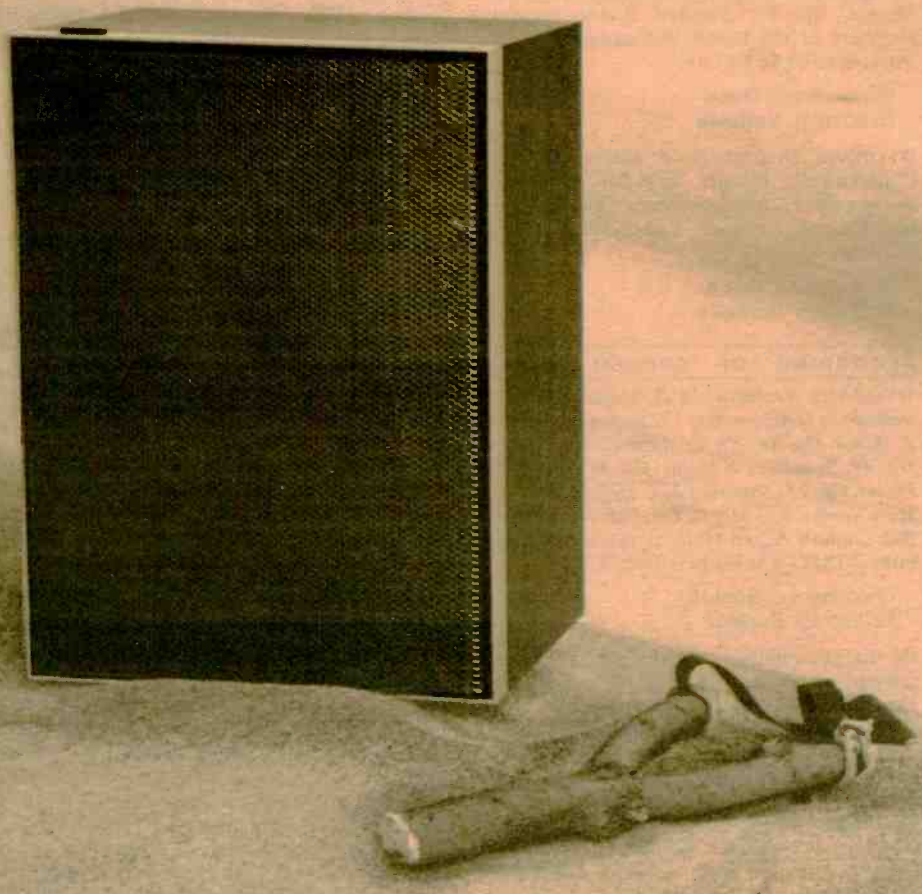
The Dvořák A Major Piano Quintet, one of the loveliest masterpieces of the genre, has not fared well in stereo in my own listening experience, though I might conceivably change my mind upon hearing the London recording with Curzon or the Vanguard recording with Peter Serkin. As far as I am concerned, though, despite the excellence of the performance, this Philips release does little to remedy the situation, since, to my ears, the strings are drastically out of focus relative to the piano. In any event, my fine old mono Supraphon disc with Jan Panenka and the Smetana Quartet provides me with a far more satisfying sound and at least equally splendid musicianship. The Op. 97 Quintet fares better on the Philips disc. The strong presence is good and in proper balance, the performance warm and lively.

The *American* Quartet marked the recording valedictory of the Budapest String Quartet, which over a period of some forty years (with inevitable changes in personnel) contributed to the heritage of recorded performances some of its greatest treasures. This final Budapest recording for Columbia was made in the middle Sixties, at about the same time as the Op. 97 String Quintet with which it is paired here. However, the latter work has been available since 1967.

As performances, both Budapest renditions are splendid in their zest and lyrical intensity. Compared with the Berlin Octet members on Philips, the Budapest takes a more intensely expressive view of the Quintet, especially the slow movement. I find the Quintet side sonically better than the *American* Quartet recording, which is bitterly disappointing in its wiry sound. Those who own playback equipment with provision for a mid-range cut will find, I believe, a substantial adjustment necessary to bring the balance to a point where aural fatigue will not result. It seems to me that a new, re-equalized tape-to-disc mastering is in order here. As for the quadraphonic remix (this from a tape not made with four-channel reproduction in mind), I don't find that the added rear-speaker ambiance adds greatly to

(Continued on page 124)

MEET DAVID



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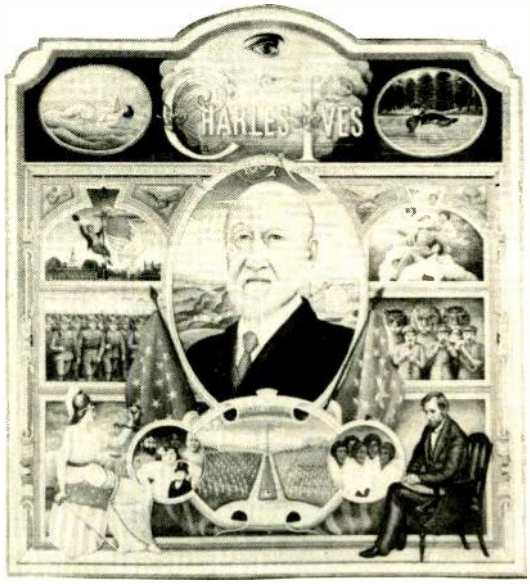

CHARLES IVES

A centennial keepsake album from Columbia

Reviewed by Eric Salzman

CHARLES IVES, the untutored Grandma Moses of American music, lived in a log cabin in the snowy New England woods hard by Walden Pond where, in splendid primitive isolation, he invented avant-garde music years before anyone else even thought of it. Right? Wrong!

Charles Ives in fact came from the New England industrial town of Danbury. His father was a professional musician and musical experimenter, and Charles was trained professionally from an early age. But he was something of a musical prodigy, and was therefore sent off to Yale to study with the leading academician (Horatio Parker) of the day. The major part of his creative life was spent in New York City, where he had his insurance offices and his residence. He was actually the last representative of a great tradition of American music of which he was also, apart from his father, the only member.

Of course, the *real* tradition out of which Ives came was another America entirely, and Ives looked back to that America quite as much as he looked forward to new music. Everything in his experience was grist for his creative mill; nothing human, if you will pardon the commonplace, was alien to him. Ironically, it is only in recent years, with the advent of recording technology (a subject in which Ives took no particular interest), that the rest of the world has come around to the—shall we say—"global-village" point of view that Ives so clearly prophesied.

It was inevitable that, in spite of the still-substantial mythology, Ives would come to be seen and heard in relation to his past as much as to his future. And, indeed, here we are, arrived at the Ives centennial, with a gorgeous four- (actually five-) disc Old Americana set from Columbia: Ives, Nostalgia, and the Good Old Days all rolled into one. Ironically, and with considerable speed, Ives has now passed beyond (?) being the daring iconoclast and avant-gardist and has entered safely into the realm of fond remembrance.

Well, Ives is big enough to take it. We *need* forebears, and Ives is a good one to have. We need a tradition too, and Ives was thoughtful enough to have created one—or part of one, at any rate—singlehandedly. And we need an affirmation of individualism and basic humanity against an often overwhelming technological mass culture; Ives affirms this for us as well. We once were good, the land was good, our people had high ideals, and a spontaneous culture was part of their lives. Music was something strong, life-affirming, and fun to listen to or take part in. We had songs and choruses and instruments (bands, of course, and once in a while even a big orchestra), and if anyone felt like jumping up and joining in, that was fine too.

Of course, this vision of life and art was really only in the imagination, but that was a fine—indeed, the best—place for it to be. Ives composed not so much individual works of art in the old, European sense as a continuous, ongoing stream of music, parts of which have coalesced—they sometimes seem still to be coalescing—into separate, performable pieces of music.

When Ives left Yale and came to New York, he had a big, rather conventional religious cantata (*The Celestial Country*) in his pocket. It was performed in 1902 at the Central Presbyterian Church, where he was organist for a number of years (with double irony, this church, recently torn down, was only a block from Carnegie Hall, just opposite the modern tower of Mutual of New York, the insurance company Ives' agency is reported to have written $450 million worth of business with). In spite of its skillful pieties—it is really very well written in the vein of his teacher Horatio Parker—Ives' cantata was not taken terribly seriously. "Serious" cultural life in America in 1902 must have been a perfectly dreadful round of tea parties, Central European accents, wealthy matrons, and ruthless social climbers. Ives went into business because he wanted nothing to do with that hothouse world and preferred to live his life among—as he called them—"real people." It was perfectly obvious that if *The Celestial Country* could not be taken seriously, the kind of strong, personal, traditional-untraditional music he was already writing would never interest the American musical establishment for a moment (the old hymn tunes, in fact, upset them as much as the dissonances). Ives went into insurance—it was something he believed in. He was the most creative figure in the history of the field, he made a great deal of money at it, and it permitted him to write whatever music he damn pleased.

It is fascinating to hear *The Celestial Country* in its entirety even if it occupies a disproportionate share (one and a half sides) of this set. Except for some doubtfully dissonant organ passages—the organ part was reconstructed by John Kirkpatrick—the music is entirely Victorian in sentiment.

What a shock it is, then, to hear the big, massive, thoroughly Ivesian choral sermons that follow the cantata! Or, still more startling, to pick up the fourth disc and hear Ives on Ives. For, indeed, on three or four occasions Ives recorded his own music—once at the Columbia studios in London in 1933 and twice in New York in 1938 and 1943. Ives was not in good health in his later years, and his creative prime was long past. But, by and large, these scratchy recordings have the kind of astounding vigor that gives a very good idea not only of how he wanted his music performed, but of his ideas of what music and life itself were about. There are excerpts, fragments, and improvisations in and around the *Concord* Sonata which suggest that the published versions of that piece were simply snapshots of the way he played the piece at a particular time. Music was, for Ives, part of life's general experience, always, in effect, in the process of becoming. There are a couple of marches, three improvisations, several "studies" (including *The Anti-Abolitionist Riots*), and, best of all, *They Are There*, his World War II updating of a World War I song that simply must be heard to be believed. I will say no more.

THE first record of the set consists of previously issued recordings and includes some of the great Ives favorites: the *America* Variations played by E. Power Biggs, *The Fourth of July* and the *The Unanswered Question* with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, and one of Ives' unquestioned masterpieces, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*, in a version for chorus and orchestra by Ives' contemporary, John J. Becker. All of these earlier performances and recordings hold up very well indeed.

Helen Boatwright and John Kirkpatrick have both been closely identified with Ives for many years and have recorded Ives' songs before. The collection here—the third disc—is entirely new, and many of the songs have not been recorded before. The heart of Ives' work can be found in his songs, and the twenty-five examples recorded are not

only representative, but astonishing in their range and variety. I find Helen Boatwright a bit too "cultured" in her singing (a common problem: we do not yet have an American solo *singing* style comparable to the American instrumental and choral style that makes such a fine effect in most of these works). In every other respect, however, technical and musical, these are excellent performances.

There is a fifth, bonus record in the set: recollections of Ives by people who knew him—relatives, old friends, business associates, and musicians, including John Kirkpatrick, Elliott Carter, Lehman Engel, Bernard Herrmann, and Nicolas Slonimsky. It is effectively produced by Leroy Parkins and Vivian Perlis in the form of a sound documentary. There is a rather elaborate illustrated booklet that suffers only from not being as informationally useful as it might have been—for example, most of the song texts have been omitted. In brief, this set is a kind of Ives potpourri, half documentation, half reissue, one-third Victorian sentiment, one-third new material, two-fifths sheer genius, and at least three-quarters brilliantly realized. Don't try to add it all up—you never can with Ives—just take it in.

IVES: *The Fourth of July; The Unanswered Question.* New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein cond. ***Hymn.*** New York String Quartet; Alvin Brehm (double bass). ***The Pond.*** Chamber orchestra, Gunther Schuller cond. ***General William Booth Enters into Heaven; The Circus Band; The Celestial Country.*** Archie Drake (bass in *General Booth* and *Circus Band*); Gregg Smith Singers; Columbia Chamber Orchestra, Gregg Smith cond. ***Variations on "America."*** E. Power Biggs (organ). ***In Flanders Field.*** Thomas Stewart (baritone); Alan Mandel (piano). ***Majority; They Are There; An Election; Lincoln, the Great Commoner.*** Gregg Smith Singers; Ithaca College Concert Choir; American Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, cond. ***Twenty-five Songs:*** *Slow March; Canon; There is a Certain Garden; Judge's Walk; No More; The New River; The Side Show; West London; Luck and Work; The One Way; Peaks; Yellow Leaves; A Sea Dirge; Widmung; Feldeinsamkeit; Resolution; Pictures; Mists; Incantation; September; The Sea of Sleep; Requiem; The Things Our Fathers Loved; Old Home Day; Down East.* Helen Boatwright (soprano); John Kirkpatrick (piano). ***Second Piano Sonata, "Concord, Mass., 1840-1860" (excerpts, fragments, transcriptions, and improvisations); Improvisation on Themes from the Second Symphony; March No. 6 in G Major and D Major; Improvisations X, Y, and Z; Study No. 9, The Anti-Abolitionist Riots; Study No. 11; Fragments from Studies Nos. 20 and 23.*** Charles Ives (piano). ***They Are There.*** Charles Ives (vocals and piano). "Charles Ives Remembered," reminiscences by Chester Ives, John Kirkpatrick, Lehman Engel, A. J. "Babe" LePine, Julian Myrick, Charles Buesing, Bernard Herrmann, George Tyler, Watson Washburn, Bigelow Ives, Mrs. George F. Roberts, Richard Ives, Elliott Carter, Mary Howard, Goddard Lieberson, Nicolas Slonimsky, George F. Roberts, Jerome Moross, Amelia Van Wyck, Brewster Ives. COLUMBIA M4 32504, four discs plus bonus disc $27.98.

the listening experience, though in a small living room it might make a more noticeable difference. *D.H.*

RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT

ELGAR: *Falstaff, Symphonic Study, Op. 68; Cockaigne Overture, Op. 40.* London Philharmonic Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim cond. COLUMBIA M 32599 $6.98, ☐ MQ 32599 $7.98.

ELGAR: *Symphony No. 1, in A-flat Major, Op. 55.* London Philharmonic Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim cond. COLUMBIA M 32807 $6.98, ☐ MQ 32807 $7.98.

Performances: **Persuasive**
Recordings: **First-rate**

Daniel Barenboim's recent Elgar Second left me unsatisfied, for all its brilliance, but all three of the performances on these two new discs are persuasive ones indeed. Barenboim's concept of the First Symphony is very near that of Sir Adrian Boult, which means it is nearly ideal, and the new Columbia recording is much better sonically than Sir Adrian's version with the London Philharmonic on MHS 1285 (Boult's Elgar First is about the only Lyrita-derived recording I can think of which is unsatisfying in that respect, and it does matter in this work). Barenboim is a bit more expansive than Boult in the slow movement, but, like him, strikes a nice balance between the very slow first movement of Barbirolli on Seraphim S-60068 and the relatively zippy one conducted by Solti on London CS 6789. I'm aware that Solti's tempos are almost identical with Elgar's own, but I suspect Elgar himself would have been the first to insist that other conductors needn't feel rigidly bound by his timings; so vast a symphonic structure can surely sustain this much flexibility of approach, and there is much to enjoy in all four of the interpretations mentioned here. Although I'd be quite happy with either Solti or Barenboim, I find more wit in Barenboim's very infectious handling of the scherzo, and his version is the only one so far issued in quadraphonic.

The *Falstaff*/*Cockaigne* disc is even more attractive. I still favor Barbirolli's *Cockaigne* on Angel S-36120, one of the most stunning items in his entire discography. Barenboim's hasn't quite the swaggering brio one feels in Barbirolli's, but it's a very close runner-up, and the new *Falstaff* is a good deal more effective than the Barbirolli version packaged with the Second Symphony in Seraphim set SIB-6033. All the drama, subtlety, humor, and compassion of this masterly score—almost certainly Elgar's orchestral masterpiece—are projected with a firm and loving hand, the London Philharmonic is in splendid form, and Columbia's English recording team has done a first-rate job. *R.F.*

GINASTERA: *String Quartet No. 2.* STRAVINSKY: *Three Pieces for String Quartet; Concertino for String Quartet.* Juilliard Quartet. COLUMBIA M 32809 $6.98.

Performance: **The best**
Recording: **Very good**

This record might have been subtitled "The Counterpoint-less Quartet" or "Strings as Rhythm Instruments." The string quartet is traditionally *the* contrapuntal chamber-music medium, but not here.

Stravinsky wrote his curious little string quartet pieces in 1914, and they are like chips off the workshop bench—the work on the bench being *The Rite of Spring*. It may be hard to imagine *Sacre*-type music in a string-quartet setting, but the static, rhythmic qualities combined with bits and pieces of modal melody suggest nothing else but that larger masterpiece. The Concertino was written a few years later, and, although it has some of the same elements as the Three Pieces, it shows the nascent influence of neo-Classicism in its larger time scale and more rounded formal shape. It is in fact also a bit enigmatic, but after the Three Pieces it seems like traditional music.

Alberto Ginastera's Second String Quartet belongs to that larger and largely forgotten genre of Bartókiana that dominated new music in the 1940's and 1950's. (I myself wrote a String Quartet that is so much like this one that I would say that I must have been influenced by it if not for the fact that mine was written earlier.) This is an energetic and imaginative example of the genre, particularly striking in its inner movements: two expressive slow movements with lots of effective solo writing surrounding a *presto magico* (reminiscent of that other great influence of the period, Alban Berg) that is full of coloristic fantasy.

The Juilliard Quartet is, of course, famous for its Bartók—not to mention its Berg, etc.—and it is obviously the perfect choice to interpret these pieces. They are well recorded. *E.S.*


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RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

KALLIWODA: *Symphony No. 1, in F Minor, Op. 7.* TOMASEK: *Piano Concerto in C Major, Op. 18.* Petr Toperczer (piano); Prague Symphony Orchestra, Jindrich Rohan cond. CANDIDE CE 31073 $3.98.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Very good**

Violinist-composer Johann Wenzel Kalliwoda (1801-1866) began his career in his native Prague but spent thirty years as director of Prince Fürstenberg's orchestra in the southwestern German town of Donaueschingen, from where he eventually retired to Karlsruhe in 1853. His 1826 Symphony in F Minor, the first of his seven symphonies (he also wrote operas, Masses, concertos, and a fair amount of chamber music), reveals its composer as an exceptionally fecund melodist. Quite typical of its time, the work has an occasionally brooding, darkly Romantic character, and displays an obvious sense of form and classical construction with some preference for canonic writing. There are many resemblances to contemporary and past composers: Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Beethoven, Haydn (the slow introduction), Mozart, and perhaps most often Schumann, who dedicated his Op. 4 Intermezzi to Kalliwoda. This symphony is, I think, a very good work, one that I want to hear again, and it makes me curious about the composer's other works.

Indeed, I wish this recording contained more Kalliwoda instead of the thematically less interesting piano concerto by his older compatriot Jan Vaclav Tomasek (1774-1850). Tomasek worked most of his life in Prague and was influenced at first by Mozart and subsequently by Beethoven, as is readily apparent in his only piano concerto. It is a well-made but harmonically unadventurous piece, and there is nothing especially exciting about the solo writing either.

The performances on both sides are of generally high caliber. Petr Toperczer displays a remarkably warm and sensitive touch in the piano concerto, and the orchestral playing, except perhaps for a slightly wiry quality in the strings in the Tomasek, is quite satisfactory, as is the sound reproduction. *I.K.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

LAMBERT: *The Rio Grande.* Christina Ortiz (piano); Jean Temperley (mezzo-soprano); London Madrigal Singers; London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn cond. **WALTON: *Symphony No. 2; Portsmouth Point Overture; Scapino Overture.*** London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn cond. ANGEL S-37001 $5.98.

Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **Good**

The totally unexpected appearance of *The Rio Grande* brings back such a swirl of vibrant memories that I am tempted to digress for several pages on the phenomenon that was Constant Lambert—not a Frenchman, despite the way numerous radio announcers pronounce his name, but one of England's most significant musical figures throughout the second quarter of this century. As a conductor, especially of ballet music, he operated on a very exalted level and was one of the prime movers in the creation of the Sadler's Wells Ballet (which became, after his death, the Royal Ballet). His 1934 book *Music Ho!* ("A Study of Music in Decline") may contain some thoughts with which one cannot fully agree in the 1970's, but it is all written with such enthusiasm, involvement, and urgency that one is swept along with it still (the section on Chabrier alone would make it a treasure). Lambert's edition of the Boyce symphonies may have watered them down a bit, as we know now, but they did keep the music alive—and his arrangement of material from them for the ballet *The Prospect Before Us* was a splendid job. *Music Ho!* has been, confoundingly, out of print for at least two decades now, none of Lambert's own recordings survive, and his name has not been in the composer section of Schwann for a dozen

years or more. Of all his works, it is *The Rio Grande*, composed in 1927 when he was only twenty-two, that is the most intriguing.

The Rio Grande of the title is not the river that separates our country from Mexico, but the Amazon, as celebrated in a poem by Sacheverell Sitwell. Lambert set the poem for alto voice, chorus, piano, and an orchestra that omits woodwinds but includes both cornets and trumpets as well as a huge percussion battery requiring five players (but used with extraordinary delicacy). One may hear something of Gershwin in it, as one may seem to hear echoes of Milhaud's *Saudades*, but such resemblances are overwhelmed by the exuberant originality of the work.

André Previn's service to English music has been as meritorious as it is (for a non-Briton) unprecedented, and it was probably on his initiative that *The Rio Grande* was recorded. The whole disc was made, as was the Tippett Third Symphony under Colin Davis on Philips, under the sponsorship of the Rupert Foundation, which seems determined to use its funds in the most imaginative and welcome of musical projects. Lambert himself conducted the original recording of *The Rio Grande* in 1928, and his postwar remake with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, circulated here in the early 1950's, had a crispness and immediacy—a period aura—that one simply cannot expect to be fully recaptured now. Compared with that performance, the Previn version may seem to soften a few corners and even show some selfconsciousness over the period-piece jazz in the score (there is less spontaneity and snap in the piano part, certainly), but in its own right it is excellent.

Angel's presentation is a bit less than that, I'm afraid. The text of the Sitwell poem is not given, and the notes do not even identify the river—except obliquely, in the single quoted passage's reference to "the soft Brazilian air," which can only further confuse those unfamiliar with the poem. The sound too, is a little mushy.

The Rio Grande takes up only the second half of side two here, but it is my main reason for recommending the record. Walton's Second Symphony is a much less interesting work than his very substantial First, but Previn makes a stronger case for it than any I've heard before (though the symphony side of the disc was marred by an obtrusively crunchy surface on both copies I heard). The rumbustious *Portsmouth Point*, roughly contemporaneous with the Lambert work, has not been available on records for some time: Previn does both overtures to a turn, his performances comparing well with Walton's own recordings of them. *R.F.*

LISZT: *Héroïde Funèbre (Symphonic Poem No. 8); Mephisto Waltz No. 1; Prometheus (Symphonic Poem No. 5).* London Philharmonic Orchestra, Bernard Haitink cond. PHILIPS 6500 190 $7.98.

LISZT: *Festklänge (Symphonic Poem No. 7); Die Ideale (Symphonic Poem No. 12).* London Philharmonic Orchestra, Bernard Haitink cond. PHILIPS 6500 191 $7.98.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Good**

These two discs represent the only portions of Haitink's five-record set of all the Liszt symphonic poems which had not been released individually until now, and all four of the symphonic poems offered here are works which are not available in any other recorded versions at present. *Prometheus* is the most interesting of the lot, as well as the shortest, but the others are well worth getting to know. When the big set came out, two years ago, it was welcomed more enthusiastically for making all the material available than for Haitink's performances, some of which were regarded as tidy rather than exciting; continued exposure, however, only enhances one's respect for the Dutch conductor's sound musicianship, for his interpretations have a staying power beyond that of some that are more overtly demonstrative, and they continue to disclose new elements in the music. The *Mephisto* Waltz really is on the tame side, but then everyone is likely to have a couple of other versions of that piece already; here it is simply a thoughtful filler in a package literally unique in its appeal. *R.F.*

MAHLER: *Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen.* BRITTEN: *Nocturne, Op. 60.* Robert Tear (tenor); Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner cond. ARGO ZRG 737 $6.98.

Performance: **Pretty good**
Recording: **Clear**

I count myself a great admirer of Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and I am glad that they have decided to widen their view to include more than the eighteenth-century music that made them

famous. However, though these performances of Mahler and Britten song cycles are commendable, they do not strike me as their very best work.

Part of the problem is that I am not altogether fond of the vocal qualities of Robert Tear. He is a very "artistic" singer with a robust, baritonish (*heldentenor*-ish?) voice; there is a Fischer-Dieskau quality and a Fischer-Dieskau tendency to overemphasize—but with a very English, highly cultivated character that does not appeal to me. Part of this is the vibrato, part a very elegant tendency to roll around vowel sounds like the proverbial hot potato. Moreover, Marriner and the orchestra, while skillful, do not quite achieve that sense of reckless abandon, ecstasy, or grief that Mahler seems to demand.

The Britten, dedicated to Alma Mahler, is an interesting and often beautiful cycle of night poems which comes off more successfully; its series of instrumental solos is particularly attractive. Even so, there is an awkward tape splice and a bit of a sense of unfulfillment. There are many good things about this record, but it just does not meet the high standards these performers have set for themselves. *E.S.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MASSENET: ***Thérèse.*** Huguette Tourangeau (mezzo-soprano), Thérèse; Ryland Davies (tenor), Armand de Clerval; Louis Quilico (baritone), André Thorel; Neilson Taylor (baritone), Morel; Ian Calley (tenor), First Officer; Alan Opie (baritone), Second Officer; Linden Singers; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Richard Bonynge cond. LONDON AOSA 1165 $6.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Good**

Twenty-eight operas document the ability of Jules Massenet (1842-1912). But, except for *Manon* (1884), *Werther* (1892), *Thaïs* (1894), and perhaps *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame* (1902), his impressive output has faded into oblivion. And even Massenet partisans tend to dismiss the operas of his final years.

The enterprise and dedication of Richard Bonynge may now lead toward a re-examination of these attitudes. Before us is *Thérèse*, completed in 1906, premièred in Monte Carlo the following year, introduced in Paris in 1911, and apparently embalmed since 1930. It is a tightly constructed love triangle in two acts, set against the bloody background of the French Revolution. In his characteristic fashion, Massenet emphasizes the passion of his love music, but the harsher elements suggestive of the Revolution are skillfully woven into the musical fabric. The melodic inspiration is quite strong and varied, the diverse elements are handled with subtlety and sophistication, and Massenet's old mastery of creating atmosphere reasserts itself time and again.

The well-judged pacing and sensitively balanced orchestral textures provided by Richard Bonynge serve the opera sensitively and effectively, but the singing only partially meets the musical demands. Huguette Tourangeau has both the intelligence and the temperament to cope with the dramatic aspects of the highly theatrical title role. Vocally, however, she is only adequate. There is a disconcerting unevenness in her tone quality—the voice appears to be composed not so much of registers but little compartments. Furthermore—and this is rare in singers trained in the French school—she is quite careless with her enunciation, throwing away some phrases and swallowing others. In the role of Thérèse's aristocratic lover, Ryland Davies demonstrates that he is not only attuned to the French style but also truly involved in this music. He knows how to phrase elegantly, but his tone is too small for the musical requirements, and his top register is throaty and effortful. Only in the consistently vibrant performance of Louis Quilico—Thérèse's idealistic revolutionary husband—do the vocal and dramatic requirements coalesce satisfactorily.

There are almost sixty-seven minutes of *Thérèse* on the London disc (unable to locate a score, I cannot verify its completeness). The sound is good without challenging London's best, and for this the unusually heavy musical load per side may be responsible.

DARIUS MULHAUD (1892-1974)
A welcome reissue of his "Brandenburgs"

It is to be hoped that this worthy effort will lead to further Massenet resuscitations; *La Navarraise* and *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame* head the list of worthy contenders. Bonynge is clearly the man to carry on, and I hope he will be given the encouragement and recognition he deserves. *Thérèse* may not be a masterpiece, but it is a welcome departure from the overfamiliar. And, since our age seems incapable of producing works for the stage that are both viable and singable, it is essential to re-examine the unfamiliar works of creators who, like Jules Massenet, possessed what has since become a lost art. *G.J.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MESSIAEN: ***Poémes pour Mi.*** Felicity Palmer (soprano); BBC Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Boulez cond. **TIPPETT:** ***Songs for Dov.*** Robert Tear (tenor); London Sinfonietta, David Atherton cond. ARGO ZRG 703 $6.98.

Performance: **Superb**
Recording: **Excellent**

The Tippett work on this recording is what television people would call a "spin-off," Dov being an important character in Tippett's opera *The Knot Garden* who is here "showcased" on his own. The first of the three songs is taken from the opera itself, and the other two represent extensions of the character thus made manifest. Admirers of *The Knot Garden* (Philips 6700 063) will surely want this "sequel," and those not acquainted with it will find the *Songs for Dov* an intriguing introduction to the opera's special world. It may be noted that the songs were performed in 1970, two years before the opera's premiere, by Gerald English, but Robert Tear, who created and recorded the role in the opera, has now made his identification with the character compellingly complete.

The Messiaen cycle, which is becoming fairly well-known now, is utterly different, of course, filled with sensuous beauty and with its own kind of drama in the nine songs (for which Messiaen, like Tippett, supplied his own texts). Between the original piano-accompanied setting of 1936 and this orchestral version of the following year, I would not hesitate to choose the latter: it is a fine complement to Ravel's *Shéhérazade*, and the orchestral build-up in the concluding *Fulfilled Prayer* might evoke analogies with Mahler's *Um Mitternacht*, but the work is unmistakably and entirely Messiaen, as demonstrated by the "infinite space" effect created by the winds in *Ta voix*. Felicity Palmer's French vowels are not flawless, but her command of the language is more than adequate, and, more to the point, her grasp and projection of the words and the music are superb—as is Boulez's conducting of his mentor's score.

This impeccably recorded disc is one of three in a new series sponsored by the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation. The elaborate booklet included with it not only covers all three releases in detail (one of them includes major orchestral works of Roger Sessions and Wallingford Riegger), but advises that eight earlier Gulbenkian-sponsored records, most of which were formerly available here on Angel or Seraphim, will be reappearing on Argo soon; among them will be Messiaen's *Chronochromie*, Koechlin's *Les Bandar-Log*, and Roberto Gerhard's *Don Quixote Dances* and Symphony No. 1, all conducted by Dorati, as well as Gary Bertini's pairing of the Weill symphonies. That is good news, and so is the availability now of this Messiaen/Tippett record. *R.F.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MILHAUD: ***Les Quatre Saisons.*** Szymon Goldberg (violin); Ernst Wallfisch (viola); Geneviève Joy and Jacqueline Bonneau (pianos); Maurice Suzan (trombone); members of the Lamoureux Orchestra, Darius Milhaud cond. PHILIPS 6504 111 $7.98.

Performance: **Marvelous**
Recording: **Excellent**

These four concertinos span a period of nearly twenty years—*Printemps* was written in 1934, the others between 1951 and 1953—but all are vintage Milhaud. His well-known facility for the attractive shaping and packaging of material of genuine substance is much in evidence here, and the imaginative variety of colors and textures, so free of superficial effects, stamps Milhaud's *Four Seasons* as his "Brandenburgs." Philips does not bother to identify this disc as a reissue of a 1958 recording formerly available here as Epic BC-1069 (also mono LC-3666), but that hardly matters—not only because the sound could easily pass for brand new, but also because it is so gratifying to have these wonderful pieces available again and virtually unthinkable that the brightness and charm of these perfor-

mances could be equaled, let alone surpassed. A very happy event, and a touching reminder that Milhaud is no longer with us. *R.F.*

MONTEVERDI: ***Arias and Madrigals.*** *Il Lamento d'Arianna; Et è pur dunque vero; Quel guardo sdegnosetto; Eri già tutta mia; Maladetto sia l'aspetto; Ecco di dolci raggi; Sì dolce è il tormento; La mia turca; Ohimè ch'io cado; Bel pastor.* Karla Schlean (soprano); Rodolfo Farolfi (tenor); Genuzio Ghetti (viola da gamba); Mariela Sorelli (harpsichord); Instrumental ensemble from I Solisti di Milano. TELEFUNKEN SAWT 9591-A $6.98.

Performance: **Vocally distinguished**
Recording: **Very good**

The best-known work here—indeed, the piece for which Monteverdi himself is best-known—is the touching aria "*Lasciatemi morire*" ("Let me die"). Also known as *Ariadne's Lament*, it is from the 1608 opera *Arianna*. Monteverdi's wife, Claudia, had died just before he began work on the opera, and the mixture of grief, resignation, and passion in Ariadne's lament for her dead lover, Theseus, must surely have been a reflection of the composer's own feelings at that time. This one aria is all that remains of the entire opera, the rest having been lost, but Monteverdi used the piece a number of times, even setting it as part of an extended five-voice madrigal (from Book 6). In this last form, it has been recorded a number of times, but the solo-voice version has not fared nearly as well on discs.

The soprano here, Karla Schlean, has a small voice of somewhat limited resources, but she invests the aria with an extremely appealing mixture of passionate declamation, underlying tension, and properly rhapsodic pacing. She also sings the part of the shepherdess in the two-voice madrigal scena, "*Bel pastor*," in which her partner is tenor Rodolfo Farolfi. Farolfi takes the lion's share of the album, for he performs all the remaining single-voice madrigals, culled from various published collections including the 1632 *Scherzi Musicali*. He does not possess particularly varied or colorful vocal equipment either, but he is an extremely sensitive interpreter with the ability to bring out the full affect of Monteverdi's texts, whether singing about unrequited love or conveying the playfulness of a comic song.

These are anything but big, bombastic renditions, but I wish that Farolfi's understanding of the stylistic requirements (he includes some very refined head-tone effects, for instance) had also led to a bit more ornamentation, for some of what one hears here is very bare indeed. That criticism also applies to the continuo forces, usually only harpsichord alone (some form of lute would have added much variety). The playing for the most part is dull, unvaried, and accompanimental in the worst sense. Try Raymond Leppard's interpretation of many of these works on Philips 6799006 (a five-disc album) for a rather more colorful approach to the continuo problem. Telefunken supplies multilingual annotations (although the texts provided are in the original Italian only), and the reproduction is very satisfactory. *I.K.*

MOUSSORGSKY (arr. Ravel): ***Pictures at an Exhibition.*** **MOUSSORGSKY:** ***Khovanschchina: Prelude.*** New Philharmonia Orchestra, Charles Mackerras cond. VANGUARD ☐ VSQ 30032 $6.98, VSD 71188 $6.98.

Performance: **Spirited**
Recording: **Impressive**

MOUSSORGSKY (arr. Ravel): ***Pictures at an Exhibition.*** **RAVEL:** ***Boléro.*** Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy cond. RCA ARL 1-0451 $5.98.

Performance: **Super-polished**
Recording: **Sumptuous**

Ever since the Rafael Kubelik-Chicago Symphony recording of the early Fifties, Ravel's arrangement of Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* has been exploited as a sonic spectacular. At first glance, the rivalry here between Vanguard and RCA would appear to be a kind of David and Goliath affair, and, to continue the metaphor, the smaller company's version does win out musically.

Charles Mackerras, who received some of his training in Prague under Václav Talich, brings to his gallery-going something of the urgency and dynamism that have made the mono recordings of Kubelik and Toscanini and the 78-rpm discs of Koussevitzky (who commissioned the arrangement from Ravel) with the Boston Symphony the classic readings of the music. And I thoroughly enjoyed the vital, poetic reading of the *Khovanschchina* Prelude, particularly the enunciation of the horn solo near the opening.

As in the Mackerras recording of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, the Vanguard engineering staff has achieved a remarkable clarity of mu-

sical texture throughout and an impact of percussion transients comparable to what is encountered in the finest recordings of the monophonic era. The "room tone" used for *Pictures*, however, is quite reverberant, perhaps a bit too much so for some (listen to the phrase endings in *Gnomus*!). Vanguard's quadraphonic treatment appears to be a compromise between the expanded ambiance common to most current quad recordings of concert repertoire and the total surround Columbia used for the Bartók Concerto for Orchestra with Boulez; I would call Vanguard's "semi-surround." The results seem to be very effective, despite a noisy and poorly processed review disc. I'm not sure whether my playback equipment was at fault, but what I heard from my four speakers did not accord in every detail with the "re-mix" diagram printed in Vanguard's album, especially as regards the rear channels. (Accord between diagram and sound *did* hold for the Columbia Bartók-Boulez disc, however.) Incidentally, though Eugene Ormandy's *Pictures* has not yet been released or announced for release in four-channel, those who own CD-4 equipment for playing RCA's Quadradiscs will find another excellent example of "semi-surround" recording in the Ormandy album of Bach transcriptions (ARD 1-0026).

Although Ormandy's *Pictures* is beautifully polished, I find it a bit boring. It is paired on the RCA disc with Ravel's *Boléro*—that work described by its composer as "fifteen minutes of orchestration without music." Here the Philadelphia first-chair soloists are heard to superb advantage, and Ormandy himself seems bent on bringing out every possible detail of sonority and texture—and very successfully, too, thanks to RCA's recording expertise. What is lacking for me in the midst of all this fascinating detail is some vital momentum, a function essentially of phrasing. *D.H.*

MOZART: *Operatic Arias* (see Collections—Ezio Flagello)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

PURCELL: *The Fantasias for Viols.* Concentus Musicus, Vienna, Nikolaus Harnoncourt dir. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1767 $3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Exceptional**
Recording: **Excellent**

Henry Purcell wrote out his string fantasias in 1680 at the amazingly young age of twenty-one, a fact that is belied by the consummate polyphonic skills and maturity of these magnificent pieces. There are fifteen altogether, three for only three strings, nine for four, an extraordinary five-voice fantasia with one instrument sounding a single C throughout (the famous "Fantasia upon One Note"), plus one *In Nomine* for six voices and one for seven. The scoring is unspecified, but presumably the music could have been played by all viols or by a mixed consort of viols and members of the violin family. The present performance, which opts for the fretted instruments, was originally released in 1965 on Vanguard Bach Guild BGS 70676, no longer in the catalog. It is good to have it back, for this is not only a splendid, stylish, and rich-sounding interpretation, but it is the only available recording of these works. Don't miss it. *I.K.*

RAVEL: *Boléro* (see MOUSSORGSKY)

ROSSINI: *Operatic Arias* (see Collections—Ezio Flagello)

SAINT-SAËNS: *Symphony No. 1, in E-flat Major; Symphony No. 2, in A Minor.* Orchestra National de la RTF, Jean Martinon cond. ANGEL S-36995 $5.98.

Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **Excellent**

Charles Camille Saint-Saëns is perhaps the least-known of the well-known composers. Does anyone today really have much idea of who he was and what he actually accomplished? Saint-Saëns was born in 1835 and died in 1921—almost long enough to have qualified for my mythical pupil of Beethoven who taught Schoenberg (though Saint-Saëns

Columbia Records

THE JUILLIARD QUARTET
Impeccable in the Schubert C Major Quintet

could have studied with Rossini and taught John Cage with a few years to spare; he was in fact present at the premiere of *The Rite of Spring*). He was a prodigious and prolific natural talent who, almost singlehandedly, revived the art of serious symphonic music in France, succeeding where Berlioz—just a bit ahead of his time and his countrymen—had failed.

Saint-Saëns appeared on the French musical scene as a radical and, without any essential musical or artistic change, turned out to be the biggest Classical conservative in Europe. Although his name was associated with the radical innovations of Berlioz and Liszt, his genre was, in fact, late Classical and early Romantic symphonic style—Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann. He adopted this language with great ease, and in making a personal idiom out of it—stern, classical, rich, contrapuntal, melodic, severe—he created of whole cloth a French Classical symphonic "tradition." Unfortunately, the French did not particularly appreciate the gesture. Not until now, at least. But here is Jean Martinon and the Orchestra of the French Radio with the Saint-Saëns First and Second Symphonies—not the equals perhaps of his more famous Third, but reputable and attractive works in their own right.

Saint-Saëns wrote five symphonies, at least two of which he discarded. The actual order and dates of these works is a matter of some rather remarkable confusion, with the very reference books contradicting themselves. The credits on this album list the dates of 1855 and 1878 for the two symphonies, but the liner notes give the first performance dates as, respectively, 1853 and 1860. The First Symphony, indubitably an early work, is said to have been performed anonymously and to have aroused the enthusiasm of Gounod and Berlioz. It is an ambitious piece with strong echoes of Schubert, Schumann, and Beethoven (the finale evokes the *Eroica* Symphony with saxhorns and harps).

The older Saint-Saëns was obviously more conservative than the younger composer. The Second Symphony (whatever its date) is a tight little Classical piece with a neat fugal first movement, a charming little adagio, a bit of a scherzo that seems to forget to *da capo*, and a Mendelssohnian tarantella for a finale. Saint-Saëns neither leans on nor denies his sources: his language has the charm of naturalness, fluency, and familiarity while always expressing a certain individuality.

The Orchestra of the French Radio is still—notwithstanding the ambitious Orchestre de Paris—the best orchestra in France. Martinon is a good conductor in the French Classical tradition, and the Angel recording, though perhaps a bit over-resonant, is spacious. *E.S.*

SAINT-SAËNS: *Symphony No. 3, in C Minor, Op. 78 ("Organ").* Virgil Fox (organ); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy cond. RCA ARL1-0484 $5.98.

Performance: **Brilliant**
Recording: **Brilliant**

Saint-Saëns' sonic warhorse gets a fine workout from Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra here, and Virgil Fox's super-electronic Rodgers Touring Organ supplies suitable harmonic underpinning and occasionally dominant melodic substance. It seems to me that Ormandy's latest reading of this work is tauter in the fast episodes and more expansive in the slow ones than is his 1963 Columbia version with E. Power Biggs, which is still very much available.

Other than the Columbia recording, the only substantial musical and sonic competition for the new RCA release is the 1959 performance by the Boston Symphony conducted by Charles Munch, also on RCA. Munch's highly charged version still packs plenty of wallop, and the thirty-two-foot pedal stops of the Symphony Hall organ toward the end of the slow movement show up even more impressively than in the present issue. The new Ormandy recording is decidedly more airy and bright at the high end of the frequency spectrum and is recorded in a very broad and somewhat flattish stereo perspective.

If you want the latest and best sound together with a thoroughly vital and brilliant reading, it's pretty hard to miss with this one. But I'm not going to throw away my old Munch-BSO disc yet. *D.H.*

SCHUBERT: *Quintet in C Major, Op. 163 (D. 956).* Bernard Greenhouse (cello); Juilliard Quartet. COLUMBIA M 32808 $6.98.

Performance: **Polished**
Recording: **Very good**

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

SCHUBERT: *Quintet in C Major, Op. 163 (D.*

956). László Szilvásy (cello); Tátrai Quartet. HUNGAROTON LPX 11611 $6.98.

Performance: **Compelling**
Recording: **Exceptionally fine**

There are at present so few recordings of this miraculous work (and none without shortcomings of one sort or another) that each new one is something of an Event, or at least has the possibility of being one. Both of these certainly qualify, and both of them, I feel, belong at the top of the current list, a choice between the two concepts—almost totally different from each other—being a subjective one dictated by the individual listener's personal feelings about the work.

The Juilliard Quartet and its distinguished associate give so lustrous an account of the first movement that one doesn't miss the repeat; the sublime theme for the two cellos is given at a tempo so perfectly judged as to dispel the notion of "choice" altogether—neither self-indulgent nor impetuous, but Schubert without a middleman—and the accompaniment is ideally balanced. The remaining movements, however, strike me as less convincing. The slow movement, again well judged as to tempo, tends to be rather prosaic, and the exposed first violin sounds a little dryish. The scherzo seems nervously fast, and its trio exaggeratedly slow; the finale is also a bit rushed. The playing itself is impeccable, though, and the sound is rich and warm rather than particularly sharply defined.

The Hungarian performance is more enlivening and more individually inflected without being excessive in either respect; it seems, in fact, at the same time more subtle and more spontaneous than the Juilliard version. Tempos in the first two movements are a little brisker—more than a little in the slow movement, which some may find uncomfortable but which I feel has a compellingly propulsive flow within a generally expansive frame; it is highly dramatic but by no means hectic, and, even at the stepped-up pace, gives off a radiance unmatched among the current competition. The last two movements are taken at a pace that gives them a good *solid* feeling—vigorous but not scampering, with firmly held rhythms. From beginning to end this is a really magnificent performance, striking a splendid balance between flexibility and discipline. All repeats are taken throughout the work, which is all to the good, and the recorded sound is just about the most vibrantly realistic I have heard on a chamber-music disc from any source. *R.F.*

SPRATLAN: *Two Pieces for Orchestra*. STERN: *Carom*. THORNE: *Fanfare, Fugue and Funk*. Springfield Symphony Orchestra, Robert Gutter cond. OPUS ONE 19 $4.98 (from Opus One Records, Box 604, Greenville, Me. 04441).

Performance: **Okay**
Recording: **Okay**

When I reviewed some Opus One recordings in these pages a few months ago (June, page 116), I made some comments about Greenville, Maine, as an improbable source for new-music recordings, with a further remark about "charter subscribers of the Maine *Times*" as the likely proprietors of such an unlikely record company. What I did not know—or had forgotten—was that Opus One is the creation of Max Schubel, composer, choreographic collaborator, and, in his rather mysterious New York incarnation, general all-around good guy. Maybe the Maine *Times* reference was not really so farfetched. That paper represents a new spirit in the so-called "back-to-the-land" movement, and perhaps, by moving his operation to Maine and serving a wide variety of not-so-New-York-fashionables, Schubel is pioneering a parallel movement towards cultural decentralization. I wish him luck.

The nineteenth in this remarkable series of new-music recordings is an orchestral disc by the Springfield (Massachusetts) Symphony Orchestra under the able direction of Robert Gutter. Two of these works, the Thorne and the Stern, were commissioned by the orchestra, and two of the composers, Spratlan and Stern, live and work in Amherst. Lewis Spratlan's Prelude and Rondo seem to me too diffuse and too dependent on European models—Berg and Schoenberg in the Prelude, Stravinsky and others in the Rondo—to be quite successful. On the other hand, Robert Stern's *Carom* for orchestra and tape is a very striking and imaginative integration of the intractable electronic medium with live orchestral performance. Francis Thorne's *Fanfare, Fugue and Funk* is in that genre that used to be described as "third-stream"; that is, it incorporates jazz and pop elements in a "serious" modern-music context. In fact, this is a very highly evolved example of this kind of music, more in the tradition of Ives and Varèse than what is usually thought of as "third-stream." The piece is big in scope, powerful in effect, and, unlike many works of its kind, very unified in character.

The orchestral playing is comparable to that of the Louisville Orchestra, the best-known American orchestra that has specialized in recording new music. The recordings were made in the Springfield Municipal Auditorium, and the liner notes and publicity make a good deal out of the concert-hall "realism" ideal of sound from which the majors have drifted away. I don't believe the case is made effectively here—I can, for example, scarcely hear the electric guitar (!) in the Thorne, and, in general, the sound is short on presence and detail—but, at any rate, the recordings can be classed as serviceable. *E.S.*

STERN: *Carom* (see SPRATLAN)

STRAUSS, R.: *Also Spake Zarathustra, Op. 30*. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 402 $7.98.

Performance: **Passionately lyric**
Recording: **Brilliant**

This Strauss tone poem has had a whole series of fine recorded readings over the years, from the pioneering effort for RCA Victor by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony in 1936 to the most notable of present-day versions by Fritz Reiner with the Chicago Symphony and Zubin Mehta with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Now Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic are joining this distinguished company with a version that is far superior to the same conductor's previous effort for London.

In contrast to Mehta's highly dynamic and tautly rhythmic treatment of *Also Spake Zarathustra*, Karajan adopts a freely lyrical approach—which is very successful, in my opinion, inasmuch as it illuminates other facets of the music without in any way violating its essential spirit. The Berlin Philharmonic is in its

(Continued on page 132)

RAGTIME: THE LAST ROUNDUP

Music Editor James Goodfriend corrals a dozen wide-ranging examples of the breed

Ragtimer William Bolcom wearing a well-earned cigar

RAGTIME has made it. The small and sophisticated musical rediscovery that began only a few years ago with a single disc by a young musician-musicologist who had never before recorded as a solo pianist, and a scholarly publication of the works of an early black ragtime composer whose name was as nothing to all but a tiny minority of music lovers, has now come to fruition. "Fruition" means that the music has successfully passed as background music for a money-making film, that it has been adapted for use in television and radio commercials, that it is acceptable as canned music for use in restaurants and dentists' waiting rooms, that it has been transcribed for theater organ and Moog synthesizer as well as pedal harpsichord and zither, and waits only for rock adaptation by Emerson, Lake and Palmer, guitar versions by Chet Atkins, and vocal transmogrifications with sensitive lyrics by Paul Simon, nostalgic lyrics for Perry Como, funky lyrics for the Pointer Sisters, and honky-tonk lyrics for Hank Snow. Indeed, the music has become an accepted part of American musical life in the Seventies.

That being so, this may be the last time that current manifestations of ragtime can be spoken of and criticized as a group (hence, "the last roundup"). Indeed, the twelve separate releases treated here (most received within a period of less than one month) have such different origins and purposes and speak such various languages that it is virtually impossible to say anything general about them other than that they are motley, and that it is quite difficult even to compare some among them with others. The truth is that ragtime, in its revival, has broadened. What is now relatively familiar in ragtime is presented to us in a dozen different ways, none of them having much to do with the initial arguments of what was proper performance style, whether the music was more closely related to the genteel and minstrel music that preceded it or the jazz that to some extent came out of it, whether the rendition treated the music as classic or vernacular. And it has broadened too in the number and variety of composers represented, several of whom worked well into the jazz age and whose music treads a thin line between a living but delicate tradition and the overpowering influence of the piano and ensemble jazz that was its true contemporary. Ragtime is no longer merely the long-dead Scott Joplin and the very-much-alive Eubie Blake; it is also composers called James Scott, Joseph Lamb, Tom Turpin, Arthur Marshall, Scott Hayden, Louis Chauvin, Joe Jordan, Artie Matthews, and even Kerry Mills, Harry Guy, Jelly Roll Morton, Percy Wenrich, Fred Stone, Porter Steele, Euday Bowman, and more already here and to come. Most of them are or were black, some are or were white; all have a connection, however tenuous, to this intrinsically American music.

Easily the most dispensable record of this group is "Gatsby's World—Turned-On Joplin," a double-barreled attempt to milk current preoccupations through the medium of the Moog. The record has little to offer but the living proof that ragtime is popular enough to be fodder for this contemporary American equivalent of the barrel organ. Chris Stone, the producer, runs out of musical ideas about two minutes into the record, and what he does merely implies that he doesn't particularly *like* the music he's working with, or else simply isn't interested in it. It's unfortunate, for ragtime is an area in which a synthetic electronic style *might* be viable; but it will take considerably more inventiveness than this to do it.

The string quartet record is also a trifle silly. Though it *can* be a very delicate music, ragtime subsists mainly on percussive accents of the sort that sound merely cute when essayed on string instruments. This is a "cute" record, but it is also, in essence, the same sort of thing as music on the Moog. There are people so attuned to a particular medium that *all* music must pass through that particular filter before it becomes either interesting or even comprehensible to them. Were I one of them, I would opt for the string quartet as my filter, but I'd probably be outnumbered a thousandfold by the Moogers.

IT isn't that we get any more *serious* when we turn to organist Lee Erwin's "Rosebud," but there are elements of musicality, and even a secondhand sort of authenticity, in his record that have escaped the previous two. The *Rosebud* two-step he plays is the same as the *Rosebud March* on the Milton Kaye record; the piece is, in fact, a march in 6/8 time, and it sounds a devil of a lot better on the Wurlitzer organ than on a piano. It is not, though, I hasten to add, one of Joplin's better creations. In general, the organ seems to add something (aside from its own Thirties aura) to the slower, more legato pieces (*Solace* and *Eugenia*, for example), where the sustaining powers of the organ are effective and the coloration can be varied subtly. Something like Eubie Blake's *The Chevy Chase* is just too muscular a piece for the instrument and needs the fast percussive attack of the piano. But Lee Erwin does play everything with a combination of respect and good spirit, and the recording is excel-

GATSBY'S WORLD—TURNED-ON JOPLIN. Joplin: *Maple Leaf Rag; The Cascades; Elite Syncopations; The Chrysanthemum; Sunflower Slow Drag; The Entertainer; The Easy Winners; Heliotrope Bouquet; Great Crush Collision.* Chris Stone (Moog synthesizer). ABC ABCX-823 $5.98.

ZINN'S RAGTIME STRING QUARTET. Joplin: *Scott Joplin's New Rag; Maple Leaf Rag; The Nonpareil; Stoptime Rag; The Easy Winners.* **Joplin-Chauvin:** *Heliotrope Bouquet.* **Blake:** *Chevy Chase.* **Roberts:** *Music Box Rag.* **Turpin:** *Harlem Rag.* **Glover:** *Hurricane Rag.* Zinn's Ragtime String Quartet. MUSIC MINUS ONE CJ 13 $6.98.

ROSEBUD. Joplin: *Rosebud (two-step); Original Rags; Solace; The Chrysanthemum; Stop-Time Rag; Eugenia (slow march).* **Mills:** *Whistling Rufus; At a Georgia Camp Meeting.* **Blake:** *The Chevy Chase.* **Guy:** *Echoes from the Snowball Club.* Lee Erwin (Fox-Capitol Theatre Wurlitzer pipe organ). ANGEL S-36075 $5.98.

RAGTIME AT THE ROSEBUD. Joplin: *Rosebud March; Augustan Club Waltzes; Weeping Willow; The Easy Winners; The Cascades.* **Joplin-Chauvin:** *Heliotrope Bouquet.* **Joplin-Marshall:** *Swipesy Cake Walk.* **Joplin-Hayden:** *Something Doing.* **Marshall:** *Ham And! Rag; The Pippin Rag; Kinklets—Two Step; Missouri Romp; Silver Rocket.* **Turpin:** *Harlem Rag; A Ragtime Nightmare; St. Louis Rag; The Buffalo Rag; Pan-Am Rag.* **Jordan:** *Nappy Lee—A Slow Drag.* **Chauvin-Patterson (arr. Kaye-Blesh):** *Chauviniana.* **Matthews:** *Pastime Rags, Nos. 1-5.* Milton Kaye (piano). GOLDEN CREST CRS-31032 $5.98.

JOPLIN: *The Entertainer; The Chrysanthemum—An Afro-American Intermezzo: Gladiolus Rag; The Easy Winners; Scott Joplin's New Rag; Sunflower Slow Drag; Pine Apple Rag; The Ragtime Dance; Maple Leaf Rag; Solace; The Fig Leaf—A Classy Rag; The Cascades—A Rag.* Dick Wellstood (piano). PICKWICK SPC-3376 $1.98.

SCOTT: *Sunburst Rag; Quality—A High Class Rag; Pegasus—A Classic Rag; Grace and Beauty; Honeymoon Rag; Prosperity Rag; Victory Rag; Frog Legs Rag; Modesty Rag—A Classic; Ragtime Oriole; Evergreen Rag; Paramount Rag; Broadway Rag—A Classic; Troubadour Rag; Climax Rag; Calliope Rag* (arr. Ashwander); *Hilarity Rag; Peace and Plenty Rag.* John Jensen (piano). GENESIS GS 1044 $5.98.

LAMB: *Sensation—A Rag; Excelsior Rag;*

lent. If devotees of ragtime will not *necessarily* want the record, devotees of theater organs most certainly will.

"Rosebud" is a minor contribution to the ragtime revival, but the similarly titled "Ragtime at the Rosebud" is a major one. The Rosebud was a St. Louis café owned by composer-pianist Tom Turpin, and many of the great names of ragtime played there at one time or another. This Golden Crest album is put together in scholarly fashion with fine notes by Rudi Blesh and photographs of the café and all the composers represented. There is no photograph of Milton Kaye, though, who plays all the music. This is, at the least, unfair, because Kaye, whose playing I have not heard before, is definitely in the first rank of current ragtime performers. His touch is delicate, his tone pleasing, and he has a nice feeling for rubato which he uses sparingly but effectively. Arthur Marshall's *Pippin* has some interesting Chopin-like figurations, and his music in general is intriguing. *Missouri Romp*, however, ostensibly an early composition, must have been heavily reworked by someone else, for it has much in it of Twenties and Thirties jazz. There is also something wrong with the information on *Kinklets*, for if Marshall wrote it in 1901, as the notes say, then he was ten years old when he did so, making him the greatest musical prodigy since Mendelssohn. Turpin was a much more virile musical personality than Marshall, and the sheer muscularity of his music is impressive. *Harlem Rag*, dating from 1897, is astonishingly modern in places, and altogether worth hearing. The Joplin pieces, most of them reasonably well known now, are beautifully played: the joint efforts likewise. Only in the five *Pastime Rags* by Artie Matthews do the performances emerge as contrived. Nice recording: a fine album.

Dick Wellstood is a pianist I've admired (usually from the bar) for many years. He has always been something of a throwback, playing the jazz of a generation before his as if it were his own vernacular, and that is a difficult way to commercial success. He is, basically, a jazz pianist, however, and ragtime finds him a little careful and not quite idiomatic, possibly for fear of committing some egregious stylistic sin. But he plays well, and when he lets loose without regard for recent scholarship (as in *Maple Leaf*), just playing the piece the way he's been playing it for twenty years or so, the musical joy is infectious. Pickwick is a low-price label, and one could drop $1.98 in a hundred other ways and get nothing so worthwhile as this for it.

APART from Joplin, the *great* names in ragtime are generally conceded to be James Scott (1886-1938), a black man, and Joseph Lamb (1887-1960), a white man. Genesis is apparently planning to give us the complete works of both, and the first records devoted exclusively to each of them contain *much* fine music. I emphasize "much" because the Scott record runs better than sixty-three minutes. The pianist on both is John Jensen, a young (still in his twenties, I would guess) classical musician with some jazz experience. He is musicianly, and there is no question that he brings out the differing personalities of Scott and Lamb. But the overall effect of his performances is too much of a smallness. The range of dynamics he employs is simply too narrow, the range of tempos too restricted, to do full justice to the music.

Biograph continues its Joplin series (!) with three more volumes of piano-roll material of somewhat strange origins. Volumes 4 and 5 present rolls that were apparently cut rather recently (the notes are very hazy on this) by an unknown or simply unnamed pianist. Whoever he (or she) was, he had the fingers to play the music and a forthright masculine style to go with them, but the piano mechanism unquestionably gets in the way and the performances that emerge are totally lacking in subtlety and contrast, giving us a poor black-and-white facsimile of what may well have been a gloriously colored original. Volume 3 is even odder, for though it does derive from early rolls, they were apparently not made by anyone actually playing the piano, but were cut artificially by technicians working from the scores—a music synthesizer seventy-odd years ago. The renditions have historical interest, certainly, but earlier volumes in the series are far *more* interesting, even historically.

The sleeper in this group of records is the "Old Rags" album by the New Sunshine Jazz Band. It is a record that needs some explaining. First of all, what is played is not ragtime, but jazz, even though several of the tunes are legitimate rags. Second, the group is neither a "funny hat" band nor a modern band in traditional style playing old tunes in head arrangements. What it is, rather, is a re-creation of a jazz band *ca.* 1922, but a re-creation so uncanny in its accuracy of sound that it may scare you. I honestly believe that, with the addition of 78-rpm surface noise, most of these selections could easily pass as previously undiscovered sides by a good, if unknown, early-Twenties band. The major exceptions are in the tunes that date from some years later, but there the band itself sounds like a late-Twenties, early-Thirties outfit. Really, the illusion is uncanny. It is brought about, obviously, by a fine feeling for the styles involved and more than competent musicianship, but particularly by a host of arrangements that are contemporaneous with the songs, together with the experience and ideas drawn from those arrangements. It is one more case of the musicological approach producing fantastically good (and unexpected?) musical results. One listen to this re-creation of what *Twelfth Street Rag* was *supposed* to sound like (as opposed to what was later made of it) ought to convince the most skeptical. The disc is well recorded too.

IN accordance with a tradition as old as wine, the best has been saved for last. Bill Bolcom's new coupling of five rags of James Scott with the five *Pastime Rags* of Artie Matthews is quite possibly the finest ragtime record ever issued. It is not just great *rag* playing, it is great *music* making. Bolcom plays with every degree of tone and touch, with a true supple rhythm that is rock-steady but never metronomic, with obvious love and respect for the music. He unerringly finds the individual character of each piece, and the light and shadow with which he invests every musical line could very likely not be matched by half the *classical* pianists recording today. The sound on the advance acetate furnished to me is also the best of any of the piano records in this group, and Nonesuch has assured me that they will keep trying until the final pressing matches the acetate in sound. I have also been informed that on the album (which I haven't seen yet) Bolcom is pictured smoking the dollar cigar I suggested was his due for making his signally successful Gershwin album. After this one I don't know *what* to suggest. The disc is a must for anybody who . . . well, likes music.

Ethiopia Rag; American Beauty Rag; Reindeer—Ragtime Two Step; The Ragtime Nightingale; Top Liner Rag; Patricia Rag; Alabama Rag; Bird-Brain Rag; Blue Grass Rag; Cottontail Rag; The Old Home Rag; Thoroughbred Rag; Toad Stool Rag. John Jensen (piano). GENESIS GS 1045 $5.98.

SCOTT JOPLIN, VOL. 3. Joplin: *The Silver Swan; Rag Medley No. 6 (Pine Apple Rag/ Euphonic Sounds); Magnetic Rag; Palm Leaf Rag; Wall Street Rag; Scott Joplin's Best Rags (excerpts from Nonpareil Rag, Palm Leaf Rag, Sunflower Slow Drag, Original Rags, Maple Leaf Rag, and The Easy Winners); Pleasant Moments—Rag Time Waltz; Maple Leaf Rag.* **Joplin-Hayden:** *Kismet Rag; Sunflower Slow Drag.* **Joplin-Daniels:** *Original Rags.* Recorded from early piano rolls (synthetically manufactured). BIOGRAPH BLP-1010Q $5.98.

SCOTT JOPLIN, VOL. 4. Joplin: *The Entertainer; The Easy Winners; Pine Apple Rag; Solace; Gladiolus Rag; The Ragtime Dance; Sugar Cane; The Crush Collision March; Bethena—A Concert Waltz; Combination March; A Breeze from Alabama.* Recorded from piano rolls made by an unidentified St. Louis pianist. BIOGRAPH BLP-1013Q $5.98.

SCOTT JOPLIN, VOL. 5. Joplin: *Elite Syncopations; Country Club; Paragon Rag; Eugenia; Cleopha; A Real Slow Drag; Scott Joplin's New Rag; Leola—Two Step; The Chrysanthemum; Reflection Rag.* **Joplin-Marshall:** *Lily Queen.* **Joplin-Chauvin:** *Heliotrope Bouquet.* Recorded from piano rolls made by an unidentified St. Louis pianist. BIOGRAPH BLP-1014Q $5.98.

OLD RAGS. Joplin (orch. Anderson): *Scott Joplin's New Rag.* **Steele (orch. Recker):** *High Society.* **Wenrich (orch. Alford):** *The Smiler (Joplin Rag).* **Dabney (orch. Savino):** *Georgia Grind.* **Bowman (orch. Wheeler):** *The 12th Street Rag.* **Greer (orch. Skinner):** *One Step to Heaven.* **Johnson (orch. Lampe):** *Cum Bac Rag.* **Stone (orch. Anon.):** *Ma Ragtime Baby!* **Klink (orch. Hagert):** *Run of the Mill Rag.* **Morton (orch. Hagert):** *Frog-I-More.* **Shook:** *Dat Gal of Mine.* **Russell-Herbert:** *Oh, Daddy.* **Bloom-Woods:** *The Man from the South.* The New Sunshine Jazz Band. FLYING DUTCHMAN BDL1-0549 $6.98.

SCOTT: *Efficiency Rag; Modesty Rag; New Era Rag; Troubadour Rag; Great Scott Rag.* **MATTHEWS:** *Pastime Rags, Nos. 1-5.* William Bolcom (piano). NONESUCH H-71299 $3.98.

usual brilliant and flexible form under Karajan's baton, and the recorded sound is tailored to match. Indeed, I wonder if Deutsche Grammophon is not tending to apply somewhat more pre-emphasis to its mid-range sound than in the past, perhaps with an eye to the so-called average-American-consumer market. Certainly this disc does not match in truly deep bass what London achieved with the Mehta recording, but, on the other hand, the low-range balance in the latter does tend at times to blanket the upper string line, especially in the complex *Night Song* episode. *D.H.*

STRAVINSKY: *Three Pieces for String Quartet; Concertino for String Quartet* **(see GINASTERA)**

THORNE: *Fanfare, Fugue and Funk* **(see SPRATLAN)**

TIPPETT: *Songs for Dov* **(see MESSIAEN)**

TOMASEK: *Piano Concerto in C Major, Op. 18* **(see KALLIWODA)**

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

TYE: *Euge Bone Mass; Western Wynde Mass.* Choir of King's College, Cambridge, David Willcocks cond. ARGO ZRG 740 $6.98.

Performance: **Splendid**
Recording: **Superb**

Christopher Tye (*c.* 1500-1573), almost an exact contemporary of Thomas Tallis, is best known as an English composer who may have been a singer in the King's College Choir and who wrote Masses (three or four, depending on the reference source), services, anthems, and motets, in English and in Latin, as well as translating into metrical English and setting the Acts of the Apostles. He received a doctorate from Cambridge, served as organist at Ely Cathedral, and, interestingly, was toward the end of his life ordained as a minister in the newly established Church of England.

Western Wynde is based on a sixteenth-century English tune also used as a *cantus firmus* by Tye's contemporaries John Taverner and the slightly younger John Shepherd. This four-voice work has been described as being in variation form, the melody being repeated in varied ways through the course of the Mass. The six-voice *Euge Bone*, based on an antiphon from the Sarum breviary, is slightly more homophonic than its disc-mate. Neither Mass includes the Kyrie, and some lines in the Credo were not set. The Choir of King's College sings both Masses beautifully and stylishly, and the sometimes difficult acoustics of King's College have been sensationally managed here for sound of great clarity and depth. No texts. *I.K.*

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Toward the Unknown Region; Dona Nobis Pacem.* Sheila Armstrong (soprano); John Carol Case (baritone); London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult cond. ANGEL S-36972 $5.98.

Performance: **Very fine**
Recording: **Excellent**

Ralph Vaughan Williams' large-scale settings of Walt Whitman—*Toward the Unknown Region*, three of the five sections of *Dona Nobis Pacem*, and, most impressive, the 1909 *Sea Symphony*—are essentially outer-directed and exhortative, at the opposite pole from the lyrically introspective visions Frederick Delius conjured up from the same poetic source. For me, neither *Toward the Unknown Region*, which harks backward rather than forward in its stylistic orientation, nor *Dona Nobis Pacem*, which is a kind of occasional piece reflecting pre-World War II anxieties, represents Vaughan Williams in top form. Only the third section of the latter work, *Reconciliation*, for solo baritone and chorus, impresses me as genuinely convincing in musical substance and expressive content. Gustav Holst, Vaughan Williams' long-time intimate friend, achieved a far finer setting of *Dona Nobis Pacem* than this one, which is rather obvious (unhappily, Holst's setting has never been properly recorded).

Needless to say, Sir Adrian Boult and his vocal and orchestral forces offer thoroughly

Photo: J. Anresch

ROBERT CASADESUS
Classically refined, yet undeniably masculine

dedicated performances which are accorded suitably spacious and rich-textured recording. The soloists in the Angel recording are clearly superior to those in the Maurice Abravanel version issued by Vanguard some years ago, but it should be noted that Vanguard's recording is better than Angel's in its delineation of orchestral detail and choral enunciation. *D.H.*

WALTON: *Symphony No. 2; Portsmouth Point Overture; Scapino Overture* **(see LAMBERT)**

COLLECTIONS

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BAROQUE MASTERPIECES FOR TRUMPET AND ORGAN, VOL. II. Viviani: *Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2, in C Major, for Trumpet and Organ.* **Fantini:** *Sonata No. 3, in C Major, for Trumpet and Organ ("Detta del Niccolini"); Sonata No. 8, in C Major, for Trumpet and Organ ("Detta del Nero").* **Pezel:** *Sonatinas Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 6, in C Major, for Two Trumpets and Continuo.* **Krebs:** *Chorale Preludes: Gott der Vater Wohn' Uns Bei; In Allen Meinen Taten.* **Telemann:** *Air de Trompette in C Major for Trumpet and Continuo (from Der Getreue Musik-Meister).* **Frescobaldi:** *Toccata per l'Elevazione (Messa della Domenica).* Edward Tarr (trumpet); Bengt Eklund (trumpet, in Pezel); George Kent (organ of the Arosa Village Church, Switzerland). NONESUCH H-71290 $3.98.

Performance: **Brilliant**
Recording: **Excellent**

This is a splendidly played follow-up to the same forces' first volume (Nonesuch H-71279) of Baroque music for trumpet and organ. Edward Tarr, one of today's finest and most knowledgeable trumpeters, has put together an intriguing collection of mostly smaller-scale pieces, ranging from two sonatas by Giovanni Bonaventura Viviani, part of his Op. 4 of 1678, through four sonatinas by his German contemporary, Johann Christoph Pezel (famous for his tower music), to a brief but lively trumpet air by Telemann. Girolamo Fantini (born about 1600) is one of the earliest composers represented here, but I suspect many listeners will find the two chorale preludes by the late-Baroque composer Johann Ludwig Krebs (who studied with J. S. Bach) even more fascinating.

Tarr plays the Krebs works on a reproduction of the coiled, snail-shaped instrument that was used for so many of the high-lying trumpet parts of that time; a reproduction of the longer, folded "heraldic" trumpet is used in both the Fantini and Telemann, and a modern trumpet in the Viviani and Pezel. This gives the listener a singularly good opportunity to note the tonal differences among them. George Kent provides excellent support, as well as a fine Frescobaldi solo, and the sound reproduction throughout is very commendable. *I.K.*

JORGE BOLET: *At Carnegie Hall* **(see Best of the Month, page 85)**

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MONTSERRAT CABALLÉ AND PLACIDO DOMINGO: *Love Duets.* Verdi: *Giovanna d'Arco: Qui! dove più s'apre libero il cielo . . . O fatidica foresta. Don Carlo: Io vengo a domandar (Act 2); Vago sogno m'arrise . . . Ma lassù ci vedremo (Act 5).* **Boito:** *Mefistofele: Lontano, lontano.* **Puccini:** *Manon Lescaut: Tu, tu, amore.* Placido Domingo (tenor); Montserrat Caballé (soprano); London Symphony Orchestra, James Levine and Julius Rudel cond; Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Carlo Maria Giulini cond; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Bruno Bartoletti cond. ANGEL S-36934 $5.98.

Performance: **First-rate**
Recording: **Very good**

Here is good record company thinking: a disc that makes eminent artistic and commercial sense, combining five duets from the four complete operas these two gifted artists have so far recorded for Angel. Except for the *Manon Lescaut* scene, these duets are hard to find on individual discs, and it will be a long time before they will be duplicated in performances of such stellar quality. Whatever reservations I may have voiced about the *complete* recordings are (as they say these days) "inoperative" here, for these duets capture both artists in or near top form. Domingo, perhaps the more consistent of the two, is always musicianly, always dependable, sometimes even exciting. With Caballé there are peaks and valleys; the peaks are tremendous and even the valleys offer some lovely views. Singing on this level is much too rare nowa-

days to quibble about minor flaws. I recommend the disc very highly and compliment the producer who was able to bring about a concert ending for *Don Carlo* without using the voices of the King and the Inquisitor. *G.J.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

ROBERT CASADESUS: ***A Tribute to a Great Artist.*** **Scarlatti:** *Eleven Sonatas (L. 463, 395, 411, 263, 465, 413, 487, 449, 387, 22, and 486).* **Schubert:** *Andantino Varié for Piano, Four Hands, Op. 84, No. 1.* **Bach:** *Concerto No. 2, in C Major, for Three Claviers and Strings (BWV 1064).* **Casadesus:** *Sonata No. 2, in A Major, for Violin and Piano, Op. 34.* **Mozart:** *Quintet in E-flat Major for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon (K. 452); Piano Concerto No. 20, in D Minor (K. 466).* **Chopin:** *Ballade No. 2, in F Major, Op. 38.* **Ravel:** *Sonatine.* **Beethoven:** *Sonata No. 26, in E-flat Major, Op. 81a ("Les Adieux").* Robert Casadesus (piano); Gaby Casadesus (piano, in Schubert and Bach); Jean Casadesus (piano, in Bach); Zino Francescatti (violin, in Casadesus); members of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet (in Mozart K. 452); Concerts Colonne Orchestra, Pierre Dervaux cond. (in Bach); Columbia Symphony, George Szell cond. (in Mozart K. 466). COLUMBIA M3 32135 three discs $20.98.

Performance: **Distinguished**
Recording: **Satisfactory to excellent**

This is an extremely worthy and sensibly organized memorial album for Robert Casadesus, who died on September 19, 1972, at the age of seventy-three. The first side is an excellent example of how the French pianist played at the start of his recording career, and although the eleven Scarlatti sonatas are not especially true to Baroque practice with regard to ornamentation, phrasing, and texts, the playing is nonetheless extremely compelling: it was a distinguished set of 78-rpm discs in its time, and the 1930's sound has been well transferred. (Those recordings, incidentally, were of course monophonic, as are all in this album except for the Bach concerto, recorded in 1966, and the Mozart quintet, recorded in 1963. Both the Mozart, with members of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, and Casadesus' own violin sonata, a neo-Classic, peppery, and rather eclectic work recorded in 1949, are here released for the first time.)

Casadesus' Mozart was always something very special, and the two examples included here (Columbia has also released six concertos with George Szell conducting on D3M-32796) are marvelously satisfying examples of the pianist's Classically refined yet undeniably masculine approach to the composer. It would be very hard indeed to find more elegant or exquisite performances than these. The remaining pieces all provide ample documentation of the pianist's vital, unexaggerated interpretive style, his musical sympathies (I am sorry, though, that his Debussy was not included), and, of course, his music making with his family. He was a superb artist, and I hope that Columbia will eventually re-release even more. A richly illustrated brochure, complete with discography, is included with the set, and the sound reproduction is very good. *I.K.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

LOUIS DANTO: ***The Art of Cantor Louis Danto.*** **Glantz:** *Ezkera Elohim Vs'hemaya;*

Marom Im Atzmu. **Zalis:** *Kulam Ahuvim.* **Lind:** *Al Harishonim Va'al.* **Alter:** *Hashkivenu; Hineni Mukhan Umezuman.* **Danto-Shall:** *Zohzlim V'ro'adim.* **Trad.:** *Shema Israel; Magen Avot.* Louis Danto (tenor); Jack Baras (organ). MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1685 $3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Exceptional**
Recording: **Good**

There are nine traditional Hebrew prayers on this record. The detailed liner notes are informative about their meaning and place in the liturgy, but say nothing whatever about their composers, not even whether they are dead or alive. But that is the only thing wrong with the album. The singing of Louis Danto, born in Russia, trained in Russia and Italy, and now cantor of Cleveland's Park Synagogue, is nothing short of superb.

Cantor Danto possesses a lyric tenor voice of melancholy coloration and endearing quality. It is unforced, well sustained and modulated, true to pitch, and used with the mastery of a bel canto stylist. There are plenty of B-flats and B-naturals in these prayers, for some of the settings are in challenging high keys, but the tessitura poses no problem whatever for the singer. He delivers the florid cantorial lines with sensitive and tasteful embellishments, with exemplary trills, floating tones of utter purity in the high register. The technique and overall control Cantor Danto displays on this record no tenor under contract to a major U.S. opera company today can duplicate. This type of music, of course, is not for a broad public, which is rather a pity considering the quality of the singing. In any case, Louis Danto's artistry can also be sampled on a disc of Russian art songs (MHS 1185). *G.J.*


Musical Heritage Society

TENOR LOUIS DANTO
In traditional Hebrew prayer settings


London Records

TENOR WERNER KRENN
In arias from Viennese operettas

EXSULTATE, JUBILATE. Pergolesi: *Orfeo.* **Purcell:** *Four Fantasias for Strings.* **Mozart:** *Exsultate, Jubilate (K. 165).* **Hirsch:** *Concerto for Oboe, Bassoon, and Strings.* Helen Donath (soprano, in Pergolesi and Mozart); Manfred Clement (oboe); Detlev Kühl (bassoon); Bavarian State Orchestra Chamber Ensemble, Hans Ludwig Hirsch cond. EURODISC 87 263 XEK two discs $13.96.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Excellent**

This is another in Eurodisc's series of broadcast concerts in cooperation with the Bavarian network, emanating, on this occasion, from the ancient church of Rottenbuch. The joyous Mozart motet is the only familiar element in the interesting program.

Orfeo, like just about anything written by the short-lived Pergolesi (1710-1736), is a delightful discovery. It is a cantata for soprano, consisting of two recitative-aria sets, the first a lament, the second a more joyous expression. I find the music, particularly that of the second set, distinctly anticipatory of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*. (Whether Gluck knew the Pergolesi cantata is not revealed in the annotations—or in any other source material I could immediately lay my hands on.)

The four Purcell fantasias, all dating from 1680, were written for a small ensemble of viols, and Baroque specialists would doubtless find this performance inflated in sound. My own tolerant ears are instantly disarmed by the simple nobility of the music and by the clarity with which the composer's design is set forth. Heresy or not, the richness of string sonority and the warmth of those church acoustics are very persuasive.

Helen Donath's singing in both the Mozart and Pergolesi works is clear, vibrant, and technically assured. Her Italian diction, however, is not very idiomatic. Herr Hirsch is evidently an enterprising musician with a flair for the uncommon. His own Double Concerto is a pleasant bit of neo-Classicism, providing some effective solo display and dialogue for the two fine soloists but not too much substance for the participating orchestra. The composer-conductor has provided notes, but they are in German only. There are no texts for either vocal selection. *G.J.*

EZIO FLAGELLO: ***Rossini and Mozart Arias.*** **Rossini:** *La Cenerentola: I miei rampolli. Il Barbiere di Siviglia: A un dottor; La calunnia. L'Italiana in Algeri: Le femmine d'Italia.* **Mozart:** *Don Giovanni: Madamina. The Magic Flute: Qui sdegno non s'accende. Le Nozze di Figaro: Non più andrai. Mentre ti lascio o figlia (concert aria, K. 513).* Ezio Flagello (bass); Orchestra Sinfonica di Roma, Nicolas Flagello cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1725 $3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Good**

When this collection of arias first appeared eleven years ago on the now defunct Scope label, I wrote, "Ezio Flagello brings to his first aria recital solid musicianship, exceptionally smooth technique, and a secure mastery of both the Mozart and Rossini styles."

All this still holds. Not everything is above criticism: "*Madamina*" is not lively enough, and the slow pacing for "*La calunnia*" is no more convincing now than it seemed years ago. But the singing is undeviatingly rich-toned and tasteful. The orchestral accompaniments under the baton of Nicolas Flagello are fastidiously detailed and well performed. There is a touch of harshness to the recorded sound, but the balances are good and the music is effectively captured. *G.J.*

MARILYN HORNE: ***French and Spanish Songs.*** **Bizet:** *Chanson d'Avril; Adieux de l'Hôtesse Arabe; Vieille Chanson; Absence.* **Debussy:** *Chansons de Bilitis.* **Falla:** *Seven Popular Spanish Songs.* **Nin:** *Villancico Castellano; Jesus de Nazareth; Villancico Asturiano; Villancico Andaluz.* Marilyn Horne (mezzo-soprano); Martin Katz (piano). LONDON OS-26301 $6.98.

Performance: **Sumptuous**
Recording: **Excellent**

This is Marilyn Horne's recording debut as a song recitalist, and in some ways it is formidable. Her command of the French and Spanish languages and styles is impressive, and her choice of material is excellent—the unfamiliar Bizet and Nin songs are delightful. True, the Debussy and Falla cycles have been recorded before by some outstanding interpreters, but Miss Horne's extraordinary vocal art justifies just about anything she undertakes.

We are treated here to a display of the plushest, richest tones imaginable, managed by a technique little short of breathtaking. The problem (admittedly an unusual one) is that in our admiration of the vocal phenomenon we tend to lose sight of *what* is being sung. On rare occasions—Bizet's *Vieille Chanson*, for one—Miss Horne settles for simplicity, and the effect is haunting. But far more often the aim is vocal virtuosity. Whether in Bizet's *Adieux de l'Hôtesse Arabe* or in Nin's *Jesus de Nazareth*, she achieves dazzling results at the expense of intimacy. Although it is easy to understand that she is reluctant to restrain that golden "operatic" voice of hers, it is overabundant for the Falla songs where, for example, the word "*Madre*" (in *Canción*) is projected with the cavernous chest tones of Mistress Quickly. She does this repertoire well, but the effortless spontaneity of Victoria de los Angeles remains beyond her.

The lively and exciting piano accompaniments and the warm, resonant sound are solid enhancements. The minuses: Miss Horne's misreading of "*encontremos*" in the second Falla song, her frequent lapses of intonation, and the absence of texts, which is only partially redeemed by John Ardoin's informative annotations. *G.J.*

LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA: ***Concert of Romantic Music.*** **Reger:** *A Comedy Overture, Op. 120.* **Bizet:** *Chromatic Variations.* **Moszkowski:** *Suite No. 3, Op. 79.* **Napravnik:** *Festive March on a Russian Theme and a Theme by Frederick the Great.* Louisville Orchestra, Jorge Mester cond. LOUISVILLE FIRST EDITION RECORDS LS-734 $5.95 (available from

Louisville Orchestra, 321 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. 40202).

Performance: **Fair to middling**
Recording: **Just fair**

One of the complaints about the remarkable and pioneering Louisville Orchestra First Edition series was that, in setting out to record new music, it helped to disseminate and preserve a good deal of mediocre art that would otherwise have been quickly forgotten. Now that complaint is neatly taken care of, for the orchestra seems determined to devote its efforts to mediocre performances of mediocre old music that had actually already been forgotten.

The 118th (the number is correct) Louisville release was recorded on May 4, 1973, following a performance at Butler University's Sixth Romantic Festival. The most notable piece is the Bizet, but this was originally piano music and the Weingartner orchestration is heavy. Reger's *Comedy* Overture is an obvious parallel to Brahms' *Academic Festival* (like Brahms, Reger paired it with a *Tragic* Overture). It is a rare excursion into lighter realms of expression, but it is not successfully carried off here. The Moszkowski Suite is also light Brahmsiana. Best known as the composer of innumerable salon pieces, Moszkowski also wrote a number of larger works in a very careful, elegant, watered-down, mildly pretentious traditional style; it is the kind of music, displaying lots of skill and little ingenuity, that offends nobody – but one almost wishes for, at the very least, some real salon banality to liven things up. Edward Napravnik, a Bohemian by birth, was the music director at the Imperial Theater in St. Petersburg and directed the first performances of many important Russian operas. His *Festival* Overture had perhaps more political than musical overtones. It was written to celebrate the visit of Kaiser Wilhelm I to Russia.

If this is the direction in which the Louisville Orchestra and First Edition recordings are moving, they are going to find themselves candidates for the Scratchy Groove Awards Hall of Fame. Louisville, come home! *E.S.*

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MUSIC IN HONOR OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY. Anon.: *Motet, Thomas gemma Cantuariae; Carol, Laetare Cantuaria; Threnody, In Rama sonat gemitus; Sequence, Solemne canticum; Responsory and Prosa, Jacet granum; Conductus, Novus miles sequitur; Carol, Clangat tuba, martyr Thoma; Antiphon, Pastor caesus in gregis medio; Sequence, Ante thronum regentis omnia.* **Power:** *Credo, Opem nobis.* **Benet (attrib.):** *Sanctus, Jacet granum.* Accademia Monteverdiana; Trinity Boys' Choir; Denis Stevens dir. NONESUCH H-71292 $3.98.

Performance: **Superb**
Recording: **Superb**

T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* and Jean Anouilh's *Becket* are two contemporary treatments of the life and death of the famous English archbishop who was assassinated in 1170 by four of King Henry II's knights. Thomas Becket was canonized just three years later, and the indefatigable Denis Stevens has assembled a fascinating and moving anthology of music from the latter half of the twelfth century through the fifteenth recounting the circumstances of the martyrdom, praising St. Thomas, or serving as portions of the liturgy connected with his feast day. The collection, marvelously varied in content and vocal disposition, includes carols, motets, sections of the Mass, and plainchant, all of them exquisitely performed. Stevens pays great attention to liturgical niceties here, as for example in "*Jacet granum*" ("The grain lies overwhelmed by the chaff"), in which an early fourteenth-century motet alternates with the proper chant for the December 28 Vigil of the Feast of St. Thomas, the whole being intended to accompany a procession to the altar of St. Thomas.

The recording would make an admirable introduction to medieval music for almost anyone, and it should be unnecessary to add that it belongs in any library that is devoted to music of this period. The solo and choral singing could not be better, and the recorded sound is exceptionally atmospheric. An added bonus is Stevens' own comprehensive notes, and complete texts and translations are included. In every way, this is an outstanding recording. *I.K.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

VIENNESE OPERETTA FAVORITES. J. Strauss: *Wer uns getraut; Treu sein; Lagunen-Walzer.* **Millöcker:** *Soll ich reden.* **Suppé:** *Hab' ich nur deine Liebe; Mia bella fiorentina.* **Kálmán:** *Zwei Märchenaugen.* **Dostal:** *Ich bin verliebt; Spiel' mir das Lied von Glück und Treu.* **Künneke:** *Ich bin nur ein armer Wandergesell'.* **Kattnigg:** *Bel ami, schöner Freund; Ich weiss mir ein Mädel am sonnigen Rhein.* **Czernik:** *Chi sa?* Renate Holm (soprano); Werner Krenn (tenor); Vienna Volksoper Orchestra, Anton Paulik cond. LONDON OS 26219 $6.98.

Performance: **Captivating**
Recording: **Excellent**

London Records, the American branch at least, evidently is not as crazy about Viennese operettas as I am, otherwise they wouldn't treat them so meanly. As you will see when you buy this record (and I sincerely hope you will) the sides are numbered one and four. In the spring of 1973 there was another album ("The Best of Franz Lehár," OSA 26220, reviewed May 1973) numbered as sides two and three. A long time between shoes indeed; the album was of course originally issued in England as a two-disc set. Never mind – the wait was worth it. For those who know the genre I will say only that everything here is of the first water, the program, the orchestra, the conductor, and the soloists (Werner Krenn will remind you of a somewhat lighter-voiced Fritz Wunderlich, and Renate Holm of that ineffably light, intoxicatingly sweet whipped cream that glorifies Viennese coffee). For those not yet enslaved to this music, I earnestly recommend – no, *entreat* – that you try, say, *Zwei Märchenaugen* or (especially) *Ich bin nur ein armer Wandergesell'* here. You will never be the same again. And to London Records: get these two discs into one package where they belong, lay on some more competent notes (insufficient information is given to connect most of these songs up with the operettas of which they are a part – the disc labels are more complete in this respect, but they are hard to read when the record is turning), and furnish the texts. Such offhand, down-the-nose disdain as is evident here hardly becomes a label whose reputation rests so heavily on its devotion to the human voice. *William Anderson*

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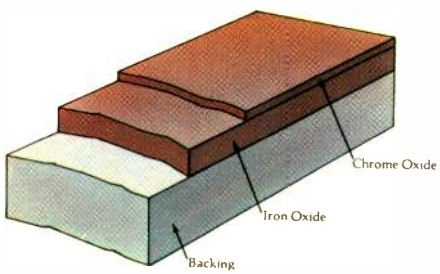

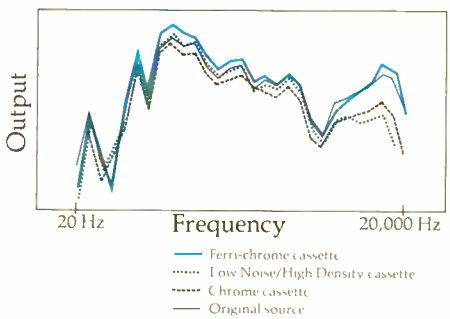

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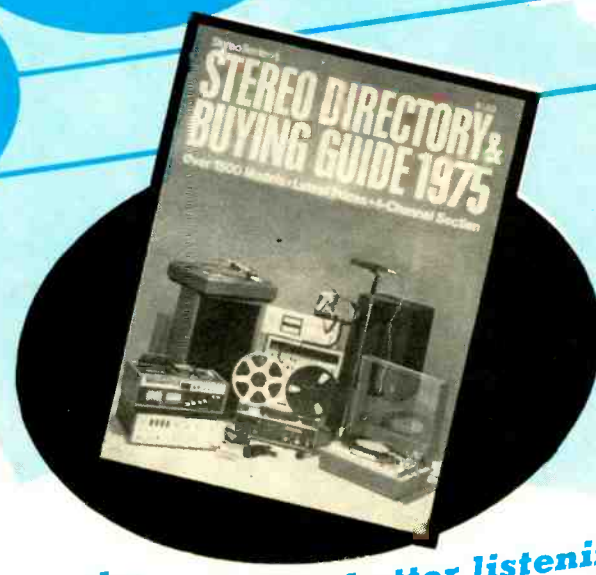

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TAPE HORIZONS

By CRAIG STARK

STANDARDS

THOUGH audiophiles often compare the published specifications of different recorders (I hope with a properly jaundiced eye!), they rarely consider the basic *standards* that really determine performance. Best known to most readers of this column are the standards set by the NAB (National Association of Broadcasters), which were last revised in 1965. However, when making copies of my own tapes for European broadcast, I've often had to change the equalization of my recorder from the NAB to the European curve; otherwise, the bass/treble balance would have been improper when they were aired. Other, often conflicting, recommendations are suggested by numerous other international groups. It's not that anyone wants to change the size of the spindle hole or the tape width of the reels you buy at your local dealer; it's simply that they are concerned with the standardizing of equalizations that will obtain the best possible results from the available tape formulations. The tape formulations and the machines keep improving, however, and therein lies the problem. The cassette format, because of its particularly rapid evolution, provides an especially good illustration of the problems involved in dealing with established tape standards.

For example, the original Philips design called for a bass rolloff in playback of about 6 dB per octave starting at 100 Hz. This helped to prevent power-line hum from becoming audible. In order to provide a flat *overall* signal, a corresponding bass boost was built into the record section. However, the duplicators found that applying this much bass boost during recording produces considerable low-end distortion. So they simply omitted the mandated bass boost and permitted the low-frequency playback response to droop a bit. A cheap player couldn't reproduce the extreme bass, anyway.

In the meantime, however, the playback electronics in *good* cassette machines have improved to the point where the designers now lower (or altogether eliminate) the playback bass rolloff. Thus the bass boost during recording is no longer needed. With such machines, if a duplicator adhered strictly to standard, you'd have to turn *down* your bass control slightly to play his tapes "flat," for the improved circuits in your cassette machine violate the same standard.

The situation is no less chaotic at the high-frequency end of the spectrum, where improvements in both heads and tapes have made the older "standards" unrepresentative of equipment actually in use. New oxides have greater high-frequency response, which requires changing the amount of treble boost, as well as the level of bias, during playback. Again, a new standard is lacking, and in its absence cassettes made on one machine may not sound the same on another. However, tone controls will usually provide the correction needed.

Quadraphonic sound presents still another challenge. When converting from mono to stereo, Philips wisely decided to put both left and right channels onto the same half of the tape (by reducing the track width, of course). This meant that a mono cassette player whose record/playback head spanned 0.56 inch would automatically combine and play *both* of the new 0.21-inch stereo channels. And, as in mono days, the cassette could be turned over for side two.

But Philips' demand that there be two program "sides" and complete compatibility has so far kept the cassette out of the discrete four-channel market. The Philips format involves making an eight-track cassette—putting four channels where there are now two, and cutting the channel width on the tape to about 0.07 inch each. Even prototype laboratory heads that can meet these dimensions are rare, and the technical and manufacturing problems of producing them are enormous. Four channels in *one* direction are relatively easy, so perhaps this is another standard that should give way.

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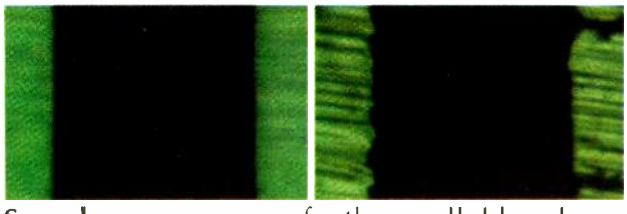

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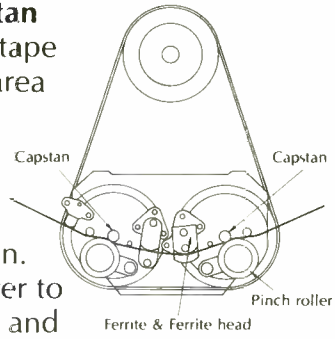

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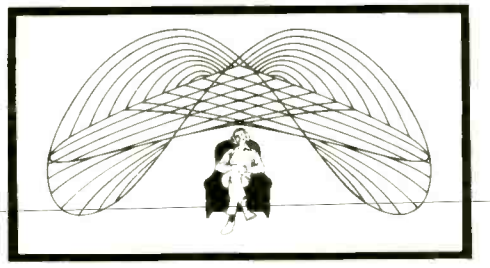

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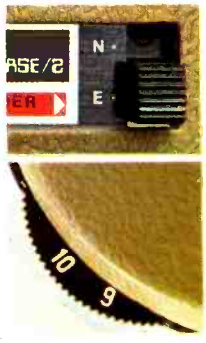

Now flip the Ambience Expander switch to the E position. As you advance the Panoramic Source Controls, you'll hear a dramatic expansion of the center channel on your recordings. You'll feel totally surrounded by the performing musicians. And as you rotate one Panoramic Source Control separately from the other, you'll feel yourself move from the piano bench one minute to the middle of the violin section the next.

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