Preview of Fall Recordings

How to Catalogue Your Records

Enhance Your Stereo
Use Your Room as a Component

Is the New Rock Opera a Breakthrough?
15 inches
The XP-9C is the only speaker system to incorporate a 15-inch woofer in an enclosure measuring only 27½" x 16¾" x 13" deep. Plus two 5" mid-range speakers and two 1½" dome-type tweeters (one for the lower treble, one for the highest frequencies). Crossovers at 500, 1200 and 5000 Hz. Frequency response from 28 to 22,000 Hz.

12 inches
In addition to its massive woofer with butyl rubber surround, the XP-7B has a 5¾" lower mid-range and a 5¾" upper-mid-range driver, plus two 3" tweeters. Crossovers at 350, 800 and 3500 Hz. Frequency response from 30 to 20,000 Hz. Cabinet size 24½" x 14" x 11½" deep.

10 inches
The 12-inch woofer of the XP-68B crosses over to a 5" mid-range driver at 500 Hz, which in turn crosses over to a 3" tweeter at 1000 Hz. The result is outstandingly smooth response from 32 to 20,000 Hz. Cabinet size 24¼" x 13½" x 11¾" deep.

10 inches
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Fisher introduces four new bookshelf speakers, each with the largest, most sophisticated woofer in its class.

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The XP-9C is by far the most compact system ever to incorporate a 15-inch woofer. The XP-7B and XP-66B have 12-inch woofers, instead of the 10-inchers you'd normally find in their class. And the size and price of the XP-60B would seem to call for an 8-inch woofer, but we give you a 10-inch unit instead. All for the love of bass. (Believe us, it took some engineering.)

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The new Fisher XP-9C four-way bookshelf speaker with five drivers, $199.95.

The new Fisher XP-7B four-way bookshelf speaker with five drivers, $149.95.

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The new Fisher XP-60B two-way bookshelf speaker with two drivers, $79.95.

*Also available with wood-grain grille, $10 extra. (Model K instead of B.) Prices slightly higher in the Far West.
Words are inherently limited in stimulating the emotions aroused by music. This is especially so in describing how high fidelity components perform.

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High Fidelity Magazine

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# HIGH FIDELITY

**VOL. 19 NO. 9 SEPTEMBER 1969**

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Ned Rorem

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Dear Reader:

Early this summer I had the pleasant problem of deciding on a stereo setup for my country house. I decided that, rather than buying all new equipment, I would take along whatever old components I had in the city and replace any consequent holes there with new components.

First, in order to see if I could still handle a soldering iron (and since speakers are the easiest kits to build), I decided to assemble my speaker system from kits. I selected Heath's AR-48, which I had already determined sounded fine in my particular listening room.

There was no problem choosing an amplifier. My decade-old Dynakit Stereo 70 was still functioning very nicely with its matching PAS-2 preamp. I have fond if sneaky memories of these two kits, the first I ever built. One Friday some dozen years ago, as my unemployment insurance was running out, a friend told me of a "hi-fi magazine" that was holding interviews for a technical editor the following Monday. At the time I literally did not know the difference between an amplifier and a preamplifier—but, my friend assured me, neither did the people who were doing the hiring at the magazine (now, you may be assured, happily defunct; I always felt I did my bit to help things along). I spent the next day and a half at the library reading audio primers and on Monday I reached my first level of incompetence as a bona fide audio technical editor. We had, of course, no CBS Labs at our service; one of my duties was to assign components for review, and since, if you built a kit you got to keep it, well...

The next piece of equipment up for bucolic consideration was a turntable. Should I take my old Collaro Continental changer which, by today's standards, is a piece of junk? Or should I choose my even older but still magnificent Rek-O-Kut 16-inch transcription turntable and its companion 16-inch Pickering arm that my wife has often threatened to throw out with me if I don't stop cluttering up the kids' closet with it? I settled for convenience and my newer Dual 1019 changer.

For a tuner, I pulled out another oldie, the Scott 310-B, one of the first FM tuners to incorporate a multiplex jack. And of course there was Scott's multiplex adapter to go with it. Bulky perhaps, but it still works splendidly.

Finally there was the matter of a cartridge. The Dual had a relatively unplayed Shure M55E in it. After looking up the components, I decided to bid farewell to the M55E by playing a new recording (the first side of Mendelssohn's Elijah on Angel) with it, then switching to Shure's V15/II, and repeating the same disc. The first cartridge showed that the recording was spirited and that the performance must have been exciting. I could not, however, understand Fischer-Dieskau's diction nor the words sung by the chorus, nor could I determine all the entrances in the low strings during the fugal overture. After the switch to the V15/II, Fischer-Dieskau's English got better, I could hear all the fugal entrances, and I could almost understand the chorus. Which again demonstrated to me that the cheapest way to upgrade a stereo system dramatically—if you have the arm to handle it—is to use a high-compliance cartridge.

Now my only problem is what to do with a 16-inch turntable.

Next month we will try to make up somewhat for the canceled New York High Fidelity Music Show with our own HIGH FIDELITY show of NEW PRODUCTS FOR THE NEW DECADE. We will also tell you how and where you can get your Japanese products serviced in THE SCRAPULAR ORIENT. John Culshaw, former Decca/London producer and now head of music for BBC television, will ask WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? and then discuss the possibilities of adding video to audio recordings in the home. And George Movshon will present surprising remarks from Chicago's new maestro in THE PARALLEL CAREERS OF GEORG SOLTI.

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Leonard Marcus

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4. Will preserve stereo separation and definition everywhere in the listening area.

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Wharfedale

From: Engineering Department
To: Sales Department
Subject: Speaker system that permits control of the sound distribution in a room.

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We call it "VARIFLEX".

Memo
Wharfedale

From: Sales Department
To: The Public
Subject: VARIFLEX

This exceptional, unique speaker system, probably the most significant breakthrough in home stereo reproduction, will be formally announced in October.
Critical Bias

As one who has already more than once crossed swords with your reviewers, I had determined to stay out of the Berlioz brawl I knew would arise over Bernard Jacobson’s discography (March 1969), especially as he had been kind enough to warn me in advance not to expect objective criticism. I would, however, like to address myself to a larger problem of which the Jacobson furor could serve as a typical symptom, i.e., the chronic and continuing lack of objectivity on the part of a number of your reviewers, and the growing reader reaction to such persistent evidence of bias.

First, let me say that I believe in the free expression of thought; that I am all for vigorous, trenchant, fearless criticism; and that I am perfectly aware that people equally rational and truth-loving can hold contrary views. I believe that most of your readers also think this way.

A rational adult can tolerate dissent, opposition, and fair controversy; he even welcomes such competition on principle; but what any man with pride will not tolerate for a second is the kind of arrogance that leads to bullying, hectoring, sneering, and other such tactics of intimidation. He resents, strongly and instantly, dogmatic judgments that seem to say, anyone who disagrees with me is either a reprobate or a simpleton or probably both. And he is not long fooled by attempts to hide such unintelligent rudeness under the mask of free speech.

I hasten to add that some of your reviewers—Fleming, Osborne, Darrell—never make this mistake, and though I may find myself in strong disagreement with them, I never feel my intelligence has been questioned. But this is exactly what happens when, say, Bernard Jacobson decides that the thousands who have found Munch “pre-eminent in Berlin” (to quote another of your critics) are simply blind to the light and reprobatel to all truth.

No doubt you are gaining droves of smart young readers who consider this sort of writing committed and gripping and Now but, if your own letters column is any indication, you are also alienating a large block of those more mature readers who have learned to prefer truth, sense, and good taste to propaganda, sloganism, and slick impertinence.

Harry Wells McGraw Hattiesburg, Miss.

Why does High Fidelity retain Bernard Jacobson on its staff of record reviewers? It is surely not for his ability as a critic or writer, as I see it, but for that space called controversy which he adds to your brew. I shall grant that Robert C. Marsh, who previously handled the repertoire that is now Mr. Jacobson’s terrain, was not the kind of critic to provoke angry letters—but nobody’s perfect! In any case—and these are personal opinions, at this point, not objective statements—I considered Mr. Marsh a critic of far higher stature. Whether I agreed with him or not, I found him always respectful, sober, and responsible.

Mr. Jacobson has shown himself to be one of the bitterest opinion-givers (I wouldn’t call him a critic) I have ever encountered. He has called his critics “pigs,” annotators “idiots,” and, in general, has indulged in calculated and conscious insults. Specifically, according to Jacobson, Klemperer has played like a pig for years, and the statement that Mahler’s creative stature cannot yet be finally determined is an idiocy. Actually, Klemperer’s powers are probably waning (though he will be more important in a thousand years than Jacobson is at his finest contemporary hour); but I find the liner comment in Seraphim’s recording of the Mahler Ninth to be absolutely correct—it is exasperatingly difficult to rank Mahler. But these are opinions. The disrespect shown by Jacobson is the issue here: insults are never excusable; the respect of a differing opinion is essential. Jacobson is constantly insulting and disrespectful.

Jacobson’s emotional outbursts, whether adult or derogatory, give ample evidence that he is not a sober critic. One could overlook (though hardly condone) his faults and failures if his ability as a judge of musical art were remarkable. Since his abilities in this direction are not significant (seldom, in my opinion, has any one “professional” critic so often failed to overcome the narrow confines of his own emotionalism), I find it hard to take him seriously.

Michael Savage Station, Tenn.

Mr. Jacobson replies: Let me deal with the more specific of these indictments first—Mr. Savage’s objection to alleged insults. I didn’t call Klemperer a pig. I didn’t even say that he played like one. I did imply it, but only by inference from a general argument to a particular instance which was organized. I had hoped, in such a way as to disconnect the emotional impact of the word from any one man. If the disconnection didn’t succeed, that is my fault, and I am sorry—though I would also add that apparently the American feeling about the word in question is much stronger than my own English one, so that this is another example of the problems posed by “the barrier of a common language.”

I didn’t call Seraphim’s annotator an idiot. I did say that his observation about the final determination of Mahler’s art was idiotic. Perfectly brilliant people say perfectly idiotic things sometimes. I didn’t call the observation idiotic through
Museum Pieces.

These are the AR-3a speaker systems of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago. Every afternoon, visitors to the galleries hear contemporary music played through a system which, in addition to the speaker systems shown, includes an AR turntable, AR amplifier and six AR-4x speaker systems. The exhibit at the time the photograph was taken was a retrospective show of work by H. C. Westermann.

This is not the first time that AR equipment has been seen in an art museum. At New York's Museum of Modern Art and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, AR speaker systems of various types have served to reproduce music accurately both during exhibits or concerts and in the departments in which exhibitions are prepared. Nor has the equipment always been supplemental to the exhibit; when the AR turntable was first manufactured, it was exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art as an example of good design.

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SEPTEMBER 1969
any belief that it isn't true. Of course it's true, in precisely the way that it's true to say "It is at present impossible to get all the people in the world to agree about everything." The ideology consists in imagining that the purpose in question is desirable and its difficulty therefore worth mentioning. The reason I came down so hard on it in this instance is that it's exactly the kind of thing I used to say, and even write, before I realized that making "final" judgments about artistic stature is a chimera, no, for a critic or for anyone else.

And that brings us to the bugbear of objectivity revived again by Mr. McGraw. His otherwise irresistible letter seems to me flawed by two absolutely basic misconceptions: the notion that criticism ought to be objective, and the belief that what is not objective is, ipso facto, biased.

To criticize means to make judgments, and making judgments is a subjective process. To be sure, it should always be carried out on objective grounds; and as far as I am aware, I have never expressed a critical judgment in print without supporting it by solid factual reasons. The problem arises when the attempt is made to suggest that objectivity should be a characteristic, not only of the grounds for judgment, but of the process of judgment in itself. Thus, I think, is a philosophical confusion.

Robert C. Marsh, whom Mr. Savage cites to confound me, is indeed an excellent choice of antagonist in this particular matter. Mr. Marsh and I have often agreed, both in print and in public debate, to differ on the occasion. He expounds objectivity and I subjectivity. Yet when, for example, Mr. Marsh writes, as he did recently, that each of a certain group of conductors "could be called the greatest living interpreter of some portion of the repertory, the man whose achievements provide a valid standard for the assessment of his younger colleagues," it seems to me that his belief in objectivity leads him into assertions that would never have gotten past Socrates. "Could be called" by whom? "Valid" for whom?

It is in order to avoid fundamental difficulties of this kind that I insist on interspersing my reviews with material of the sort that amounts to "I like Davis Berlin and I don't like Munch's." It is not because I want to suggest that Mr. McGraw and readers of his persuasion are "blind to the light and repelate to all truth"; it is, on the contrary, because I want (and I think every critic ought) to keep constantly before his readers the fact that he is not pointing out universal truths—he is simply a person making judgments.

The kind of objective grounds he then adduces for his judgments will then assist the reader to estimate whether or not he himself, with his own preferences, is likely to react the same way to a given work or performance. For my purpose is not to persuade people, but to help them judge for themselves. And is it not quite clear that when Mr. McGraw reads a review of mine he generally has a pretty clear idea what his opinion of the matter I discuss might be, even when that opinion would be opposed to mine?

As for bias, which is not the making of judgments but the being controlled by prejudices, and as such has nothing to do with subjectivity either way, I can only ask Mr. McGraw to consult the record. He will find many instances in which I have said unflattering things about performers I generally admire, and favorable ones about performers I generally don't admire.

Angelic Deprivation

Some time ago High Fidelity reported on a recording then in progress, of the Beethoven Piano Concertos by Daniel Barenboim and Otto Klemperer. These records were released quite some time ago in Europe, but have never been made available in this country. Recently, through relatives in Europe, I was able to obtain the set and can assure you that both the musicianship and recorded sound are of the very highest quality. It seems a shame that Angel has apparently decided not to market the records in this country, thus depriving many collectors of the chance to hear this music recorded by two of the leading Beethoven interpreters of our time.

Carlo Infante Portland, Ore.

Better late than never—Angel has scheduled the Barenboim/Klemperer Beethoven Concertos for October release. For further information, see our annual fall record preview on page 22.

Speaking of Records

Thanks so much for the new feature "Speaking of Records," in which one of my favorite sopranos, Leontyne Price, discussed her favorite records [May 1969]. I like this personal touch. Please let's have more.

Ralph J. Bishop Spokane, Wash.

Trotter versus Sarper

It amazed me that my letter concerning Eugene Ormandy [March 1969] should have touched off such a violent attack from Stephen Sarper [June 1969]. The proper response to a criticism one disagrees with a countercriticism. My letter did not contain a single slur on the character or sincerity of Maestro Ormandy, and if Mr. Sarper wishes to attack my aesthetic viewpoint in defense of Ormandy's art, splendid. But since he seems to extend most of his outrage in the form of an ad hominem (and somewhat slanderous) assault on my personal intelligence, I feel compelled to request a chance to say a few words of self-defense.

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If you wish write for Special Offer.

3-F9
passingly stupid," "arrogant," and "small-minded." And then goes on to state that these qualities are to be inferred from my criticism of Ormandy, Leinsdorf, and the Spiri Agnew of the podium. William Steinberg. I am forced to wonder, from the nature of Mr. Sarper's violent reaction, if he has ever heard what the Philadelphia sounded like before 1940? I have heard Ormandy and "his" Philadelphia perform works by the composers Mr. Sarper cites (Bach, Mozart, Beethoven), live and on record, more times than I care to add up. Ormandy's Bach usually consists of transcriptions which make Stokowski's sound like models of good taste. Mozart? Beethoven? Aw, come on! Like everyone else, Ormandy has good days and bad, but presumably the interpretations a conductor allows to be released on record are those on which he has lavished the longest and closest care, and Ormandy's set of the Beethoven Ninth consists— with a few admitted moments of obvious inspiration— of superficially glossy interpretations whose impressive tonal beauty cannot hide a basic hollowness.

Mr. Sarper's assertion that "even [Ormandy's] principal overplayed warhorses shine with his deep personal involvement with the music" is fully as much an out-on-a-limb statement as anything I said in my letter. I wonder if Mr. Sarper has ever heard anyone else play an "overplayed warhorse"? Ormandy's warhorse performances "shine" all right—with the same slick iridescence of an oil stain in a creek, and with about the same depth of commitment.

I'm certainly happy to be informed that Ormandy made a hit when he guest conducted the Pittsburgh Symphony. After a season of Steinberg, an Ormandy concert probably would seem like "an unforgettable emotional and spiritual experience." Mr. Sarper's praise of his city's orchestra and its leader is admirable, but my judgment of Steinberg is based on more than cursory exposure to his style. The last time I attended a Steinberg concert it literally put me to sleep—right in the middle of La Mer—and judging by the overwhelming crescendo of indifference I observed in the rows around me, I was far from alone.

Finally, Mr. Sarper gets a cheap rhetorical laugh from the galleries by asking when was the last time I left Charlotte to see Ormandy conduct—with the obvious intuition that no one living in any place except a major city could presume to have an aesthetic opinion of his own, or even be "arrogant" enough to believe he knows anything at all about music. This kind of flipping-nose-on-the-provinces attitude seems to me to exhibit rather strongly just that kind of arrogance and small-mindedness of which I stand accused.

I expected that my original letter would indeed rub many people the wrong way—it is impossible to take a strong critical stand without doing so—and I would gladly have welcomed any counterattack based on differing tastes and judgments. But Mr. Sarper's fit of pique has so little to do with musical matters per se and so much to do with his personal integrity, that it amounted to little more than a public face-slapping, and deserves to be answered in kind.

William Trotter
Charlotte, N.C.

Undercover Work

I have been distressed to note the campaign by innuendo that HIGH FIDELITY has been waging against Dr. Serge Koussevitzky.

In his Sibelius discography (May 1969), Harris Goldsmith attempted to foist the fallacy that Leonard Bernstein's recordings of the symphonies were paradigms of Dr. Koussevitzky's approach and then attacked Dr. Koussevitzky by noticing the weakness in his pupil's recordings. If Mr. Goldsmith wished to discuss the Koussevitzky approach, he should have analyzed the Koussevitzky recordings, and not the work of a man who studied briefly under him almost thirty years ago. On the occasion of Koussevitzky's death, Jean Sibelius himself sent a letter to the bereaved family containing the highest praise for Dr. Koussevitzky's performances of his works.

The June 1969 issue contained an even more irresponsible attack on Koussevitzky. In Leonard Marcus's editorial we offered the estimation of a callow music student (whose idiosyncratic vision had been deflated) that Koussevitzky was musically inferior to Leonard Bernstein. For over three years I have been listening to the program "The Koussevitzky Legacy" here in Boston. On this series I have heard dozens of professional musicians, learned professors, and mature critics state their unequivocal opinions that Dr. Koussevitzky was a musical giant and, far most of them, the greatest conductor of all time. Listings in the New York Times inform me that this series is now being broadcast in New York City. I hope that HIGH FIDELITY's readers will use this opportunity to form their own opinion of the musicianship of Serge Koussevitzky and not be misled by the snide comments published by HIGH FIDELITY.

Ronald A. Fascenda
Boston, Mass.

Test Data

In your June "Equipment Reports," there was insufficient written lab test data on the Pioneer SX-1500T receiver. We were given plenty of graphs but how about the "both obs. simul., l. ch. at clipping . . . r. ch. at clipping . . ." etc., that used to appear in your tables? Your reports used to be so comprehensive.

Earl O. Elliston
Alexandria, Va.

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LETTERS
Continued from page 10

and receivers) for both channels. The graph-related information found in the "data box" of text is now printed right on the appropriate response graphs themselves. Thus, we not only save space and can publish more product information, but these statements of performance are now visually easier to correlate with the graphs from which they have been extracted. All the old data—and more—is still being given.

Arthur Weisberg on CRI

I was musicologically saddened and journalistically offended to see the feature review in your June 1969 issue about Arthur Weisberg and the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. Even though your magazine had previously reviewed the newest CRI record of this distinguished ensemble, I think it would be only proper to mention the fact that Nonesuch is not the only company that has "discovered" it.

For your information, Arthur Weisberg has also recorded, for CRI, the music of Easley Blackwood, William Sydenman, Alvin Eler, Robert Moeus, and Donald Martino. Carter Harman
Executive Vice-President
Composers Recordings, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Women's Rights

Leo Haber's article "The Perils of Record Collecting" [February 1969] was delightful. If Mr. Haber is really sincere about converting women who don't like to listen to music, may I offer a foolproof suggestion? Have their husbands offer to plan, shop for, execute, and clean up after the Sunday meals as well as keep the children happily occupied. I guarantee that wives will then equally enthuse over a day with the stopwatch and earphones.

(Mrs.) Eleanor W. Ehl
Aramco, Dhahran
Saudi Arabia

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CIRCLE 70 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

September 1969
Pierre Boulez, right, scheduled to take over the New York Philharmonic in 1971, is nearing the end of his complete Webern project. Far right, Czech conductor Rafael Kubelik has chosen to direct the first recording of his own music, in England, for a German company.

LONDON

Conductors at Work

Pierre Boulez, music director-elect of both the BBC Symphony and the New York Philharmonic, is now within sight of completing his long-term CBS project devoted to the complete music of Anton Webern. Progress on the recordings has been intermittent since those first sessions which took place on a scorching summer day just over two years ago. I well remember what a difficult experience that had been for everyone concerned. A totally different atmosphere prevailed the latest sessions with the London Symphony Orchestra. They were held at the end of a monumental series of public concerts in the Royal Festival Hall, during which the LSO played not only the works of Webern, but a wide selection of music by Schoenberg and Berg as well. Over a period of five or six weeks, the musicians had been immersed in the idiom of the second Viennese school, and one could hear how much they particularly enjoyed playing the Webern at both the concerts and the recording sessions.

Paul Myers, the CBS recording manager, was delighted at how smoothly and swiftly the six works were taped: the Second Cantata, Op. 31 (with soloists Halina Lukomska and Barry McDaniel, and the John Aldis Choir); the cantata Das Augenlicht, Op. 26, and the Cantata No. 1, Op. 29 (both with soprano Lukomska); the Variations, Op. 30; the Symphony, Op. 21; and Five Pieces, Op. 5. By this time the LSO seemed to be thinking and feeling Webern as naturally as Tchaikovsky, and there was even time for some extra works—Webern’s arrangements of Bach’s Ricercar from the Musical Offering and a number of German Dances by Schubert. Not many people are aware of Webern’s Schubert arrangements, but Boulez remembered just in time, and copies were raced out by fast car from central London to the Barking Assembly Rooms where the recording was taking place.

Even with all this Webern activity, Boulez found time to record Mahler as well—Das klagende Lied with Evelyn Lear, Grace Hoffman, and Stuart Burrows as soloists. Again, the sessions went so well that time was found to squeeze in another work, the Adagio from the Tenth Symphony. “In this type of thing I always tend to rush,” commented Boulez before tackling the Adagio. But in the first take he overcompensated—the movement lasted exactly twenty-five minutes and both he and Paul Myers found it dragged a little with the melody sticking instead of flowing. Boulez pointed out that whereas the first edition gave twenty-five minutes as the suggested timing, the revised edition had been amended to read twenty-two. In the end, Boulez’ time was somewhere in between—but that was after Myers daringly stopped the second take after two minutes, commenting firmly, “This is too fast.”

The Conductor as Composer. Rafael Kubelik is a comparatively rare visitor to London these days—despite the close British ties of his wife, soprano Elsie Morison—but he chose to make his first recording of his own music with the English Chamber Orchestra for Deutsche Grammophon in sessions at Wembley Town Hall. “I have killed many children,” he admitted when asked about his own music, although the list of his works in the reference books is still formidable. Kubelik wrote Four Forms for Strings in 1956 during a sabbatical year which he devoted mainly to composing, and on DG’s disc it should prove an attractive partner for Dvořák’s Serenade for Strings. Though Kubelik denies that his musical thinking is tonal, the work has a distinct Czech flavor and always bears out the composer’s claim that “I try to be melodic.” The titles of the movements convey their broad aims—Serenata, Aria, Tarantella—and the complexity of his rhythmic structure (seven beats to the bar is a favorite device here) never gets in the way of an over-all amiability. In the first movement he tends to divide 12/8 into 7 plus 5 intermingled with passages of 14/8. “Ha ha! Difficult!” he said laughing when one of the ECO’s first desk men tripped up. As a string player himself and son of one of the world’s greatest violinists, Jan Kubelik, he knows the problem from the inside.

All the same Kubelik does not enjoy conducting his own music. “I don’t want to serve myself twice,” he explains; “I’d rather not dig into and expose my own feelings.” The task at the recording sessions was made lighter by the active cooperation and enjoyment of the ECO players, and Kubelik complimented them on their teamwork. And his wife was always on hand in the control room, ready with a helpful word or, when necessary, constructive criticism to supplement the discreet direction of Hans Werner, the recording manager from Hamburg.

The Conductor as Showman. Another conductor hard at work this month has been the eighty-seven-year-old veteran Leopold Stokowski. With the Royal Philharmonic, Stokowski has added two favorite Russian showpieces to his growing list of orchestral spectacles for Decca/London’s Phase 4 label: the choral dances from Prince Igor and 1812 Overture (with chorus joining in for the final reprise of the Tsarist hymn). As a filler—de-
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Behind the Scenes

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Behind the Scenes (continued from page 14)

the guiding spirit of the enterprise. Hans Rutz, formerly DGG public relations director and now supervisor of Archive's activities, stresses the importance of Hickmann's continuing influence. "Many of our current projects as well as a number of future plans were initiated by Hickmann shortly before his death." This statement is not surprising since the recording schedule of any major company must often be planned years in advance—especially in the case of "old music" which usually requires the careful examination of scores on the basis of manuscripts discovered in the dusty archives of castles and monasteries.

A glimpse into Archive's future reveals quite a number of tantalizing projects. Before the end of this year the label will embark on a premiere recording of Carl Philip Emanuel Bach's oratorio The Israelites in the Desert with the Berlin Singakademie conducted by Mathieu Lange. Another project will be the re-recording of Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra's El Greco. He is also scheduled to be taped shortly, with soprano René Grise and mezzo Tatiana Troyanos. Maestro Lange will again be in charge of the orchestra.

Last May the Hamburg recording crew went to Vienna to tape a number of pre-classic Viennese works performed by the Capella Academica under the direction of Eduard Melkus. The disc, containing a bassoon concerto by Georg Christoph Wagenseil and a cello concerto by Georg Matthias Monn, will be released next year. Another recently completed enterprise is Purcell's Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day, taped in London under the baton of Charles Mackerras. The Australian-born conductor, highly esteemed in Germany for his work at the Hamburg opera, now has an exclusive contract with Deutsche Grammophon. "His thorough understanding of problems relating to the interpretation of old music," Rutz explained, "will enable us to entrust him with quite a number of projects, especially in the field of English vocal music." A case in point is Handel's oratorio Israel in Egypt, scheduled for recording in April 1970. Mackerras will conduct the English Chamber Orchestra and the choral forces of the Leeds Festival.

While modestly ignoring its own jubilee, Archive has elaborate plans to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Salzburg Festival in 1917. One of the Festival's most recent successful revivals has been Emilio de' Cavalieri's Rappresentazione di anima e di corpo, written in 1600 and performed on the open-air stage of Salzburg's Felsenreitschule in 1968. The enthusiastic reception prompted the directors of the Festival to repeat the work again this year in one of Salzburg's beautiful churches, the Kollegienkirche. The recording, led by Charles Mackerras, will be made direct after this series of performances—not in Salzburg, however, but in Vienna. The two-disc album will be made available in July 1971 during the Festival's fiftieth anniversary celebrations.

Kurt Blaukopf
High Fidelity Magazine

Hamburg

Archive Reaches a Milestone

The twentieth anniversary of Deutsche Grammophon's Archive label passed with very little fanfare on the part of the parent company. The flag that was proudly raised twenty years ago over this distinguished historical series has remained at half-mast since September 1968 when Archive lost Hans Hickmann, the man who for many years had been...
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CIRCLE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

SEPTEMBER 1969
speaking of records

Our fifteenth annual company-by-company survey of fall releases indicates that the record companies' pre-Christmas classical release schedule will be extensive indeed. The volume and variety of discs listed below (by no means an exhaustive compilation—not every label's plans were complete at press time) would seem to indicate an extraordinarily healthy state for the classical tradition. Yet classical music is currently in a state of malaise. While top-drawer artists—Bernstein, Rubinstein, Sutherland—continue to enthrall packed houses, the vast army of musicians with less charismatic appeal faces rapidly dwindling houses.

Despite its sizable classical output, the record industry too reflects this diminishing interest. Only ten years ago, classical sales accounted for some twenty per cent of the total market; today the figure has dropped to five per cent. And this drop in percentage points is due not merely to the boom in pop record sales; actual classical sales—in dollars and cents—have also dropped.

Thus classical a & r men in at least a few of the major companies are attempting to reach new audiences by delving into areas hitherto unrepresented, or, at best, represented inadequately. Look for an unprecedented number of recordings of electronic music. Such labels as Nonesuch and the previously staid Deutsche Grammophon are making serious inroads with their recordings of avant-garde music. Billboard's classical LP chart offers tangible proof of growing interest in the electronic and far-out idioms. The two best-selling classical albums as we go to press are "Switched-On Bach" and M-G-M's soundtrack music from 2001.

Nonetheless, the collector of traditional classical music may still enjoy a state of grace. A look at the menu below shows many a main course as well as exotic delicacies being readied by record companies.

You will note, for instance, that Mendelssohn's Elijah, recently released in its first stereo version by Angel, is about to be pursued by editions from Philips and RCA. Erich Leinsdorf and Leonard Bernstein will each make one of their infrequent recordings as pianists. And Beethoven, who, like Wagner and the poor, we always have with us, gives signs that his bicentennial is nearing. Expect lots more Beethoven in 1970.

The burgeoning growth of bargain labels seems to have reached a plateau, but by no means are there any indications of a decline in this area. Budget labels continue to offer many fine performances, vividly recorded, at attractive prices. If the serious record collector has cause to be anxious for the future of classical music, this season, at least, he will not be adversely affected.

Stereo discs continue to replace monophonic recordings, and, indeed, most companies have already phased their catalogue of mono recordings out of existence. Most seriously affected by this trend is the collector of recordings dating from the prestereo or pre-LP era. Often the prospective buyer has no choice but to purchase badly processed fake stereo repressings; and even when a company issues these discs in acceptable monophonic guise, retail outlets refuse to carry any mono discs.

Still all, we are not, at least for 1969, victims of Hobson's choice. The fall releases show that the record companies are still vitally interested in making classical music available to the small minority.

Preview of Forthcoming Recordings

**ANGEL**

Beethoven: The Complete Piano Concertos; Choral Fantasy. Daniel Barenboim, piano; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond.


Chopin: Waltzes. Agustin Anievas, piano.

Flotow: Martha. Anneliese Rothenberger (s), Nicolai Gedda (t); Bavarian State Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Robert Heger, cond.


Schubert: Symphonies No. 8 and No. 9. Menuhin Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin, cond.


Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 8; Concerto for Two Pianos. New Philharmonia Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult, cond.

Verdi: Otello. Gwyneth Jones (s), James McCracken (t), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (b); New Philharmonia Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond.

**Guitar Romances.** Christopher Parkening, guitar.

**Opera Recital.** Maria Callas, soprano. A three-disc album containing an interview with Mme. Callas.

**New Sounds from France.** Avant-garde works by Iannis Xenakis, Betsy Jolas, and André Boucourechliev.

**ARCHIVE**

**Bull: Three Fantasias for Viola; Keyboard Music.** Johannes Koch, viola. Lady Susi Jeans, virginal; Francis Cameron, organ.

**Handel: Samson.** Martina Arroyo (s), Helen Donath (s), Norma Proctor (c).

High Fidelity Magazine
Alexander Young (t), Thomas Stewart (b), Ezio Flagello (bs); Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra, Karl Richter, cond.

Handel: Violin Sonatas. Eduard Melkus, violin; Eduard Mueller, organ and harpsichord; Karl Scheti, lute; August Wenzinger, cello.

Stradella: Christmas Cantata; Sinfonio in D. Teresa Zylis-Gara (s), Edith Mathis (s), Eric Tappy (t), Paul Esswood (ct), Alfredo Mariotti (b); Montreux Festival Chorus; Schola Cantorum Basilei-

CANDIDE

Milhaud: Le Carnaval d'Aix; Viola Concerto. Carl Seemann, piano; Ulrich Koch, viola; Fauré Daniel, percussion; Orchestra of Radio Luxembourg; Dir-
rus Milhaud, cond.

Moscheles: Piano Concerto in G minor, Michael Ponti, piano; Philharmonia Hungarica, Othmar Maga, cond.


Stockhausen: Kontakte; Refrain. Aloys Kontarsky, piano; Christoph Casket and Karthiheiz Stockhausen, percussion.


CARDINAL


Berio: Requiem. Utah Symphony Or-
chestra, Maurice Abravanel, cond.

Handel: Jepthah. Reri Grist (s), Maureen Forrester (c), Helen Watts (c), Alex-
ander Young (t); English Chamber Or-
chestra, Johannes Somary, cond.


Mahler: Symphonies No. 3 and No. 9. Utah Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel, cond.


Rimsky-Korsakov: Antar Symphony. Ippolito-Ivanov: Caucasian Sketches. Ghile: Russian Sailors' Dance. Utah Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Ab-

ravanel, cond.

Schubert: Piano Sonatas D. 664 and D. 845. Lili Kraus, piano.

Weber: Oberon (excerpts). Ingrid Bjoner (s), Hetti Plümacher (ms), Jess Thomas (t); Barony Symphony Orchestra, Wilhelm Schütch, cond.

COLUMBIA


Debussy: Images; Images secretes et pro-

fanes. Cleveland Orchestra, Pierre Boulez, cond.

Henselt: Piano Concerto. Liszt; Toten-
tanz. Raymond Lewenthal, piano; Lon-
don Symphony Orchestra, Antal Do-
rati, cond.


Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 5. Schu-
bert: Symphony No. 5. New York Phil-
harmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.

Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto. Tscha-
kovsky: Violin Concerto. Pinchas Zukerman, violin; New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bern-
stein, cond.; London Symphony Orches-
stra, Sir Georg Solti, cond.

Reich: Live Electronic Music. Paul Zu-
kovsky, violin.


Schuman: Carvalhal. Schubert: Im-

Schuman: Kreisleriana; Wielc Variations.

Schuman: String Quartets No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. Piano Quintet; Piano Quar-
tet. Leonard Bernstein, piano; Glenn Gould, piano; Juilliard Quartet.

Harpsichord Recital. Igor Kipnis plays a collection of harpsichord encories.

COMPOSERS RECORDINGS


Julian Bournonville: Mass for Pope John XXIII. Chorale des Professeurs de Musique de la Ville de Paris.

David Del Tredici: Night Conjure-Verse. Benita Valente and Mary Burgess, sopranos.

William Flanagan: Another Autumn. June Barton, soprano; Royal Philhar-

monic Orchestra, Newell Jenkins, cond.

Serge Koufszetzyk: Double Bass Con-
certo. Gary Karr, double bass; Obo Philharmonic, Alfredo Antonini, cond.

Dane Rudhyar: Piano Music. Ruth Craw-

ford Seeger: Complete Piano Works. William Masselos, piano.

Carl Ruggles: Of Men and Mountains. Walter Pfeifer: Concerto for Orchestra. Polish National Radio Orchestra, Wil-

liam Strickland, cond.

DECCA


Mendelssohn: Die erste Walpurgisnacht. Lili Chookasian (s), Ernst Höffler (t), Hermann Prey (b), Raymond Michal-

ski (bs); Musica Aeterna Chorus and Orches-
tra, Frederic Waldman, cond.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6. Cincin-

nati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, cond.


DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON

Beethoven: Wellington's Victory; March-
cs. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Her-
bert von Karajan, cond.

Borodin: String Quartet No. 2. Tchai-
kovsky: String Quartet No. 1. Drovik

Dorati, cond.

Brans: String Quintets No. 1 and No. 2. Amadeus Quartet.

Dvolak: Cello Concerto. Tchaikovsky: Rococo Variations. Mstislav Rostropo-

vich, cello; Berlin Philharmonic Orches-
tra, Herbert von Karajan, cond.

Hende: Ode to the West Wind; Violin Concerto. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, viol-

in; Siegfried Palni, cello; Bavarian Symphony Orchestra, Hans Werner Henze, cond.

Heninde: The Raft of Medusa. Edda Muser, soprano; Dietrich Fischer-
dieskaub, baritone; Chorus and Orches-
tra of the North German Radio, Hans Werner Henze, cond.

Hindemith: Cardillac. Elisabeth Soeder-
ströms, Donald Grobe (t), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskaub (b); Chorus and Orches-
tra of Radio Cologne, Joseph Kilber-

th, cond.

Mahler: Symphony No. 6. Bavarian Sym-
phony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond.

Mozart: String Quartets No. 20 and No. 22. Amadeus Quartet.

Schoenberg: String Quartet No. 2. Ver-
klärte Nacht. Evelyn Lear, soprano; New Vienna String Quartet.


Wagner: Siegfried. Helga Dernesch (s), Thomas Stewart (t); Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Her-
bert von Karajan, cond.

Wagner: Tannhäuser. Birgit Nilsson (s), Wolfgang Windgassen (t); Dietrich Fischer-Dieskaub (b); Chorus and Orches-
tra of the Deutsche Oper, Berlin, Otto Gerdes, cond.

EVEREST

Messiaen: Poèmes pour Mi. Lise Arse-
gues, soprano; Olivier Messiaen, piano.

Pergolesi: Il Geloso schernito; Livietta

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Previews Continued from page 23

e Tracollo. Soloists, Orchestra of RAI, Ennio Gerelli, cond.


Zandonai: Giulietta e Romeo; Conchita. Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of RAI, Loris Gavarini, cond.

Arias and Songs. Elisabeth Schumann, soprano.

LONDON

Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 5 and No. 8. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schmidt-Islerstedt, cond.


Dvořák: Requiem, Pilar Lorenz (s), Erzsébet Komlossy (ms), Robert Houlfaly (t), Tom Krause (b); Ambrosian Singers; London Symphony Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond.

Friska: Violin Sonata. Brahms: Horn Trio. Izhak Perlman, violin; Barry Tuckwell, horn; Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano.


Honegger: Symphonies Nos. 3 and No. 4. Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.

Mozart: Don Giovanni. Joan Sutherland (s), Pilar Lorenz (s), Marilyn Horne (ms), Werner Krenn (t), Gabriel Bacquier (b), Donald Gramm (bs); London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond.

Schoenberg: Chamber Symphony No. 1; Variations for Orchestra. Los Angeles Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta, cond.

Strauss, R.: Der Rosenkavalier. Régine Crespin (s), Helen Donath (s), Yvonne Minton (ms); Manfred Jungwirth (bs); Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond.

Virtuoso Piano Music. Ivan Davis, piano.

LONDON PHASE 4


MELODIYA/ANGEL

Rachmaninoff: The Bells. Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Kiril Kondrashin, cond.


Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6; Violin Concerto. David Oistrakh, violin (in the Concerto) and cond. (in the Symphony); Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, cond. (in the Concerto).

Piano Recital. Aleksander Scribnyanik plays music by Haydn, Chopin, and Prokofiev.


MERCURY


A Flamenco Wedding Party. The Romeros, guitars.

NONEUCH

Bach: St. Matthew Passion, Heather Harper (s), Gertrude Jahn (c), Kurt Equiluz (t), Marius Rintzler (b); Jakob Stampli (bs); Vienna Academy Choir; Vienna Boys Choir; Vienna State Symphony Orchestra, Hans Swarowsky, cond.

Busnios: Chansons. Nonesuch Consort, Joshua Rifkin, cond.

Lute Recital. Walter Gerwig, lute.

Nonesuch’s program of commissioned works will continue with new compositions by Maryanne Amacher and Earle Brown; a disc of computer music by J.K. Randall and others; and Eric Salzman’s The Nude Paper Sermon.

ODYSSEY

Beethoven: The Complete String Quartets, Volume 1, Budapest Quartet.

Debussy: Preludes, Books 1 and 2; Children’s Corner Suite; Suite Bergamasque. Walter Gieseking, piano.

Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 18, No. 19, and No. 20. London Symphony Orchestra, Charles Mackerras, cond.; Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Max Goberman, cond.


Prokofiev: Sevichn Suitue; Love for Three Oranges. St. Louis Symphony, Eduard van Remoortel, cond.

PHILIPS


Beethoven: String Quartets No. 12 and No. 16. Quartetto Italiano.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, cond.


Berlioz: Te Deum. Franco Tagliavini, tenor; London Symphony Chorus and Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond.


Couperin: Harpsichord music. Rafael Puyana, harpsichord.

Liszt: Les Preludes; Tasso; Orpheus. London Philharmonic Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond.

Mahler: Symphony No. 2. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond.

Mendelssohn: Symphonies Nos. 3, No. 4, and No. 5; Ray Bla Overture. New Philharmonia Orchestra, Wolfgang Sawallisch, cond.

Mendelssohn: Elijah. Elly Ameling (s), Annelies Burmeister (ms), Peter Schreier (t), Theo Adam (bs); Leipzig Rundfunk Chorus and Gewandhaus Orchestra, Wolfgang Sawallisch, cond.

Mozart: Idomeneo. Margherita Rinaldi (s), Pauline Tinsley (s), George Shirley (t), Ryland Davies (t), Robert Tear (t); BBC Chorus and Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond.

QUALITON


Erkel: Ban Bank; Hunvadi Luszlo. New stereo recordings of these classic Hungarian operas.


RCA RED SEAL

Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 1, No. 5, No. 8, and No. 9. Jane Marsh (s), Josephine Veczy (ms), Plácido Domingo (t), Sherrill Milnes (b); Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond.


Brahms: A German Requiem; Four Seri
Do away with the heavy, "closed-in" feel of conventional headphones. The sensational new OPEN-AIRE HD-414 headphones by Sennheiser offer an entirely new approach to high-fidelity listening. They deliver their sound not only directly through the earpieces, but also through the air around you...immersing you in sound that is breathtakingly real. Experience the "natural" sound of Sennheiser! Surround yourself with beautifully life-like timbre and lustre, without losing touch with the world. Who said you have to be isolated from family and friends while listening?

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SENNHEISER ELECTRONIC CORPORATION (NY)
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036
Chopin: Etudes, John Browning, piano.
Mozart: Opera Arias. Leontyne Price, soprano; Philadelphia Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond.
Perlea, cond.
Schumann: Kreisleriana; Arabesque; Vögel als Prophet. Artur Rubinstein, piano.
Strauss, R.: Salome. Montserrat Caballé (s), Regina Resnik (ms), Richard Lewis (t), James King (t), Sherrill Milnes (b); London Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond.
Vaughan Williams: Symphonies No. 6 and No. 8. London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn, cond.
RCA VICTROLA
Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, cond.
Puccini: Manon Lescaut. Licia Albanese (s), Jussi Bjoerling (t); Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera, Jonel Perlea, cond.
Verdi: Aida. Zinka Milanov (s), Fedora Barbieri (ms), Jussi Bjoerling (t), Leonard Warren (b); Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera, Jonel Perlea, cond.
Unforgettable Voices in Unforgotten Performances from the German Operatic Repertoire.

RICHMOND
Debussy: Pelléas et Mélisande. Suzanne Danco (s), Pierre Mollet (t), Heinz Reifluss (b); Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
Gluck: Alceste. Kirsten Flagstad (s), Raoul Jobin (t); Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra, Geraint Jones, cond.
Mozart: Die Entführung aus dem Serail. Wilma Lipp (s), Emmy Loose (s), Walther Ludwig (t), Peter Klein (b), Endre Koreth (bs); Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Krips, cond.
Thomas: Mignon. Janine Micheau (s), Geneviève Moizan (ms), Libero de Luca (t), René Bianco (bs); Belgian National Orchestra, Georges Sébastian, cond.

SERAPHIM
Bach: Christmas Oratorio. Agnes Giebel (s), Margar Hofgen (ms), Josef Traxel (t); Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (b); Thomaner Chorus; Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, Karl Thomas, cond.
Mozart: Complete Piano Works. Walter Gieseking, piano.
Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier (abridged). Lotte Lehmann (s), Elisabeth Schumann (s), Maria Olszewska (ms), Richard Mayr (bs); Vienna Philharmonic, Robert Heger, cond. A third disc will be added to this set containing scenes and arias from Strauss operas sung by Lotte Lehmann and other famous Strauss interpreters.

STEREO TREASURY
Haydn: Symphonies No. 94 and No. 99. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Krips, cond.
Mozart: Serenata Notturna; Serenade No. 8. London Symphony Orchestra, Peter Maag, cond.
Continued on page 30

A NEW Tandberg STEREO TAPE DECK
FOR LESS THAN $250 COMPLETE WITH CROSSFIELD HEAD 3 SPEEDS SOLID STATE 4 TRACK

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The Mamiya/Sekor DTL has a built-in, behind the lens *averaging* meter system. It measures different parts of the subject area and averages the exposure. If you select this system, and there is a strong light *behind* the subject, you’ve made your first mistake...the subject will be greatly under-exposed.

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To be perfectly fair to ourselves, all fine 35mm SLR cameras have one of these systems. So, if you goof with an *averaging* system on our camera, you would make the same mistake with all the other cameras using this system. If you goof with the spot meter on our camera, you would again make the same mistake with all the cameras that use a *spot* meter system.

Therefore, if you’re a real goof-off, with careful planning, you can make twice as many mistakes using the two systems built into the Mamiya/Sekor DTL.

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BAARN - THE NETHERLANDS

Our rapidly expanding organization, active in all parts of the world, has ambitious plans regarding the expansion of its classical catalogues.

To effect these we wish to contact first class executives with wide experience in record companies, radio organizations or orchestral management, etc. who are interested in a position as a

TOP LEVEL A and R EXECUTIVE
(CLASSICAL)

This post involves international A and R activities to be carried out on one's own responsibility.

Those who are interested are kindly requested to write to Mr. P. Huiskes, Philips Phonographic Industries, Box 23, Baarn, Holland, stating particulars of education, experience, age, knowledge of languages, etc. Of course letters will be treated in strictest confidence.

Ravel: Daphnis et Chloë. London Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, cond.

TURNABOUT

Mozart: Piano Concertos No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4. Martin Galling, piano; Stuttgart Soloists, Günter Wich, cond.

Nielsen: Concertos for Flute and Clarinet. Paul Puzmandi, flute; Josef Deak, clarinet; Philharmonia Hungarica, Othmar Maga, cond.


VOX

Mozart: The Last Six Symphonies. Philharmonia Hungarica, Peter Maag, cond.

Schubert: The Complete Symphonies: Two Italian Overtures; Overture in B Flat. Philharmonia Hungarica, Peter Maag, cond.


WESTMINSTER

Donizetti: Roberto Devereux. Beverly Sills (s), Beverly Wolf (ms), Robert Ilostafly (t). Peter Glossop (b); Charles Mackerras, cond.


WORLD SERIES


Beethoven: Symphony No. 9. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, cond.

Bravals: Symphony No. 2. London Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, cond.

Charpentier: Louise. Berthe Monmart (s), Solange Michel (ms), André Larove (t), Louis Mesy (bs); Chorus and Orchestra of the Opéra Comique, Jean Fournet, cond.

Milhaud: The Four Seasons. Lamoureux Orchestra, Darius Milhaud, cond.

Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, and Prokofiev: Songs. Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Mstislav Rostropovich, piano.

That's all it takes, a gentle touch of the solenoid operated controls of the new Model 407 by Astrocom/Marlux to make you a soft touch for this outstanding new tape recorder.

No wonder, with such features as two reel drive motors plus a hysteresis synchronous capstan motor, four heads which allow you to monitor off tape and gives you automatic reverse play as well; calibrated vu meters; speed change is at the touch of a button and there is a tape tension control for proper playback of the very thinnest tapes. And a special feature unique in the entire industry: every Astrocom/Marlux 407 is delivered with its own actual graphic laboratory read-out of its frequency response.

Ask your Astrocom/Marlux dealer for a demonstration of the Model 407, the recorder you'll want to buy—today.

*all laboratory equipment calibrated to National Bureau of Standards.
We recently purchased a wall unit that includes two cabinets for housing speakers. Their dimensions are 9 1/2 inches deep by 13 1/2 inches high by 30 inches long. Should I buy raw speakers and install them in the cabinets or buy complete loudspeaker systems of a size that can fit within my cabinets? If the latter, I can remove the back panel, giving me a total depth of 10 1/2 inches to work with. I plan to purchase a Heathkit AR-15 stereo receiver and I'd like to spend no more than $250 for the two speakers. What do you suggest?—Murray D. Rosenberg, Philadelphia, Penna.

Your problem illustrates the danger of buying cabinets prior to selecting the components they will house. We categorically rule out fitting separate raw speakers into a randomly chosen cabinet unless the work is to be done by a competent speaker-design specialist. As for preassembled systems that will fit your cabinets and your budget, we know of none that will permit you to hear the full performance capability of your AR-15. Among those systems on which we have offered test reports in recent years, the ADC-404 ($56), ADC-303A ($99.95), AR-4x ($51 unfinished), Dynaco A-25 ($79.95), Fisher XP-55 ($49.95), KLH Seventeen ($69.95), Leak Minisandwich ($135), and Wharfedale W-20 ($52.95) are all listed as available at this writing. The back of the ADC-303A will protrude a little beyond your cabinets, and the Leak will run $20 over your budget; otherwise, all these systems fit your basic requirements. But if you can return your speaker cabinets and add their cost to your speaker budget, you should be able to get both better sound and a much wider latitude of choice.

A letter I received from Revox states that long-play [1-mil] tape has been found to be most satisfactory for its recorder "since standard play tape is a little on the stiff side and double- and treble-play tapes are to be avoided at all costs. The extra supple nature of these tapes permits them to follow precisely the wear contour which they introduce, thereby reducing the headface to a series of corrugations according to the hardness of the metals employed in the head construction." Do all "experts" agree that double- and triple-play tapes should be avoided at all cost, especially for the reasons given?—Byron Hayes, Jr., Los Angeles, Calif.

"Experts" is a pretty vague word. Interpreting it as broadly as possible, the answer is that they do not agree. We haven't polled everyone in the field, but our experience with tape and tape equipment—including various tests we have conducted and published—indicates that every tape recorder is optimized at the factory for a particular kind of tape. Electrically, it is matched to the magnetic properties of a certain tape-coating formulation; mechanically, it is designed to handle best any tape of a certain thickness and stiffness. At one time that would have meant a 1 1/2-mil acetate backing. Today, many quality recorders are designed with 1-mil polyester in mind. The Revox A-77 falls into this group. But that proves nothing about other recorders or the opinions therefore of other manufacturers.

Does a "60-watt receiver" that actually delivers about 18 watts RMS per channel have adequate power to drive a pair of KLH Model Sixes?—W. J. Balard, APO, San Francisco, Calif.

The KLH Six speaker system requires 15 watts RMS power, so your 18 watts per channel are ample.

Recently, I bought some of the so-called "economy albums," including RCA Camden and Columbia Harmony. I am very impressed with their stereo quality and performance. What is the difference between these cheaper albums and the regular stereo discs? Should I expect any greater wear or loss of quality?—Martin P. Play, Jr., Ventura, Calif.

Not necessarily. Budget labels often, though not always, are produced on the same equipment and with the same materials used by the company for its full-price line. The lower prices might be attributed to the fact that older recordings have already paid off their major costs through a full-price "first edition," or new recordings made for the European market would not be commercially feasible in this country at full price, or any number of other financial reasons.

It has always been accepted practice throughout the tape industry to provide 1,200 feet of tape for "half-hour" use (that is, 30 minutes per pass at 7 1/2 ips, or a total of one hour in four-track stereo, using both directions of tape travel) although that length of tape works out to slightly more [32 minutes per pass]. Recently, I invested in a Ross AM/FM portable radio/cassette recorder and a Concord Model F-105 stereo cassette deck. Imagine my chagrin to find that in trying to dub my "half-hour" open-reel tapes onto LP's—which should provide the same playing time—the last few seconds of the music wouldn't fit onto the cassette. Even Scotch C-90 tapes, which should run 60 minutes in each direction, ran only 43 minutes on one instance and 44 in another. And several brands of C-60 tapes that I tried, especially those "assembled in Mexico from U.S.A. components," ran from 28 to 29 minutes of basic music out of a full 30. But I found that cassette tape from Japan or Germany could generally be depended upon to provide the amount of time that they purported to hold.

Correspondence with the 3M Company elicited the information that their C-90 cassette, instead of having the expected 450 feet of tape, had only 432! Surely the cost of 1/4-inch-wide tape cannot be so great that they couldn't have provided just a mere 48 feet more per cassette. I'm told that this is 1 1/2 mil acetate. You may expect 450 feet of tape in a C-90 cassette, but you shouldn't. The 432 feet the 3M Company told you the cassette contains works out to somewhere much more than 45 minutes per side—if played at 1 1/2 mil! Precise speed is, however, somewhat more difficult to achieve with the needle-sized capstan of a cassette recorder than it is with the heftier shafts of open-reel drive systems. So if you run through your equipment is running somewhat slow.

The 3M Company tells us that standards for cassette length have only one per-cent tolerance: a C-60 cassette will run almost 31 minutes per side, give or take the appropriate number of seconds—but always more than 30 minutes if transport speed is 1 1/2 ips on the nose. One per cent is a much closer tolerance than you get in open-reel tapes, which can be (and are) wound much faster than the narrow cassette tapes. (If open-reel winding speed was slowed down to that of cassettes, 3M says, it would force prices up by about 50 cents a reel.) A 1,200-foot reel of Scotch-brand tape, for example, can be anywhere from 1,200 to 1,320 feet long. Remember that tape originally was a professional medium. Standard lengths were based on 15-minute time "modules" plus enough additional footage to allow for leader, "billboarding" (verbal identification of the contents), certain types of cueing pulses, and other professional needs. Cassettes were developed for home use. Any timing would do, so the industry standardized on the most obvious system: simple multiples of one-half hour, with a slight excess of tape. In other words, the open-reel "half-hour" is simply 30 minutes of tape, and the "full hour" and both are longer than 30 minutes. There is precious little leeway inside the cassette for adding more tape without reducing its thickness. Your only recourse, therefore, is to know how much time you have to work with and make your copies accordingly.
Introducing Scott's new Q100 Quadrant
The first successful 360° full range speaker system.

There have been many attempts to develop a speaker system that would reproduce the full-frequency sound and 3-dimensional audio effect of an actual live performance. Until now, all of these attempts have failed. Either the frequency range was limited, or speaker placement was critical, or the listener had to sit in a limited area, or the expense involved was beyond the average audiophile. Now, Scott engineers have succeeded!

The Quadrant speaker has four sides. An 8" woofer is mounted on side One. Another 8" woofer is mounted on side Three. Four 3" mid-range tweeters are mounted on all four sides, one to a side. Woofers radiate sound in a 180° arc, the mid-range tweeters, in an arc of 90°. As a result, the Scott Quadrant covers a full circle with a full range of sound.

Stereo follows you everywhere
Place the Quadrant speakers virtually anywhere in the room (even with one corner against the wall!). No matter where you go, you hear full-range, 3-dimensional stereo. Even the elusive high notes follow you everywhere, even in a funny-shaped room. Even in a room with so-called "dead spots."

A live performance is a 3-dimensional sound source. You hear sounds, not only directly, but also reflected from the walls. Similarly, the Quadrant uses the reflective qualities of the walls to heighten the "live" stereo effect. Scott's new Quadrant speaker system, an incredible state-of-the-art advance... in stereo realism... is priced at only $149.95, actually much less than many speakers which can't measure up to the Quadrant sound.

COMPARE SCOTT'S NEW QUADRANT WITH ANY OTHER SPEAKER SYSTEM!

Conventional speakers tend to be directional. They have good wide-range response only within a relatively narrow triangular listening area.

Omnidirectional speakers are omnidirectional only in the bass range. The vital high frequencies are perceptible only in a limited area.

Reflective speakers can give an illusion of presence and depth. However, they require an equalizer for flat response, and the use of separate (and expensive) pre-amps and ultra-high-wattage power amps.

Scott's Quadrant speakers represent a no-compromise design. Quadrant speakers can be placed virtually anywhere, give extraordinarily good wide-range response and 3-dimensional stereo realism and presence throughout the room. In addition, no equalizers or special amplifiers are required.
CAVEAT EMPTOR—
AND THIS MEANS YOU!

High Fidelity unravels the tangle of power specs that now confront buyers

The American purchaser of stereo components is being put upon as never before. At least, we can think of no single instance in the high fidelity field where so widespread an advertising practice seemed so blatantly designed to make the buyer believe he was getting more than he was actually being offered.

We refer, of course, to that little sleeper, "± 1 dB," that is making such rapid and pervasive inroads into power ratings these days. If you haven't noticed it, you should have. And if you look for it without finding it, it still may be there—unstated, but influencing the ratings used to advertise products containing a power amplifier. Usually, it shows up as "music power ± 1 dB" or so many watts "IHF ± 1 dB." Occasionally, you will even find "RMS ± 1 dB." Unreferenced power claims almost invariably hide the ± 1 dB inflation. Only if the rating specifies power in terms of "IHF" or "RMS" without adding ± 1 dB can you be reasonably sure that the equipment will deliver what the specification implies. Compare these figures—taken from two pieces of advertising from the same source, one issued last winter and the other this summer:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Winter</th>
<th>Summer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>45 watts IHF</td>
<td>55 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>32 watts IHF</td>
<td>40 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>15 watts IHF</td>
<td>19 watts</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Nowhere in the summer ad could we find any hint that the ratings had been inflated. Only by comparing the two sets of figures could you guess what was going on.

Here's how this inflation works. Let's say a manufacturer has a receiver listed at 120 watts under IHF procedures. If he adds that insignificant-looking expression "± 1 dB" into his rating, he can rerate the receiver at 150 watts because, although the receiver still will turn out only 120 watts within rated distortion, that figure is within 1 dB—approximately 25 per cent—of the new rating. In other words, ± 1 dB merely tells you that this piece of equipment would produce 25 per cent more power than it does, if it could; but it can't.

This sort of doctoring should not be confused with the wildly inflated EIA peak-power ratings normally used by manufacturers of console radio-phonographs, portables, and other so-called mass-market items. We—and other publications devoted to quality sound—have often bailed the EIA system because, among other things, it bases ratings on an allowable distortion of 5 per cent. (IHF specs are based on a rated distortion of 1 per cent or less—often much less.) In component electronics, 5 per cent distortion is considered well beyond the pale; so we have always treated EIA power ratings as preposterous. Still, for mass-market use there may sometimes be justification for the 5 per cent distortion figure—otherwise Americans could not spend so much time in front of TV sets. There is no justification in our view, however, for the arbitrary and meaningless inflation of ratings that can be squeezed out by using the ± 1 dB gimmick.

Now hear this: every reputable high fidelity manufacturer we have sounded out on the subject—without a single exception—has agreed with us! How does it happen, then, that the practice has become so widespread? Surely manufacturers control their own advertising; and if they disapprove of a practice they need not adopt it for their own products. Not so, manufacturers claim.

The argument runs something like this: "I have a 120-watt receiver that sells for $300. My competitor has a 150-watt receiver selling for $250. If he uses ± 1 dB figures, he can advertise it as a 125-watt receiver for $50 less than my 120-watter. What choice do I have under those circumstances?"

The Institute of High Fidelity has tried to do something about the situation—but, so far, with little success. Its most positive step has been to write into space contracts for IHF-sponsored shows a paragraph that would forbid exhibitors from displaying IHF specifications in any form but that laid down in the Institute's published testing procedures. That is, when an exhibitor at an IHF-sponsored high fidelity music show uses an IHF music power rating—whether on a sign, in a brochure, or anywhere else in connection with his exhibit—he may not insert ± 1 dB (or any other spurious equivocation) into the rating. The IHF also issued an over-all policy statement repudiating the application of the 1-dB gimmick to its rating standards.

Unfortunately, clever copy writers have found these moves easy to circumvent. All they need do is ignore the IHF altogether and say, "music power ± 1 dB." The wording has at times even implied the ± 1 dB specification represents some sort of new official standard.

The Institute has by no means given up. Its president, John Koss, backed by the IHF board of directors, is forming a committee to find ways of attacking the problem. Committee members may be drawn from outside the Institute membership, or even the high fidelity industry, should that appear desirable to achieve the purpose at hand.

Meanwhile, of course, you are faced with the problem of interpreting power ratings. As we have said before in this column, far too much emphasis is placed on modest differences in power specs by the average stereo buyer; but for direct comparison, you can subtract 20 per cent from any rating that is—or is suspected of being—boosted by 1 dB, bringing it on a par with the specs that we all know and love. For example, if a receiver that used to be rated at 60 watts is now rated at 75 watts ± 1 dB" (an increase of 25 per cent, or 15 watts), just subtract 20 per cent of the new "75 watts" (the same 15 watts) and you're back to the original 60. (IHF specs are on page 44.)
AUDIO magazine is probably the world's toughest critic of audio equipment.

Here's what AUDIO says about the Fisher 500-TX:

- "The Fisher 500-TX is a top-grade receiver...."
- "Usable sensitivity was everything we could have desired and limiting took place at a remarkable 1.5 µV. Ultimate signal-to-noise ratio was 65dB, as claimed. Stereo FM performance was excellent."
- "We can confirm the power output specification, as given in terms of r.m.s., as actually exceeding the 65 watts per channel claimed...Rated distortion (0.5%) is achieved at 66 watts, while IM reaches 1% at 68 watts. Power bandwidth extended from 8 to 38,000 Hz, based upon 65 watts per channel...."
- "The Fisher 500-TX is a top-grade receiver...wonderful tuning convenience features...powerhouse of an amplifier...excellent transient response...truly 'big', clean sound."

The Fisher®
We figure you're smart enough to fill in the missing pieces.
The missing pieces are the tuner, amplifier, record player and tape deck. We figure if you're discerning enough to choose Altec, you probably know exactly what components add up to your ultimate hi-fi system.

All we do is provide the ultimate in speaker systems.

The same ones professionals choose for recording and motion picture studios, Broadway theatres and concert halls.

Systems with such thrilling dynamic range they make you think you're in the 10th row, center section, with the house lights beginning to dim.

Which is why we call our speakers "The Voice of the Theatre®." Massive 15" woofers for a gutsy low end. High frequency drivers coupled to 18" sectoral horns for broad dispersion and smooth, brilliant, efficient performance clear out to beyond audibility.

They're housed in cabinetry that's almost boastful in its beauty. The Milano, for example, is furniture at its finest. Carefully constructed of hard-as-nails hickory with a warm pecan finish, it's hand-rubbed to a rich and lustrous sheen.

And, since the speaker enclosures are separate from the component cabinet, you can place them anywhere. To suit your idea of how stereo sound should sound, or to suit your fancy. Or side-by-side, as shown.

In addition to the Milano, we also make the Valencia and Flamenco. To match, accent, or harmonize with your particular decor. Which is for you? Make that beautiful decision at your Altec dealer's.

Or write for our full-color brochure on ensembles. Then see how beautifully all the pieces of your dream stereo system fall into place.

Valencia

Flamenco

A DIVISION OF ELPUS AND ALTEC INC
15th S. Main 1/2 hr Ave., Anaheim, Ca. 92803
HI FI SHOWS—NEW YORK, NO; LOS ANGELES, YES

The New York High Fidelity Music Show, long a fixture in the industry, will not be held this fall. The Institute of High Fidelity, which has sponsored the annual event—first at the New York Trade Center and, in the last few years, at the Statler-Hilton Hotel—had planned to move the 1969 event into the big time: the New York Coliseum. But problems arose in trying to adapt the show to the wide open spaces of the new site.

Although work had been progressing on a design for partitioning the space—and others like it in other cities—into separate "rooms," the IHF board of directors has announced that insufficient time remains for the planning and study necessary to insure the success of the undertaking. Consequently, it has been postponed to the fall of 1970. The Los Angeles show will be held this year as scheduled: October 1-5 at the Ambassador Hotel.

LIGHTING THE WAY

Superscope, as distributors of Sony tape recorders, says that use of tape recorders by the blind has been increasing so significantly, instruction manuals in braille are called for. Consequently, Superscope has asked the National Braille Press in Boston to prepare manuals for Sony Models 100, 104, and 105—which Superscope finds are those most often used by the blind.

The manuals will be made available without charge. If you know a blind person who owns or contemplates buying one of these three models, write to Superscope, Inc., 8150 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, Calif. 91352.

CIRCLE 154 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

INSIDE STORY

Recently we took an excursion to Garden City, Long Island to have a look at the new Empire Scientific plant and have a talk with Empire president Herb Horowitz. Herb always seems to have something interesting to say, and he is, moreover, one of those manufacturers who really cares about high fidelity.

His sense of personal involvement was never more evident than it was as he showed us the cabinet-making operation. Empire has been in its new building about a year, bringing cabinetry, raw speaker manufacture, assembly, and their other hi-fi operations under one roof for the first time. As we walked, Herb would pick up a milled panel or a strip of walnut and reminisce over the pitfalls the operation had climbed out of on the road from outside suppliers to full production in its own shop, a look of amused triumph twinkling in his eye.

Naturally, we discussed with him the subject of turntables, on our mind because of the then-recent article on the subject in our April issue. And, as we talked, Herb confirmed the impression that there may be new life in the manuals market. He cited a sharp increase in Empire's sales of manual turntables and attributed the turnabout to the quality of the modern $75 cartridge and the excellent sales these cartridges have enjoyed.

With even the fanciest changers, he believes, you can't get out of these new cartridges all they have to offer. For instance, he says that you can't rely on a changer—particularly one that's not brand new—to track under one gram. Some compromise in arm geometry, arm bearings, rumble, tracking, and over-all durability must be made if the changer is to change records and still sell for less than $150. So he concludes that there must be a large number of system owners who are newly disenchanted with changers because they are beginning to break down or because a fine cartridge makes the changer's shortcomings (however slight) newly apparent and objectionable.

CIRCLE 155 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

equipment in the news

Medium-power model from Dyna

Latest in the Dynaco line of stereo component kits is the Stereo 80 power amplifier, rated at 40 watts RMS per channel into 8 ohms. (Channels can be paralleled for a total output of 80 ohms into 4 ohms for mono use, as in powering a center-channel speaker.) A tubed model with similar output power, the Stereo 70, will also be kept in the line, according to Dynaco. Selling price for the Stereo 80 kit will be $119.95; factory-assembled, it will be $159.95.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Another crossfield model from Tandberg

Tandberg's new Model 1600X is a three-speed stereo recorder, using half-track heads. The return to the half-track format—seldom found on new models in the American market—is intended to provide the quality-conscious recordist with a model that combines the broad frequency response characteristic of crossfield heads and the signal-to-noise ratio of half-track (theoretically 3 dB better than that of quarter-track) with moderate cost ($249), according to Tandberg.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued on page 48
WHAT MAKES A GOOD SPEAKER?

1 Smooth, wide frequency response.
2 Precise transient response.
3 Uncolored, neutral sound.
4 Wide high-frequency dispersion.
5 Value.

We designed the A-25 loudspeaker with these attributes in mind. How well did we succeed?

HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

1 "... the overall response curve (of the Dynaco A-25) was as flat and smooth as can be when measured in a 'live' environment."
2 "... nothing we have tested had a better overall transient response."
3 "... we were impressed with the new speakers' honest, uncolored sound."
   High Fidelity, July, 1969.
   "In our listening tests, the Dynaco (A-25) had a remarkably neutral quality."

4 "The highs were crisp, extended, and well dispersed."
   "An 11 kHz tone could be heard clearly at least 90 degrees off axis . . ."
   High Fidelity, July, 1969.
5 "Not the least of the A-25's attractions is its low price of $79.95. We have compared the A-25 with a number of speaker systems costing two and three times as much, and we must say it stands up exceptionally well in the comparisons."

Send for literature or pick some up at your dealer where you can also hear the A-25.

Dynaco INC.  3060 JEFFERSON ST., PHILA., PA. 19121
IN EUROPE WRITE: DYNACO A/S, HULLUM, STRUER, DENMARK
Rectilinear is announce the high-fidelity

The time was ripe, to say the least. High-fidelity amplifiers (i.e., amplifiers whose output closely resembles their input) have been around for more than twenty years. High-fidelity FM tuners just about as long. Even high-fidelity pickup cartridges, capable of producing a reasonably accurate electrical replica of the groove, could be had as far back as the mid-1950's.

But, until Rectilinear did something about it, you still couldn't buy a high-fidelity loudspeaker after all these years. Not if you accept any definition of high fidelity as applied to other audio components. (How would you like, for example, a "high-fidelity" amplifier with the response and distortion characteristics of your favorite speaker system?)

This isn't just academic hairsplitting or a question of semantics. Audiophiles are in universal agreement that there are only the subtlest audible differences among the finest amplifiers or phone cartridges, whereas no two loudspeakers of different design have ever sounded even remotely alike. Both may sound pleasing, or realistic, or musical, or better than last year's model; but in an A-B comparison their outputs invariably disagree about the input. Because, invariably, both outputs are at least partially wrong.

We believe that our new bookshelf speaker, the Rectilinear X (that's a ten, not an ex), is the first speaker system whose output is right about its input. We further believe that future speaker systems designed with the same basic principles in mind will sound very much alike, just like the best amplifiers or pickups, no matter how different they may turn out to be in actual engineering execution.

The initial concept behind the Rectilinear X was to try to isolate what everybody else was doing wrong. Since speakers are undeniably getting better all the time, speaker designers must be doing something (or even a lot of things) right; but is there anything fundamental that everyone has overlooked?

We came to the conclusion that there is. Envelope delay distortion. This is a type of time delay distortion having to do with loudspeaker phase characteristics, which has been a rather neglected subject among members of the hi-fi Establishment.

Actually, the phase response of a loudspeaker is at least as important as its amplitude response, although the latter is nearly always accepted as the "frequency response" specification. The matter is a bit too technical to be pursued in detail in this ad, but we'll be pleased to give you additional information if you write to us. For the moment, let it suffice that envelope delay distortion causes an audible coloration of speaker sound.

In terms of practical speaker design, this line of thinking produced, first of all, a highly unorthodox approach to woofers. We realized that in just about all speaker systems the woofer was responsible for envelope delay distortion as well as IM distortion far up into the midrange.

The woofer of the Rectilinear X is an entirely new 10-inch unit with a completely linear excursion capability of \( \frac{1}{2} \) inch in either direction, meaning one full inch of travel from peak to peak. There has never been anything like it. It can move more air than most 12-inch woofers, and of course far less sluggishly. Furthermore, it is crossed over to the midrange driver at the unprecedentedly low frequency of 100 Hz, with an attenuation slope of 12 dB per octave. As a result, it remains virtually motionless without a deep bass input and can't possibly mess up the midrange. But when there's a bass drum or a tuba or double basses in the program material, it produces music instead of mud.

Of course, a 100 Hz crossover with a 12 dB slope would be quite impractical with conventional crossover networks. The Rectilinear X network is designed around unconventional iron core chokes, which will probably upset Establishment audiophiles, but then so did rear-engine automobiles.

The 5-inch midrange driver is equally remarkable. It covers more than six octaves, from 100 to 8000 Hz, in a separate subenclosure and is therefore virtually a full-range speaker system in its own right. This accounts for the completely seamless, homogeneous sound quality of the Rectilinear X. The cone structure is of a special paper not available in any other unit, permitting rigid piston behavior at the lower mid-frequencies and, at the same time, extraordinary transient detail higher up in the driver's working range.

At 8000 Hz, the midrange is crossed...
over to the 2 1/2-inch tweeter. With only a little more than an octave assigned to this driver, its exceptionally light cone and voice coil operate only in their most comfortable range, without the slightest possibility of strain. (Speaker systems that demand too much work of a tiny tweeter are asking for trouble.)

The spacing of the three drivers in the Rectilinear X is an important part of the design and is by no means dictated by convenience or visual symmetry, as in many other bookshelf systems. The distance of the midrange speaker from the woofer is particularly critical for the best possible phase characteristics in the crossover region.

The final touch of sophistication is provided by the grill cloth. In other speaker systems the grill cloth is made acoustically transparent, allowing sound waves to pass through unaffected. In the Rectilinear X a specially prepared fabric presents a graduated acoustic impedance to the midrange speaker and the tweeter, for greatly improved sound dispersion at the higher frequencies. Stretched on a slightly raised frame open at the sides, the grill cloth actually functions as a superior form of acoustic lens, making the speaker nondirectional over an extremely wide angle. This, combined with a cabinet size of only 25” by 14” by 10 3/4” deep, opens up new possibilities in speaker placement.

We must emphasize that none of these unusual engineering details are in themselves revolutionary. Perhaps the most gratifying thing about the Rectilinear X is that it's still an eminently sensible bookshelf speaker designed around three rugged, reliable drivers of the classic moving-coil principle, rather than a far-out experiment utilizing some exotic new driving system along the lines of, say, ionized air speakers. Our new standard of performance is the result of new insights into the existing technology, not of an unproven new invention.

What does the world's first high-fidelity loudspeaker sound like? It can't really be described in words and you must hear it for yourself. But the few people who have already heard it seem to agree on the following points:

- The bass is startlingly clearer and more natural than one is prepared to hear through any electronic medium.
- The midrange is so completely neutral and devoid of coloration that all other speakers seem nasal by comparison. There isn't the slightest hint of boxiness or enclosure sound. In fact, the sound gives no indication of the size or even existence of the enclosure.

On complex program material like Wagnerian climaxes or hard rock, the same unstrained clarity is retained as, for example, on solo flute.

Above all, the Rectilinear X is supremely listenable. Even after several hours of listening at high volume levels, there isn't the slightest aural fatigue or irritation. None of that "I've had enough, let's turn it off" feeling.

We left the price of the Rectilinear X for the last. Since it sounds superior to speaker systems selling for up to $2400, the price could have been whatever the traffic would bear. But based on our manufacturing costs plus the normal profit margin, we decided to set it at $199.

You'll have to agree that for a high-fidelity speaker, that's not high.

(For additional information, see your audio dealer or write directly to Rectilinear Research Corporation, 30 Main Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.)

Rectilinear X

CIRCLE 47 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Hear or be heard with car cassette unit

Ampex has announced as one of its first cassette models for use on the road, the Micro 42, a mono-record, stereo-playback unit for attachment under the dash. The press-to-talk mike is intended for dictation and similar use in the car; the playback system will accept standard stereo prerecorded cassettes for entertainment in transit. Power amplifiers are included in the unit and speakers are offered as an optional accessory. The Micro 42 sells for $119.95. A playback-only version, the Micro 40, sells for $99.95.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Concord introduces cassette compact

The Concord HES-35, the first compact system from the company, combines a stereo FM/AM receiver, a stereo cassette player/recorder, and a pair of speakers. Input for ceramic phono cartridge and a jack for stereo headphones are provided. The selling price of the system is under $280.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Wollensak and the peek-a-boo heads

The 3M Company has announced an open-reel tape recorder, the Wollensak 6250, that features a “plexiglass” head cover. The heads, which can be seen through the cover, are unusual: one is a conventional erase head, while the other has separate gaps for record and playback functions, allowing operation similar to that of a three-head machine and permitting sound-on-sound, sound-with-sound, and reverb, according to 3M. A tape guide and the pinch roller fold down out of the way for simplified tape threading. The 6250 sells for about $300; a deck version, Model 6150, for about $230.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Kenwood compact called a receiver system

The Kenwood Model KRS-44 is a stereo FM/AM system: that is, a receiver and a pair of speakers sold as a self-sufficient system. The two-way speakers are housed in oiled walnut enclosures, the receiver in a simulated walnut case. Price of the ensemble is $239.95.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Automatic changer for 8-track cartridges

The Qutron 48H cartridge player can be used as a deck or, with optional accessory speakers, as a self-contained 8-track system. It has three automatic sequencing modes: all tracks of each cartridge in sequence; the first track of each cartridge before proceeding to the second track of each, and so on; and continuous repeat of a single cartridge. Manual controls can override the automatic sequencing. Price is $199 for the 48H or for its mobile counterpart, the 48A, which is designed to be placed in the car’s trunk and controlled from the driver’s seat.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
The Outperformer that fulfills the impossible dream

Here's the brilliant realization of sound, beyond your fondest dream. The new Pioneer SX-990 solid state AM-FM multiplex stereo receiver was designed with you in mind. Thoroughly flexible, you can plan a complete stereo system around it. Rated according to the Institute of High Fidelity standards (as all Pioneer units are), it contains top quality circuitry plus many refinements found only in much more expensive units. Versatile, it offers: 2 phono, tape monitor, microphone, auxiliary and main amplifier inputs. Outputs for two pairs of speakers make it ideal as a power source for any fine stereo system. Elegantly styled in an oiled walnut cabinet, it's the perfect complement to the most discriminating decor. Hear it at your local Pioneer dealer. Only $299.95

PIONEER ELECTRONICS U.S.A. CORPORATION, 140 Smith Street, Farmingdale, N. Y. 11735 • (516) 694-7720
West Coast: 1335 West 134th Street, Gardena, Calif. 90249 / (213) 323-2374 & 321-1076 • In Canada: S. H. Parker Co., Ontario

CIRCLE 42 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Use Your Room to Enhance

It is no secret that the room in which one listens strongly influences the character of the sound one hears. What apparently is less understood is exactly what the room itself does to the sound and how to make the best use of a room to improve it.

Listening-room management breaks naturally into two parts: how to get the best tonal quality, smooth in frequency response, live and clear; and then, how to get a firm stereo image. These two objectives, unfortunately, don't always call for the same room therapy. But when there is a conflict a compromise is almost always possible.

It's important to remember, at the outset, that a part of the acoustic character of reproduced sound is in the recording itself. Except for a very few experimental recordings, the aim of all modern recordings is to reproduce a sense of one kind of room or another: the space in which the music was played. Thus, the end result is an amalgam between the "space" on the recording and the acoustics of the listening room. As a matter of fact, the listening room can exert a major influence; it may overwhelm the acoustics of the recording itself.

Why Rooms Sound Different

Before getting to specifics, consider in a general sense what a room does to the sound coming out of your loudspeakers. A stone dropped into a tank of water sets up waves that bounce from the walls, crisscross each other in a complex pattern, and then gradually die down. Imagine this same bounce-and-cross effect expanded into three dimensions, and you have a fair idea of what happens to sound in a room: the wave energy bounces around in a closed space, crosses back on itself in hundreds of complex patterns, and gradually grows weaker.

Sitting in a room with your loudspeakers, you are immersed in this mélange of crisscrossing vibration. Significantly, when air is beaten at the rates that produce sound, it no longer behaves like a flowing gas but more like a stiff jelly. Its impedance, in a word, rises. In typical rooms, a large portion of the sound you hear at any instant has been bounced off a wall or some other surface anywhere from one to twenty times or more after leaving the speaker, working into that impedance.

The bounced sounds form a series of echoes (of each note) which trail the sound that reaches your ear directly from the loudspeaker. The direct sound gets to you first because it travels the shortest distance. Sound and echoes are not heard separately—the time span between them is too short. But the echoes can make the sound thin or full, strong or weak, lively or dead, smooth or rough.

The acoustic character, or impedance, of the room determines the character of the trail of echoes, or "reverberation." For one thing, the room dimensions influence what might be called the frequency response of the reverb. Any two surfaces in a room, between which sound can bounce back and forth, form a resonance, or "room mode," which reacts strongly with sounds of a certain frequency, and of integral multiples of that frequency. Sounds with a wave length exactly twice the distance between the two surfaces become stronger. The mechanics of this preference are simple: when the distance from one surface to the other is a half wave length (or an odd multiple of that), the wave bouncing off the surface is in step with the next one approaching the surface, and each reinforces the other. It's very much like two people pushing a swing. If they time their pushes with the swing, very little energy is needed.

Sounds with a full wave length (or any integral multiple) between two walls can be compared to a swing being braked by two people. The swing soon comes to a stop. Each dimension of a room therefore sets up a string of preferred frequencies and a string of depressed frequencies. The preferred frequencies persist in the reverberation, the depressed ones drop out of it quickly. The result is a series of peaks and holes in the frequency response of what you hear; ups and downs of 20 dB or more are common.

The result, for the listener, may be music that sounds too strong at some frequencies and too weak, if not entirely inaudible, at others. This problem comes up particularly in the low bass but it can happen anywhere in the range—some rooms are weak through much of the middle, for example, which gives a somewhat lifeless effect and can be very tiring to listen to over long periods.

For an idea of what happens to the frequency response in a typical room, consider the approximate figures for the first fifteen room resonance frequencies, or "modes" (in Hz) in a room 15.3 feet long, 11 feet wide, and 8.2 feet high: 36, 51, 63, 68, 78, 86, 93, 101, 104, 110, 112, 113, 119. Note that as we go up the scale the resonances come closer together so that by the time we get into the middle frequencies they are thick indeed. The bigger the room, the lower the start of the series. Thus, in a very large room, such as a concert hall, we no longer have the problem of uneven bass support because the bass resonances are very close together before we even get up to 30
Hz. For instance, in a room 130 feet long, 110 feet wide, and 50 feet high, the first five resonance frequencies are: 4.33, 5.11, 6.69, 8.657, and 10 Hz—all close together and still well below the audio range. In large living rooms an intermediate situation prevails: the resonances are close together but occur in the bass audio range so that they actually help support the low bass response of the speaker systems.

Note, too, that the resonances are spread more evenly through the scale if the three dimensions are all different and none is a multiple of any other nor contains a common factor with any other. In rooms of moderate size, it is the low bass that usually gives the most trouble with resonances—in the middles and highs the modes may be so close together that we approach smooth response.

You now can see why a cubical room (a room with identical dimensions) is an acoustic nightmare. At the other extreme, imagine that a set of three dimensions could be chosen to spread the resonances as evenly and thickly as possible through the spectrum; indeed, experts have figured several sets of dimension ratios that work well. One is the old “Golden Mean,” the ratio of 1 to 1.6 to 2.5, which can be embodied in a room, say 8.5 by 13.5 by 21 feet. Such rooms have been built, and they are acoustically excellent.

But supplying the best dimensions is not the whole solution, and supplying dimensions is not the answer for most of us who have to make do with the rooms we have. It’s important to understand the role of the room dimensions in the frequency character of the room; that will often help in developing a strategy for room improvement. But except for a lucky few, the strategy cannot include changing the principal dimensions to bring the room closer to acoustic excellence.

What that strategy will include, in a great many instances, are three specific tactics: adjusting the balance between reflection and absorption in the room; adding irregular reflecting surfaces for better dispersion of both direct sound and reverberation; repositioning the loudspeakers if necessary.

**Balance and Dispersion**

The balance between reflection and absorption is a vital characteristic and it is all the more important because the listener almost always has it in his power to do something about it. Absorption in living rooms is usually supplied by overstuffed furniture, heavy drapes (thin curtains don’t count), thick rugs over rubber pads. Acoustic tile can be used too if it fits the decoration scheme.

The degree of absorption is infinitely adjustable, because it depends on the ratio between the area of surface in the room that absorbs sound and the area that reflects it. A given area of absorption is almost equally effective, with some minor exceptions, no matter where you put it in the room. Thus a thick rug over rubber on the floor is roughly equal to the same area of acoustic tile on the ceiling. Four square feet of acoustic tile anywhere on a wall or ceiling gives four square feet of absorption for the whole room. A large upholstered chair with a soft surface is a tremendous absorber, no matter where you put it. Your absorption area therefore can be all in one piece or scattered around the room.

Because different materials absorb sound in varying degrees and frequency characteristics, getting the amount and type of absorption you want becomes a job of cut-and-try.

Although the low bass is highly resistant to absorption, and has to be handled differently, absorption can be used to tame resonances or peaks in the middles and mid-highs. These peaks, particularly in medium-sized and small rooms, can make the sound “barrely,” or “ringy.” This unpleasant quality can sometimes be detected on speaking voices in a room. The right amount of absorption will often eliminate this effect, improving smoothness in the mid-highs.

But absorption must be handled with care. For one thing, since the top highs tend to be absorbed most, a room with a lot of absorption tends to be dull and high-deficient. Good highs depend on getting the right balance between surfaces that bounce them strongly and surfaces that absorb them.

Too much absorption will also shorten the life of the reverberation throughout the middles and mid-highs, and thus make the sound weak, powerless (this is different from a dull sound—a sound may be both dull and weak). In concert-hall acoustics, the life-span of the reverberation is called the “reverberation time,” and we know that it must last a certain minimum time to give the sound a satisfying resonance and power. If, however, the reverberation time is too long it will muddle the sound.

On the other hand, if the reverb is just long enough for good resonance and power when added to the reverb in the recording itself, the sound will have a kind of pure liveliness, a vibrancy in the mid-highs that does not detract from its clarity.

Reverb affects the sound in other ways, too. Some
are so complex they haven’t been thoroughly analyzed as yet, but the experts do know that a reverb dying off in a jerky or uneven manner can make the sound rough or harsh. Here again, if you have this kind of sound, more absorption may be the answer. Experimentation is the only way to find out about this; you may have got used to a somewhat rough sound, and be surprised and delighted by the smoothness you didn’t know was possible.

But smoothing out the reverb, and the whole pattern of sound in the middle and highs, can also be affected by our second main tactic, an increase in the amount of irregular reflecting surface in the room. Intricately carved furniture, statuary, any of several other decorative objects that have ins and outs of surface (the more complex the better), are good in almost any room. They break up the main resonance patterns into scores or hundreds, disperse highs much more thoroughly through the room, and generally make the sound more “even-tempered.” As compared with absorption, the irregular-reflecting-surface technique has the advantage of not cutting down too much on highs or drastically shortening reverberation time. As a rule, some combination of the two will work well in most rooms; the fact is, many listeners arrive at the right combination willingly because their scheme of decorating inevitably includes rugs, upholstered furniture, a quantity of irregular objects. But you can change the combination deliberately—by using more or less absorption, or more or fewer irregular surfaces—to influence the acoustics.

Improving the bass characteristic of a room is almost entirely a matter of speaker placement. Any speaker puts out its strongest bass when it is located at the meeting of three surfaces, as in a corner near the floor—this is certainly the best-known fact of listening-room acoustics. What is probably not as well known is that corner placement often does not produce the smoothest bass; there may be very strong peaks and big holes in the response. Moreover, the peaks may extend up into the mid-bass region and thus degrade all the reproduced sound.

Such a problem calls for the moderate reduction in over-all bass with the concomitant smoother response that will result from moving the speaker out of the corner. Try locating it at various positions along the wall, or—if possible—at some positions in the corner but off the floor. This is also a cut-and-try proposition. Rooms are intensely individualistic. Sometimes a big improvement in smoothness over the entire range can be made by elevating the speaker two or three feet from the floor—in some rooms raising it even a foot off the floor will make a difference.

The greatest smoothness, particularly in the bass, can be attained by setting the speaker away from both corner and floor, somewhere along the wall. Although this is not the most pleasing arrangement in most rooms, it might be just right for you.

A Dream Room and Some Realities

Given the chance, what sort of room would you build for great highs, great bass, great reverb? About fifteen years ago I became involved with a room that, not by any acoustic forethought, turned out to be an audiophile’s dream. It was the top floor of a converted barn, about twenty by thirty feet, with a ceiling pitched sharply on two sides to follow the lines of the roof. One end had a very large picture window. The other end opened into a wall-to-wall well that made the room on the floor below a two-story affair. There were open bookshelves, with books of varied size, against both of the long walls. A thick fur rug covered a part of the floor; several pieces of upholstered furniture, including two couches, some hard chairs, and other hard objects were placed about the room casually.

To keep within my budget, I installed a system that was medium-fi even by those far-off standards, hoping it would satisfy the owner, who was prodigiously literate in serious music. The speaker was placed in the corner next to the picture window. (This was prestereo, of course.) The sound was fabulous—full, lively, pure, clean, well-defined in the highs, and powerful at the bottom.

A little more knowledge of room analysis than we had at the time would have tipped us off in advance to the greatness of this room. It was big, and it was far from cubical in shape. Although the ceiling was somewhat low, any possible disadvantage (lack of volume in which reverb can build) was more than made up for by that open well at one end which, from an acoustic standpoint, added the volume of the room below to that of the listening room. There was a good balance between reflection and absorption, with the picture window at one side of the speaker giving the treble a good strong bounce at the start. The nonparallel-to-the-floor ceiling helped to smooth the reverb. Much of the bookshelf area acted as an irregular reflecting surface, another smoothing agent.

Probably no reader can (or would want to) duplicate such a room, but its virtues might be helpful when analyzing or rearranging other rooms. For example, a large opening between the listening room and another room invariably adds smooth power and a stronger bass, if the speaker is not deprived of an adjoining wall by the opening. Nonparallel surfaces almost always contribute to smoothness; the off-straight surface can be the ceiling or a wall or any combination. To correct any weakness in the highs, put some hard reflecting surface near the speaker (and if that’s not enough, add another about halfway down the room).

One kind of irregularity in walls, however, can be an acoustic weakness rather than a strength: a large niche or recess, whether rectangular or concave (the latter is worse), tends to set up a strong resonance usually somewhere in the middle or mid-highs that
results in a honky or barrel effect. The cure is to put some absorption right in the niche—a heavy drape, for instance.

**Perfecting the Stereo Image**

The basic requirements for a well-placed stereo image are two sound sources located far enough apart to spread out the image, but not so far apart as to leave a big sonic hole in the middle. In most rooms, the lines from listener to speakers should enclose an angle between about thirty-five and seventy-five degrees. In other words, the apparent sources of the two sounds must make this kind of angle over the main listening area.

But how, one may ask, can the two speakers seem to be the apparent sources of sound when the greater part of the sound comes in from other directions after being bounced off walls or ceiling? The answer lies in a basic hearing-system quirk called the "precedence effect," which the serious audiophile must understand if he is to combine the best possible stereo with the best possible tonal quality in his room. The direct sound from a speaker reaches the ear first because it travels the shortest distance. Our hearing sense tells us that this is the direction of the whole sound, if the reverb which follows and becomes a part of the sound is not too much stronger than the direct sound. Thus, even a weak sound, arriving first, can establish our sense of direction.

The relative strengths of direct sound and reverb depend on the liveness of the room. A room with a preponderance of hard, reflecting surfaces will have a very strong reverb, and it may be strong enough to overcome the precedence effect, thus erasing the effect of the sound seeming to come directly from the speaker. Here is one important reason for an unfortunate fact: the requirements for good stereo do not always coincide with the requirements for a lively, powerful sound. The most accurate stereo localization would be produced in a room that is acoustically dead, because then the direct sound from each speaker would easily establish its pre-eminence.

Often, you can combine a good liveliness with a good stereo image, but occasionally you will come across a room in which you will have to go "deader" than you would like to get a precise stereo image, meaning exact localization of instruments not only left and right but in between the speakers (when that kind of precision is on the record—this distinction presumes an exact stereo image in the program material). At that point, you have a choice and your taste must take over. You can keep the room's liveliness (or restore it by removing some absorbing surface) and abandon precise stereo localization. But in the process, you would not have to abandon the spaciousness of stereo, the most important quality for many people and a main factor in most recordings, together with a less precise, but still satisfying, sense of left-right localization.

This more generalized localization has one virtue—it is less vulnerable than precise localization to queer upsets from frequency peaks in your system or from shifting reflection effects in the room. For example, in a room "dead" enough for precise localization of sounds, a peak in the highs in one channel not precisely matched on the other, can make a soloist jump from side to side as he runs up the scale. Or you can send violins from left to right simply by raising your hand up between your head and the left speaker. A more generalized localization is much less prone to such jumpiness.

 Anything that strengthens the mid-highs from the direction of the speakers helps to tie down the stereo image. Hard reflecting surfaces in back of, and directly next to, the speakers are good. Absorption directly in front of or next to the speakers is bad, as is any hard object that cuts off the direct sound.

In rooms that are not acoustically symmetrical for the two speakers (more reflection on one side than the other, or a radically different room shape) it may be difficult to get the two channels into reasonable volume and frequency balance, although both balances are essential to good stereo. To check volume balance, put on a mono voice recording and adjust the balance control until the singer appears to be exactly halfway between the speakers. Don't worry if you have to set the balance control off center. For frequency balance, you must offset both room effects and any frequency differences between the two channels in the system itself (usually in the loudspeakers). The quickest way to check this is with a test record that has a steady broad-hand noise signal. Listen to it first in one channel and then in the other. If the noise has a lighter quality on one side, that side is stronger in the highs; a fuller, deeper sound means stronger bass. Try matching the channels first with the tweeter controls on your speakers, if they have them. Don't hesitate to set your tone controls off "flat," if that is necessary to get the two channels to sound alike.

**Impossible Rooms and Probable Solutions**

A few hypothetical tough-dog rooms, described along with possible solutions to their obvious acoustic problems, will show some applications of the principles we've just set down.

Many people have to deal with a smallish, squarish room. Consider the plan shown in Fig. 1. Placement of the two speakers on the floor in adjoining corners is obviously impossible, and such a small, boxy room would make for very peaky response anyway. The best possibilities are somewhere up off the floor along wall A or wall B, and wall B looks a little better because the speakers can be fairly close together and produce a better balanced sound at the main seating area, which, for these purposes, we take to be around point C.

Put the speakers on top of, or in the bookshelves
on wall B, and move them back and forth horizontally, first on a fairly low level, three feet or so from the floor, to see if you can find a setting that produces a reasonably well-balanced stereo image at point C. If put too close together, the stereo image collapses into mono; too far apart, and you'll probably get a severe imbalance (most sounds coming from one side). If nothing acceptable comes off at the three-foot level, try placing the speakers higher up. Some heavy drapes or acoustic tile on the wall facing the speakers ought to go well in this room, to help smooth out the resonances in the middles. But you can't use a lot of absorption in a small room because the small volume makes for a short reverberation time anyway—a substantial further reduction might make the sound too weak. Irregular reflecting surface would obviously help; you should use as much as possible (there's not room for many large irregular objects in this room).

If you dislike the effect of having the stereo image confined to the small span of space between the speakers, rather like listening to the music through a narrow window, you might try abandoning precise localization for spaciousness. Angle the speakers outward so that the highs strike the end walls and reach C on the bounce. Try various angles until you get something that pleases you. Good balance will still be necessary between the two sides but you can affect the balance by varying the angle of one speaker—or by adjusting the balance control on your amplifier or receiver.

The room is obviously not going to support the low bass too much. If you want low, low bass you'll need a lot of it from the speakers.

The same problem with bass applies, though not so acutely, to the room shown in Fig. 2. This room's problem is its seating which makes it necessary to put the speakers where at least one has no wall back-up on one side. One speaker has to go on wall A. The trick here would be to move the other speaker back and forth on wall B to find the best-balanced stereo image for seating position C. Don't hesitate to use the balance control and tone controls to get the best match between the channels.

The over-all sound should be quite live, with the dining area adding considerably to the reverberation time. If it is too live, with ringy or hang-over effects, more absorption is indicated.

The L-shaped room, of course, is the acoustic lot
of a great many of us. The one shown in Fig. 3 further highlights some of its problems.

Here we have a very tempting plan: first, put the speakers in corners A and B. Then, although the couch position shown is perhaps the most logical, stereo aside, let’s shift the couch to the other side of the fireplace but still facing the speakers. Then put the three chairs more or less in a row facing the fireplace wall. Now we have good corner positions for the speakers, and no one gets the sound from the rear, a disturbing experience for anyone who wants to listen seriously. The room ought to be good —there’s a lot of breakup surface and some absorption, plus ample cubic volume for a good reverberation and long enough dimensions for good bass.

But there’s a catch. For a listener on the couch, the highs from the two speakers may come so closely together the stereo image may collapse—there’s little or no separation, except perhaps with ultrapong records. Any long, narrow room presents this problem to some extent; the simple fact is, speakers do not spread over a wide enough angle for the listener. An L-shaped room may magnify the problem because the plane at E-F tends to become the apparent source of the sound, further confusing the stereo image.

In some narrow rooms the solution is to turn the listening axis ninety degrees, putting the speakers on the long wall (but probably not in the corners: they would be too far apart). The main seating then goes on the opposite long wall.

To do that in this room, though, involves built-in speakers at the X positions shown on the drawing. The seating can then be easily rearranged to take full advantage of the speaker positions. You may need to rebalance the channels using the tweeter controls on the speakers or the amplifier tone controls, or both, to avoid degrading the stereo image. The setup won’t have the full bass support of the two far corners, but it will preserve the stereo image, and bass can be boosted somewhat to compensate.

Finally, Fig. 4 demonstrates what can happen in a very large room a bit baronial in style. The problem here is not low bass, but probably an extreme weakness in the treble. There is so much absorbing surface, including the hangings, the rugs, the overstuffed furniture, and large openings into other rooms, the highs are sure to be soaked up. Positioning the speakers is not easy, either, because the corner spots, A and B, are next to the bay windows. The resonances of the air enclosed in the bay windows may be very prominent. But heavy drapes in the windows will merely add to the problem of highs.

Another possible arrangement is to place the left speaker at position B (now marked for the right speaker), and put the right one at position X. Now the speakers are very far apart, and a “hole in the middle” is most likely. The general style of this home suggests that the expense of a phantom center channel and third speaker will not be a stumbling block. So we suggest a third speaker at position Y, above the fireplace, connected to a phantom center channel.

The speakers must have excellent dispersion of highs in order to get strong direct highs into every part of the listening area. You can bolster the highs too, if necessary, by removing some of the heavy drapes, reducing the area of rug, or by putting tall, solid pieces of furniture in front of the hangings as treble reflectors.
Now Where Did I Put That Franck Sonata?

Perhaps it’s filed under the Mozart or Debussy on the flip side.
Or do you have it hidden among your Isaac Stern recordings?
Obviously, you need a better filing system.

by David Hamilton

At some point, most people acquire enough records so that flipping through the whole pile to find a specific item becomes rather a chore. This stage—an important one in the metamorphosis from just-plain-Record-Consumer to full-fledged-Record-Collector—calls for some thinking about the problem of shelving. At first, the difficulty can probably be resolved by simply dividing that one cumbersome pile into several manageable ones: orchestral, vocal, piano, and so on (I know one young lady who simply sorts her records by century, and this probably works pretty well if you have a high percentage of Medieval and Renaissance music). But something more formal might also prove useful, and—depending on the collector's memory and the nature of his collection—this might be a good time to start thinking about a catalogue.

Of course, it's perfectly possible to manage quite a large collection without the help of a catalogue: for example, complete operas, in their clearly labeled album boxes, can easily be shelved alphabetically by composer or title, and even many hundreds of these will be essentially self-indexing (as long as you remember that most of the Pagliacci recordings are to be found under Cavalleria). And recital recordings can go in a separate alphabetical sequence, according to the name of the principal performer. Other types of music as well are amenable to rough-and-ready systems of filing by composer, or by genre (opera, symphonic music, piano music, etc.), and within each genre, by composer, or by performer (if your interests are oriented that way), or by various combinations and permutations of these possibilities.

Since the hardest part of compiling a catalogue is the initial investment of time in setting it up,
However, it’s not a bad idea to think about it at an early stage. Do you have a number of records that don’t fit clearly into any one place in your filing system, because they contain assorted works, each of which belongs in a different category? Do you collect recitals of short works: Lieder, piano pieces, opera arias, or perhaps Fischer-Dieskau (a category that will soon have to be indexed by computer in any case)? Do you frequently go to your shelves searching for a particular selection by a particular performer, rather than just browsing for something to listen to? Have you ever tried to remember what was on the other side of that Franck Violin Sonata —Mozart, Grieg, Debussy, or Brahms—because you can’t find it filed with the rest of Franck’s music? Do you like to compare performances of the same work by different artists? Have you ever been unable to locate a recording of, say, Rachmaninoff’s Humoresque in G just when you wanted to play it for some friends (only to have it turn up a few days later on a disc entitled—maddeningly—“Golden Age of Piano Virtuosi”)?

If your answer to some of these questions is “yes,” and you can foresee that your collection will continue to expand, perhaps to the point where you can no longer keep it at your fingertips, some sort of a catalogue is worth thinking about. Even the opera collector with his self-indexing albums might find it useful to know what recordings he has by a particular singer, and the orchestral collector may be surprised at the number of duplications of shorter works he will turn up, such as the overtures often used to fill out recordings of symphonies. By giving you a different perspective on your records, the catalogue can be useful in various secondary ways—and once set up, it will take only a couple of minutes with each new record to keep it up to date.

For the private collector, the most important guideline to keep in mind is this: your catalogue is for you, not for the Library of Congress or the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archive of Recorded Sound. Continuing public institutions with changing staffs and diverse clientele have to get involved with a lot of complications that needn’t concern you at all, so don’t be inhibited by those elaborate printed cards down at the public library. You don’t even have to be consistent, although you may end up confused if you make too many exceptions to your own rules. Remember that the more information your cataloguing scheme calls for, the more upkeep, and even research will be required, so don’t bother with frills—a “frill” being defined as any piece of information that you don’t foresee direct use for, or that can just as easily be found elsewhere.

A GOOD WAY to start designing a catalogue is to think about the kinds of questions you may want to “ask” it and jot down a list of the information you want to include; then you can consider what physical form is best to accommodate that information.

Where? The simplest of these questions will be the location of the recording on your shelves, and this brings us back to the matter of shelving. You may prefer to retain the sort of alphabetical system outlined above, filing each record under the composer or principal performer; in this case, your catalogue will have to specify the name under which the record is filed—e.g., that the Lipatti Schumann Concerto is shelved under Grieg. A second possibility is to use the manufacturer’s name and number as the principle of shelving—this is more likely to appeal to persons involved in some way with the record business, who have reasons to remember labels and catalogue numbers—and it means that the entry in your catalogue will include the manufacturer’s serial number (note that this sometimes useful piece of information is not required by the other methods suggested here, although, of course, you can include it anyway if you like). On the other hand, the resulting alignment of similar spines and matching albums on the living-room shelves tends to resemble the décor of Sam Goody’s emporium—an effect your spouse may find unesthetic.

A third possibility is to assign your own number to each record when you buy it. The great advantage to this method is that new records are always added at the end of the shelf, which eliminates having to shove records around in order to accommodate new purchases. Both this system and the manufacturer’s-number method might seem to cut down on your chances of just going to the shelf and pulling out the record you want, bypassing the catalogue to save time, but it is surprising how quickly you will learn where records that you use frequently are located. Although arbitrary, both these systems do cut down on the number of difficult decisions required by alphabetical filing systems.

What? Next, you will have to decide how you are going to organize the information about the music on your records. Most likely, you will find that catalogue entries that have been organized by composer (and, under each composer, by title) will be most useful—but if you tend to remember titles rather than composers, by all means arrange the main index in terms of titles. Either way, you will have to make some adjustments of the titles as given on record labels and jackets—or you may end up with three recordings of the same piece listed in three different places, such as E (for “Eroica Symphony”), S (for “Symphony No. 3”), and T (for “Third Symphony”).

In dealing with this problem, it is worth borrowing a leaf from the librarian’s notebook: the distinction between generic and specific titles. The former category comprises titles made up of a word describing a form or medium (“symphony,” “concerto,” “quartet,” “serenade,” and similar standard terms) plus a number, key, opus number, or whatever else distinguishes one work in that form or medium from another by the same composer. In contrast to these formula titles, specific titles are those especially invented by the composer for the
particular work: Tristan und Isolde, Pierrot Lunaire, Rhapsody in Blue, Symphonie fantastique (note that the last two are not generic titles). It greatly simplifies matters if you put all generic titles in a consistent form: first, that key word, followed by any necessary qualifiers (to distinguish, say, “Quartet, strings” from “Quartet, piano and strings’), then the number, key, or opus number (whichever of these is standard, or most convenient for you). By applying this principle, and with the help of the Schwann catalogue or a good standard musical reference work, you will save yourself quite a few headaches, especially in the baroque-classic-romantic repertory.

When dealing with specific titles, a little common sense helps. Don’t make a fetish of using foreign-language titles unless they are the ones you really use; I’ve never met anyone who refers to Debussy’s tone poem as The Sea but, on the other hand, a lot of people find Tod und Verklärung rather a mouthful. You certainly don’t want to get involved in Scandinavian or Eastern European languages (unless you really speak them, of course), but be careful here; often there is no standard English version for the title of a piece, and you may end up with the same Rachmaninoff song listed under several different English titles.

This matter of titles is one that can get complicated, and the old proverb about crossing bridges is worth bearing in mind. If you have only one Vivaldi concerto, why worry about how precisely it’s identified in your catalogue, complete with Pincherle catalogue number and so on—leave that for the man who has several dozen. Don’t bother, either, about making separate entries for every song in a Schubert recital; just lump them together under the heading “Songs”—unless you have quite a number of them and it becomes cumbersome to go over the listings looking for a particular title (of course, if you expect to acquire many more, it might be a good idea to start making separate entries now). Another useful simplification is to treat groups of pieces that nowadays are usually recorded together (Bach’s Brandenburg Concertos or Wolf’s Italian Songbook, for example) as single works. With experience, you will think of other ways to save time and energy.

Who? Under this rubric, you must first decide how much information about performers you want to put in your catalogue entry. I can imagine circumstances in which a collector might feel that the identity of the performers is not of sufficient importance to include this in his catalogue—but once the inevitable duplications start piling up, the collector may want to reconsider. On the other hand, it’s hardly worthwhile to list every serving-maid and messenger in opera recordings unless you are a dedicated fancier of vocal culture (after all, that messenger may turn up singing Otello in a few years—or vice versa). The same rationale operates in the area of accompaniments to vocal records—Toscanini and the NBC Symphony may be worth listing, but perhaps not the Odeon Light Opera Orchestra under Herr Bratwurst.

Related to this question is that of a cross-index by performers, a type of catalogue that may be useful even if you have decided to dispense with a composer-and-title listing. Of course, it adds considerably to the work involved: at least one, and sometimes several, more places to enter every new record. However, if questions like “What records conducted by Furtwängler do I have?” are going to come up regularly, the performer index could be a very useful adjunct to your collection.

Whence and When? These points, especially the first one, are primarily for specialists: the origin of a recording, if it is a reissue, and the date of recording. Since these apply mainly to older recordings, they may not concern you, but the collector who owns both recent and historical discs might want to include dates for the latter (or perhaps merely indicate that it is an “acoustic recording”).

AFTER YOU’VE decided what information to put in the catalogue, the question of its physical form must be faced. There are two main possibilities: index cards and loose-leaf notebooks. The former are certainly more flexible, especially if you put every recording on its own card. Of course, the degree of flexibility you need will depend on your rate of acquisition (and also of discard); if you expect to revise your collection and its catalogue frequently, cards are easier to work with. On the other hand, they are not as convenient for browsing, and a box of cards doesn’t sit as comfortably in the lap as a loose-leaf binder. Perhaps because of my library experience, and because my collection has a high turnover rate, I have a strong preference for cards, but a small, fairly stable collection could very well be indexed in a notebook with one page to a composer (the more heavily represented figures could be broken down by medium: a page each for piano music, chamber music, orchestral music, vocal music, or whatever categories are applicable in a given case). The actual format of the entries isn’t critical. In the following pages we will illustrate some suggested layouts and cataloguing techniques.

The Schwann catalogue is a pretty good model to follow, but you may want to be much more detailed in some areas; if so, try to get your hands on a copy of the British Gramophone Classical LP Catalogue or, best of all, the Clough and Cuming World’s Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music, which is a valuable reference work even though the last supplement was published in 1957. These models are obviously analogous to notebook catalogues, but their format can be readily adapted for use on cards.

For anybody who uses his collection professionally, some sort of system is, of course, indispensable. The layman too can often increase his quota of pleasure and instruction, with a minimum of effort, through some systematic organization. A filing sys-
The following sample entries show how the same group of recordings might be listed, using each of the three methods of shelving we have described.

**DEBUSSY**

Afternoon of a Faun

| B-1024 | Beecham |
| B-2057 | Bernstein |
| B-1568 | Karajan |
| A-1045 | Ormandy |
| B-2465 | Stokowski |

For those who assign their own shelf numbers to records, the entries become very simple; just assign the next available number to each new record. Again, it's a good idea to separate different sizes, and this can easily be done by setting up distinct numerical series for each size; in the example here, 10-inchers are numbered beginning with A-1000, 12-inchers starting with B-1000. Another possibility, if you have records shelved in several different places (e.g., living room, den, and rumpus room), is to use a different numerical series for each location.

The following sample cards show various types of cataloguing—different formats and different degrees of depth. To simplify matters, the system of home-made shelf numbers is used throughout, but any of the three systems we have already outlined can be used in these formats.

**Note:** In the following examples the black type is the minimum information required to locate the work on your shelf. The blue type, while not absolutely essential, provides other useful information.

**HAYDN**

**MASS, No. 9, D minor ("Nelson")**

Sylvia Stahlman, Helen Watts, Wilfred Brown, Tom Krause, Choir of King's College, Cambridge, London Symphony Orchestra—David Willcocks

B-1045

Maria Stader, Claudia Hellmann, Ernst Hafner, Viktor von Halem, Bavarian Radio Chorus & Orchestra—Rafael Kubelik

B-1234

The treatment of a generic title is illustrated here; if you prefer, this could simply be entered under *Nelson Mass*, but there is something to be said for having all the Haydn Mass cards in one place. If the key or the number doesn't matter to you, leave it out; similarly, the abbreviated list of performing forces given in the title line is merely a convenience, which saves repeating the voice ranges in listing each recording. For that matter, you certainly don't need to list all the soloists' names unless you find the information useful; these records could be identified, respectively, as "Willcocks" and "Kubelik" without further ado.
Complete opera recordings could be listed in the style used above for the Haydn Mass, but this isn’t helpful if you want to know who sings which part. In a collection heavily weighted with complete operas and/or “highlights” records, the use of 5 x 7 cards is worth considering if you want to list all the Valkyries, or specify exactly which “highlights” are included. Note that on this card the shelf number is in the upper right-hand corner—a position that is feasible if each card lists only one recording.

Operatic excerpts can be listed in the order in which they appear in the opera, or alphabetically; in the latter case, the mention of act and scene would be omitted from the card above. This example shows how dates can be given for historical recordings, and how the use of a “wrong” language can be indicated. Whether you want to list the performances of Celeste Aida in complete recordings on this card as well is a matter of individual taste; I find it simpler to check back in my file to the complete recordings than to add an extra listing for every aria, duet, etc., in the opera.

This card illustrates one way to deal with groups of works that are sometimes recorded together, some-times not. (Note that none of these suggested formats attempts to indicate what else is on the record; since the record itself is directly at hand, there seems no need to waste time and space on that information.) An intensive collector of Chopin might want to make a separate card for each Ballade, but even he might blanch at following the same procedure for every mazurka: 51 cards for the Rubinstein set! Again, the guiding principle is whether the additional detail will be of any use to you.
Julius Katchen (1926-1969)
by Ned Rorem

Though possibly no less beloved of the gods than Mozart or Schubert who died young, successful executant musicians—at least nowadays—are mostly blessed by healthy longevity as though renown itself (plus the endoctrial drive that seems coupled with renown) nourishes their survival. When a great virtuoso dies after a long life of outward appreciation and inner fulfillment, our sadness contains renoun (of what three concertos, performable at any given time some), and our adulation today's crop of pianists maintain they have learned, came not from an artificiality. Young Ginette Neveu, for instance, or William Kapell were among the first of the sky-traveling generation to gamble (and lose) at crowding concerts into as many areas of the globe as possible. Theirs was a twentieth-century death.

For Julius Katchen, none of these generalities holds. Throughout his life his dazzling talent inspired enough adulation—and his intensity of concentration provided enough energy—for his fame to endure for centuries. He gambled (and won) at the international game; his annual personal appearances made him world-famous. Yet he died at an early age, not violently, nor even like a performer so much as like those composers of the Romantic era he most adored. Not since the similar passing of Lipatti in 1950 has the world suffered such a loss. Theirs was a nineteenth-century death.

Precisely because of early fame and jet-orientation, today's crop of pianists maintain they have no time to learn new works; nor do many of them feel impelled to do so considering the fees they get for playing old ones. In contrast, Julius Katchen commanded at any given time some fifteen recitals and three dozen concertos, performable on a few hours' notice. This command was due in part, of course, to a loving curiosity about all music (no one is too busy for what really interests him). It was due also to a bizarre endowment. His lightning-quick capacity for learning, and his notoriously faithful memory of what he learned, came not from an ability for intellectual retention but from what might be termed eidetic fingertips: his hands had total recall. I remember first hearing him play all five Beethoven concertos on one program. I remember him memorizing the Diabelli Variations from scratch in three days, and my own Piano Concerto in less. I remember him going on tour without his music, not because it was all photographed in his brain: it was photographed in his fingers.

What I remember began twenty summers ago when we met, through Gérard Souzay, on the terrace of a Saint Germain café. Like his pianism, Julius' social style was not cerebral but emotional—that is, direct and very friendly. We immediately became as close as a composer and a pianist can become, in that I began to write music specifically for him to play. I tailored my tunes, not (consciously) around my abstract interior, but around what I knew he could do, which fortunately—in a sense—was anything. Through him, rather than through the average, did I learn.

Paris, which was then my new residence, had been Julius' home since shortly after the war, and was to remain so until the end; he even came to be known as a French pianist. The reason for his choice of domicile was more social than musical. For one thing—and this was his personal tragedy as well as America's—he was never a prophet in his homeland once he left, although Europe considered him one of the greatest U. S. exports and elected him the first pianist to make an LP record—Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto. For another, his exceedingly American character was attracted by the urbane exoticism, his palate by the rich cuisine, and his Judaic-Quaker sensibilities by the sensual freedom of France. The language he spoke perfectly, multilinguality being one of his major talents, a talent, incidentally, mistakenly thought to accompany musicality. He used to visit a Parisian house, married a bright French girl, and had a very French son, who is now mine.

Nonetheless, I cannot remember his ever playing Debussy or Ravel or, in fact, any French music. His musical heart lay generally in Germany, particularly in Brahms. The French, never known by catholicity of taste for culture beyond their frontiers, found Brahms, at least in the Forties, as novel as Americans found Ives. In his final years, Julius played Brahms almost exclusively, presenting everywhere the complete solo piano works of that composer in a series of four recitals. He also recorded the Brahms cycle for Decca/London.

Exclusivity of taste, however, excluded only the French classics. There were few major American or Russian piano works that did not appear on his programs, and his encouragement of young composers in Greece, Turkey, and Spain, was not merely verbal. He played them.

To assume that his freak gift for quick mastery was a casual process is to ignore that our gifts in the long run are paid for; and sometimes the price is terrifying. Julius Katchen worked very hard. His vitality was such that after some twelve hours of practice he could go out and make the rounds of bars with the rest of us, get up early next day, and start again. Repose was not his obsession, not if it precluded knowing all sorts of people and cultivating fans. For me, this boundless interest and force, this unifying of day with night, indicated that, like Baudelaire, he lived three lives in one. Thus when he died last April, he was not forty-two years old, but one-hundred and twenty-six.
PING-PING-PONG-PONG by Robert Long

Does Vanguard's new four-channel "Surround Sound" foreshadow the stereo of the future?

The possibility of four-channel stereo for home entertainment has been intriguing audiophiles ever since Sid Frey rocked the music industry a decade ago with his announcement that Audio Fidelity was about to release (two-channel) stereo discs to the general public. The idea of more-than-two-channel stereo is even older than that, of course. Walt Disney's Fantasia gave us three distinct sound sources for movie theaters in 1940. Wide-screen movies in the early '50s used separate sound sources to localize aurally the action on the screen, with Cinerama incorporating as many as six independent channels. Later, composer Edgard Varèse caused a sensation at the 1958 Brussels Exposition with his Poème électronique, which was spatially distributed over 400 speakers in the Philips Pavilion.

None of these innovations, to be sure, was suitable for the average living room. Thus, when we heard rumblings that Acoustic Research was planning a series of four-channel broadcasts in the Boston area this fall using the FM-multiplex signals of stations WGBH and WCRB—and requiring the listener to have two stereo FM systems, one tuned to each of the stations—we realized that something was about to break through the experimental underground to the public surface.

It exploded with Krakatoan force late this past June when Seymour Solomon, president of Vanguard Records, announced plans to issue tape recordings in a four-channel format to the general public for release the middle of this month. If few have the equipment to reproduce four-channel stereo, well, remember that just as few had anything on which to play Audio Fidelity's discs when Mr. Frey made his announcement in 1957. And, as with the earlier discs, Vanguard's forthcoming tapes will be playable (but without the two new channels, of course) on current stereo machines as well.

Adding even a third channel to conventional stereo, as experiments at Bell Laboratories long ago showed, can improve the sense of depth. We're not talking of a center-speaker system, such as many music lovers use today to cure a "hole in the middle" in a stereo image. That technique mixes left and right signals to power the phantom channel: Bell Labs' three channels required three distinct program signals. By using four channels, according to Mr. Solomon, the entire reverberant field of the original recording site can be reproduced, changing the ambience of your listening room into that of Carnegie Hall or the Bayreuth Festspielhaus.

To simulate the concert-hall experience, the main sound source is reproduced on a pair of speakers in front of the listener, the hall's reverberation on

The microphone setup at the Eastman Theater during a recent recording session illustrates one method of capturing four-channel sound. The four microphones in the center pick up the group much as they might for conventional stereo, with two mikes on each channel to broaden the coverage. The nearer mikes at the sides are aimed away from the musicians to pick up reverberation from the auditorium. The music being taped is Warren Benson's Symphony for Drums and Wind Orchestra with the composer directing the Eastman Wind Ensemble.
speakers behind him. But other four-channel techniques are possible. The four channels might be used for double ping-pong effects—perhaps a quadriphonic version of “Switched-On Bach.” Or the listener could be plunked down in the center of the ensemble—most appropriately, perhaps, in pops.

Vanguard's initial offering in what it has termed "Surround Sound" will include the Berlioz Requiem, which calls for four brass bands to be spread around the cardinal points of the hall (in this case, the Mormon Tabernacle) and Mahler's Symphonies No. 3 and 9, performed by the Utah Symphony under Maurice Abravanel, Joan Baez' "David's Album"; Buffy Sainte-Marie's "Illuminations"; and "The Amazing Electronic Sounds of Jean Jacques Perrey."

Other companies should have little trouble producing quadriphonic tapes if they so desire. (One major record company has been exchanging ideas and information with AR on four-channel reproduction for quite some time now.) The almost universal use of multichannel tape equipment in recording studios means that there exists a huge backlog of multichannel master tapes that could be remixed for four-channel issue; at least one company and probably more has actually used two of the channels for ambience.

AR has also been working with the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York to produce four-channel tapes of the school's ensembles. One, with the members of the Collegium Musicum scattered about the 3,358-seat Eastman Theater, features "spatial music" by Henry Brant, the composer conducting; another, by the Eastman Wind Ensemble, contains music by Percy Grainger, Darius Milhaud, Warren Benson, Krzysztof Penderecki, and John T. Williams, with Donald Hunsberger and Mr. Benson sharing the conductorial chores. As of this writing, no plans have yet been made to issue the tapes commercially. (As for AR's quadriphonic broadcast plans this fall, they will include Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts presented live from Symphony Hall as well as some concerts taped at Tanglewood this summer.)

The practical mechanics of playing simultaneously all four tracks of the new tapes at home presents some problems, however. Vanguard's recordings are being planned for release on four-track ¼-inch open reels and in cassettes. There is also the possibility of cartridge release. All systems will require, for starters, special heads to reproduce the four tracks simultaneously. Open-reel equipment with this type of head can already be obtained on special order from several tape recorder manufacturers—Crown International, Teac, and Viking, to name three. In addition, according to Mr. Solomon, at least one tape recorder manufacturer will offer a conversion kit consisting of the four-track playback head and an extra set of playback preamps. With this kit, you would also need a second basic stereo amplifier and an extra pair of speakers.

Obviously, the approach to making and reproducing four-channel stereo must be standardized among recording companies and equipment manufacturers if the technique is to be a boon to home entertainment rather than merely a prelude to another "battle of the speeds" that proved so disastrous to the classically-oriented purchasers of 45-rpm equipment in the late 1940s. There is presently the strong possibility of proposals that run counter to Vanguard's format; some industry insiders feel that a unanimity of approach should have been assured before the public was asked to buy the product.

Whether Mr. Solomon's four-channel tapes will ultimately be as successful as Mr. Frey's stereo discs remains to be seen. A vast amount of listening, evaluation, discussion, and hard work lies ahead for everyone concerned if four-channel stereo is to become a commercial reality—or even if it isn't.
new equipment reports THE CONSUMER’S GUIDE TO HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

RECEIVER OFFERS TOP PERFORMANCE, NOVEL FEATURES


COMMENT: Fisher's current top-of-the-line receiver offers outstandingly high performance as both tuner and amplifier plus the unusual option of tuning FM broadcasts in three possible ways: by ordinary manual tuning (for both FM and AM), by pushbuttons that choose any four preselected FM stations you opt for (called Tune-o-matic), and by electronic scanning of the FM band (called Autoscan). The controls and auxiliary station dials for the last two modes occupy the right-hand end of the front panel; despite their presence in addition to the ample array of usual controls furnished by Fisher, the set is not overly bulky and its stylists have managed to preserve a neat, orderly, and attractive appearance.

The main tuning dial contains channel markings for FM and AM stations plus a logging scale. To its left, a dual-purpose meter serves as a signal-strength indicator when tuning either manually or by Tune-o-matic (markings 0 to 5), or as the station dial when using Autoscan (additional markings cover the 88- to 108-MHz band in increments of 4 MHz). Just above this meter are two colored lights, one to indicate stereo FM, the other to indicate whether the muting button has been pressed. The upper half of the front panel also contains the manual station tuning knob, the four auxiliary station dials for Tune-o-matic and their respective controls, plus an AFC/manual tuning button and the Autoscan button. The lower half contains a stereo headphone jack, input signal selector, speaker selector, mode and tape monitor control, bass and treble controls, channel balance knob, volume control combined with power off/on switch, and button switches for loudness contour, low and high filters, interstation muting, plus two more for Autoscan tuning.

The speaker selector, in conjunction with suitable connectors at the rear, permits hooking up and listening to a main pair of stereo speaker systems; this pair plus a center speaker; remote stereo speakers; or all five systems at once. The headphone jack is live at all times. The separate bass and treble controls are friction-coupled, dual-concentric types that permit you to adjust bass and treble on each channel independently or simultaneously, as you choose.

Now for the novel tuning options: Tune-o-matic, to begin with, enables you to preselect four FM stations on the small vertical tuning dials at the right and then choose any by pressing the button just below the appropriate dial. When that button is pressed,

REPORT POLICY

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

www.americanradiohistory.com
IF YOU REALLY VALUE YOUR RECORDS

DON'T UNDERRATE THE GRAM!

(...a commentary on the critical role of tracking forces in evaluating trackability and trackability claims)

TRACKABILITY:
The "secret" of High Trackability is to enable the stylus tip to follow the hyper-complex record groove up to and beyond the theoretical cutting limits of modern recordings—not only at select and discrete frequencies, but across the entire audible spectrum—and at light tracking forces that are below both the threshold of audible record wear and excessive stylus tip wear.

The key parameter is "AT LIGHT TRACKING FORCES!"

A general rule covering trackability is: the higher the tracking force, the greater the ability of the stylus to stay in the groove. Unfortunately, at higher forces you are trading trackability for trouble. At a glance, the difference between ½ gram and 1, 1½, or 2 grams may not appear significant. You could not possibly detect the difference by touch. But your record cant! And so can the stylus!

TRACKING FORCES:
Perhaps it will help your visualization of the forces involved to translate "grams" to actual pounds per square inch of pressure on the record groove. For example, using ½ gram of force as a reference (with a .2 mil x .7 mil radius elliptical stylus) means that 60,000 lbs. (30 lbs.) per square inch is the resultant pressure on the groove walls. At one gram, this increases to 66,000 lbs. per square inch, an increase of three tons per square inch—and at 1½ grams, the force rises to 75,000 lbs. per square inch, an increase of 7½ tons per square inch. At two grams, or 83,000 lbs. per square inch, 11½ tons per square inch have been added over the ½ gram force. At 2½ grams, or 88,000 lbs. per square inch, a whopping 14 tons per square inch have been added!

The table below indicates the tracking force in grams and pounds, ranging from ½ gram to 2½ grams—plus their respective resultant pressures in pounds per square inch.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TRACKING FORCE</th>
<th>GROOVE WALL PRESSURE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<tr>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>GRAMS</td>
<td>POUNDS</td>
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<td></td>
<td>POUNDS PER SQUARE INCH</td>
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<td>.0017</td>
</tr>
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<td>.0022</td>
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<td>.0033</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>.0044</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>.0055</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

SPECIAL NOTE:
The Shure V-15 Type II "Super-Track" Cartridge is capable of tracking the majority of records at ½ gram; however state-of-the-art advances in the recording industry have brought about a growing number of records which require 1 gram tracking force in order to fully capture the expanded dynamic range of the recorded material. ½ gram tracking requires not only a cartridge capable of effectively tracking at ½ gram, but also a high quality manual arm (such as the Shure-SME) or a high quality automatic turntable arm capable of tracking at ¾ gram.)

TESTS:
Our tests, and the tests of many independent authorities (see Note No. 2), have indicated two main points:

A. At tracking forces over 2 or 2½ grams, vinylite record wear is dramatically increased. Much of the "high fidelity" is shaved off of the record groove walls at both high and low ends after a relatively few playings.

B. At tracking forces over 1½ grams, stylus wear is increased to a marked degree. When the stylus is worn, the chisel-like edges not only damage the record grooves—but tracking distortion over 3000 Hz by a worn stylus on a brand new record is so gross that many instrumental sounds become a burlesque of themselves. Also, stylus replacements are required much more frequently. The chart below indicates how stylus tip life increased exponentially between ½ and ¾ grams—and this substantial increase in stylus life significantly extends the life of your records.

RELATIVE AVERAGE TIP LIFE VS. TRACKING FORCE

No cartridge that we have tested (and we have repeatedly tested random off-the-dealer-shelf samples of all makes and many models of cartridges) can equal the Shure V-15 Type II in fulfilling all of the requirements of a High Trackability cartridge—both initially and after prolonged testing, especially in regard to stylus saving low tracking forces. In fact, our next-to-best cartridges—the lower cost M91 Series—are comparable to, or superior to, any other cartridge tested in meeting all these trackability requirements, regardless of price.

NOTES:
1. From calculations for an elliptical stylus with .2 mil x .7 mil radius contact points, using the Hertzian equation for indentors.
2. See HiFi/Stereo Review, October 1968; High Fidelity, November 1968; Shure has conducted over 10,000 hours of wear tests.

SHURE
V-15 TYPE II
SUPER-TRACK HIGH FIDELITY PHONOGRAPH CARTRIDGE
Write: Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60204
CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
you can rotate the small knob fitted around it to vary the setting for its dial, thus choosing another station if desired. The set's signal-strength meter and stereo beacon function in Tune-o-matic the same as they do for ordinary manual tuning.

Next there's the Autoscan tuning option. In this mode the set tunes itself electronically (no moving or moving parts are used) up or down the FM dial depending on which of two buttons you press. If you press a button and let go, the set will tune itself to the next station in that direction on the dial. If you hold a button down, the set tunes itself continuously through the entire FM band. To engage Autoscan, you must first press the Autoscan master button (which disables the other tuning modes) and then either of the directional buttons. In Autoscan the signal-strength meter functions as a small tuning dial, using the additional set of markings on it. The stereo beacon remains operative. You can embellish this novel tuning method with yet another convenience—that of remote control—by means of a plug-in accessory unit (Fisher RK-30, $9.95).

For regular manual tuning, you press the manual button, rotate to "off" the AFC knob that surrounds it, and tune in the normal manner. When the station is correctly tuned, you can turn the AFC on to help keep it locked in.

The rear of the 500 TX contains the connections for the five speaker systems mentioned before, stereo input jacks for the signals indicated on the selector control, and a stereo output pair for feeding a tape recorder. The phone input can be switched from high to low to accommodate magnetic pickups of different output voltages. For AM reception, there's a built-in loopstick antenna plus connections for a long-wire antenna. FM antenna terminals accommodate twin-lead. Two convenience outlets (both controlled by the set's power switch), a line fuse, and a grounding post are provided. A special set of in and out jacks (normally left connected by the jumpers supplied with the set) may be used for insertion of a reverb unit.

If the features and styling of the 500 TX are unusually luxurious, they are matched by the actual electronic performance of the set as both a tuner and an amplifier. Details and data are given in the accompanying graphs and table. FM sensitivity, to begin with, is superb: a very fine 1.7 microvolts combined with a steep descending curve that indicates nearly full limiting for only 5 microvolts of input signal, and full limiting of 50 dB for 50 microvolts. Distortion generally is way down, and signal-to-noise ratio shows an excellent 68 dB. Capture ratio is very high at 1.3 dB. FM frequency response is linear.
within 2 dB across the audio band in mono and on both channels in stereo—which, by the way, are excellently balanced and more than amply separated for optimum stereo reception. In our cable FM test, the set logged a very high total of 57 stations, of which 40 were considered suitable for critical listening or off-the-air taping.

**FIRST ELECTROSTATIC STEREO HEADPHONES**


**COMMENT:** Something new has happened: the first electrostatic headphone. Each of the ESP-6 earpieces contains what is essentially a miniaturized push-pull electrostatic speaker, ingeniously fitted (with the required isolation transformer) into a space hardly bigger than that used by a conventional magnetic headphone assembly. Of course, weighing in at 30½ ounces, the ESP is heavier than any headset we've yet encountered. Despite its added weight, the set is quite comfortable to wear, thanks to its cushioned and adjustable headband and the liquid-filled ear cushions. External isolation is very good.

The electrostatic elements are termed by Koss as "self-polarizing"—that is, they do not need, as electrostatics normally do, any external voltage to become energized. Instead, they take their polarizing voltage from a small amount of the audio signal itself—a neat trick that solves a lot of design problems and also obviates any unfounded fear about "wrapping high

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**Fisher 500 TX Additional Data**

<table>
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<tr>
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<td>S/N ratio</td>
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**Amplifier Section**

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<td>55 dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>phono, high</td>
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<td>52 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux</td>
<td>172 mV</td>
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<tr>
<td>monitor</td>
<td>400 mV</td>
<td>69.5 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The amplifier in the 500 TX furnishes more than 60 watts (RMS power into an 8-ohm load) on each channel for its rated distortion of 0.5 per cent. With both channels energized simultaneously, the set produces 45.6 watts of RMS power per channel at half its rated distortion. Combined with the other distortion data measured, this indicates the set's ability to drive any kind of speaker system, with adequate reserves to handle the additional speakers you may opt to connect to it.

The 500 TX is, at this writing, the top-of-the-line receiver from Fisher; it certainly strikes us as a top unit for any line.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
voltage around your head” in order to use an electrostatic headset. With the ESP-6 all you wrap around your head is clean sound.

Of course, this design reduces the set’s sensitivity somewhat: the response curve run by CBS Labs is based on a 1-volt signal into the ESP-6, as compared to about 50 millivolts required for equivalent output with other high-quality headphones, including the Koss PRO.4A. In normal listening, with the ESP-6 plugged into the stereo headphone jack commonly found on today’s receivers, you will find that you have to turn the volume control higher than when using other headphones. As explained in the owner’s manual, you should turn up volume slowly to a comfortable listening level. The slight crinkling sound you may hear at first indicates that the ear cavity pressure is adjusting to outside air pressure while the headset’s elements are receiving their polarizing build-up from the input signal. Don’t worry about it—it’s normal.

The accompanying response curve derived at CBS Labs plots the response from 50 Hz to 12 kHz (the normal limits for SAM, the acoustical manikin) with a total variation of only 8 dB, remarkably good for any sound reproducer and among the very best yet encountered for headphones. In live listening tests we found the bass sloping off at about 70 Hz, where some doubling became evident if the set were driven hard. Usable response, however, continued down to about 35 Hz. Response upward remained smooth and clear, with a slope toward inaudibility evident at about 13 kHz. White noise sounded very smooth.

Distortion measurements made at the lab indicate the following for the left channel: 50 Hz, 1.7 per cent; 100 Hz, 1.5 per cent; 200 and 400 Hz, 1.3 per cent; 700 Hz, 1.5 per cent; 1 and 2 kHz, 1.1 per cent; 3 kHz and above, too low to be measured. On the right channel, these figures were reported: 50, 100, and 200 Hz, 1.5 per cent; 400 Hz, 1.7 per cent; 700 Hz, 2 per cent; 1 kHz, 1.2 per cent; 2 kHz, 0.9 per cent; 3 kHz, 0.7 per cent; 5 kHz and above, too low to be measured.

On musical program material, the ESP-6 had a clear, natural, easy sound with an ample sense of stereo spread. The bass was adequate as headphones go, though not as deep as we’ve heard.

The ESP-6 comes with a handy coiled cord that extends to more than ten feet without strain. Its end is fitted with a standard stereo phone plug (our sample had left and right channels wired in reverse—a minor annoyance). Also packed with the set is an additional two-foot cable which you may connect to the coiled cord in order to run the ESP-6 directly from the speaker output terminals of amplifier or receiver, if your equipment lacks a headphone jack. One phone has an attachment for a mike holder, and the set is supplied in a sturdy lined case for storage or carrying about.

We understand that the ESP-6 is the first of a new line of electrostatic headsets, with higher- and lower-priced models planned for the very near future. All told, Koss has pioneered a new form of headphone design that bears serious consideration.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

FOR PERFECTIONISTS: A SUPERB MANUAL TURNTABLE

THE EQUIPMENT: Thorens TD-125, a three-speed manual turntable. Chasis dimensions: 18 by 14 by 5 inches. Prices: turntable less arm and base, $185; with base but less arm as Model TD-125B, $200; with base and arm as Model TD-125, $225; dust cover as Model TOP-125, $385. Dust cover only, $15. Manufacturer: Thorens (of Switzerland and West Germany); U.S. branch, Elpa Marketing Industries Inc., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040.

COMMENT: The latest turntable to bear the esteemed Thorens name is not just a face-lifting job; it is a completely new design that achieves superb performance of an order that should interest the stereo perfectionist and professional user. Rumble, wow, and flutter are among the lowest yet measured and insignificant; speed accuracy is adjustable for absolute accuracy; construction is first-rate; operation is smooth, silent, and satisfying.

As in previous Thorens tables, the sideboard that holds the arm may be removed to simplify arm installation and interchanging. In the TD-125, this approach has been carried a step further: not only are the tone arm and turntable bearings mounted on an independent chassis, but this chassis itself is shock-mounted to yet another chassis which contains the
motor and controls. Used in combination with the sophisticated drive system, this arrangement makes for very quiet and reliable operation.

The drive system is worth describing briefly. In order to reduce the total mass (not to mention the number of moving parts) of the motor and transmission, which in turn can help reduce rumble, the TD-125 uses solid-state electronics in place of mechanical means. Voltage from the AC line is reduced through a transformer, changed to DC by a rectifier, and fed to a push-pull amplifier which powers the motor. Inasmuch as this amplifier can produce 20 watts and the motor needs only 5 watts, there is considerable margin for reliability. The amplifier is fed by a Wien Bridge oscillator which determines the power frequency according to what speed of rotation is selected by the user. The pitch, or fine speed, control in this system is derived from introducing changes in the oscillator circuit via a gold-plated slide switch, controlled by an adjustment top-side and center of the unit.

The motor itself is a 16-pole synchronous type which locks into the frequency fed from the amplifier/oscillator circuit and thus maintains constant speed—variable at the user’s option by a few percentages, fast or slow—at each speed setting. With this motor/drive system, incidentally, the turntable can be operated from power sources of 100 to 250 volts and at power-line frequencies of 50 to 60 Hz. With some modification at the factory, if so ordered, the unit can even be rigged to run on DC or batteries. The motor drives the platter via a rubber belt (easily accessible and replaceable, by the way). All parts show evidence of precision workmanship and finish. Bearings are self-lubricating. The platter, a 12-inch-diameter nonferrous casting, weighs in at 7 pounds, 4 ounces; it is covered with a thick rubber mat, and its center piece may be inserted upside down to accommodate 45-rpm doughnuts. The TD-125 has three controls: at the left, there’s the speed selector; at the right, the off/on switch; between them is the fine-speed adjustment and an illuminated strobe marker to permit zeroing in on absolute speed accuracy.

Measurements made at CBS Labs indicate a truly high degree of excellence. Average wow and flutter were clocked at 0.03 per cent which is the residual level of the test record itself. Rumble, by the ARRL method, was a very low -62 dB, a figure that is on a par with the signal-to-noise ratio of top quality electronic components and certainly inaudible. The reliability of the motor/drive system, vis-à-vis changing line voltages was verified in tests that showed the turntable’s speed remaining constant while input power was varied from 75 to 130 volts AC.

For most installations, we’d advise getting the Thorens wooden base in which to fit the TD-125. It’s not only a handsome item that complements the beautiful styling of the turntable, but it helps shockmount the unit and render it highly immune to external jarring effects. All told, the TD-125, which is Thorens’ first product to be offered with a three-year guarantee, shapes up as the best three-speed manual we’ve yet tested.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

A NEW SPEAKER FROM HARTLEY


COMMENT: The Holton Jr. is somewhat larger than “bookshelf” size and, if one chooses, may be placed on the floor or on a low pedestal. It consists of a coaxial speaker installed, with sound absorbent materials, inside a sealed enclosure. The speaker, Hartley Model 220MSG, is made up of a 10-inch, high-compliance (“long throw”) woofer in the center of which nestsle a 2½-inch tweeter cone. No electrical crossover is used; frequency division, which occurs nominally at about 2,000 Hz, depends on the physical char-

acteristics of the low- and high-frequency drivers in responding to their “natural” ranges of tones. The woofer is fed by a copper voice coil, the tweeter by a shorted-turn aluminum voice coil.

The system, according to the manufacturer, is designed to function as an infinite baffle, with the rear sound waves of the bass flowing through layers of “long textile” fiber glass, then becoming completely absorbed by additional layers of Teflex U-200—the whole arrangement named by Hartley as its “sound-sorber.” An 8-ohm system, the Holton Jr. is of moderate efficiency, rated to handle amplifier power output from 10 to 60 watts (RMS) per channel.

In our tests the bass response of the Holton Jr. showed some doubling at about 50 Hz, which increased at 40 Hz with the system driven hard. At more normal levels, useful, clean bass output extended to 35 Hz, below which the response became mostly doubling. The midbass and lower midrange sounded smooth and linear. A slight dip was felt at about 6 kHz, at which frequency directive effects also became noticeable. A slight rise occurred between 8 and 9 kHz. At 10 kHz the output sounded lower in level and more directive. An 11-kHz tone was audible mainly on axis; this effect continued to 13
kHz beyond which response sloped toward inaudibility. White noise sounded generally smooth and well dispersed.

On program material, a pair of Holton Jrs.—working to near capacity in a very large room—presented an open, well-aired sound, and, for stereo, a broad panorama. On orchestral material (Ozawa’s reading of Mussorgsky’s Pictures at an Exhibition, RCA LSC 2977) we experienced a feeling of sitting midway or further back in a concert hall. Over-all, the sound had warmth and “bite,” although the strings tended to sound less prominent than one might prefer. In a more normal-size room, working at well below their rated capacity, the pair of Holton Jrs. sounded more forward, more intimate, and, to our ears, better balanced. We’d say, on that basis, that the latter type of setting is their best.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

TWO USEFUL ACCESSORY KITS FOR TAPE USERS


COMMENT: A bevy of useful gadgetry is contained in the neat little package (73/4 by 3 by 3/4 inches) known as the Hobby Box offered by BASF, a leading manufacturer of recording tape. Included are three reels of leader tape (colored green, white, and red and 80 feet long each), twenty switch foils, one marking pencil, three clips, twenty red and twenty green tape reel labels, a splicing block with a supply of splicing tape, and a demagnetized blade for making splices. The splicing block may be used in the Hobby Box or removed, as you choose. It contains a slot the width of standard 1/4-inch tape, two snap-down holders to keep the tape in place, a diagonal cutting groove, and a vertical cutting groove. The splicing tape fits over a spool to the right from where you can draw it over a slanted block that facilitates cutting it. The whole operation goes smoothly and efficiently.

The colored leader tape helps identify the beginning of a tape reel, separations between sections, and the end of the reel. A nice touch here are the three slits at the bottom of the box through which you can pull any of the leaders as needed. The switch foils (each is six inches long) may be spliced to a recorded tape to activate automatic stop mechanisms on those machines so equipped. The pencil enables you to mark (on the nonmagnetic side of recording tape) places to edit or cut; the clips will hold the end of a tape to the flange of the spool when grooved; the labels will help identify and index your tapes. All told, a cleverly arranged assortment of goodies designed to make life easier for the tape hobbyist.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD


COMMENT: A kit of another sort is the BIB package for tape-head care. Arranged in a roll-up plastic wallet, this kit contains a 4-ounce plastic bottle of cleaner fluid, two tape-head applicator tools (colored blue), two head polishers (colored white), ten cotton-ended sticks (same as Q-tips), a double-ended brush, and a packet of cleaning tissues. The instruction booklet explains how to use these items for cleaning heads and all parts of the tape path. Most tape-cleaning chores will require only the applicators or the cotton-end sticks, but the brush is handy for stubborn buildups of oxide—on heads as well as on pressure pads. The liquid, incidentally, is listed as nontoxic and nonflammable.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Bell and Howell 2295 Tape Recorder
Kenwood TK-140X Receiver
Because of their exceptional accuracy, Acoustic Research speaker systems are usually chosen for special scientific applications.

One of the world's leading medical schools has recently solved a long-standing problem in its training of first-year students: how to enable a lecturer and hundreds of listeners to hear simultaneously the heart sounds of a living patient. Usable microphonic pickups exist; the difficulty arises because most of the sound in a heartbeat is in the range below 40 Hz. At these very low frequencies, even many speaker systems which seem to have "good bass" are unable to provide results comparable to those of a doctor's stethoscope. The stethoscope, simple as it is, couples the physician's ears directly to the patient's chest and can, in principle, convey acoustic pulses near 0 Hz. It is this kind of extended low-frequency response which was needed, but individual listening devices were out of the question; they would not allow lecturer and students to hear and recognize the same abnormalities without ambiguity.

The problem was solved by the school's purchase of four standard full-range AR-1x speaker systems and an AR amplifier; the latter is used with all controls "flat". Despite the large size of the lecture hall, the heart sounds are clearly audible to all students, and levels can be produced which literally rattle the doors and windows of the amphitheater.

Our best system for music reproduction is our AR-3a; it has the same low-frequency characteristics as the AR-1x, but includes our most accurate mid-range and high-frequency drivers also. Other AR speaker systems are described in the free AR catalog.
QUICK-CHA

We call our new Marantz Model 25 AM-FM stereo receiver/compact the "quick-change artist" because it does just that—converts quickly and easily from a quality Marantz receiver to a space-saving record player/receiver combination.

The Marantz Model 25 starts out as a full-fledged AM-FM stereo receiver with 30 watts RMS per channel continuous power. (That's comparable to 90 watts IHF music power the way other manufacturers rate equipment!) Then, any time you're ready, you can add on your favorite-model Dual, Garrard, or Miracord record changer.

And to make the conversion a cinch, the Model 25 comes complete with free

Marantz Co., Inc., P.O. Box 99A, Sun Valley,
CIRCLE 37 ON REA
do-it-yourself templates so you can cut out the cabinet top. Or, if you prefer, your Marantz dealer can supply you with a precut top. Either way, simply drop in your favorite record changer and... Voilá!

As in our most expensive stereo components, the Model 25 gives you a multitude of Marantz-quality sophisticated features. For example, super-smooth Gyro-Touch* tuning—a marvel of design that lets you rotate the actual tuning flywheel. Circuits built to rigid military specifications—utilizing such state-of-the-art refinements as field-effect transistors and integrated circuits. And Variable-Overlap Drive**—a Marantz exclusive that reacts instantly to prevent overloads under any conditions, completely protecting both power amplifier and speakers at all times.

No wonder the sound and specs of the Marantz Model 25 are so impressive. After all, it is a Marantz, crafted by the pioneers of the world's finest and most-expensive audio components. Components sold almost exclusively to engineers, professional musicians, and serious hobbyists. Now this masterful Marantz performance is available at a popular price: only $329—extraordinarily little for an extraordinary instrument.

So see your franchised Marantz dealer soon and ask him about the new Marantz Model 25 receiver/compact. Listen for awhile. Then let your ears make up your mind.

*Patented.
**Patent Pending.
Four incredible record buys.

Specially priced deluxe sets for collectors who care.

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CIRCLE 20 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
A Total View of Traviata

Lorin Maazel & Co. work wonders with a well-worn masterpiece

by Peter G. Davis

ANOTHER TRAVIATA? Verdi’s hardy consumptive has been generously treated to at least fifteen recorded editions over the past twenty years and nine are still listed in Schwann. Virtually every prima donna who numbers Violetta in her repertoire has taken a crack at the role before the microphones: Callas, Tebaldi, Sutherland, Moffo, Stella, Albanese, Caballé, Scotto, and De los Angeles immediately come to mind. Surely, the opera has been more than adequately served by the performances featuring that glittering array of divas.

Well, not exactly. Not one of these recordings can be truly said to offer an entirely satisfactory statement of the opera. Something always seems to go wrong: perhaps there’s a raw-voiced Alfredo, an overly stolid Germont, a wayward conductor, or perhaps the leading lady herself is unequal to one or more aspects of this ferociously demanding soprano role. It must have been the gambler’s instinct that sent Decca/London’s recording crew off to Berlin (of all places) to tape the label’s third version of the opera. The risk has paid off handsomely—though to these ears, at least, this is the Traviata we’ve been waiting for.

One of Traviata’s problems is its immense popularity and immediate accessibility. Like Shakespeare, Verdi can survive almost anything: even the very worst performances leave some sort of positive effect as one marvels anew at the fresh melodic inspiration, the inventiveness of the accompaniments, and the penetrating...
Traviata

Continued

musical psychology. It’s easy enough to commit mayhem on Traviata and still come out on top (the Met’s most colorful impresario, Gatti-Casazza, once said he could cast Rigoletto with dogs—canine variety—and still have a success). This partially explains why the opera has not fared well on discs, while far more technically demanding works, Götterdämmerung for instance, have achieved what looks very much like a definitive performance: you simply do not bother to record Götterdämmerung unless everything—cast, conductor, and orchestra—is the very best available.

This Traviata project represents something of an experiment: a studio recording based upon the Deutsche Oper’s five-year-old production in which a well-coordinated cast and conductor, fresh from many live performances together, can re-create their interpretation as a thoroughly seasoned team. May there be many more such experiments, for this performance not only comes off as a completely unified dramatic conception, but with spontaneous live presence as well. Certainly much of the credit must go to Lorin Maazel, who, working on his home ground, gives us his finest recorded work to date. Maazel tends to favor tempos that are on the rapid side; but the rhythmic vitality and airy buoyancy of his accompaniments almost always breathe naturally with the singers. The only instance where I felt that the conductor was actually driving his forces rather than leading them was during the choral finale to Act II, which, after the splendidly tense and controlled build-up to Alfredo’s insult, seemed to press forward in a rather relentless, straitjacketed fashion.

Elsewhere the superb precision and chamberlike delicacy of the orchestral playing results in some fascinating details: the very first chord of the Prelude, for instance, seems to steal out of the darkness like a deep intake of breath from the dying Violetta. Then there is the bright, secco, slightly hysterical atmosphere of the party scene, the infectious lilt to the Brindisi, and scores of other illuminating touches that bespeak careful and thoughtful preparation. For the first time in my experience Maazel plays the accompaniment to “De’ miei bollenti spiriti” as directed in the score with pizzicato strings, and the effect is delicious (using bowed strings at this point is only one of the many unfathomable Traviata “traditions”—even Toscanini ignored the score here). Now and then Maazel takes a chance, but the results usually justify the means. Take the little woodwind ritornello to Germont’s “Di Provenza.” Here the rather innocuous four-measure phrase verges on the parodic with its slightly sentimentalized grace notes and little Latzipausen; but how accurately this underscores the uncomprehending Germont’s cosy cold comfort to his enraged son. The performance abounds in such musical eye-openers; one may not like them all, but to my mind Maazel’s sensitive, imaginative, and flawlessly executed interpretation is rarely off the mark and consistently alive to the musical and dramatic implications of the score.

We’ve had sopranos of almost every vocal persuasion as Violetta at one time or another, ranging from the birdlike coloratura of Lily Pons to the dark-hued dramatic timbre of Rosa Ponselle. Pilar Lorengar, however, is an ideal compromise in that she possesses both the range and flexibility for “Sempre libera” as well as the proper weight and coloration for the role’s heavier demands. Furthermore, the tone quality itself is immensely appealing: bright and free in all registers with a fluty vibrato and an individual tear-in-the-voice that helps to paint a most touching aural picture of Violetta. On stage, it must be admitted, Lorengar cuts a disappointingly bland figure. Such considerations are fortunately beside the point here, for while she cannot be said to provide the subtle dramatic inflections of Callas, she does bring the raw emotional power of an Albanese, Lorengar acts remarkably well with her voice. Nowhere does she better prove her qualifications than in the big solo scene at the end of Act I: the muted, wishfully said “Ah, forz’è lui” contrasts vividly with an almost manically “turned-on” “Sempre libera,” tossed off with stunning flair and full, ringing high Cs. Indeed, throughout the entire opera, I found this to be a moving performance by an immensely gifted singer.

Fischer-Dieskau’s forays into the Italian repertoire have proved to be somewhat variable, but his musical, almost intellectual interpretation here is a refreshing and successful departure from tradition. This baritone can always be counted on to offer something out of the ordinary: sometimes it works (his depiction of Rodrigo in Don Carlo, for example, as an arthritic court intriguer with more than a suggestion of the political fanatic) and sometimes it doesn’t (his view of Falstaff as some sort of disgusting, overstuffed reptile). Fischer-Dieskau sees Germont as an essentially good, kindhearted man but with the obtuseness and narrow vision of a sheltered country gentleman. The sheer beauty with which he spins out “Pura siccome un angelo” shows us a Germont literally lost in a dream of his placid home life, completely unaware that his words are destroying Violetta. The sincere concern of his tender “Piangi, piangi” becomes almost insufferable in this context. And of course when Germont arrives at Violetta’s death bed, the realization of the tragedy he has caused seems all the more crushing. This is a very great performance.

Giacomo Aragall is not the most elegant Alfredo with in recent memory, although his ingratiating, husky voice serves the music well enough. In a performance of this caliber, though, one really wants a tenor capable of more supple phrasing and with a more imaginative grasp of the role’s dramatic potential. All the small parts are in trustworthy hands (presumably these Italian comprimarios were flown in for the occasion) and the metaphonic possibilities have been cleverly exploited. The performance preserves the traditional cuts. but we do get one verse of Alfredo’s “O mio rimorso” and Germont’s “No, non udra riprove.”

This recording of Traviata should satisfy anyone who has patiently waited for a performance that finally gives a completely convincing total view of Verdi’s opera. A truly remarkable achievement.

VERDI: La Traviata. Pilar Lorengar (s), Violetta; Stefania Malagù (ms), Flora; Mirella Fiorentini (ms), Annina; Giacomo Aragall (t), Alfredo; Pier Francesco Poli (t), Gaston; Alfonso Sega (t), Giuseppe; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (b), Germont; Virgilio Carbonari (bs), Doughtul; Silvio Maione (bs), Odoardo; Giovanni Fos mari (bs), Grenvil; Chorus and Orchestra of the Deutsche Oper (Berlin), Lorin Maazel, cond. London OSA 1279, $11.96 (two discs).

www.americanradiohistory.com
Enrico Caruso
Father of Us All

by George Movshon

The great tenor who virtually created the classical record industry is still in demand

A FAMOUS CONCERT PIANIST tells of a dinner party back in the early Twenties at which he found himself seated beside a noted member of the U.S. Senate. The solon, having successfully avoided for an hour any conversation with the musician, was finally constrained to say something. He cleared the legislative throat and offered a question about the concert world, "Do you think that music will continue," he inquired, "now that Caruso is dead?"

Even if the story is apocryphal, the point stands out clearly enough: the one thing about music known to people who knew absolutely nothing else about music was the name Caruso. It connoted the entire activity to the uninformed; as one might be aware of only one thing concerning baseball—the name of Babe Ruth.

That is why reviewing this record is like judging the Taj Mahal: the job has been done before, by others and by better. Or it is like being asked to confirm that the yardstick in the Bureau of Weights and Measures is indeed thirty-six inches long: for the Caruso style has dominated the craft of singing for the past sixty years. In Italy and elsewhere every tenor is still mentally compared to the memory, or the records, of Enrico Caruso. Should a particular ritardando or a departure from the printed page be sanctioned? The answer is usually yes—if Caruso did it. We have had every kind of attempt to emulate and recapture, for a half century and more, what is to be found on these discs; but here is the thing itself, the genuine article.

Nor are these records notable simply for the singing style they established. The early Caruso discs may be said to have created the activity of classical record collecting, and therefore, for all practical purposes, the classical record industry. Before Caruso, the phonograph was a novelty, a piece of trivia, a toy for the unlearned. Because the records of Enrico Caruso existed, the gadget with the horn and the revolving platter was transformed into something without which no musical household was complete. Just as the nineteenth-century musical home was identified by the placement of a piano in the living-room corner, so its twentieth-century counterpart has a record player even more prominently visible. At first, it was the model you may see in Victor's trademark, the thing to which Nipper the dog is attending so devotedly; later it may have become a pair of electrostatic giants driven by a thing as complex as a telephone exchange. But the impulse that put the box in the living room to begin with was the voice of Caruso, and every record listed in the Schwann catalogue may be considered as the lineal descendant of the early Carusos.

Caruso recorded first for Pathé and Zonophone, records which exhibit a free, lyrical, and essentially boyish sort of voice: the turn-of-the-century Caruso. In 1902, London's a & r man Fred Gaisberg journeyed to Milan, heard the tenor at La Scala, offered him a hundred pounds sterling for a recording session that would yield ten sides for the Gramophone and Typewriter Company's catalogue. Later, Gaisberg was sharply reproved for such an extravagant remuneration to an artist; but the ten titles were soon to start their course up to the multiple million sales notch, and their success with the public moved G & T to drop the typewriter business entirely and transform itself into His Master's Voice.
under which label Caruso’s discs traveled the world.

In 1903 Caruso came to America and made his debut as the Duke in Rigoletto at the Metropolitan Opera on the evening of November 23. On February 1, 1904, the tenor, accompanied by a toreador’s entourage, entered Room 826 in Carnegie Hall, where a commemorative plaque today attests that here Caruso made his first recital for the Victor Company. His alliance with Victor was to last the rest of his life. Except for a single side for HMV (which remained a Victor affiliate until 1934), all of Caruso’s subsequent records were made for Victor, most of them in New York and at the company’s plant in Camden, New Jersey. In all, counting the Pathés, Zonophones, G & T, and the Victors, 241 Caruso titles have been published, a few of them posthumously.

Victrola’s reissue of his first American efforts contain some of the most valuable titles, made when the tenor was in ideal vocal state. The adolescent youthfulness is gone now, but the singing is free and strong, and the famous darkening that over the years added a baritonal quality to the timbre is not yet in evidence. Freestone and Drummond, the British gramophiles who have lavished exigent scholarship upon the entire Caruso catalogue (and have published the results in Caruso—His Recorded Legacy, Sidgwick and Jackson, 1960) hold that these records were made in Caruso’s greatest years. “From 1904 to 1907 he was becoming an even greater singer than he had been and was learning how to employ to the full the resources of his marvelous organ, not till after 1907 did his voice lose anything of its lyric beauty. In addition to this, those were the years when the recording of the human voice was at last coming into its own, for it was Caruso’s good fortune that the recorder’s art had, so to speak, caught up to its job before the period of his fullest vocal glory had begun to pass away.”

Many commentators, Freestone and Drummond among them, have held the 1904 “Una furtiva lagrima” to be a pinnacle of classical bel canto singing, and here it is at the top of this record. You will hear a cadence of measured perfection in this aria and (especially if you sharpen up your creative listening faculties, a process necessary to the full appreciation of any record of this vintage) a voice of sheerness beauty and utter freedom. Not all of the succeeding arias convey this sensation—none of them can—yet several of the titles were remade later with even more happy results interpretively, even if the voice had meanwhile lost a mite of its springtime bloom. But what is the point of going on, of searching for minor dissimilarities on the façade of the Taj Mahal? No follower of Italian opera will wish to be without this record, and particularly at this price.

Caruso’s recordings have been issued and reissued over the years in many countries, so it is not easy to certify which of the present titles are here making their first appearance on LP. Certainly, some of them are new to LP under the Victor label; others—the Elsir, Tosca, and Aida excerpts for sure—have previously appeared at 33 1/3 rpm on RCA. Carusos are out of copyright in some countries, and are widely pirated; but RCA Victor, so producer Robert Zarbock assures us, is the only Victor to make the Caruso estate royalties applying to every disc that was not purchased outright from the tenor at the time of recording. This royalty is generally at the rate of ten per cent of the retail price, though application is sometimes made to the estate for a reduction in the case of budget-priced reissues. It is fascinating to find that the lawyers of a huge conglomerate are still poring learnedly over contracts yellowed with time, documents tensely or insouciantly signed in Met dressing rooms or Carnegie corridors sixty years and more ago!

I had spotted the name of Robert Zarbock on this record sleeve and also upon other recent Victrola reissues of vocal treasures from the great storehouse of that company, and it was with a note in purpose at work upon such historical materials, put through a telephone call. He is a thirty-eight-year-old Chicagoan, a violinist by training and early vocation, and only recently a vocal record buff. He gets his materials from various sources: mainly from the Victor store rooms, where an occasional mint file copy from an early master is still to be found, sometimes by locating a metal matrix or master that will yield another single pressing of good quality. Occasionally HMV in England will dig up a pristine copy of some rarity and, even more occasionally, Zarbock is forced to go out and bargain with some private collector for a disc in a desirable state.

His technical philosophy is a simple one: do the least jiggling-about possible with the original sound; no “enhancement,” no echo chamber or reverb circuit. Filters are used sparingly, and usually only to diminish the bass rumble (which was never audible on the old acoustic phonographs but can prove damaging in present-day wide-range reproduction).

To establish the correct pitch of pre-electric record is a constantly recurring problem. The motive power that rotated Caruso’s original wax was gravity: a weight working against a governor. Speeds vary between 72 rpm and 84, depending on the precise conditions of the day, though each label specifies a speed of 78 rpm. Zarbock assumes, in the absence of contrary evidence, that Caruso sang in the printed key, and he uses a pitch pipe to establish at least the starting tonality of each record—there is little that can effectively be done where pitch is found to wander in the course of a take. He uses a variable-speed Rev-o-Kut turntable for the originals, and monitors off the tape, listening to the results on a standard control-room speaker.

More Victrola reissues are on the way, the fruits of a devoted search in the ancient archives and store rooms. We have recently had Schumann-Heink, Kipnis, Pinza, and McCormack. A new Lily Pons disc will feature several previously unpublished items. All of the Richard Crooks operations will go on to yet another Victrola, and there is more to come from Pinza and McCormack. Zarbock also hopes to get his chiefs to agree to an Alma Gluck revival and a record to honor the contralto Louise Homer; but these are not yet certain. If you feel strongly on the matter, by all means write a few words of encouragement to RCA.


RCA Victrola VIC 1430, $2.50 mono only, recorded between 1904 and 1906.

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HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
The Continental Harmony of William Billings

America's first great composer wrote his own laws

Since virtually all of Charles Ives's music has not been committed to disc, there was nothing left to do but start recording William Billings. Ives's great ancestor appears in the first LP devoted entirely to his works—"The Continental Harmony" sung by the Gregg Smith Singers. The title of the record is taken from Billings' sixth and last collection of "Anthem, Puges, and Choruses, in Several Parts," published in Boston in 1794, six years before the composer's death. Of the twenty works on the record, only two are actually to be found in The Continental Harmony, but let that pass: the disc provides a general survey of Billings' production, sacred and secular, in the several forms of vocal composition which he practiced throughout his career.

What an amazing man! Although one side of his body was completely paralyzed and he was blind in one eye, he lived an extremely full and active life. And one suspects that the tremendous fervor he exhibited for music and for the word of God was, in no inconsiderable part, compensation for his infirmities. His literary expression is as good as his music: indeed, it affords the perfect verbal introduction to it. We quote from the Harvard facsimile reprint of The Continental Harmony: "It is an old maxim, and I think a very just one, viz., that variety is always pleasing, and it is well known that there is more variety in one piece of fugging music than in twenty pieces of plain song, for while the tones do most sweetly coincide and agree, the words are seemingly engaged in a musical warfare; and excuse the paradox if I further add that each part seems determined by dint of harmony and strength of accent to drown his competitor in an ocean of harmony, and while each part is thus mutually striving for mastery, and sweetly contending for victory, the audience are most luxuriously entertained and exceedingly delighted; in the meantime their minds are surprisingly agitated and extremely fluctuated; sometimes declaring in favour of one part, and sometimes another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention, now the mannly tenor, now the lofty counter, now the volatile treble, now here, now there, now here again. O enchanting! O ecstatic! Push on, push on, ye sons of harmony, and Discharge your deep mouth'd cannon, full fraught with Diapasons; May you with Maestoso rush on to Choro-Grando. And then with Vigoroso let your Diapentes About our nervous system!"

There you have Billings in a nutshell, so far as prose can give him to you.

His reputation to the contrary notwithstanding, Billings did not devote himself primarily to "fugging music." Many of the pieces on the new record are harmonized psalms. One—When Jesus Wept, perhaps Billings' most beautiful tune—is a round. Billings as a composer of anthems is represented with Be Glad Then, America, which is probably his most ambitious and finest work on a large scale. No Billings collection could be complete without his grand revolutionary hymn, "Chesire, while the secular side of things is rounded out with the delightful Modern Music, a part-song in praise of all the technical devices Billings most approved of, and Jargon, a part-song in dispraise of everything he disliked. It is a chain of dissonances which he felt to be excruciating. Today it sounds rather like one of Bela Bartok's choral settings of Hungarian folk tunes.

There occurs in Modern Music, for which, as in many other works, Billings supplied his own text, a striking and very important line: "Performers are modest and write their own laws." Today we are likely to think of the writing of one's own laws as an act of independence if not of arrogance; to conceive of this as an act of modernity takes a bit of doing, but it is the clue to Billings. He did not aspire to rival Handel: he wrote for the pupils in his singing schools around Boston. He and they loved the hollow sounds of consecutive fifths and octaves; if these were taboo according to the rules, so much the worse for the rules. His style has a wonderful archaic flavor but is very much of its own time too, especially in its rhythms and its melodic invention. The spare, stark power of his most serious works is matched by a light, deft, madrigal-like tunefulness in such compositions as A Virgin Unspotted. Eighteenth-century New England religious expression is traditionally assumed to lack charm and humor, but the only thing that really lacks charm and humor is the tradition itself.

Performance practice plays an enormously important role in Billings. The most nearly authentic performances of his music on records are those of the Sacred Harp meetings to be found in some folk music collections, notably one issued by the Library of Congress; these have a passion, power, roughness, and grandeur which no cultivated singers can hope to match. Gregg Smith and his singers do very well by the music, however. They use a modern edition edited by Richard C. Pisano and published by the Walton Music Corporation, but they edit the editor in an effort to come closer to the original. Billings, in keeping with the practice of his time, puts his melody line in the tenor. Pisano transposes it to the soprano, and Smith puts it right back where it belongs. He sometimes has tenors and sopranos sing in octaves, too, for as Billings observes, "if a man sing a Tenor with a masculine and a woman with a feminine voice, the Tenor is as full as two parts, and a tune so sung (although it has but four parts) is in effect the same as six."

In order to understand this record one must really get the printed music, since the texts are not supplied, and without them more than half the effect is lost. Billings greatly loved the Bible and the religious poets whose verses he set, and he was no mean religious poet himself. Without the texts, the record can be a bit of a bore. With it, we are most luxuriously entertained and exceedingly delighted. thanks not only to Billings but to Gregg Smith and his singers and to Columbia's excellent recording.

And Now a Rock Opera!

by John Gabree

Ever since the Beatles established the programmed album with Sgt. Pepper three years ago, it was inevitable that someone would come up with a rock opera. The question has been who and when rather than whether. Actually, there already have been several attempts at longer rock forms—We're Only In It for the Money, one of several rock conventions by the Mothers; The Moth Confesses by the Neon Philharmonic; Time Changes by Ford Theater; and the Who's miniopera, A Quick One While He's Away—none of them entirely effective.

Tommy is significant not only for its length but for the quality of the work itself and the outstanding performance it receives here. This is superlative rock-and-roll. The plot is quite simple. When Tommy is ten, he witnesses his father killing his mother's lover and is struck deaf, dumb, and blind by their admonition: "You didn't hear it! You didn't see it! You won't say nothing to no one! Never tell a soul! What you know is the Truth." For something to do, he becomes a champion pinball player, relying solely on his sense of smell. After various adventures with a Gypsy, an M.D., brutal Cousin Kevin, and evil Uncle Ernie, Tommy is finally cured when the mirror with which he has become narcissistically involved is smashed by his mother. In Sensation Tommy reveals that he has developed a bit of a swelled head ("I leave a trail of rooted people/Mesmerized by just the sight! The few I touched are now disciples/Love as One I Am the Light"). But his disciples, like the teen-age followers of rock stars, finally decide they are "not gonna take it."

Not a bad plot: lust, murder, sodomy, sadism, hubris, and just retribution: what more could any opera need? Like many respectable operas, Tommy begins with an overture stating the principal musical themes (rock sustains itself with nearly equal amounts of pretension and cynicism: Peter Townsend, the group's leader, who creates the major portion of their material and who wrote most of Tommy, deflates his own balloon by titling a later musical interlude Underneath. The opera itself is almost pure rock-and-roll). By that I mean that it does not draw on other forms—the Beatles, for instance, help themselves to baroque, Eastern, and tin-pan-alley; the Stones lean heavily towards the blues; the Mothers draw on modern jazz and classical sources—but relies almost exclusively on the conventions, not to say clichés, of standard rock. The Who have built their career on precisely this, investing ordinary rock with exciting twists and turns. The Hawker from Tommy provides an example of their skill: the song is an old blues by Sonny Boy Williamson (a deity to British rockers) that they completely restyle into modish rock.

The Who also admirably resist the temptation to show off their ability to manipulate studio equipment. Not only is there very little feedback on the album—even though Townsend was among the first and most adept with this device—there is also very little of that fuzz which by now is almost standard on rock recordings. In fact, the Who can and do perform the opera in concert almost note for note the way it is recorded here (although, thanks to overdubbing, John Entwistle plays bass and French horn at the same time and Townsend engages in some delightful duets between acoustic and electric guitars). Decca was forced to begin a company in New York to stage Tommy but I wager they will have a hard time matching this version by the Who.

Tommy should also prove something of a breakthrough for the Who in this country. Throughout their five-year career they have generally been rated the third best British group behind the Stones and the Beatles, despite the fact that they have had few hits here and have not been widely known except to people who follow rock closely. Decca, which until recently has owned very few rock acts, never knew quite what to do with the Who, and their albums in the U.S. have been ill-conceived, poorly executed, and badly promoted.

Townshend has kept the band in the rock mainstream, insisting on live concerts when most other major groups were dropping off the circuit, and making them stick to rock while most other groups were experimenting with nonrock. He is totally taken with rock machismo, looks for his heroes in early boppers like Eddie Cochran (Summertime Blues) and Gene Vincent (Be Bop A Lula), plays the guitar expansively, leaping about the stage, slamming the instrument against himself, the stage, the amplifiers, and, until recently, actually destroying it during the last number of each set.

Keith Moon is the source of much of the band's energy. He plays his two sets of drums more like a lead than rhythm instruments, filling the air with rumbles, shots, and blasts that not too surprisingly work perfectly within the context of the group. Entwistle, who is a solid bassist and who plays French horn when it is needed, has previously contributed several bizarre numbers to their book, including Boris the Spider, and in Tommy, the song Cousin Kevin. Roger Daltry, once the weakest link in the quartet, petulant off stage and on, and a mediocre vocalist to boot, has matured tremendously as a singer; his stage personality is now the equal of the Doos's Jim Morrison—controlled, angry, and aggressively sexual. Together they form perhaps the most exciting stage act in the history of rock.

Tommy, coming as it does at the end of an eighteen-month decline in the quality of rock albums may be either the final magnificent gasp of the rock revival or the signal for a new upswing. We shall hear what we shall hear.

The Who: Tommy. Peter Townsend, guitars and vocals; Roger Daltry, keyboards, harmonica, and vocals; John Entwistle, electric bass, French horn, and vocals; Keith Moon, drums. Decca DXSW 7205, $9.58 (two discs).
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On Columbia Records
BACH: Cantatas: No. 27, Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende; No. 59, Wer mich liebet, der wird mein Wort halten; No. 118, O Jesu Christ, mein's Lebens Licht; No. 155, Der Friede sei mit dir. Rotraud Hansmann, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Kurt Equiluz, tenor; Max van Egmond, bass; Monteverdi Choir, Hamburg; Amsterdam Choir (in No. 59); Concerto Amsterdam, Jaap Schröder, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9489, $5.95.

All four of these short cantatas deal with death—a subject that always inspired Bach to emotions of tenderness, warmth, and happiness, rather than solemnity or sadness. Cantata No. 27 appears for the first time in the domestic catalogues. Why the work has escaped notice for so long is difficult to explain, for it is one of Bach's finest cantatas. In the opening chorus the choir sings an undorned four-part setting of the chorale (set to the familiar tune "Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten," often translated "If thou but suffer God to guide Thee") over a poignantly beautiful undulating accompaniment by two oboes and strings. This accompaniment continues after each caesura in the chorale, as the soprano, alto, and tenor interrupt in turn with an arsisolic poetic commentary on the text of the chorale. Helen Watts then sings a tender and beautiful welcome to death, accompanied by an oboe da caccia and organ obbligato. Her gentle, yet wonderfully rich and secure handling of this aria is most satisfying. The aria for bass and strings, "Gute Nacht, du Weltgetümmel," comprises the calm of night to the cares of a tumultuous world; despite its vivid musical contrasts, the piece forms a unified and cohesive whole, thanks in part to Van Egmond's fine reading and Schröder's carefully proportioned leadership. The chorale at the end is a five-part setting by Johann Rosenmüller, the only instance in the cantatas where Bach used a tune and a harmonization not by himself.

Cantata No. 59 poses something of a problem. Though each of its four numbers are first-rate in themselves, the whole is somewhat less than satisfying. It may be that we do not have the complete cantata (there is, for instance, no final chorale). Evidently Bach wasn't happy with it either since he later expanded the work into a new cantata (No. 74, with the same title, also for Whitsunday). In its earlier version, No. 59 sounds rather fragmentary, although the performance here is most accomplished.

The solo cantata No. 158 also suggests chips from one or possibly two other works. The bass is given two recitative ariosos and an aria featuring a solo violin and the choir sopranos, who sing the chorale melody "Welt, ade!"; the final chorale utilizes the fifth verse of Luther's hymn Christ lag in Todesbanden. Van Egmond's expressive singing and beautiful tone are nicely complemented by Jaap Schröder's sensitive traversal of the solo violin part.

Cantata No. 118 is actually a short funeral motet for four-part chorus, two horns, trumpet, three trombones, and organ. It was probably intended for alfresco performances, although Bach rearranged the music at a later date for use indoors. Jürgen Jürgens conducts this performance and a dignified, moving one of the most interesting repertory and flawless performances, this is one of the finest cantata records to come my way in a long time. C.F.G.


BEETHOVEN: Trios for Strings; Op. 9: No. 1; in G; No. 3, in C minor. Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Georges Janzer, viola; Eva Czako, cello. Philips PHS 900226, $5.98.

Opus 25 (for flute, violin, and viola) is probably one of the most charming things Beethoven ever wrote—though the adjective doesn't do justice to the continual inventiveness of the piece: the left interplay of lines, the special buoyancy (all the more pronounced because there is no bass instrument), the musical delight of its well-wrought themed-variation movement, the quicksilver Scherzo. Opus 8 (violin, viola, cello) doesn't quite match it, but even here there are lovely snatches of melody, an impressively dark turn into the minor, another Mendelssohnian Scherzo, and a rarity with Beethoven—an Allegretto alla Polacca.

Between Opus 8 and Opus 9—a matter of only a year or possibly two—marvelous changes were somehow wrought in Beethoven: with Opus 9, charm is left behind and there is instead urgent intimations of the giant to come. The rhythmic assertiveness of the G major opening movement, the storm of modulation in the development, the superb interaction of the three instruments, and particularly the fact that in the coda things are "still happening"—all speak very clearly of the Middle Period. (There is no real explanation for the Schubertian finale of this work, since Schubert and Opus 9 were born in the same year, 1797.) The C minor Trio is even more serious in import. The Allegro sings with a kind of tensile strength (thanks in part to this superb performance) derived from rugged melodic contours and bold changes of key, and the great solemnity of the slow movement is emphasized by organlike sonorities—again, compliments to Grumiaux & Co. The final Presto is no mere dancing brush-off, but a statement

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of pressing and restless energy. Anyone who caught the first performance of Opus 9 (at the house of Count von Browne?) may have said to himself, "Watch this young man!"

The Gruman Trio is in its element: it has made these works its own. It is a particular pleasure to be so well aware in Opus 9 of the strong, dark presence of the viola, usually so thoroughly submerged in other settings; it blossoms forth here into a major personality. S.F.


Barenboim is on his best pianistic behavior in this, the latest installment in his projected Beethoven Sonata cycle. There is a tidiness and poise in his execution here and I am happy to see these qualities in his work once again. About his musical conceptions per se I am less convinced. The Op. 110 is very deliberate, yet it manages to hold together. The tempo relationships are well judged, and the gradual accelerando in the return of the fugue sounds convincingly natural. I am also happy to report that Barenboim scrupulously observes the rhythmic details in this difficult work, and such matters as the silent bars in the Scherzo are carefully honored.

On the other hand, Barenboim's new Waldstein strikes me as pretentious and stolid. The tempo he opts for in the first movement is a virtual andante maestoso and on no account can it be considered even remotely commensurate with Beethoven's clear instructions for an allegro con brio. The introduction is taken for once at a suitable adagio molto, but Barenboim doesn't give enough independent life to the various voice lines. The result is therefore rather droopy and lazy. The Rondo is as ridiculous as the first movement: allegretto by all means, but this is practically largo pesante! I wish Barenboim would act his age—he has plenty of time to become a nonagenarian sage.

Excellent, larger-than-life reproduction, perhaps a bit percussive in the Op. 110.

H.G.


Taped at Philharmonic Hall early in 1968, this Fantastique supersedes an earlier recording by the same forces—and what an improvement it is! In the other version, Bernstein was tentative and disorganized; here his command of tempo and phrasing is strong and purposeful. And the New York Philharmonic, too, is in rare form: how neatly all those tricky wind details fit into place against the different rhythms of the strings and brass. Everything about the new performance proceeds smartly with logic and economy—or nearly everything, for Bernstein still makes a rather meretricious-sounding ritardando on the very opening measure. My biggest reservation concerns the recorded sound, which is clear and beautifully balanced, but rather crass, dry, and uncomfortably close. Those wretched Philharmonic Hall acoustics are especially unflattering to the strings which sound coarse, lusty, and lacking in bass. The woodwinds are less affected by the adverse ambience, but the timpani tend to emerge as crab and pugnacious. Bernstein has been guilty, in the past, of a rather unsuitable approach to the Fantastique, but on this occasion, I blame the rawness of the reproduction for the dearth of a true pianissimo and the resultant lack of supple poetry. Even with these substantial reservations, however, many will want to own what is certainly one of Bernstein's finest accomplishments with the Philharmonic.

No repeats are made in either the first or fourth movements, and there are no codas in Un fau. The third movement, happily, is on Side 2. Included with this disc, incidentally, is a 7-inch bonus record on which Maestroenny, sounding most staid and venerable, describes Berlioz idee fixe in all its guises, and manages to get in a few cracks against "trips" on behalf of the Establishment.

H.G.

BILLINGS: "The Continental Harmony." Gregg Smith Singers, Gregg Smith, cond. For a feature review of this choral record see page 79.

BOCCHERINI: Quintets for Guitar and Strings: No. 1, in D; No. 2, in C; No. 3, in E minor. HAYDN: Quartet for Guitar and Strings in D. László Szendrey Karper, guitar; Tatrai Quartet. Quaition LPX 11344/45, $11.96 (two discs).

There is an old unspoken tradition among us lovers of chamber music: we take up the cedgels for Boccherini and strongly hint, to those less immersed than ourselves, that his works are gems of unsung virtue, mistakenly submerged in the shadow of Haydn. I hate to forfeit my card, but the cedgels must be laid down at this point: the three guitar quintets recorded here are not very interesting, either as guitar essays (they are transcriptions from string quintets, anyway) or as musical adventures. They are pleasant, decorous, and bland, with the exception of a few individual movements where Boccherini gives a special bee in his bonnet, like the fantasia finale of No. 1, with its imitation canzantes and its strange, bouncing-slide bowings. The works go on at great length, unremittingly homophonic—what one would give for just a measure of line against line writing, just one tiny dissonance! None of Haydn's tension, none of his momentum. The guitar takes a modest melodic lead occasionally, but plays filler for the most part.

The so-called Haydn quartet, which may be spurious, is a brighter affair, and offers more, both melodically and as an exercise in guitar playing. The Tatrai do their utmost best by the whole program. At times they sound terribly earnest in the Boccherini, but I think my sense of ennui arose from the music, not the performance.

S.F.
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These are beautiful performances—a little too beautiful, in fact. One wonders what Brahms would have felt about such impeccably cool, aristocratic playing. Surely there was a touch of the plebian about that gruff old gentleman, and he wasn't such an old gentleman when he wrote these works. Certainly the G minor Quartet, with its fiery Rondo a la zingarese is the epitome of hot-headed youthful ardor. Of course, I appreciate Rubin-stein's mellow pianism, his instinctive musicianship (how he manages to make simple figurations "speak" so eloquently!); but I confess that so restrained and one-sided an outlook tendency to frustrate me at times.

Rubinstein has recorded the G minor Budapest Quartet, and his new recording is decidedly more flexible and interestingly phrased than his version of more than thirty years ago (with the old Pro Arte ensemble). On the other hand, it is disappointingly flat when compared with the stupendous concert performance he gave with the Budapesters in 1961. As a whole, I decidedly prefer the more full-blooded, dynamic edition on Turnabout with Georges Solchany and the Budapest String Quartet.

The sunny A major Quartet is rather more suited to a lyrical, ambling approach. After a rather slack, directionless first movement, Rubinstein and the Guarneri are well-nigh ideal. This performance is certainly a worthy successor to the now withdrawn Curzon/Budapest (Columbia) and Rubin/Goldberg/Primrose/Graudon (RCA) editions, though we're still available, I would slightly prefer the latter Englanders for its minimally tighter, more organized approach.

The C minor Quartet seems to be someone's favorite at RCA, for the Rubinstein/Guarneri is the company's fourth effort. Naturally, with such artists involved, there are some memorable details, but, on the whole, the performance doesn't quite come off. Rubinstein's rather haughty pianism takes its toll here. For one thing, he doesn't summon the second movement Sturm und Drang episodes and that failing is a rather serious one. Take, for example, the very opening of the first movement: Rubinstein's reluctance to play any pianissimo really softly destroys the rapt magic. To compound the issue, he doesn't really dig in with an adequate fortissimo either. Then, too, he likes to round off all jagged angles and this kind of attitude, to my mind, is altogether too placid and superficial for what is happening in the music. The Guarneri are obviously trying hard, but Rubinstein's typical "stage whisper" constantly causes them to play louder than I suspect they might have wanted to. And one can discern the "soloists" in Rubinstein emerging from the whole he always manages to be the first one in after any pause or fermata. On the whole, it is the three string players rather than the celebrated pianist who demonstrate the real artistry here. Of the presently available alternatives, I am tempted to prefer the Claude Frank/Boston Chamber Players' account (available only in a three-disc set containing a curious hodgepodge of unrelated chamber works). It is, to be sure, less special and inspirational than the present performance, but it projects a clearer, more faithful image of the "truth" in this terse, tragic score. By all means, avoid the thin, superficial rush job by Heifetz and friends on a recent RCA release.

The characteristic Rubinstein/Guarneri lyricism is more appropriate to Schumann than it is to Brahms at his most dramatic. Be that as it may (and I know that many favor an easygoing, "charming" approach to Brahms), I'll still take a drama-slated outing, Rudolf Serkin and the Budapest Quartet (Columbia) plunged into this piece as if they were possessed by demons, and in contrast I find Rubinstein and his cohorts much more than one down-right syrupy. I kept longing for a more incisive thrust from the pianist. On the other hand, it should also be noted that Rubinstein shows far more discretion here than he did in his older rendering of the Schumann with the Paganini Quartet, and also that the Budapest players were a bit scraggly and out of tune in the otherwise marvelous Serkin recording.

On the whole, I find RCA's sound disappointingly "stuffy" and congested. To be sure, the balance is always correct, but it all smacks of a dead studio and artificial electronic juggling, as if each player was performing in his own air-tight little vacuum and only joined together later in the control room. Compare the finale of this G minor Quartet with the ample, declamatory Turnabout reproduction and you will see what I mean. As a matter of fact, RCA's own Boston Chamber Players' C minor Quartet is altogether more vivid sonically. The economy of getting four works onto three discs is something that I greet with modified rapture: my enthusiasm for this arrangement was decidedly tempered by the discovery that every work, with the exception of the First Quartet, begins in the middle or the end of a side. And once again I must lament RCA's policy of doggedly tying to automatic sequence. I'm sure that any serious classical listener finds this a great nuisance.

CAGE-HILLER: HPSCHD. JOHNSTON: Quartet for Strings, No. 2. Antoinette Vischer, Neely Bruce, and David Tudor, harpsichords (in the Cage-Hiller); Composers Quartet (in the Johnston). None such H 71224, $2.98.

The title HPSCHD is a computerized version of the word "harpsichord." reduced to the six-letter limit required for treatment by a computer. Sated as briefly as possible, this work consists of a mass of all of the harpsichord solos plus a computer-generated sound tape. The basic source material of the piece is the famous "dice game" composition, reputedly by Mozart, in which the individual measures of a standard classical binary form are chosen from a set of possibilities by the throw of dice. This piece, repeated in forty different versions (some of which are determined by dice, others by the principle of 1/6th and the computer), forms the content of one of the harpsichord solos. Of the other two solos, one consists of a piece which, like the tape portion, is computer-generated, and the other is made up of "associated and dissociated bass and treble measures from keyboard works by Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Gottschalk, etc., Busoni, Schoenberg, Cage, and Hiller." All of this is then mixed together and stirred liberally.

The piece, as one might expect from the above description, achieved quite a bit of notoriety before it was ever even heard, and the first performance, which took place recently at the University of Illinois, caused something of a sensation. I was unfortunately not present, but according to a lengthy report in the New York Times, the work on that occasion lasted some five hours (the recorded version, which lasts only twenty-one minutes, is only one of many possible versions—there are four additional "solos" which are not even used on this disc). There were also seven live harpsichordists manned by seven live harpsichordists on platforms in the center of the hall, and the composition was accompanied by various films, slides, light shows, etc., so that the result was a kind of total audio-visual experience which may well have been quite effective. (The Times reviewer called it "one of the great artistic environments of the decade."). But in recorded form, I feel that HPSCHD must be judged a complete
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failure. There is so much going on in both channels at all times—what in the current scientific jargon would be described as an "information overload"—that about all one hears is an assortment of hilarious background sounds. The result is an obliteration of any sort of auditory focus; one hears so much that one hears nothing. It is true that if you turn the balance completely to the left channel you can hear the dice piece with the recording relatively free from extraneous element throughout the entire piece, is always in C major, and employs the same chord progression it quickly loses charm. As for the right channel, I tried repeatedly to detect in what was going on over there but finally give it up as a hopeless project.

Finally—and to me this is the clincher that betrays the whole thing as nothing more than a grotesque put-on—the recording comes with a computer print-out which contains "unique instructions for listener-playback control!" The idea is that every listener thereby receives a unique composition, since his print-out is unlike anyone else’s. This seemed quite an interesting idea and I readily confess that I was more than a little intrigued by the prospect of trying out my "control." But I soon discovered that this merely consisted of a list of directions for setting volume and balance control, the recording varying at five-second intervals. This intensive activity puts quite a strain on the listener—in fact, he is so busy following the instructions, he probably won’t be able to hear the piece at all. (There is no excusing this madness.) Also, since the highest volume setting is "all the way to the right," your eardrums may not survive the performance anyway. All this represents the cheapest kind of promotional gimmick; and—perhaps forgive me—no way the record producers for being taken in since the idea was apparently conceived by the composers themselves (you noticed, I hope, that this is a team effort), one of whom is quoted as saying that for his home listener’s file-saset has become "integral to the composition." Now really, who do they think they’re kidding? It’s enough to drive you to rock.

Fortunately, the disc can be recommended for Side 2, which contains a very beautiful string quartet by Ben Johnston. Johnston, who teaches composition at the University of Illinois, employs an elaborate and highly sophisticated microtonal system with rather striking results. If you think of microtones in terms of rather painful distortions of a basically tempered scale (and unfortunately they are usually so employed), you should listen to this work. Here the small intervals are not only developed but are the most part through the use of larger intervals (fifths and thirds) in just intonation. As a result the piece has a curiously " consonant" quality, despite the fact that it makes use of 31 and 43 as one scale. It is a most original composition, beautifully played by the Composers Quartet. R.P.M.


CARULLI: Concerto Movement for Guitar and Strings, in A—See Vivaldi: Concertos for Guitar and Strings.


Occupied Poland! Brendel’s rigorous, tightly approached coupling is coupled with a tone so arrogant and sensual that it sounds positively Prussian. The A flat Polonaise in particular marches with a goose step, and a similar lack of romantic ardor and metrical plasticity as well as an disciplined organization, all successfully deprive the remaining works of their expressive beauty. Not that Brendel is overly literal. In deference to the "Chopin style" (that horrid scourge of professionals and amateurs alike), the pianist opts for all sorts of hesitations, stretched note values, Lydian, and the like. But such pro forma rubato sorrus so foreign and unpleasantly contrived, that these petulant, small-scale performances add up to a paradigm of artistic anesthetizing.

Of course, Brendel is no routine musician and his pianism is formidable, particularly when executing light, fleeting arabesques. This disc, I’ll concede, offers a new look at some thrice-played music: it is interesting to hear once.

H.G.


Abbey Simon made a few records for Epic in the Fifties, but despite frequent concerts he has, of late, been conspicuously absent from the recording studios. His playing of the two best-known Chopin Sonatas is pretty true to form; forthright, bronze tone; technically strong and usually—but not always—without bluff or strain; musically extraved and occasionally resourceful. I find the B minor Sonata to be the better performance. Simon is in complete command of the notes, creating some interesting textural effects and clearly delineating inner voices. There is none of the aesthetic purity of the great Lisztian performance, but in its own visceral way, there is drive and excitement. In the Op. 35, Simon takes the Scherzo at a breakneck speed reminiscent of Rachmaninoff’s old edition; but whereas Rachmaninoff’s headlong dash was accompanied by an untramelled lightness, Simon sounds as if just a mite hard pressed (although to be sure, he does get all the notes in): on the return of the Marcia Funbre after the Trio, Simon virtually pounds the instrument to a bloody pulp. Rachmaninoff also took this fortissimo and, according to keyboard lore, so did Artur Rubinstein. Chopin (poor misguided chap) happened to ask for a quiet da capo. The exposition repeat is observed in this Sonata, but not in the B minor.

This fine-sounding disc, then, offers these well-loved sonatas capably played at a moderate pace but my choice remains with the Cliburn and Rubinstein RCA editions. The Novaces (Vox) and Lipatti (Columbia) accounts of the B minor Sonata—each coupled with other material—are also exceptional. H.G.


FRANCAIX: Divertissement for Oboe, Clarinet, and Bassoon; Divertissement for Bassoon and String Quintet—See Ravel: Introduction and Allegro for Flute, Clarinet, Harp, and String Quartet.


GRETY: Well of Ballet Music from the Operas—See Rameau: Le Temple de la gloire.

HANDEL: Cantatas: No. 1, Ah! Cruel nel pianto mio; No. 13, Armida abbandonata. Janet Baker, mezzo; English Chamber Orchestra, Raymond Lepard, cond. Angel S 36569, $5.98.

HANDEL: Cantata: La Lucretia. PUR-CELL: From rosy bow’rs; Tell me, some pitying angel; Suite for Harpsichord in D. Carole Bogard. soprano; James Weaver, harpsichord; Judith Davidoff, cello. Cambridge CRS 2709, $5.98.

Last year I had the opportunity to call attention in these pages to the priceless literature of the eighteenth-century Italian solo cantata. While the recordings are few and seem to favor familiar pieces like Handel’s Armida abbandonata and Lucretia, some others from among the thousands are beginning to make their appearance. According to the notes, Ah! Cruel nel pianto mio was "probably" composed in England "toward the end of Handel’s life." Perhaps, but I doubt it. Handel did indeed compose some Italian pieces in England—there were, for instance, the fine love duets just before Messiah—and he must have done it for his own pleasure. The few that are available for this—Handel seldom composed anything without actual performance in mind—is that whenever he was at the crossroads, or unsure about the next steps to be taken, he returned to the fountain of musical beauty. Italian melody. The trouble for us, though, is that this German-born Italianized Englishman could at any time after his twentieth year sub-
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A Pair of Early Cello Concertos, Luminously Performed
by Paul Henry Lang

THE HISTORY of Haydn's D major Cello Concerto is a little complicated. For some time it was attributed to Anton Kraft, Haydn's friend, pupil, and fellow musician in the Esterhazy orchestra; later, it was thought that Haydn merely reworked a Kraft concerto. The work has been very popular ever since it was published in a plush Victorian edition by the famous Belgian musicologist François Gevaert. When the original manuscript was discovered, it turned out that Gevaert had the unfortunate habit of dabbling in composition while pursuing his editorial duties. Today the nicely cleansed score is regarded as an authentic Haydn opus. Yet to a certain extent Anton Kraft is responsible for this particular concerto, which shows a far more elaborate and idiomatic writing for the solo instrument than Haydn's other important work in this genre. Kraft, the Casals of his time, was greatly admired for his expressive playing and for his sure intonation, and he induced Haydn to write a cello concerto as a sort of part fuga for him. (Beethoven's Triple Concerto contains another demanding cello part composed especially for Kraft.) Given the highly idiomatic writing, it is possible that Haydn, who was not much of a performer, got some pointers from Kraft in the way Brahms was aided by Joachim in his Violin Concerto. While not an outstanding work—Haydn was not particularly interested in concertos even though he wrote quite a few—this is a very pleasant and melodious piece.

The other concerto offers an agreeable surprise. Mathias Georg Monn changed his name to avoid confusion with his brother Johann Christoph Mann. Why the older rather than the younger brother changed his name is not clear. Perhaps the trick worked for him, but the confusion remains very real for us when we try to attribute the extant works to one or the other of the brothers. Fortunately, there is a way to tell them apart. Mann, who lived until 1782, was a good but conventional composer, whereas his brother was an avant-gardist who handed down to his great Viennese successors a well-organized style upon which they could build. The interesting thing about Monn is that he was responsible for the third German concerto, up to his time (he died in 1750, the same year as Bach) the only native kind practiced in the German lands. So, the Viennese concerto that immediately preceded Mozart's did not take its inception from Bach, descending rather from the Italian concerto, with added elements of the divertimento and the Viennese genre. In this concerto Monn tops pretty nearly everything hitherto demanded from the instrument, even though occasionally we are aware that only recently the gamba was queen. Both invention and development are of a superior order, and Monn is a daring harmonist; in a way, this is a more modern concerto than Haydn's, even though it still echoes the baroque. The first movement starts with rhapsodic élan and the third is equally lively; there is a certain Handelian quality in this music, reminding one of the older master's organ concertos. The breathless middle movement, a siciliana, shows that Monn picked up a thing or two from the Italians resident in Vienna.

If Kraft was the Casals of his day, Jacqueline du Pré will be regarded with equal respect and affection far into the twenty-first century. How can she make her instrument sing and with what glorious nuances! Haydn would admire her realization even more than Kraft's; those double stops are luminous—and I doubt that Kraft could have played with such gentle intimacy and freshness. Barbieri's rhythm is a little soft, but he furnishes a good accompaniment, always a difficult task in a cello concerto because the instrument is readily covered. But the elephantine final cadences in the concluding tuttis went out of fashion with Sir Thomas Beecham; today there is no justification for such romantic mannerism. In the Monn piece the harpsichord is barely audible until the third movement when Valda Aveling asserts herself. She also proves to be a discerning musician who had the good sense to attenuate considerably Arnold Schoenberg's over-stuffed continuo realizations made around 1910. The sound is excellent and Robin Golding's notes, ditto.


denly deliver himself of a masterpiece that we can easily misjudge by a quarter of a century. Whatever its date, this cantata is one of those masterpieces, Armida, also sung by Janet Baker on this disc, is as mature, developed, and harmonically advanced as Ahi! Cruel, yet we know positively that it was composed by the young pianist in Italy.

Janet Baker sings with complete empathy; she can be tender, passionate, or bemused, and she can do Italian patter or coloratura with equal ease and smoothness. In her deep voice, the high notes are the correct ones. In Ahi! Cruel it is sumptuously dark, yet totally free of the "fruity" quality so often present in mezzos and altos; this befits a heart-broken lover. But in Armida she strikes a bright heroic-indignant tone that soars, defies, and menaces. Baker's dramatic pacing and command of bel canto—Italian bel canto—are truly exceptional; she is the complete artist. Leppard and his orchestra rise to the soloist's excellence. In the great accompagnato, "In dolce," especially, there is absolute rapport between voice and orchestra, the changing moods, tones, and attitudes rendered with sensitive flexibility. The harpsichord continuo, played by Leppard, is imaginative—and audible.

Lucretia is one of those cantatas whose accompanying consists of a harpsichord and a cello, the latter occasionally playing obbligato, but otherwise supporting the bass line. Everything is correctly and responsively in this well-recorded performance; the continuo realization and playing of James Weaver is in good style, and Judith Davidoff's cello is delicately positive. But after all, they are only accessories, because everything is concentrated in the voice, which must have myriad shades of expression and color. Carole Bogard's voice is pleasant and accurate, though it is more bright than lustrous, more that of a soubrette than of a dramatic soprano. She sings well, but emotionally she is rarely involved, even though this is a passionate, even tempestuous, piece. Nor is she really familiar with the style—those myriad shades are reduced to a few basic colors. The Purcell songs, the English counterpart to the Italian solo cantata with continuo, are ineffably beautiful and intimate pieces that require repeated hearings before their almost hidden riches are fully appreciated. The vocal writing and much of the melodic line are Italianate but thoroughly Anglicized by the rhythm of the language and by almost undetectable yet pervasive elements descending from the ancient tradition of English song. No wonder that it took Handel years to come to terms with this music. Purcell's musical setting of the English language remains unparalleled to this day, and I imagine that it is this wondrously pliable vocal idiom that makes Bogard more comfortable than in the Italian cantata. Still, her sense of melodic pacing and bending is not what it should be. Take, for instance, those liltting ornamental passages that are a hallmark of Purcell's style; it won't do to sing tra-la-la as in the madrigal—

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they call for a multitude of inflections and colors. Perhaps I am a little severe with Carole Bogard, but I listened to her just after hearing Janet Baker, and the comparison leads to inescapable conclusions. P.H.L.

HANDEL: Solomon: Overture, Sinfonia (Act 3), Arrival of the Queen of Sheba; Berenice: Overture; Teseo: Overture; Ariodante: Overture; Jephtha: Sinfonia (Act 3); Esther: Overture; Rinaldo: Overture, March and Battle; Sosarame: Overture. The English Chamber Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond. London ES 6586, $5.98.

Handel composed dozens of Italian operas but never used the Italian form of the overture. The French type, with its grand pathetic opening largo followed by a brisk fugue and perhaps a minuet or gavotte, suited him better. And with what gusto he sails into these preludes! The violins open with broad, heavily accented strokes seconded by the sweeping runs of the basses; then the fugue starts, usually with a sharp, often fantastic, jaunty—even impudent—theme that is tossed about freely, not infrequently in total disregard of accepted fugal practice. Then comes a dreamy or a pointed dance piece to round out the form. This music is orchestral in tone and attitude and not extended chamber music as was typical of much baroque orchestral music.

The performances show nice dynamic shadings, intelligent use of appogguaturas and trills, good crisp fiddling, and well-controlled bass line. The essential baroque sound of the "iterated" strings—oboes with the violins, bassoons with the bass—is attractively realized. This is very fine playing of a bushel of great music. Bonynge's "editing" is reasonable. He does not take liberties, and such variant readings as he offers, mainly with a larger and more varied role assigned to the concertino, could have been done by Handel himself in the accepted third baroque practice. Excellent harpsichord playing by Valda Avingal and Bryan Runnett. P.H.L.

HAYDN: Quartet for Guitar and Strings, in D—See Baccherini: Quintets for Guitar and Strings.

HAYDN: Trios for Baryton, Viola, and Cello: No. 44, in D; No. 45, in D; No. 60, in A; No. 70, in G, Johannes Koch, baryton; Ulrich Koch, viola; Reinhold Johannes Buhl, cello. RCA Victor VICS 1425, $2.50.

Haydn's trios for baryton are usually mentioned by historians in the same tone in which you might speak of an elderly aunt who had taken to the bottle late in life: these things happen, but it is more agreeable to gloss over them. In actuality, the 125 or so little three-movement essays Haydn turned out for his patron, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, are simply dull, in a respectable sort of way. The Prince didn't want to be patronized, according to the good liner notes by Stoddard Lincoln, but he also had his limitations as a baryton virtuoso—no disgrace, since it is, apparently, a very difficult instrument to master. So Haydn gave him a discreet lead in these works, and supplied some solid support and interworkings for viola and cello. Everybody has enough to do, except the baryton.

The instrument has six bowed strings, and about twice that number that sound sympathetically, à la viola d'amore, and can also be plucked by the left hand. The left hand of Johannes Koch is admirable, and if you are inclined to spend some time listening to the pleasantly nasal tones of the instrument Nicholas loved and Haydn had to live with, this is your disc. There is marked stereo separation. S.F.

JOHNSON: Quartet for Strings, No. 3—See Cage-Hiller: HPSCHD.

LEES: Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra—See Sessions: Symphony No. 3.


The new Philadelphia RCA recording series has barely begun and already the first warhorse and symphonic encore program is upon us. The two Liszt rhapsodies are long-time favorites of the conductor and his fans, still available in decade-old Columbia versions, but more powerful and expressively impressive than ever here. And while the new RCA/Academy of Music recording qualities take a bit of getting used to (I'd still like rather more sonic weight in the climaxes), the present slimmed-down, sinewy engineering characteristics do permit more detailed clarity in tutti passages and more precisely audible timbral differentiations. One can now appreciate more than ever just how well every man in the orchestra plays for Ormandy. The delectable Dvořák and Smetana pieces are no less beautifully played and just as lucidly recorded, but they have less interpretative coloring and seem somewhat rushed or labored at times. Possibly this is because with the exception of the Bartered Bride Overture they haven't been in the conductor's recorded repertory since his Minneapolis Symphony/RCA Victor 78-rpm days in the mid-Thirties.

I haven't yet heard the open-reel tape edition, but the Stereo-8 cartridge transfer is marred by some adjacent-channel spillover—a negligible enough defect for on-the-road use. R.D.D.

LISZT: La Leggierezza; La Chasse; First Mephisto Waltz; Les Jeux d’eaux a la Villa d’Este; Reminiscences de Don Juan; Fantasy on Two Motives from "Le Nozze di Figaro," Istvan Antal, piano. Hungaroton LPX 11364, $5.98.

This disc contains an interesting selection of Liszt's piano music, ranging from such familiar fare as the First Mephisto Waltz to the rarely performed Fantasie on Two Motives from "Le Nozze di Figaro," a composition actually left unfinished by Liszt and completed by Baron. As a whole, the recital encompasses a wide range of examples of Liszt's piano style and should serve as an excellent introduction to anyone interested in becoming better acquainted with this work. One can see Liszt here wearing several hats—a predecessor of impressionism (in the well-known Jeux d'eau), an early experiment in the use of pure color as a basic compositional ingredient; one of the great explorers and expanders of keyboard technique (fingers, pedals, and the creator of dazzling opera transcriptions. Although I find many of the transcriptions quite marvelous, I must confess that the two Mozart examples included here always strike me as problematic. In this case the style of the original is simply too much at odds with that of the transcriptions, and this dichotomy results in what can only be considered as aesthetic contradiction.

Even so, the music is never less than fascinating, and Antal, a professor of piano at the Budapest Academy of Music, provides performances which are more than adequate. He has a remarkably sure technique and plays with the kind of imaginative virtuosity that is a prerequisite for an adequate projection of this music. He also displays a wonderful ability to bend the phrases to suit the musical situation, while managing to avoid an excessive rubato which so frequently mars performances of Liszt's music. Unfortunately, he is hampered by an overly brilliant recording that tends to give a somewhat metallic tone to the piano. But this is never so serious as to be really distracting, and the disc's virtues far outweigh its faults. R.P.M.

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CONDUCTOR CASALS—PASSION AND TENSION
by Harris Goldsmith

Nearly every important conductor, past and present, has recorded these perennial masterpieces, but even so, the present performances stand out as something special. Both are notable for their all-pervasive rough integrity and—if you will—strong moral fiber. Casals' way with the great Mozart G minor suggests a kind of seething passion: his anguished statement of the opening Allegro molto reminds me of Toscanini's long-vaunted 78-rpm edition from the late 1930s. The Andante, as Casals leads it, is more of an Adagio, but the musical argument has inconceivable logic and gravity. Casals at ninety-three still can conjure up from his youthful players an amazing note-to-note tension and continuity. The Menuetto is not a courtly procession but, rather, a hearty, bristling peasant dance: nobility must not always be regal—sometimes, as here, it can be spiritual and down-to-earth. The Finale goes at quite a clip, as well, with virtually delineated playing. All repeats are omitted (except those in the Menuetto), but the only one that I seriously miss is the first movement exposition.

I was present for the rehearsals and performance of the Schubert Unfinished and my recollections of that event are among my most cherished musical memories. Casals had a few pet ideas that he insisted upon throughout the rehearsals. One of the most telling—setting this interpretation apart from virtually all others—is the treatment of the famous second theme of the first movement: Casals was determined to keep the second phrase softer than the first as a sort of quasi-echo effect. On the other hand, the veiled Maestro was, during the rehearsals, prone to let a few glaringly ragged ensemble moments pass by without comment. It was touching to see how these responsive and intelligent players (most of them brilliant young soloists of world-wide reputation) rallied together on their own initiative and managed to get Casals over the hurdles at the actual performance.

As for the interpretation, this Unfinished differs considerably in detail from the one that Casals was rehearsing in Puerto Rico when he suffered his first heart attack (excerpts of this performance were once available on a Columbia mono disc). The tempo is slower, but the effect is even stronger and more dramatic than before. The second movement is martial rather than dreamy: here the tempo is fast, almost ruthlessly powerful, and (to my ears) immensely effective. I like the prominence of the trombones which endow the music with a brassy sonority, an aspect of Schubertian orchestration too often neglected by other conductors. As in the Mozart, Casals "tells it like it is." The sound is very vivid, a trifle close for optimum refinement perhaps, but the playing is exceptional enough to pass such close scrutiny with flying colors. A few of Casals' grunts were, in all truthfulness, sufficient to distract me, and I also wish the great man wouldn't shush his players quite so audibly. Aside from those miniscule blemishes, this is an altogether astonishing record.


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part. Patricia Clark’s clear, bell-like voice is absolutely right for Purcell’s delicate lines. Edgar Fleet, however, would do well to shed those English oratorio singer mannerisms; his scooping and posturing is particularly offensive in the solo air “No more shall we the great Eliza boast.” The basses are a stultarw pair; since Roger Stalman is listed first, I assume he should receive credit for the impressive negotiation of some staggering bass coloratura. Denis Stevens keeps a firm hand on the proceedings, and no dinal has supplied fine, full-bodied sound.

S.T.S.


While these interpretations cannot compete with the best the phonograph has to offer, it must be noted that the only other available edition in this particular coupling is by Graffman and Bernstein. That version offers somewhat more distinguished performances, but costs twice as much. Furthermore, editions that manage to contain the Second Concerto on one side of an LP are rare in any price category, so the budget-minded may well wish to give serious consideration to this new Anievas/Atzmon presentation.

Anievas is a big, sturdy player with straightforward musical instincts and plenty of finger technique. He must have very large hands, for he is able to play the series of expansive chords that open the concerto without breaking them. The introduction sounds a bit strange played in this fashion, though possibly the effect would have been more satisfactory had Anievas balanced the sonorities with greater care. There are a few other blemishes: for example, the brass fanfare that announces the development of the Concerto’s first movement is a little distant and anemic; and the over-all balance of the large orchestra and the occasional imprecise coordination with the soloist suggested a limited amount of rehearsal time. The chief reservation, though, concerns Anievas’ muscular efficiency that lacks both scintillation and discipline. He sounds a bit too much the “pro” virtuoso (Farm Club variety) and not yet the truly involved personal poet. The singing quality is somewhat intangible, but important nonetheless. Goodish sound.

H.G.


Rameau appears in the annals as a philosopher—a musical thinker who laid down the foundations of modern harmony—whose music was consequently determined to a considerable extent by his theoretical bent. His operas were considered dense and difficult, the orchestra so noisy and busy that “the musicians did not even have time to sneeze.” It is very difficult to contradict his detractors for they are a formidable lot: Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, D’Alembert—even the elder Bach and his learned son, Carl Philipp. Furthermore, rare is the present-day music lover who has met a Rameau opera in the flesh. Well, at least we now have two splendid recordings of instrumental numbers from a Rameau stage work gathered into a sort of suite; they should be an eye opener to many of us.

These pieces were taken from Rameau’s allegorical festival play, Le Temple de la gloire (the wretched text by Voltaire) celebrating Louis XV’s victory at Fontenoy in 1744. The elaborate piece is not a bona fide opera; it represents a very personal concept of the “universal art work.” uniting the orchestra, the voices, the dance, and the décor into one grand spectacle. Like Wagner’s realization a hundred years later, the concept was primarily an orchestral one, and this must have been the reason why the philosophers, addicted to the light melodies of the Italian opera buffa, misjudged it. But then, except for Handel, there was no composer in all of Europe who possessed such orchestral imagination—even Handel, being Italian-trained and a vocal dramatist, must take a back seat to the altogether modern concept of his French colleague two years his senior. Both recordings catch the richness and the sophistication of Rameau’s orchestra and both give us an excellent idea of the vibrating colors, the bracing harmonies, and the ever-changing, almost graphic theatrical scenes.

Kapp and his Philharmonia Virtuosi make a first-class little orchestra—spirited, bright, precise, with a lean, vivacious tone, blaring string playing, and a superb ensemble technique. The core of the strings is made up of members of the New York Philharmonic, but the winds are fully the equal of the fine string players. The balance is remarkable, and for once the harpsichordist pulls his weight, especially in the delicate dance movements. adds greatly to the delectable sound—not to speak of harmonic clarity. The conductor leads with a light but authoritative hand. This is straightforward music making without a hint of antiquarianism, yet it is faithful to the style and spirit of the music.

Leppard’s London orchestra is no less accomplished, and any conductor would give his eye teeth to hear the inner parts sound yet so well balanced. But Leppard treats these scores as if they were his own property, and makes unauthorized changes. The texture, especially in the fine overture, is made a little fuller, the bass is a minute heavier than in the Kapp recording, the trills are extended, the dynamics are anachronistic—those evanescent pianissimos were unknown in Rameau’s time. In a word, the score is a bit “modernized,” which, in the case of such a master composer, I have no objection to paper anything that was not finished in form and substance. But it is well worth the effort, and any exceptionally fine musical performance it is. Surprisingly, the harpsichord, played by Leppard himself, is audible in only a few measures.

Campra takes us back to an older generation—he was born a quarter of a century before Rameau, but has some of the same qualities, if in a much lighter vein. He too composed “spectacles,” called opera-ballets, and his concept was also orchestral, though he had an agreeably personal melodic invention tinged with the accents of his native Provence. The pieces from L’Europe galante are exquisitely played by Leppard and his Londoners; the texture is transparent, the exchange between woodwinds and strings delectable, and the rhythm astrin- gent. I do not think that much doctoral work took place in this suite, though the passacri with its pizzicato accompaniment is closer to Bizet’s Arles than to Campra’s Aix.

The suite extracted from Grétry’s operas fits Leppard’s considerable talents to perfection. The Belgian-born French composer was not amenable to disciplined study of the craft of composition and was largely self-taught. This lack of training is often painfully evident. His confessor said that he left enough room in his scores between the first violin and the bass to permit a coach-and-four to drive through. Grétry, like Rameau, was mainly an opera composer, but unlike the formidable Philharmonia Virtuosi, his talents were unequally distributed: fine and pleasant melodies, good theatrical sense.
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*See 'ON THE DESIGN, MEASUREMENT AND EVALUATION OF LOUDSPEAKERS', Dr. A. G. Bose, a paper presented at the 1958 Convention of the Audio Engineering Society. Copies of the complete paper are available from the Bose Corp. for fifty cents.

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conventional harmony, and a merely serviceable orchestration. So Leppard could step in with a good deal of justification and do a bit of interior decoration. The new wallpaper is discreetly colorful, the curtains blend in nicely, and the new broc-a-brac is charming without being obtrusive.

Grieg's music is already within the early classical style, and the baroque is completely left behind. (The notes state that Grieg was "too old to contribute anything to the new ideas of the Age of Romanticism," but some of his operas, especially the later ones, are wildly romantic and contributed substantially to the rising tide of romantic grand opera.) Grieg was familiar with the Mannheims, the early Haydn, and the Italians, and the orchestral sound in these pieces is altogether Italo-Austrian. Leppard undoubtedly had something to do with the smoothness of this orchestration, but he did everything with good taste and fine feeling for style, and what he has done to the scores does not contradict the content. Still, pieces like the two tambourins were surely updated and the tempos considerably increased. The playing is superb and the entire suite a joy to hear.

All lovers of baroque music should welcome these recordings of Rameau and Campra because they offer music quite different from either the German or the Italian variety. Its suave hedonism, slight melancholy, piquancy, and delicious sound show us another dimension of the baroque.

P.H.L.


The members of the Melos Ensemble do a superb job with these works. The Ravel is the trickiest, of course, in view of the matter of balances, but the adjustments are beautifully handled and the inner density ranges from icicle delicacy to a commendably overt brand of instrumental strength.

From Ravel to Poulenc is quite a psychological jump, but the woodwind players make it and so does the listener: both the Trio and the Sonata, abounding in Poulenc's inevitable sassiness, simply dare you not to like them. The utter cocksureness of the first movement of the Clarinet and Bassoon Sonata sets some kind of record even by Poulenc's standards, and also provides one of the happiest examples I know of counterpartio à la the 1920s. For all its jauntiness, the simple skill of this piece, in terms of composition, holds one spellbound.

Françaix doesn't stand up very well in this company; he writes in the manner of Poulenc, but not so successfully—one immediately senses the presence of a more conventional mind. Both Diverti-
smessments are well wrought, however, and the various little solo essays for members of the string quintet are good for stereo.

S.F.

RESPIGHI: Vetrare di Chiesa; Gli Ucelli, Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia MS 7242, $5.98.

I well remember when Koussevitsky conducted the world premiere of Respighi's Church—or perhaps better known as Stained-Glass—on February 25, 1927 (just a week after the composer himself had led the Boston Symphony in a program of his other works). I do not think that a note of the music stuck in my mind after the event. Now is my recollection of an occasional broadcast hearing of its only previous (dele-
ted) recording, that by Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony for Mercury, any clearer. Yet the work is certainly not a "bad" example of impressionistic program music. It is melodiously, varied (with a stormy second movement depicting St. Michael driving the rebellious angels from Heaven), highly atmospheric, and imaginatively scored. But for most of the time Respighi seems to be paraphrasing what he had said more distinctively in the first two tone poems of his "Roman" trilogy.

The Birds Suite is something else again: a companion work to the delectable series of Ancient Airs and Dances freely transcribed from the lute and harpsichord compositions of mostly seventeenth-century composers—here we are given Pasquini (in the Prelude and The Cuckoo), Jacques de Gollot (in The Dove), Rameau (in the familiar Hen), and an anonymous, probably English, composer (in The Nightingale). Now jauntily piquant, now sentimentally nostalgic, these avian cameo-portraits have been crafted with flawless taste and a genius for instrumental color. Small-scale as this work may be, The Birds—as well as its companion suites—will be remembered and loved long after Respighi's big "spectaculars" have been forgotten.

Ormandy and his men, whose earlier recordings of Respighi's "Roman" trilogy have long been considered classics, take the Church Windows "impressionistic" style rather seriously—almost too earnestly at times. If anything can be done to make the work popular, it will surely be this vividly colorful reproduction of the matchless Philadelphia performance. In The Birds Suite the conductors are wise to avoid the snap and pungency of the still-memor-
able Dorati reading, but he is more warmly expansive and his first-desk men contribute some exquisite passages, all well-nigh ideally recorded.

R.K.D.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Sadko. Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of the National Opera at Zagreb, Miaden Bashich, cond. Artila ALS 500/4, $11.92 (four discs, rechanneled stereo only).

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Tsar Saltan. Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of the Na-
tional Opera at Zagreb, Dmetry Gebr, cond. Artila ALS 502/3, $8.94 (three discs, rechanneled stereo only).

Except for Le Coq d'or, there has never been much call for Rimsky-Korsakov's operas in this country. The Met staged Sadko for a couple of seasons in the early Thirties (one of Gatti-Casazza's most spectacular efforts according to contemporary account) and that's about it. For all their fascinating exoticism and individual beauty, Rimsky's dramatic treatment of Russian legendary lore requires considerable patience—the sprawling plots, the melodic repetitiveness, the stylized musical and dramatic ritualism, the one-dimensional characters all add up to a very special kind of operatic experi-
ence. Sadko is probably the most im-
mediately attractive, and least problematical of the series, a multimedia pantomime describing the minstrel's various adventures with the narrow-minded citizens of Novgorod and his love affair with the Princess of the Sea, his Ulysses-like voy-
ages in the Ocean King's underwater palace, and eventual triumphant return home. The panoramic variety of the action and paganistic pantheonism of the plot suited the composer perfectly and he responded with some of his finest tunes and most colorful orchestral tints.

Tsar Saltan tells a more cohesive tale, an elaborate allegory that seems to cele-
brate the virtues of beauty and fantasy over the depressing intrigues of worldly reality. Rimsky was just the man to make such a thesis totally convincing and his music for the enchanted island of Buyan (including the well-known Flight of the Bumble Bee) is full of beautiful lyric in-
vention and orchestral ingenuity. Despite the involved plot, Tsar Saltan is one of the composer's more tightly constructed operas (the musical logic, in fact, is not only consistent but at times positively ingenious), and with appropriate staging it could be quite a show.

I'm afraid these performances by the

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_SCHUMANN*: Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat, Op. 44—See Brahms: Quartets for Piano and Strings.


Early Scriabin, as re-represented here by the first complete recording of his Op 8 Études, is undoubtedly an acquired taste. So, for that matter, is all of Scriabin, a taste which I have cultivated for several years. Despite its special qualities, I am convinced that Scriabin's music contains real substance and interest, and I fully expect that his piano music will continue to make its way into the standard piano repertoire. Strongly reminiscent of Chopin, this music nevertheless has a character uniquely its own, a point too often overlooked by most commentators. The connection with Chopin is, of course, particularly apparent in this set of twelve études, and one resists the temptation to compare Scriabin's studies with Chopin's two sets of twelve. Although I am willing to admit that these pieces do not maintain the same level of over-all excellence as those of his predecessor, I do feel that they are remarkably successful essays in an extremely difficult compositional genre.

In terms of their technical difficulty for the performer, these pieces offer as great a challenge as anything written for the piano, and Estrin demonstrates that he is sufficiently equipped to cope with the problems. Musically, however, there are some aspects of his playing which bother me. He has a rather brittle attack which, along with an overly resonant recording, tends to emphasize the hardness of the piano tone. These qualities also disrupt the textural clarity, a problem further complicated by overuse of the sustaining pedal. Finally, his playing seems excessively mannered, and occasionally prevents the music from speaking for itself.

The two pieces by Rachmaninoff, transcriptions of two of his own songs, are pleasant enough but considerably less individual efforts than Scriabin's fascinating studies.

P.G.D.
more to carry on and extend the classical symphonic line is Roger Sessions, and I am certain that it is only a question of time before the significance of his achievement will be more generally recognized. Somehow Sessions has been labeled as an "academic" composer, yet he is academic only in the sense that he is continuing an established tradition. But he is also enlarging upon and developing this tradition, bringing to it an approach that is entirely his own, thereby renewing the symphonic form and creating from it a viable medium for the expression of his own musical inclinations.

This is the third of Sessions' symphonies to be recorded (to date he has written eight), although one of these, the Second, is no longer listed in the catalogue. Since the only currently available symphony is the First, an earlier, and to my mind less personal work, the appearance on this new RCA disc of the Third Symphony, written between 1955 and 1957, is particularly welcome. The symphony's connections with the past are immediately apparent: there are four movements which correspond in both form and general character to the four classical symphonic movements. The work also reveals that seriousness of purpose and carefully thought-out structural logic which have become the hallmark of Sessions' style. Yet there is, in addition, an irresistible exuberance in the temper of this symphony and a compelling dramatic quality which the casual listener is unfortunately apt to miss. Sessions' music is admittedly not easy to listen to. But the difficulties lie not so much in the character of the musical material itself as in the complexity with which this material is organized and developed.

Above all, it is the textual richness of Sessions' work which I think accounts for the auditor's chief problems. There is so much detail in the various strands of the total fabric that only a very in- music contrasts strongly with Blazhkov's
telligent performance can clarify the over-all musical continuity.

I am pleased to report that this performance by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Igor Buketoff admirably fulfills this requirement. Great pains have been taken to bring out the principal voices so that the continuity—what Sessions likes to call "the long line"—becomes immediately apparent. As a result, the shape of the work emerges with remarkable clarity, and the whole character of the symphony seems much less forbidding than one might remember from an inadequately prepared concert performance. With such a difficult work, there are bound to be performance details that might have been improved, but there are surprisingly few such instances in this reading. In sum, this is an impressive achievement, both by the composer and the performers.

The Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra by Benjamin Lees is an attempt to merge the baroque concertino-tutti concept with the principles of symphonic development. I can only say that, to me at least, the attempt is a half-hearted one, gray in instrumental color and uneventful in detail. Despite the fact that Lees has written a much less complex and difficult work than Sessions, the performance is surprisingly convincing, although it could by no means be called bad. No matter: the Sessions alone is more than worth the price of the disc.

R.P.M.


An exciting release. Blazhkov's reading of the Shostakovich Second Symphony presented here is sonically far superior to the conductor's earlier Russian recording taped from a live concert, and the performance offers an interesting alternative to the version by Morton Gould released last year by RCA. At the very beginning of the Symphony, Gould is so intent upon observing the composer's triple pianissimo marking that the opening measures are all but inaudible; every detail is clearly heard in the Blazhkov version, thereby increasing the importance of this section in the over-all structure of the Symphony. And, where Gould underplays the choral passages in his deliberately paced interpretation of the symphony's closing section, Blazhkov gives the finale a vigorous and, need I say, much more "Russian" treatment. On the other hand, the middle section of the work, which contains by far the most interesting music, makes a more dynamic and dramatic effect in the RCA performance. Gould evidently had Shostakovich's later symphonies in mind at this point and his exciting treatment of this most intellectual approach. Since the

Continued on page 108

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

Dmitri Shostakovich—his avant-garde Symphony No. 2 disrupts classical form.

Second Symphony is probably Shostakov- kovich's most radical work and therefore of great interest on a purely musical level, Blazhkov's interpretation is certainly a valid one. Even though the Russian conductor does underplay the middle section's lacerating glissandos, he manages to bring out a number of details that Gould passed over. RCA's engineering is quite good, but no match for Melodiya/Angel's wonderfully rich, spacious, and realistic orchestral sound.

If Shostakovich's Second Symphony is an uneven, avant-garde work full of dazzling rhythmic, harmonic, and instrumental effects with little regard for form and thematic development, the composer's First Cello Concerto, written more than thirty years later, is quite the opposite. In the Concerto, Shostakovich contrapuntally manipulates a limited number of themes within an extremely tight formal structure that is somewhat atypical for this composer. Particularly effective, both from a musical and dramatic standpoint, is the manner in which the work's only cadenza is employed to revive the waning energies of the second movement: the cello slowly remodels the thematic material into new melodic fragments (including one borrowed from the composer's First Piano Sonata) until the cadenza spirals frenetically into the Concerto's final movement.

For those who are familiar with the recording by Ormandy and Rostropovich (for whom the Concerto was composed), this performance by Mikhail Khomitser may come on with all the sobriety of a karate chop. In the first movement, Khomitis's slashing technique and decidedly jerky phrasing, combined with the unusually fast tempo, make the Rostropovich/Ormandy version seem ascetic in comparison. In the second movement, Khomitis's tone, rich and vibrant in the lower registers, sounds somewhat nasal in the more sustained high passages—one
The Music of
Vaughan Williams—Round Two
by Alfred Frankenstein

As the writer of these lines had the pleasure of observing not long ago in these columns, Vaughan Williams seems to be coming in for a second full round of recordings. We are fortunate that this is taking place with his greatest orchestral interpreter, Sir Adrian Boult, in command—at least in part—and with such singers as Armstrong, Case, and Shirley-Quirk as participants.

A Sea Symphony, composed in 1909, is Vaughan Williams’ first work in symphonic form. It is really not so much a symphony as a gigantic cantata, gigantic not merely because of its length (three LP sides), but because of the breadth, size, and grandeur of its musical conception. The text is taken from Whitman and is one of the two great musical settings of that poet. The other is Sea Drift, by Frederick Delius. Many other composers, especially Americans, have tried to set Whitman, but they end up transforming his free verse into stodgy prose. The two Englishmen, however, underscore, extend, and, in their own ways, enhance the suppleness and subtlety of the Whitmanesque line.

A Sea Symphony is an early work, and some feeling of the nineteenth-century British choral-festival cantata clings to it. It is, nevertheless, a work of genius. The meditative, lyrical, nostalgic vein of which Vaughan Williams was a past master suffuses it through-out, and Whitman’s sense of wonder at the mystery and grandeur of the universe is fully and gloriously translated into the music. The finale of A Sea Symphony especially, like the finale of Debussy’s La Mer, transforms a feeling for the sea into a stupendous metaphor of human life and more than human life; there is a touch of Melville in it as well as of Whitman; but music goes on where the word ends, as Heinrich Heine once observed.

No small part of the magnificence of A Sea Symphony, as presented on these records, is due to Sir Adrian, the solo singers, the chorus, the orchestra, and the recording. It is a big effort, superbly brought off. The jolly little suite of incidental music to Aristophanes’ The Wasps affords entertainment after the great issues of the set’s principal offerings.

The Five Mystical Songs fully match the symphony in the quality of the work and the stature of its performance on these discs. The songs employ poems by the seventeenth-century author George Herbert, which predict Blake; Vaughan Williams’ setting of them, for baritone, chorus, and orchestra, is another one of the many rare, perfectly shaped, and overwhelmingly beautiful things he left us—the Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis, the Serenade to Music, and Pan Campi, for example. Once again, the marvelously apt performance, by Shirley-Quirk, the chorus, and the orchestra complements the music as it should be complemented.

The motet O Clap Your Hands is a short filler piece, very effectively done. Regrettably, the great Mass in G minor is not so effectively done. It is slack in rhythm, rather groan-y in vocal color, and the white tone and not very accurate intonation of the boy singers in the choir are distressing.

The Sinfonia antartica, composed in 1951-52, is the seventh of Vaughan Williams’ nine symphonies and the least effective of them all. It is based upon a score originally composed for a film, Scott of the Antarctic, and an odor of movie music still clings to its revised form. Still, there are some marvelous moments, especially those concerned with a cold, desolate, and empty landscape. Emptiness indeed here becomes a mystical experience of no mean power and poignancy, especially in the music for the wordless soprano voice so beautifully sung by Heather Harper.

The four movements of the symphony have verbal superscriptions, from the Bible and from various English poets. These are recited, somewhat naively, before each movement by Sir Ralph Richardson. The performance is not bad but it is not outstandingly good, either. The jacket notes imply that this is the first of a series of Vaughan Williams recordings from Previn. This initial installment does not prove that he is the ideal choice for such an assignment.


VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Mass in G minor; Five Mystical Songs; O Clap Your Hands. John Shirley-Quirk, baritone (in the Songs); King’s College Choir: English Chamber Orchestra, David Willcocks, cond. Angel S 36590, $5.98.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Symphony No. 7 (“Antartica”). Heather Harper, soprano; Sir Ralph Richardson, narrator; Ambrosian Singers; London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3066, $5.98.

Magnificent Sea Symphony, jolly Aristophanic Suite.
An Enriching Recorded Analysis of Wagner's Ring

by George Movshon

A MUSIC LOVER over forty is likely to cringe at the mere mention of a "Lecture with Musical Examples." What we have here are five sides devoted to a lecture on the musical structure of Wagner's Ring cycle, running nearly two and a half hours, in which 193 musical examples are integrated. Does this not sound suspiciously like Music Appreciation, that dread activity of our youth? But no. The senior reader may still his alarm: this is a penetrating and profound analysis of the material from which Wagner fashioned his Ring. Deryck Cooke (the man who finished Mahler's Tenth Symphony) has words of value and relevancy on the subject of the Ring, not only for the listener unfamiliar with the music but also for commentators and musicologists who know it well. He speaks to the attentive and serious listener (in an accent which is curiously like that of his fellow countryman David Frost) and what he says is that music and symbol in the Ring are constantly interacting, and that the combination works powerfully upon our emotions as the great design unfolds.

Road maps of the tetralogy are as old as the work itself: Hans von Wolzogen published the first one when the Ring was first done complete at Bayreuth in 1876. The Cooke analysis covers some of the same ground, enabling you to recognize the Treaty motive whenever it thumps in, and to pick out the Sword unerringly from Siegfried; but Cooke is doing much more than merely shuffling and dealing out what Debussy called "Wagner's calling cards," the sixty or seventy short musical figures (or Leitmotive) that are the work's foundation. He shows you consciously what your unconscious has already known for some time. He tells you why it is that each succeeding motive sounds both new and familiar at the same time, why Rhine and Gold and Forest and the Earth-mother are all made from the same musical clay and how they are organically bound together.

Cooke holds that music is a language, for the expression of feelings if not of facts. His ideas are set out in a remarkably valuable book, The Language of Music (Oxford University Press paperback), which shows how composers over the centuries have tended to reach for similar melodies, harmonies, and rhythms to express human emotions, and he declares that the total sum of such conventions amounts to the vocabulary of the musical tongue.

In his examination of the Ring Cooke starts where Wagner did, with the gradually unfolding E-flat major triad that opens Rheingold. From that chord everything in the succeeding fifteen hours of music is developed, specifically the four main musical themes into which this analysis is divided: characters, objects, events, and emotions. With a magician's skill, we are shown how each family of musical ideas is shaped and how it grows.

The whole project has been most skillfully put together, the placing (and pacing) of the musical examples especially so. Most of the musical material comes from the complete London set of the Ring (and my hat is off to Parry, Raeburn, Lock, and the other Decca/London team members for some dazzling work with the fader: only someone who has tried it can know how difficult it is to cue such examples in and out tastefully); but some dozens of the examples have been newly recorded for this Introduction, and very instructive they are.

A hefty brochure comes with this set of records: forty-two pages containing the full Cooke text and the important musical quotations. It is probably a good idea to look at and to listen at the same time, but it is certainly wise to take in the whole "Introduction" at a single gulp; the thing is as long as Rheingold itself.

That word "Introduction" pulls me up. I am not sure that this set will prove ideal for someone embarking on a very first exploration of the Ring; much better to come to it after the music has had a chance to work on the unconscious, after the outlines of the story and the general musical character have taken hold. Then the Cooke analysis will have an ear-opening, mind-expanding result, one that will greatly increase your grasp and enjoyment of what is surely one of man's greatest artistic achievements. You will know confidently how Wagner's musical imagination worked, and your listening will be much enriched.

Side 6 is filled out by two delightful Wagnerian dividends, both birthday presents to his wife, Cosima, and both based on themes employed in the Ring. The Siegfried Idyll is performed by a chamber group, as it was when first played on the staircase at Triebischen on a Christmas morning in 1870. This performance has appeared before, as a makeweight in the Solti version of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. Bernard Jacobson reviewed it in these pages [January 1967] and called it ravishing. The Kinderkatechismus is a miniature nosegay, a chorus for young voices, first performed by Cosima's own children in 1874. The text is an extended pun on her name. But at the very end comes a huge surprise: one I'll let you catch for yourself.

DERYCK COOKE: "An Introduction to Der Ring des Nibelungen." Deryck Cooke, speaker, extracts from the complete London recording of the "Ring" and additional examples newly recorded.

WAGNER: Siegfried Idyll; Kinderkatechismus, Vienna Choir Boys (in the Kinderkatechismus); Members of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. London RDN 5-1, $9.98 (three discs).
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TELEMANN: Concerto in F; Concerto alla Polonaise in G; Concerto Polonaise in B flat; Sonata Polonaise in A minor; Partie Polonaise in B flat. Eduard Melkus, violin; Capella Academica, Vienna, Kurt Redel, cond. Archive 198467, $5.98.

Early in his career, Telemann spent some time in Cracow with his patron, Count Erdmann von Promnitz, and, while there, developed a decided fancy for Polish music and Polish players—witness his high compliment, "An observer could get from them in a week enough ideas for a lifetime." Later contact with the court of the Electors of Saxony, who were at that period also Kings of Poland, strengthened Telemann's delight in the polonaise, and he was not ashamed to record afterwards, "I have, in my time, written several large-scale concertos in this [Polish] manner, which I have dressed up in Italian garb, with alternating adagio and allegro movements, and they make lively listening—though more than a few of the movements might fail to make their origin clear, if the listener were not forewarned. Telemann's slow mazurkas, for instance, have little in common with the species as we know it through Chopin. In general, what catches the ear in the concertos are the striking instrumental effects, the play of woodwind against brass, the vivid color. The most exotic work, however, is the Partie Polonaise for two violas and bass, full of eccentric rhythms and drone-bass effects, adding up to an enticing "foreign accent." It is performed, too, with notable rhythmic definiteness. The rest of the performances, are, in general, very good, with a great deal of writing and marks and be won, of the F major Concerto, in which the solo violinist is thin-toned and displays no very persuasive sense of rhythmic pulse. But for the rest, all praise. S.F.

recitals & miscellany

ENRICO CARUSO: "immortal Performances, 1904-1906." Enrico Caruso, tenor; various orchestras and accompanists. For a feature review of this recording, see page 77.

EARLY MUSIC QUARTET: "Carmina Burana, Volume 2." BLOIS: Vite perdite; Dum iuventus. REUENTHAL: Nu gruuet aver diu heide. ANON.: Homo qui viges; Ecce torpet; Licit eger cum egrotis; Crucifigat omnes; O variam fortuna; Celum non animum; Axe Phexus auro; Ecce gratum; Tellus flore; Tempus est locundum. Early Music Quartet: Andrea von Ramm, Willard Cobb, Sterling Jones, Thomas Binkley; with Grayston Burgess, cembalo; contrabass; Nigel Rogers, tenor and tambourines; Desmond Clayton, tenor; Jacques Villisch, bass. Telefunken SAWT 9522, $5.95.

The Early Music Quartet is certainly the most exciting group currently involved in the re-creation of medieval music. The ring of authenticity in their work derives not only from the sound yet imaginative spadework of director Thomas Binkley but also from the enthusiastic freedom of the performers. They play and sing this pop music of the thirteenth century with the ease and familiarity of a modern rock group running through an arrangement of "Hey Jude."

About three years ago the Early Music Quartet released a prize-winning selection from the Carmina Burana, a collection of popular medieval poems with music from a variety of contemporary sources (the manuscript was discovered several years ago at the Benediktbeurn Monastery near Munich). This new disc is, if anything, even better than the first. The Quartet rightfully recognizes that this musical style varied widely throughout the continent, and that a performance in a northern monastery would sound vastly different from a Mediterranean version of the same song. Their performances select this possible range of interpretations.

The most interesting and, to my mind, most successful pieces are those that emphasize the Spanish/Arab side of Western culture. Two works, Ecce torpet and Ecce gratum are cast in the form of a massa, a performance style which creates a long composition out of what is essentially a short one by skillfully balancing instrumental interludes with solo song in a complex pattern of free improvisation and strongly rhythmic sections. The intricate melodic variations of the rebab on Licit eger also recall the folk music of the Near East.

Ax Phexus auroe and Dum iuventus, on the other hand, show the traditional style of simpler song with straightforward accompaniment. The polyphonic pieces are rather less interesting, possibly because the Quartet and other groups have already made their style familiar to us; the performances here are in a more popular, less formal style than they were on the first Carmina Burana recording. Tempus est locundum also shows up in Orff's Carmina Burana and the musical resemblance is striking. I am not sure why the influences are so close—the interpretation from the original manuscript is largely a matter of personal choice—and the Munich-based Quartet may well have read it with Orff in their ears.

While the members of the Early Music Quartet are not virtuosos, the range of their accomplishments is prodigious. Among the assisting artists, Grayston Burgess is outstanding, but it is the spirit of the whole ensemble and the pathbreaking imagination of their interpretations that make this such a fascinating and exciting disc. The texts, translations, notes, and, above all, the sound maintain an equally high standard.

S.T.S.


This is an elegant chorus, small, supple, superbly trained, with a fine range of

Deutsche Oper (Berlin), Lorin Maazel, cond. For a feature review of this recording, see page 75.


Siegfried Behrend, an able and accomplished guitarist, is urgently in need of one thing: some fresh repertoire. On this recording he does a splendid job on music that is formula stuff, Vivaldian, Carullian, and Giuliani. We have heard it all before, and it wasn't interesting then. The Vivaldi C major Concerto is a lute piece in which the solo instrument is so frequently doubled by the strings that the reason for its mere presence becomes a mystery; the D major is taken from a lute sonata, and at best you could say that it's pleasant second-rate Vivaldi and does not start on the path of his own. The Carulli is of the square-cut classical pattern stamped out by the yard; the guitar is occasionally self-accompanying in figurations stamped out in the same quantity. The Giuliani proves less wearisome: the solo is by turns florid (Behrend handles these passages well), and pleasantly accompanied with runs and arpeggiated chords. But we don't need five versions of this work in the catalogue. As for color or poesy or sublety, the guitar program allows little room for them. I Musici, of course, does its duties well; but a few woodwinds to broaden the color range of the Giuliani, which was expanded from a piano score, might have helped. S.F. Continued from page 104

misses in the incomparable Rostropovich's "sound" here—while the third movement follows Rostropovich's interpretation quite closely. But the startling dynamism of Khomitser's first movement, no matter how one reacts to it, sheds a whole new light on the Polonaise in A minor and makes this recording definitely worth having, particularly in view of the stunning recorded sound. If there is anything to criticize strongly here, it is Melodya's/Angel's antiaesthetic programming. How much more exciting this Polonaise would have been if it had included, say, Shostakovich's still unreleased Second Cello Concerto. Perhaps the label will_atone for its omissions by giving us Shostakovich's new Fourth Symphony, Or his Twelfth String Quartet. Or his new Violin Sonata. Or... R.S.B.
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There are twenty-two relatively short examples in all—many of them stand on their own piquant musical and sonic, as well as historical, merits. I relish in particular the 1761 Dutchess of Brunswick March, 1790 Prince Heinrich Regimen March, 1779 March by Roetscher, the Elder, and the undated Regiment von Kalkstein Second March. But there's special interest for classicists in marches on themes from Mozart's Marriage of Figaro and Rossini's Moses, as well as three marches by Beethoven—especially the well-known York March of 1809, enhanced here by the first recording of a trio added by the composer in 1823.

The original manuscripts were edited by Gerhard Pitzig, who also wrote the exceptionally informative historical annotations included on Telefunken's jacket. The crisp performances are competent and the strong, crystalline stereo recording is excellent.

R.D.D.

MAX VAN EGMOND: "Songs of the Baroque Era." A K. G. Sowerby record. It has sold brutally well, I am told. The set is much beloved; a recent hardcover edition has become a best-seller. It is an excellent introduction to the Baroque era and its music. The set includes a large number of works, ranging from solo pieces to full-scale chamber works.


The set is beautifully produced, with fine liner notes and an informative essay by a well-known scholar. The performances are excellent, with some of the finest singers of the day. The recording is top-notch, with a warm, rich sound that perfectly captures the music.

ANNELEISE ROTHENBERGER—a dewy-fresh Oscar in Verdi's Un Ballo in maschera.

The set is highly recommended for any serious collector of Baroque music, and it is a must-have for any record library.
experiments in accompanied melody, the song soon sprang up in Germany, France, and England as well; throughout the seventeenth century it flourished within its varied environments and, as the excellent Telefunken notes point out, never afterward was it to manifest itself in so many distinctive strains. The bird's-eye view given us by the excellent bass Max van Egmond covers some very interesting terrain indeed. The songs address themselves to nature, wine, love, and friendship, to soul-searching and to God. They are strophic or through-composed, simple or highly melismatic, minimally accompanied or set in elaborate instrumental surroundings. They are never dull.

Earliest among the eleven composers is Francesca Caccini, a woman who cut quite a path in Florentine court circles early in the century (she was born in 1581); her long-lined, irregularly phrased, florid Christmas aria, sophisticated and effective, gives some idea of the propitious start made by the early Italian song. Her companions, Steffani (1654-1728) and Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725), both inclined here toward dolorous lamentation, also treated their texts with appropriately sinuous and expressive lines; the Scarlatti, in particular, catches the ear with its stretching melodic leaps and its shift of dark modal harmonies.

Moving north, here is Lully treating infidelity with a jubilant nonchalance and the Dutchman Huygens matching word (French) and music with a keen poetic sense. Purcell is at his dramatic height in "Fly swift, ye hours," soaring aloft on the word "fly" in the best word-painting tradition. It is the Germans, however, who form the backbone of this recital and the most unusual of the lot is Biber.

His Serenade is essentially instrumental, divided into half a dozen sections, and accompanies the voice, when it finally enters, with a chaconne over pizzicato support. The most joyous is Krieger, utterly cheerful despite the betrayal of the fair loved one (Der Unbestand ist ihr verwandt) or enraptured with the delights of Rhine wine.

Egmond meets the diverse demands of this recital with what would seem an ideal voice—free, flexible, rhythmically resilient, capable of dark coloration or light, depending upon the song (note, for instance, the change of timbre between Krieger's dark-hued Der Liebe Macht herrzacht Tag und Nacht and the drinking song immediately following). The accompanying consort, grouping itself in a variety of instrumental combinations, adds much to the pleasure of the program.

S.F.

Authentic Sousa Performances from the March King Himself

by R. D. Darrell

Here is a prophet not only without honor but effectively dishonored in his own country. As much as, if not more than, any other musician, Sousa "sold" the listening public on the phonograph via his innumerable best-selling cylinder and disc recordings. Yet the present historically invaluable revival, "electronically re-recorded to simulate stereo," is issued without a scrap of information on the recordings' provenance. Apart from a biographical sketch that could have been cribbed from any reference book, and the names and timings of the selections, the jacket notes stand mute. Even the program title is not strictly accurate since the seven Sousa compositions are augmented by three others (Wagner's Under the Double Eagle, Gallini's La Sorella, and Meacham's American Patrol)—to say nothing of the fact that the March King often was wont to delegate recording-session conducting to an assistant! For Sousa, despite all his phonographic successes, detested recording— he may have been the first to use the slightly derogatory term "canned music." So perhaps the carelessness of his revivalists is a kind of ironic revenge on the part of the record industry.

Since my opposite number on the Gramophone recently reviewed a British Pye release of Sousa-conducted performances drawn from Edison "Blue Amberol" and earlier cylinder catalogues, I thought at first the present collection might have originated from the same source. But no: in response to a fervent plea for "more light," an Everest official has informed me that the originals used were Victor Talking Machine Company (acoustical) disc recordings in the 16000 and 17000 black-label series, circa 1910. Of course, exact datings and personnel specifications are still needed, but meanwhile it is enough to note that whatever electronic gimmickry may have been used was minimal and harmless (the hailstorm of original surface noise is apparent only momentarily before the music covers it up), and that the sonics, thin as they must seem to present-day ears, are amazingly clean. The frequency and dynamic ranges are narrowly restricted—there just isn't any acoustical ambience—and yet the instrumental balances are excellent and the inner scoring details almost unbelievably audible. Occasionally there is even a moment, such as the realism of the castanets in the now little-known Jack Tar March, to remind audiophiles that pioneers of the audio art were quite capable of producing miracles.

Apart from the surprising vitality of these 1910 sonics, the essential value of this document lies in the authoritative nature of the readings—for even if an assistant actually conducted, you can be sure that he would never dare deviate a fraction from the King's tempos and phrasing! As others besides myself have long claimed and the performances have proven, these marches should be taken much faster and with more verve and less pretentiousness than they are by most present-day conductors (always with the shining exceptions of Frederick Fennell and Richard Franko Goldman). So if you want to hear the Washington Post, El Capitan, Hands Across the Sea, Stars and Stripes Forever, Thunderer, Fairest of the Fair, and Jack Tar marches in readings that are truly the Real McCoy, rush out to buy this unique historical treasure.


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in brief


MENIN: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra. HONEYGER: Aglavaine et Selysette: Prelude. Janos Starker, cello (in the Menin); Louisville Orchestra, Jorge Mester, cond. Louisville LS 693, $8.45.


WHITE: Seven Trumps from the Tarot Cards; Pinions. Limelight LS 86058, $5.98.


Ehrling draws sensitive, responsive playing from the London Symphony. His interpretations tend to stress Berwald's kinship with Schumann and Dvořák—quite the opposite from the decade-old Markevitch/BPO recording of these symphonies which proved the music's brighter, brasher impetuous sides, emphasizing the Swedish master's debt to Berlioz. I suspect that Ehrling's slightly slower tempo, his rather less brassy and more legato instrumental coloration will prove easier to live with in the long run. London's sound is spacious, velvety, and beautifully processed. A fine disc. H.G.

This recording makes one think afresh of Julius Katchen's tragic death several months ago for here is Brahms—playing of breadth and strength—urgent and pressing in the big opening allegros, delicate in the Scherzo of No. 1 and the Presto of No. 3. The piano never overwhelms, as it might, and Suk and Starker blend their instruments in what can only be called a holy wedlock of sound. While slightly less transfixing than the Stern/Rose/Istomin performances, the present versions are worthy competitors, with one drawback: London's sound is much less sharp and close than Columbia's. S.F.

Ormandy's Paris tourist is a serious, horn-rimmed business man rather than a frisky student, and the Philadelphia's Catfish Row excursion, in the elegantly spruced-up arrangement by Robert Russell Bennett, has the insouciant bravado of a slumming party. What does make this release well worth hearing is the sheer aural enchantment of the Philadelphia musicians. Thanks also to the warmly vivid stereo engineering and the magisterial playing, the Gershwin-Bennett "symphonic picture" never has sounded better than it does here.

Peter Mennin's academic Concerto is interesting primarily by virtue of its slapdash Finale; the performance is interesting by virtue of Starker's magnificent playing. The work itself, however, does not measure up to quality of some of the composer's earlier efforts. Aglavaine et Selysette is a play by Maeterlinck. The prelude is one of the most beautiful things Honeyger ever wrote and why it has not become a standard repertoire item is beyond me. It may not be a masterpiece, but it provides ten minutes of lovely tunes and transparently beautiful orchestration.

Prière's way with this oft-played work is strikingly different from any that I have ever heard. It is as detailed as Hannikainen's (Crossroads), although the details are different: it is as formally refined as Karajan's (Angel), but far more flexible and sunny; it is as broad and spacious as the Barbirolli/Hallé (Angel), but more volatile. Even granting the overall soft textures, the present reading is quite as intellectualized as those of Monteux, Szell, and Toscanini—and yet it resembles none of these performances. While this reading is too intellectualized to warrant automatic endorsement, I do recommend Prière's thesis as an intelligent, sophisticated, and stimulatingly offbeat effort.

Ruth White is a composer who lives in Hollywood, has her own private electronic studio, and obviously possesses a very lively, inventive, and richly communicative musical mind. In addition to the standard electronic effects, Miss White uses instruments of fixed pitch, notably an electronic organ and something that sounds a lot like a harpsichord. She has a perfect sense of timing, rhythm, and form; her use of color is endlessly interesting, and she knows how to write a tune. There's enough substance and variety in both pieces to keep anybody happy for the duration of the disc.

Larry Adler, a deft technician and a thoughtful musician, has made a noble attempt to give the harmonica concert-hall status: including the four pieces recorded here, he has commissioned thirteen works over the past thirty years. But to these ears, Adler's harmonica inevitably sounds gritty, querulous, whiny, and rude; only the salty sea-dog flavor of Milhaud's saucy Suite really calls for these particular tonal qualities. Despite a pleasant turn of phrase here and there the three British efforts are rather vapid.
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Richter's Appassionata is an extraordinarily bold interpretation even for music so supercharged with dramatic tension and contrasts. Tempos tend to be exaggerated at both extremes and the sudden dynamic eruptions in the first movement are even more italicized than usual. Underneath these attention-arresting characteristics, however, it seems to me that Richter has a clear plan, and one that grows naturally from the essentially restless nature of the music. Surely there can be no doubt about the pianist's execution—the whirlwind finale is breathtaking.

The Funeral March is given a less controversial reading and it's also somewhat less interesting as a performance. The actual March movement is the central issue here and it has a noble gravity that can't fail to impress, but the other movements—the opening variations in particular—seem a bit offhand. Still, this is good, solid Beethoven playing. Richter's ripe tone has been decently reproduced, although the overall sonic ambience tends to be a trifle constricted.

BORODIN: Prince Igor (excerpts). Reni Penkova (c), Constantin Chekerelishki (b), Boris Christoff (bs), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the National Opera of Sophia, Jerzy Semkow, cond. Angel S 36568, $5.98 [from angel Scl 3714, 1967].

The principal attraction of Angel's Prince Igor production was Boris Christoff, who had a grand time romping through the roles of Prince Galitsky and Kahn Konchak. This disc of highlights predictably concentrates on his two major solo scenes—the Prince's carousals in Act I and the Kahn's slightly sinister aria of "hospitality" in the Polovtsian campaign—and the basso's characteristic black melancholy is heard to excellent advantage in these well-contrasted, juicy character parts. Christoff fans might have preferred the interesting Yaroslavna/Galitsky scene rather than the oft-recorded Polovtsian Dances or the arias by Konchakova and Igor that round off the disc. These excerpts are performed competently enough, but Christoff steals the show on this disc as he did in the complete recording.

DVORAK: Rusalka. Elfriede Trötschel (s), Ruth Lange (s), Helena Rott (c), Helmut Schindler (t), Gottlob Frick (bs); Chorus and Orchestra of the Dresden State Opera, Joseph Kielberth, cond. Artia ALs 503, $8.94 (three discs, rechanneled stereo only) [from urania 5219/3, 1952].

There's so much gorgeous music in Dvorák's Rusalka that one wonders why the opera is staged so infrequently. Artia already has a fine performance in its catalogue, sung in Czech, recorded in true stereo, and virtually complete. This edition, taped in the late Forties, has its points, but the Czech version outclasses it in nearly every respect.

Elfriede Trötschel is a most touching Rusalka and Gottlob Frick has a few commanding moments in the Water Gnome, but the rest of the cast would probably never be accepted this side of Gelsenkirchen. Furthermore the score has been heavily cut (not that the opera couldn't stand some intelligent pruning) and the rechanneling is atrocious (not that the original sound was anything special). Admirers of this lovely work are hereby directed to Artia's four-disc Czech version—it is well worth the higher tariff.

HANDEL-BEECHAM: Solomon. Elsie Morison (s), Lois Marshall (s), Alexander Young (t), John Cameron (b); Beecham Choral Society; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Seraphim Sib 6039, $4.96 (two discs) [from angel S 3546, 1957].

Abridged, rearranged, and reorchestrated by Sir Thomas Beecham—this is how Handel's Solomon should sound in the twentieth century according to the imitable baronet, and you can either take it or leave it. If only Sir Thomas had had a bit more faith in Handel; if only he had applied his great creative talents in realizing the oratorio as the composer conceived it—then we might have really had a phonographic classic. What we are given here is a completely altered perspective. True, most of the performance sounds perfectly gorgeous, the work of an imaginative, crafty, and (on his own terms) tasteful musician; but it's not Handel. This is a dazzling curio that one may well want to own and replay frequently—unless one's looking, of course.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 4, in G. Emmy Loose, soprano; Philharmonia Orchestra, Paul Kletzki, cond. Seraphim S 60105, $2.49 [from angel S 35570, 1958].

Readers of HIGH FIDELITY may well have given up hope that Kletzki's lovely performance of the Mahler Fourth would ever be reissued. Bernard Jacobson has been predicting its imminent reappearance in these pages as far back as his September 1967 Mahler discography. The patient are herewith rewarded. Kletzki conjures up the precise instrument weight for this most immediately appealing of the Mahler symphonies: light enough to permit the myriad touches of orchestral detail to make their points with delicious clarity and weighty enough to give full expression to the touching lyrical content of the serene third movement. This is a vital, sensitive, and completely natural interpretation superlatively realized by the old Philharmonia and, in movement four, irresistibly sung by Emmy Loose. With its decade-old sonics still eminently respectable, this disc offers quite a bargain.

MASENEN: Werther. Agnès Léger (s), Suzanne Juyol (ms), Charles Richard (t), Roger Bourdin (b), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Opéra Comique, Paris, Georges Sébastian, cond. Artia ALS 507, $8.94 (three discs, rechanneled stereo only) [from urania 5233/3, 1953].

Even Puccini at his most saccharine never exceeded the calorie count of Massenet's Werther, a virtual orgy of self-indulgent sugar-coated sentiment. And yet how cunningly it's been done: Massenet was always ready with a good juicy tune—he was especially generous with them in this score—and his orchestra sets a mood that uncannily catches the varying pastel shades of gloom and despair that underscore Werther's monomania. Whether or not you can swallow so many sweets in one sitting is purely a matter of personal taste; there's no question, however, that the confection is made with high-quality ingredients.

Charles Richard is quite outstanding in the title role: a fine, soft-grained tenor with plenty of ring and power for the frequent emotional outbursts. He is thoroughly involved with the character but never oversteps into weepy bathos. Suzanne Juyol's vinegary tone is not altogether attractive as Charlotte, but the maternal touch she gives the part is not out of place. Sébastien leans rather heavily on the music, and the sonics betray their age badly. It might be worth waiting to see how Angel's Werther turns out: the cast is promising—De los Angeles and Gedda—and it's due early next year.

MENDELSOHN: A Midsummer Night's Dream: Incidental Music. Jennifer Vyyvan (s), Marion Lowe (s); Female Chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; London Symphony Orches-

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
tra, Peter Maag, cond. Stereo Treasury
STS 15084, $2.49 [from London CS 6001, 1957].

Maag includes the six standard orchestral selections from Mendelssohn’s incidental music as well as two choral movements (“You Spotted Snakes” and the Finale). The LSO’s touch is deliciously featherlike yet with sufficient instrumental weight to bring out the score’s fresh, romantic warmth and sentimentality. I didn’t care much for the two solos, but their contribution is minimal and hardly affects the sparkling, sensitive playing that Maag obtains from the orchestra. London’s superlative engineering further enhances the attractions of this disc.

PROKOFIEV: Romeo and Juliet, Op. 64
(excerpts). Boston Symphony Orchestra,
Charles Munch, cond. RCA VICTOR VICS 1412, $2.50 [from RCA Victor LM 2110, 1957].

Prokofiev’s three Romeo and Juliet Suites each form a satisfying symphonic entity, but since the ballet contains so much effective music, conductors usually prefer to excerpt the score according to their own tastes. Munch’s chronological selection attempts to give a sequential digest of the ballet’s plot and gradually intensifying mood; this looks good on paper, but the musical effect is something of a hodgepodge. The BSO plays well enough, although such “personality” music could use even more helpings of swagger, grace, and rhythmic verve. Until a good stereo version of the complete ballet comes along, Mitropoulos’ colorful edition of highlights on Odyssey remains my first choice.


This spin-off from complete RCA operas starring Carlo Bergonzi will be useful for those of the tenor’s admirers who neglected to pick up the originals. Few singers on today’s international stages can be counted on to deliver such consistently stylish and musical work in a repertoire that is, more often than not, mercilessly manhandled. But then, Bergonzi’s characteristically dry timbre and restrained vocalism never offer much in the way of sheer animal excitement, nor does the voice open and bloom up top with the singer’s freedom of, say, Corelli or Pavarotti. Well, by now opera fans must be resigned to the fact that you can’t have everything; I personally enjoyed Bergonzi’s singing on this disc immensely. Since the tenor has given RCA some extra mileage on his work, perhaps the label could return the favor and record him in a fresh collection of arias.

PETEK G. DAVIS
WOOODY 'N' ME

ONE OF THE best-loved men in American music is Woody Herman. Aside from the brilliant orchestras he has assembled and led and the trail of important recordings he's left in his wake, Woody is respected for the long list of excellent musicians he discovered and helped develop—Chubbie Jackson, Bill Harris, Flip Phillips, Neal Hefti, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Herbie Steward, Ralph Burns, the Candidi brothers, Sal Nisticco, Bill Chase, and so many more. But his songs. Eight editor of the music business, I owe my career to two men: Woody Herman and Tony Bennett; it's possible that I owe my life to Woody, I suppose I might have survived without his help. But I can't think how.

In the autumn of 1961, I resigned as editor of Down Beat in order to write the things I wanted to write, mostly songs. Eight months later, I had fallen from comfortable family life in Chicago to walking the streets of New York alone, with holes in my shoes and no money. I had all sorts of friends in the music business, or thought I did. Now that I was broke, they became curiously difficult to reach on the telephone. For a long while afterwards, I carried a list of these people in my head, but the ink has grown illegible with time. What I still can read clearly is the list of those who didn't disappear, the people who were there. They may not remember it, but I do. I particularly remember the kindness of Willis Conover of the Voice of America, who often fed me and on whose sofa I slept when the YMCA locked me out of my tacky little room because my rent was a day overdue.

Woody is the man who really started me on the road back. He fished me out of the flood like a drowning kitten, and gave me a job as his press agent. I was unquestionably the most ineptful publicist he (or anyone else, for that matter) ever had. He didn't need me. Recently, Nat Pearce, his pianist and arranger at that time, told me Woody had done it only to help me, which I'd always suspected anyway. Woody gave me an office to work out of, and a little money, and the prestige of his name behind me. What he really gave me was my pride: he picked it up, dusted it off, and put it back in my hands. And like David Gale, I wore his clothes.

Woody is one of the world's really snappy dressers. With a band on the road, you find very often that you're not going to be in a town long enough to get your laundry done. So you buy more shirts. Woody accumulates huge quantities of them in this way. There was a suitcase full of shirts under a bench in his office. He said I could have them. The short sleeve sport shirts were fine, but the dress shirts were about three inches too short in the arms. I wore them anyway. (I still have several of them; in fact, I just gave two of them to my kid brother.)

During that period Bill Evans, the pianist, had gone home ill to his parents in Florida. Now recovered, he returned to New York in vibrant good health to play his first engagement in some time, and for a while he lived with me. I had one of Woody's jackets in my closet, a gorgeous blue blazer which, in theory, I was only storing for him to cut down the clutter in the office. I hesitated, then told Bill, "Try this on." It fit him perfectly. A few days later, Bill came to Woody's office looking for me. He was wearing Woody's blazer. And Woody was there! I lowered my head and covered my eyes with one hand. Then it occurred to me that Woody might not notice it—he had so many clothes. I introduced Woody to Bill, and to my horror, Bill said brightly, "Do you recognize the jacket?" "No," Woody said, puzzled, "should I?" Bill whipped it open to show the monogram inside—W.H.—and said, "It stands for William Heavens," Woody cracked up.

So you see, a lot of us have worn Woody's clothes.

Bill and I had written a song together. Rather, I had put lyrics to one of his tunes, Waltz for Debby. A girl in Sweden, Monica Zetterlund, had recorded it and I gave a copy of the disc to Mort Fega, the disc jockey. Mort began plugging Bill, me, and the song on the air. Woody came into the office one day and said, "I heard a song of yours on the car radio coming in from the airport last night, a song about a little girl. Why didn't you tell me you could write lyrics like that?"

"It's not the kind of thing you can tell somebody," I said. And it's not.

Woody started bending ears and, I suspect, arms. Soon after that, under his pressure, one of the bigger publishers offered me a contract: good money every week, and all I had to do was sit around and write songs. It was glorious. When it came time to leave Woody's employ and get on with my writing (Tony Bennett, my second champion, had by then recorded two or three of my songs), I felt really bad about it. "Go on," Woody said. "I'll miss you very much."

And when, a year later, I was beginning to realize real money from the songs, I said to him, "I'm afraid I'll wake up and find all this has vanished and I'm walking the streets again." "It won't," he said quietly. And because Woody had said it, I believed it.

Woody is a healer. He is a man of enormous compassion. Seemingly cocky and flippant on the bandstand, he can be the quietest of men unless he knows you fairly well. Then he's funny and witty.

That's why so many of us are delighted that he's having another wave of acceptance, partly based on the success of his album, Light My Fire. I don't see the old man (as all the alumni and members of the band seem to call him) very much these days. Success in his business means travel. But I had a long talk with him a few weeks ago, and Woody was in New York. Of all the bandleaders who flourished in what is thought of as the golden era of big bands, only three are still at it: Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Woody. And only Woody and Buddy Rich (who wasn't a bandleader in the old days) seem to be getting to a young audience. Both are using a lot of the "contemporary" rhythmic devices and playing current pop tunes.

"We have to play things they know and like if we're going to bring some music to them," Woody said. "It wasn't possible to do this four, five years ago, because the tunes were so bad. But they've improved enormously, and now you can find some good things. You can't ignore the young."

Woody never did ignore them.

Considering the length of his experience in the music business, it is surprising to realize that he still is quite young himself. He began on the road as an alto saxophone player when he was seventeen.

I said, "My God, Woody, you've been on the road nearly forty years. Don't you get sick of it?"

He gave me a quizzical look and said, "Sure!"

L'Express, the French counterpart of Time, said of him recently, "He has conserved the heart and the fire of a boy of twenty ... he has put together an orchestra whose members could be his sons. This is where he takes his true dimension, that of a remarkable discoverer of talent, an irresistible leader of men."

The writer of the piece couldn't know how aptly he'd put it. When I introduced a friend of mine to him once, she said, "I think Gene thinks you're his father."

With barely the hint of a smile, Woody said, "But I am."

In a way, he's right. Zoot, Shorty, Nat Hefti, all the rest. We are all Woody's sons.

GENE LEES

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The people most likely to appreciate the new Dual 1209 are the least likely to need one.
JOHN LENNON and YOKO ONO: Unfinished Music No. 2. Apple ST 3357, $4.79. Tape: $8 ST 3357, $6.95; 4XT 3357, $5.95.

Recently, at the Golden Rose television festival in Montreux, I saw a television show conceived by John Lennon and Yoko Ono for the Austrian television network. A camera crew was sent to follow a girl, picked at random (or so they claimed) it turned out later that she was an aspiring actress on the street. The crew said nothing to the girl, gave her no word of explanation. This film, cut from an hour and a half to fifty minutes for the festival, consisted only of that—the girl, looking a little tired, in a long coat and with her painted-on eyelashes, shot mostly from the rear. The film was supposed to be terrifying, as we watch the breakdown of a young woman under the pressure of public prying. She did get annoyed, and cried a little, but nothing terribly dramatic occurred, and the show was dull beyond description.

This album is an extension of this contempt for public stupidity so obviously shared by John Lennon and his strangely repellent Yoko. And since people will buy it, they have proof that the public deserves all the mockery they shower on them. There used to be a certain charming humor about Lennon's Welten put-on, but it has become a genuinely ugly hatred, a hatred which, if you look closely, you'll find written all over his forty-year-old-looking face.

One side of this disc consists of a "composition" entitled Cambridge 1969, which is 26.5 minutes of shapeless and utterly uncommunicative noise. Saxophonist John Tchikai "plays" on this, which is to say, he produces odd noises, including squeaked overtones, from his instrument. Thus we find that the jazz avant-garde has finally joined up with the rock avant-garde, and both are working close to the classical avant-garde. All this was inevitable: it takes no brains and certainly no talent to make this kind of "music," and that opens the way for everyone to be an "artist." Thus endeth art, and the end is very near, baby.

Side 2 of the album consists of several outright expressions of disdain for public gullibility, including a dreamy chanted "narrative" by Yoko Ono: a monotonous repeated sound titled Baby's Heartbeat; and a track titled Two Minutes Silence, which is just that.

This two minutes of silence is listed as an ASCAP "composition." John Cage has a "composition" that consists of roughly four and a half minutes of silence. I would say Cage has pretty good grounds for a plagiarism suit against Lennon. ("It's a much better work than the Lennon piece," a friend of mine assured me.)

Go, young suckers, and give John Lennon your money for nothing. He's demanded it often enough before. G.L.

THE WHO: Tommy. A rock opera composed, arranged, and performed by the Who. Peter Townshend, guitars and vocals; Roger Daltrey, keyboards, harmonica, and vocals; John Entwistle, electric bass, French horn, and vocals; Keith Moon, drums. For a feature review of this recording, see page 80.

CROSBY, STILLS, & NASH. David Crosby, rhythm guitar and vocals; Stephen Stills, bass, organ, lead guitar, and vocals; Graham Nash, vocals; Dallas Taylor, drums. (Suite: Judy Blue Eyes: Guinevere; Wooden Ships; seven more.) Atlantic SD 8229, $4.98. Tape: $8 X 8229, 3 1/4 ips, $5.95; $8 X 48229, $5.95; $8 M 88229, $6.95; $8 X 58229, $5.95.

Over the past two years, many of the best rock groups have been disbanding, undergoing numerous personnel changes, or simply lying dormant. The Byrds now retain only the leader of the original group; both Buffalo Springfield and Cream have broken up; nothing has been heard (on disc, at least) from Jimi Hendrix in over a year; and everybody's heroes, the Beatles, have been doing little, musically or otherwise, that merits attention. In fact, if it weren't for the popularity of groups like the Mothers of Invention or Blood, Sweat, and Tears, rock would really be in sad shape.

In the midst of these doldrums, though, a happy new alliance has formed. Dave Crosby, formerly of the Byrds, Steve Stills, late of Buffalo Springfield, and Graham Nash, previously with the Hollies, have joined talents for a beautiful, ebullient album.

As you might expect, the music here includes many characteristic sounds of the old Byrds, Springfield, and Hollies—Crosby, Stills, and Nash were each dominant influences in their former groups. The singing, instrumental backing; and vocal arrangements are excellent throughout, with a unique country-folk flavor that is the principal legacy of the Buffalo Springfield. We probably have Steve Stills to thank for this, for he dominates the album both as musician and songwriter.

There is a subtle element here, one that the Springfield only began to develop in their last album, and one that had become increasingly evident in the work of the Byrds while Dave Crosby was still a member. That element is perfection, a perfection that often transcends stickiness. I don't think there is one awkward note, lyric, or vocal passage on Crosby, Stills, & Nash. Everything fits.

This is not apparent at a first hearing. The listener might well be carried away by the sheer strength of the music and slightly put off by the self-conscious tone of the album as a whole—perhaps Crosby, Stills, and Nash are taking themselves a little too seriously. The Byrds
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have always balanced their earnest approach with a touch of wry humor. There are no funny songs on Crosby, Stills, & Nash, happy as the album may be at times. The saving grace that prevents the album from becoming overly pretentious and heavy is supplied by Graham Nash. Compared with Stills and Crosby, Nash adds a refreshing dash of naïveté.

I don’t mean to knock either Crosby or Stills—they are both two of the most tasteful songwriters in rock. Stills’s writing is thoughtful and unique in a style that consistently defies an easy label. His songs are the exultant ones in the album, especially Suite: Judy Blue Eyes. Crosby is not as prolific as Stills nor as consistent. Occasionally he writes a mediocre tune such as Long Time Gone, but there are other gems to compensate. His lyrics are poems, often introspective ones, while his music is a smooth blend of folk and jazz.

Despite the few flaws in this album—flaws inherent in its perfection, you might say—these three talents are successfully continuing the jazz/folk/rock/country association begun by the old Byrds and Buffalo Springfield. Crosby, Stills, and Nash look as though they might just give rock that badly needed shot in the arm.

C.C.

BOBBY BARE: (Margie’s At) The Lincoln Park Inn. Bobby Bare, vocals; Nashville studio accompaniment. (The Son of Hickory Hollow’s Tramp; The Law Is for Protection of the People; Cincinnati Jail; Skip a Rope; Wild As the Wind; Rainy Day in Richmond; six more.) RCA Victor LSP 4177, $4.98. Tape: @BPS 1474, $6.95.

One of the clichés mouthed frequently by people who like more sophisticated kinds of music (like, um, rock . . .) is that country-and-western is racist, jingoist, male-supremacist music. And while it can’t be denied that some c & w reflects those things, there is also a long country tradition of songs dealing with problems, particularly economic, of common folks, workers (especially miners and railroad men), moonshine makers, and Robin Hood-style desperadoes like Pretty Boy Floyd. The c & w industry, like its pop and r & b counterparts, plays it pretty conservative, but there are always a few people strong enough to break through with something of their own (like Roger Miller or John D. Loudermilk). And an audience of younger listeners, happier and less bigoted than their elders, is being attracted to c & w.

Bobby Bare, best known for the hit single of Detroit City, sells a lot of albums for RCA. (Margie’s At) The Lincoln Park Inn attacks the war, slumlords, and the arbitrary use of police power; describes the difficulty of being a poor white Southerner in a Northern industrial city; takes note of a number of middle-class hypocracies; and even shows a bit of understanding about women’s problems. I don’t want to overdo this; there are flaws in the album (Ruby, Don’t Take Your Love to Town is an appallingly insensitive song), but I think it will help to balance the attitude toward country music. And if the disc sells as well as I expect, it should help to loosen things up even further.

J.G.

BEAR, Bear, vocals and instruments; unidentified arr. (Like Cats: So Loose and So Slow; Don’t Say a Word; seven more.) Verve/Forecast FTS 3059, $4.98.

The problem with most song lyrics, and particularly rock lyrics, whether they’re well or poorly written, is that they lack an idea worth capturing. In nine out of ten of John Lennon’s lyrics, rather clever words couch trite ideas. Of course, far more is involved in the total effect of the Beatles. Nevertheless, Lennon’s trouble is not that he doesn’t have style (for indeed he does), but that he doesn’t often have much to say.

On a downward spiraling scale, the same applies to most current lyricists. That is why the occasional exception hits so hard—Paul Simon. John Hartford, Jim Webb, Joni Mitchell, and others. While even these young people are not consistent, at least they have a base from which to grow.

Of the dozens of nonestablished rock
groups I heard this month, none was interesting for more than four consecutive bars except one: Bear. Its nucleus members are Artie Traum, Eric Kaz and Steve Soles. Considerable help is given by Skip Boone, Darius Davenport, Michael Soles, and "our friend John Herald." The group plays well, with wide range and intelligent arrangements. All members write, and there are some good lyric ideas here.

By far the best track is The Hungry Dogs of New Mexico, by Artie Traum and Steve Soles, sung by John Herald. The song is a rare argument for obscurity, for it leaves a strong impression without saying much. Each verse tells a sad little story, punctuated with the chorus: "I met a man, he said he ran a junkyard." Much of the song's musical effectiveness is pinned to a gripping high-register string arrangement, long bare passages of hollow fifths and fourths played without hint of vibrato. Outrageously, the arranger is unidentified.

Rock-and-roll is getting better and worse. If you can't keep up, don't want to waste your time on trash, but are curious about interesting developments, check this group.

SWINGLE SINGERS: Back to Bach. Swingle Singers, vocals; Ward Swingle, arr. (Vivace; Fugue in G major for Organ; Prelude and Fugue in C major; five more.) Philips PHS 600288, $4.79.

ANITA KERR SINGERS: Reflect. Anita Kerr Singers, vocals; orchestra and voices; Anita Kerr, arr. and cond. (Al-fie; Are You There; Look of Love; ten more.) Dot DLP 25096, $4.79. Tape: ∂ ∂ 5906, 3 1/4 ips, $5.95; ∂ ∂ 55906, $5.95.

Both these vocal albums breathe sweet fresh air into this month's releases, but for consistency, the Swingle Singers emerge the winners. Only their programs change, never their charm and dazzling technique. Led by Ward Swingle, the group sings classical music adapted to popular settings, removing the orchestra and adding a modern rhythm section. Since they have a penchant for inspired album titles, a friend of nine submits one in case they ever do an album of Schubert: Take Me to Your Lieder.

The Swingles began with Bach, and now they return to him. This revisitation is every bit as amazing and delightful as the first. Consistency is not Anita Kerr's forte. She goes through phases. One album is good, the next boring. This time she hits the mark with the music of Burt Bacharach and Hal David. Miss Kerr arranges and conducts the orchestra and sings lead in her vocal quartet. Her work is always clean but in this case it's more. The arrangements are fresh and interesting, the choice of material wise.

If you appreciate vocal group singing, either or both of these albums will liven up your collection.

LEONARD COHEN: Songs From a Room. Leonard Cohen, vocals; unidentified arrangements. (Story of Isaac; You Know Who I Am; Bird On the Wire; seven more.) Columbia CS 9767, $4.98. Tape: ∂ ∂ HC 1096, 3 1/4 ips, $6.98; ∂ ∂ 1810 0598, $6.98.

Canadian writer/singer Leonard Cohen is best known for his widely recorded song Suzanne, plus a successful novel called The Beautiful Losers.

Certainly Cohen is among the most meaningful of new-breed songwriters. He is also one of the most obscure, riding the dangerous line between originality and vague if attention-getting imagery. His first album was largely on the right side of the line, offering such strange, strong material as Stories of the Street (a pained condemnation of society's tempo), Master Song, and Teachers.

Anything less than concentrated listening may lead to the assumption that Cohen is just another fancy wordthrower. Indeed he is. But when he's in tune with himself, he is also a powerful poet of the times.

Considerable listening to Cohen's second Columbia album reveals it to be a disappointed child of the first. The more vacuous an idea, the more deeply Cohen couches it in ponderous imagery. Moments of light appear, such as in The Butcher, Lady Midnight, Seems So Long Ago, Nancy, and Story of Isaac, but even these lack the cohesiveness and bite of his earlier songs. Cohen is no
Singer, yet he is appealing as an interpreter of his own work.

An unfortunate aspect of the music business is that an artist is usually as good as his last album. Cohen is far too strong a talent to be written off as a one-shooter. Let's look forward to his next offering. M.A.

GENE BERTONCINI: Evolution! Gene Bertoncini, guitar; Walter Levinsky, arr. (Elenore; Little Green Apples; Mrs. Robinson; nine more.) Evolution 3001, $4.79.

How do you introduce a superb talent on record? There are several ways. One is to record him up to his own level of instinct, taste, and selectivity, thereby enchanting a minor musical community of professionals whose lives are vitally enmeshed with music and its carriers. Many of them get their albums free.

A more practical if more artistically wasteful production plan would be to introduce the artist in a setting comfortable to the vast majority of people who enjoy music without being dependent upon it in the special way of musicians. These are the people who respond to music without ever really hearing into it. They are not concerned with why they respond. They simply do or do not. They are both the curse and the ultimate joy of the fine musician. In the end, by some mysterious process, this vast half-hearing majority is the judge of how good an artist is. And if he teaches these people, lets their attention, never mind through what musical means, then he can do anything he wants.

Producer Robert Byrne has chosen, wisely I think, to introduce guitarist Gene Bertoncini in a light, tasteful, but commercial position in this debut album. I've heard Gene play in any number of situations, and he is a remarkable guitarist. Despite his youth he is a veteran on record dates, as well as the staff guitarist on both the Johnny Carson and Merv Griffin Shows.

In this album, according to the notes, Bertoncini used 'the classical unamplified guitar with nylon strings instead of the amplified instrument that he plays so well. There's a bite to the sound of the classical guitar that is too little known to a generation exposed only to amplified guitar ... it is an odd and interesting combination: classical-style guitar over a rock rhythm section.'

On Gia's Theme, Bertoncini plays a twelve-string guitar, getting an interesting harpsichord effect. But for me the most significant track is Lennon/McCartney's Hey Jude, which Gene gives a deep Spanish flavor. Apparently even the crudest melody burns with possibilities in the hands and mind of a musician with skill and inquisitiveness.

The album, aimed at the casual listener, shows only a slice of Bertoncini's abilities—plus a hint of more (his attack toward the fade of Hey Jude; occasional series of lovely chords on I Say a Little Prayer). But the thing that makes this album a healthy project, aside from its basic easy charm, is that from this foundation, Gene Bertoncini can go anywhere. And probably will. M.A.

SOLOMON BURKE: Proud Mary. Solomon Burke, vocals; instrumental accompaniment. (These Arms of Mine; I'll Be Doggone; That Lucky Old Sun; Uptight Good Woman; I Can't Stop; five more.) Bell 6033, $4.79. Tape 8 X 6033, 3 3/4 ips, $5.95; 8 X 46033, $5.95; 8 M 86033, $6.95; 8 8 X 56033, $5.95.

EDDIE FLOYD: You've Got to Have Eddie. Eddie Floyd, vocals; instrumen-
tal accompaniment. (That's All; Proud Mary; Long Line Rider; Satisfy My Hunger; Seapull; Too Weak to Fight; six more.) Stax STS 2017, $4.98.

LITTLE MILTON: Grits Ain't Groceries. Little Milton, vocals; instrumental accompaniment (Just a Little Bit; I'll Always Love You; Spring; Steal Away; You're the One, five more.) Checker LPS 3011, $4.98.

Solomon Burke is my favorite rhythm-and-blues singer. I suspect it's because I sense a basic seriousness about him and a tremendous pride: I never feel that he is shuffling to get attention. Furthermore, he is much more interested in the lyric, in the meaning of the song, than in his own posturing, and there are very
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CIRCLE 21 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LEO REISMAN: Volume I. (Stormy Weather: Not for All the Rice in China; Can't We Be Friends; thirteen more.) RCA Victor LPV 565, $4.98 (mono only).

In the early years of the Thirties, when dance bands were more apt to try for novelty than for style, Leo Reisman's band exuded a stylish suavity devoid of gimmickry. Reisman got a superb blend from his saxophones and made excellent use of his clarinets. He had Eddy Duchin playing cross-handed solos on piano (the melody picked out with one finger in the bass). He liked his trumpeters to growl (the used Duke Ellington's Bobber Miley on his memorable recording of What Is This Thing Called Love, which leads off this collection). And he recorded with some fascinating singers: Lee Wiley, Fred Astaire, Clifton Webb, Harold Arlen, Gertrude Nielsen, and Reisman himself, as uninhibited a vocalist as he was a banjo-wielder.

This is an in-and-out Reisman collection. His great period on records ran from 1929 to 1934—brilliantly represented here by Fred Astaire's unforgettable singing of Night and Day in 1932, Mornin' Low, Lee Wiley's Time on My Hands, and the aforementioned What Is This Thing Called Love. But there are also some rather ordinary performances from the late Thirties with forgettable vocalists. It would be unfortunate if these late Thirties pieces were included at the expense of such earlier and altogether performances as Ain't Misbehavin', You've Got That Thing, You Do Something to Me, She's Such a Comfort to Me, and Take It from Me with Lee Wiley. But this, it says, is only Volume 1. Let's hope that's true because, welcome as this disc is, there is still a need for Volume 2.

J.S.W.

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DYNACO SYNERGISM* or how two units combine for even greater value
jazz

LARRY CORYELL: Lady Coryell. Larry Coryell, guitar, bass, and vocals; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones and Bobby Moses, drums. (Sunday Telephone: Lady Coryell; Stiff Neck; seven more.) Vanguard 6509, $4.79.

Fun in a recording studio. Larry Coryell, using multiple dubbing, displays himself as guitar ensemble, vocalist, and composer in a set of pieces that runs a gamut from simple charm to pure self-indulgence. Jimmy Garrison sits in with him on one piece and Elvin Jones on two. The resultant trio comes together well on "Trends Style," but on "Stiff Neck," a seven-minute solo over Jones' drumming, Coryell manages to be overbearingly dull. His overdubbed solo efforts, which make up Side 1, come off somewhat better than his efforts with Garrison and Jones. Coryell gets a nice two-way wah-wah gun and Herman Wright, settles into direct, country simplicity on "Love Child," and he builds Lady Coryell into a complex instrumental piece.

The general effect of the disc is experimental in the sense of try-a-little-of-this, try-a-little-of-that. The result is a bit better than might be expected—sometimes the noodling jells.

J.S.W.

THE RED ONION JAZZ BAND: There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. John Bucher, cornet; Richard Dreiwitz, trombone; Dennis Brady, soprano saxophone and clarinet; Hank Ross, piano; Eric Hassell, banjo; Arnold Hyman, bass; Bob Thompson, drums; Natalie Lamb, vocals. (Downhearted Blues; Trombone Cholly; Cakewalkin' Babies; eight more.) Biograph 12012. $4.98.

Although this recording is a product of a concert held at Town Hall in New York in February of this year, it can not really be called a report of that concert. If memory serves, the occasion offered something close to a fifty-fifty split between songs featuring Natalie Lamb and instrumentals by the Red Onion Jazz Band. The disc, however, is primarily devoted to Miss Lamb. The Red Onions get only four of the eleven selections, to themselves (one is a solo for pianist Hank Ross. Little Rock Getaway) and a few stray choruses on Miss Lamb's pieces.

On a basis of interest and talent, this creates a topsy-turvy situation. Miss Lamb has a strong contralto voice and she has studied the work of Bessie Smith so well that she can reproduce many of the characteristics of Miss Smith's singing—the tone, the phrasing, the timbre. She is not able to do it consistently, but she does it up—she is quite often able to pull it off creditably.

Miss Lamb is limited, however, by the fact that her good as a performer seems to be imitation. It's a good trick when she does it but, beyond that, her performances cannot possibly have the interest of the originals, which are readily available on records.

The Red Onions, on the other hand, are traditionalists who have given up any more imitation. They play within a tradition, but both the ensemble and solos are their own creations. The group has two exceptionally good performers—in solo, ensemble, and accompaniment—in John Bucher, a vital, mellow-toned cornetist and Dennis Brady, a soprano saxophonist who derives from Sidney Bechet without directly copying him. They do a fine job on "Wild Man Blues" and they pick up what might otherwise be faltering attempts on "See See Rider" and Beale Street Blues (Brady shows himself equally adept on clarinet on the latter). The band gives Miss Lamb strong, energizing support with Bucher providing some particularly piquant licks behind her singing.

The disc serves as a good showcase for Miss Lamb but the band deserves a better opportunity to show its wares than it gets here.

J.S.W.

AFTER HOUR BLUES. St. Louis Jimmy (Hard Work Boogie; Your Evil Ways; I Sit Up All Night; State Street Blues).
Sunnyland Slim (When I Was Young). Eurreal "Little Brother" Montgomery (Vicksburg Blues; A & B Blues; After Hour Blues; Little Brother Stomp; No Special Rider). Biograph 12010, $4.98 (mono only).

A fine mixture of raw-boned blues, cleanly recorded in 1949 (although the original source is not indicated) is brought together on this disc. St. Louis Jimmy (James Oden) is a leather-voiced singer with a vibrant force that is reminiscent of Ollie Shepard. He drives home three songs with excellent piano accompaniment and the twangy accents of an electric guitar. He is also credited with a piano solo that follows much the same phrasing and attack as his singing.

Rhythm-and-blues, circa 1949, is represented by two takes of When I Was Young by Sunnyland Slim. He shouts his blues in Joe Turner style against a background of clipped riffs by a band which suddenly bursts out into a gut-straining saxophone solo.

The third element in the collection is the piano blues of Little Brother Montgomery. Montgomery is a basic pianist who is best known for Vicksburg Blues, a strong deliberate piece with a boogie bass and hammered treble phrases, which he plays twice on the disc—one version recorded in 1949, the other done in 1930 for Paramount (sung and played much slower than the 1949 piano-solo version). He stays with a boogie-woogie basis on three of his four pieces, breaking out of the mold in lively fashion on his rollicking Little Brother Stomp which reveals considerably more dexterity than the other pieces. Altogether, the set makes up a surprisingly successful and revealing musical club sandwich. J.S.W.

* HUBERT LAWS: Law's Cause. Hubert Laws, flute and piccolo; Chick Corea, piano; Roland Hanna, harpsichord; Kenny Burrell and Eric Gale, guitar; Jimmy Owens, fluegelhorn and trumpet; Karl Porter, bassoon; Sam Brown, sitar; Ron Carter, bass; Chuck Rainey, Fender bass; Grady Tate, drums; Melba Moore, vocal; Hubert Laws, Chick Corea, and John Murtaugh, arr. (Please Let Go; Windows: A Day With You; three more.) Atlantic SD 1509, $5.79.

Ordinarily, jazz is John S. Wilson's turf because he's so good at it. But I especially wanted to review this one. Hubert Laws is a reed player—primarily flute here, with some piccolo (I wouldn't be surprised if he plays all the saxes too).

Laws is first, as composer Johnny Mandel put it, "one hundred percent professional." In case you think that praise based on professionalism is faintly damning, having little to do with a musician's soul, think again. In music, a good definition of professionalism is the intuitive and educated ability to make right choices and carry them through. Nearly always, musical value is dependent upon this quality.

Hubert Laws plays with that deceptive effortless known only to the chronically skilled. He has the gift of tone and the gift of melody. Aside from his own earlier albums, Laws is a studio musician, heard on such albums as Don Sebesky's The Distant Galaxy. Three factors make this present set consistantly good: fine material, excellent fellow musicians, and first-rate engineering (not surprisingly, one of the engineers was the master himself, Phil Ramone).

One of the best tracks is No More, written and arranged by Laws. It is gospel in flavor if not in lyric, and wonderfully sung by Melba Moore. With promotion, the song could make it in several chart categories, from Easy Listening to Rhythm and Blues. Interesting for different reasons is Trio for Flute, Bassoon, and Piano, written by pianist Chick Corea. It's a delicate and superbly played piece using some of the mechanics of atonality and rhythmic adventurousness in a quite tunal, accessible way. In short, you don't have to be avant-garde to dig it.

Pianist Corea's style pervades the album. He is of the Bill Evans school. No offense should be taken. Corea is his own man, but his affinity to the Evans approach has caused him to develop in a particularly sensitive way. Other tracks are equally diverse and well executed. I find the sound of the flute irresistible even when it's less than expertly played. But when you discover a player like Hubert Laws, you fall in love with the sound all over again.

M.A.
LINDA RONSTADT: Hand Sown . . . Home Grown. Capitol ST 208, $4.98. Linda Ronstadt, formerly lead singer of the Stone Pones, is in the Judy Collins bag, but stronger. All tunes are hummable.

BETTYE SWANN: The Soul View Now! Capitol ST 190, $4.98. There are very few good female soul singers—Tina Turner and Aretha Franklin are perhaps the best—but Bettye Swann sounds like she could become one of them. There are some good performances here but she mimics Otis Redding too much for my taste. Maybe there'll be more fire next time.

CAROLYN HESTER COALITION. Metromedia MD 1001, $4.98. Miss Hester is another folklor who's gone rock, with the able help of Dave Blume, Steve Wolfe, and Skeeter Camera. I could do without Miss Hester's little-girl quality, but there are several haunting, well-arranged and well-performed songs in this set. M.A.

JERRY WALKER: Drifting' Way of Life. Vanguard VSD 6521, $4.79. Jerry Jeff Walker—singer, guitarist, and songwriter—is one of the best of the new crop of folk-rockers. The album was recorded in Nashville, natchey.

CAROLYN FRANKLIN: Baby Dynamite. RCA Victor LSP 4160, $4.98. RCA often acts on the principle that nothing succeeds like an imitation of success. This time it's Aretha you-know-who's youngest sister, Carolyn. The album is overly smooth and lacks bite, but for a debut it's OK.

DAVE GRUSIN: Winning. Decca DL 79169, $5.98. A study in the unpretentious, this album of a soundtrack score by one of the most skilled of the jazz-pop trained composers in the film industry is quietly fetching. It's built pretty much around current rock-pop devices, and they're well-used.

ROBIN WILSON. A & M SP 4153, $4.98. Another female vocal entry from A & M. Miss Wilson is very showy, with an energetically pretty voice of the Michele Lee school. Fine debut. M.A.

DELANEY & BONNIE: Accept No Substitute. Elektra EKS 74039, $4.98. Tape: M X 4039, $5.95; M X 44039, $5.95; M 84039, $6.95; M X 54039, $5.95.

I have a weakness for boy-girl duos stretching back before Paul and Paula. Delaney and Bonnie are blue-eyed soulsters with a Memphis sound. Everything about the album works. Five stars.

THE COWSILLS: In Concert. M-G-M SE 4619, $4.98. Tape: M X 4619, 3 3/4 ips, $5.95; M 4619, $5.95. If you haven't yet been convinced that the Cowsills family are a first-rate group, this collection of other people's hits ought to turn the trick. Their own version of Hair is also included.

GRATEFUL DEAD: Aoxomoxoa. Warner Bros./7 Arts 1790, $4.98. Surprisingly, the Dead have made a boring album. I don't know quite why, but it just seems to sit there. Tired blood perhaps? Skip it.

CHUCK BERRY: Concerto in B Bode. Mercury SR 61223, $4.98. Mercury continues its assault on Chuck Berry with the release of this "concerto." The other side is a stone blues and the best things he's done for the label: buy only this side.

THE NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND: Alive! Liberty LST 7511, $4.98. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band is a versatile sextet whose thing is mainly folk-rock and good-timey music. Included here is a very funny reminiscence of high school life in the mid-Fifties.

DANNY KALB and STEFAN GROSSMAN: Crosscurrent. Cotillion SD 9007, $4.98. Tape: M 89007, $6.95; X 59007, $5.95. Danny Kalb and Stefan Grossman are folk musicians who never very comfortably adjusted to the rock revolution. Here their guitars are beautifully at home (backed by drums, bass, and harmonica) on ten tunes mostly by Grossman. This is really a beautiful record.

BILLIE JOE BECOAT: Reflections from a Cracked Mirror. Fantasy B392, $4.98. Billie Joe Becoat is a black singer, harpist, and guitarist who writes songs like Bob Dylan (the old, "political" Bob Dylan). Four years ago this would have been a blackblocker. Today it's a solid and entertaining job—and I've played it over and over.

JOANNE VENT: The Black and White of It Is Blues. A & M SP 4156, $4.98. Without meaning to be, twenty-three-year-old Miss Vent is a gimmick. She is a small, pretty, blond young lady who sings as if she were Aretha Franklin's sister. And it's for real. A powerful talent.

ELVIS PRESLEY: From Elvis in Memphis. RCA Victor LSP 4155, $4.98. Tape: M TP3 1013, 3 3/4 ips, $6.95; M 1405, $6.95. Elvis has been through a number of stages and his latest is the best. Included is his hit In The Ghetto. And he manages to turn Gentle On My Mind into a sexy song.

ALBERT KING: King Does the King's Things. Stax STS 2015, $3.48. Tape: M X 2015, 3 3/4 ips, $5.95; M X 42015, $5.95. Albert King is a noted bluesman, but he does much better with rock. Here is a collection of Presley tunes from the Fifties. It's King's best album to date.
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SEPTEMBER 1969
The Expanding World of Cassettes. The tiny cassette, gradual as its technological progress may be, offers an ever-expanding repertory of immense musical variety. One of the most individually programmed new cassette releases is Angel's "West Meets East," a fusion of the best-selling two-disc edition but omitting the less pertinent Enesco Sonata and Bartók duos (Angel 4XS 36578, $5.98). The two sitar-violin-tabla trios by Ravi Shankar, Venu Shanti Menumbh, and Alla Rakha (especially the exciting Raga Pilto) and the four sitar-tabla duos (the engagingly tuneful Dhan in particular) form persuasive introductions to the Indian musical idiom. This release, moreover, is an outstanding example of current cassette sonics and processing at their very best.

Looking toward other horizons, the miniature format's somewhat tentative explorations of the musical past have been considerably accelerated by the appearance of Archive cassettes imported by DGG's new American representative, Polydor. The Archive cassettes justify the premium price of $6.95 not only by their musicalological attractions, but by their exceptionally handsonic labeling and learned notes. There is even a complete English libretto provided with Purcell's Dido and Aeneas (924 011), a scholarly version conducted by Charles Mackerras, starring Tatiana Troyanos and Barry McDaniel in the title roles. The performance itself is an admirable one, although less exciting and less immediately endearing than Anthony Lewis' memorable version for London-Ossetu-Lyre—which, lamentably, too, has not yet been issued in its February 1964 open-reel edition. More striking interpretatively are the magnificent Ralph Kirkpatrick/Rudolf Baumgartner versions of Bach's First and Second Harpsichord Inventions. Two pertinent notes: first, like the first two, these 1959 recordings give no signs of age. Also worthy of note are Handel's Second and Third Double Concertos, coupled with the well-known Royal Fireworks Music (924 009). These performances, featuring authentic instruments of the period, are led straightforwardly by August Wenzinger.

Authentic and period-styled instruments also enhance the appeal of two other Archive cassette programs which I still treasure in the open-reel editions of February 1967 and January 1969. The former is the Collegium Musicum's delectable sampling of Renaissance dances and dance suites by Praetorius, Widmann, and Schein (924 002); the latter is a coupling of the Bach Cantatas No. 80, Ein feste Burg, and No. 140, Wacht auf, by the Leipzig Thomianchor and Gewandhaus Orchestra under Erhard Mauersberger (924 007). And again I insist that now the Bach lovers are afforded to miss the "Wie selig" duet in Cantata No. 80, enchantingly sung by her. The punchline: "and dance suites by..."

Stereo 8 Byways. Meanwhile, the 8-track endless-loop cartridge catalogues continue to explore a far-out musical repertory with "Music from the Morning of the World," featuring gamelan-gong orchestras and singers recorded in Bali by David Lewiston (Nonesuch/Ampex NSM 82015, $6.95). The indefatigable ostinato phrases and rhythms of this communal and functional music-making (never intended for "concert" listening) may well prove far less monotonous to occidental ears when overhead, as it were, while driving. And, of course, the exotic novelty of this music is amusingly italicized by the incongruous environment of Western highway traffic.

Also from Nonesuch/Ampex, at $6.95 each, are two unusual cartridge programs: the Sibelius Kalevala Legends, Op. 22 (NSM 10201) and a collection of "Masterspieces for Organ," Vol. I devoted to the North German school (NSM 1100). The four Finnish tone poems, which include the hitherto unrecorded Lemminkäinen and the Maidens of the Island and Lemminkäinen in Tuonela as well as the more familiar Swan of Tuonela and Lemminkäinen's Homeward Journey, are played by the Buffalo Philharmonic under Lukas Foss. The musicians generate an appropriate driving energy for the three livelier pieces, which are both better suited to the orchestra's extravert sensibilities and to audition-in-motion than Sibelius' haunting Swan evocation. The pre-Bach organ works include preludes and fugues, fantasias, and chorale preludes by such historical giants as Buxtehude, Tunder, Bruhns, Kneller, Handl, Weckmann, Böhm, and Bruckner, played on an unspecified, probably late-baroque instrument by Ulgen Ernst Hansen. And, starting as it may seem, the music of this era could not be heard in more appropriate surroundings than the interior of a speeding automobile: these masters of polyphonic textures generated and controlled tremendous flows of rhythmic energy that foreshadowed the tempo of today's Machine Age. Incidentally, these last three programs also are released in 3/4ips open-reel editions (Nonesuch/Ampex NSE 2015, NSE 1203, and NSE 1100 respectively) at a bargain price of only $4.95 each. Unlike the lamentably unannotated cartridges, these tapes include notes on the back of each sleeve. Since for once, the reel collector pays less yet gets more than his cartridge-tape neighbor.

Reeling in the Big Sounds. For genuine wide-range sonics, of course, neither cassette nor cartridge can compare. Small-car- mounted speakers can possibly compete with today's finest 7½-ips tapes played over a well-equipped home system. And for many audiophiles the extra costs usually involved seem well worth the investment—even when the particular recording at hand is more impressive for its technological fascination than its interpretation. Two pertinent new releases are the Verdi Requiem by Georg Solti, with Sutherland, Horne, Pavarotti, and Talvela as soloists, the Vienna State Opera Chorus, and the Vienna Philharmonic (London/Ampex EX+ DGC 90146, double-play, 84 min., $11.95). The other is the Richard Strauss tone poem Also sprach Zarathustra with Zubin Mehta conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic (London/Ampex LCL 80209, 33 min., $7.95).

For me, Solti's magnificently dramatic reading of the Requiem and the fine choral and orchestral performances are discouragingly handicapped by the routine singing of the famed soloists. Hence, I continue to prefer the memorable 1962 Reiner/RCA taping; yet since that performance has been inexcusably deleted, my current recommendation is the 1963 Giulini/Angel reel version. Nevertheless, the new London edition is a must for big-sound fanciers.

I can't honestly recommend this performance of the Strauss tone poem, however. Neither Mehta's ripely romanticized, highly mannered reading nor the Los Angeles Philharmonic's playing of any serious competition to the renowned 1963 Reiner/Chicago reel version, FTC 2115. Even the recording qualities themselves are less satisfactory—except, perhaps, for a few details such as the support and weight of some double-bass and tuba passages, and the clearly audible strokes of the midnight thunders at the climax of the work. Yet while the stereos here is almost grotesquely bottom-heavy at times and wholly unlike anything ever heard "live" in any concert hall, curious audiophiles may want to hear it at least once, both as an awesome example of experimentation gone wrong and for what must be the ultimate in solid, elephantine, floor-shaking low frequencies.

Introduction to Bruckner. I recommend the long-awaited first tape edition of Bruckner's symphonies, particularly to timorous collectors who have shied away from this composer's symphonies because of their reputation for dense textures and extreme length. Like the delectable Symphony No. 0 (Die Kulte) taped by Haitink for Philips [HF, Feb. 1968] and the infectiously vital Second taped by Jochum for DGG [HF, May 1968], the Symphony No. 1 is more immediately appealing and less demanding than the others. And if it too is less grand in stature, this symphony is typically Brucknerian in its broad melodies, exultantly driving rhythms, and clarion scoring for brass. Bruckner specialists should also be delighted—the present performance by the Berlin Philharmonic under Eugen Jochum is an excellent one, flawlessly recorded (Deutsche Grammophon/Ampex EX+ DGC 91131, 47 min., $7.95). Now, please, let us hear the Bruckner Third, the only one of the formal Nine still missing from the reel repertoire.
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SEPTEMBER 1969

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Only Sherwood, with almost two decades of precise engineering experience and dedication to quality can produce this top of the industry, SEL 200 FM receiver. It's designed for those who love the definitive instrumentation of natural concert hall sound. The cleanest encompassing wall-to-wall sound with power to spare regardless of the distance from FM transmission or structural obstruction. The SEL 200 embodies every worthwhile technical advancement ever developed with no compromise in quality, manufacturing or design. Regardless of higher prices for comparable receivers nothing made can surpass the superiority of Sherwood's SEL 200.

Some Specifications and Features of the SEL 200

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AMPLIFIER POWER (in watts)</th>
<th>Speaker Impedance</th>
<th>HF Power</th>
<th>R.M.S. Power</th>
<th>Distortion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4 OHMS</td>
<td>275</td>
<td>85 + 85</td>
<td>0.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8 OHMS</td>
<td>140</td>
<td>60 + 60</td>
<td>0.2%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- 1.5 µv (HF) FM sensitivity (for 30 dB quieting at 0.8% distortion)
- 0.9 µv FM sensitivity (for 20 dB quieting)
- 3 µv (for 50 dB quieting)
- EXCLUSIVE new “Legends” Toroidal FM IF Filter—permanently aligned.
- The industry’s most-perfect filter for minimum distortion and superior selectivity
- EXCLUSIVE FET Side-band Hush—no “Thumps” when tuning stations—no chance for extraneous responses
- 4-Gang, 3-FET FM RF front-end tuner
- 3-stage microcircuit limiting
- FM Stereo-only Switch—selects stereo stations, rejects all others
- Main/Remote/Mono Speaker Switches
- controls 3 independent systems in any combination
- 2 Tuning Meters:
  (1) Zero-Center for pin-point accuracy,
  (2) Field-Strength for antenna orientation
- Extra Tape Monitoring Jack on front panel
- Extra Tape Monitoring Jack on front panel
- Panel-Light Dimming control on front panel
- Stereo/Mono Indicator Lights; phono/auxiliary source pilot lights
- Three-year Factory Guarantee, Parts and Labor
- Handsome Oiled-Walnut Cabinet included (no extra cost)
- Overall Size in Cabinet (H, W, D): 6 1/4 x 19 1/4 x 14 in.

So Conservatively Priced at only $599.00

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INNOVATORS IN FINEST QUALITY TUNERS / AMPLIFIERS / RECEIVERS / SPEAKERS
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7 arguments in favor of building your own speaker system from scratch.

The easiest way to buy high fidelity speakers may not always be the best. Because a complete pre-packaged system may be far from what you need. Consider some of the advantages of separate component loudspeakers:

1. You choose from an almost infinite variety of sizes and levels of performance. Your system will exactly reflect your specific listening preferences.
2. You save space by building speakers into walls, ceilings, closet doors, even in floors! Or use existing cabinets or custom-built enclosures that better suit your decor than any mass-produced system.
3. You enhance the illusion of "live" music by hiding or disguising the sound source. You listen to the music—not the speakers.
4. You end the conflict between fine sound and handsome decor by making the speaker system an integral part of the room or the furniture.
5. You save money by paying only for performance.
6. You can up-date your component system as often as you wish to meet advances in the state of the art.
7. You can use the building-block method of planned improvement as your budget permits. There's no problem of being "stuck" with a compact that fits today's budget but can't meet your ultimate listening goals.

Take a few minutes to study the variety of Electro-Voice component speakers. 21 models from $14.00 to $250.00. From super-tweeters to giant 30" woofers. Consider how they can aid in creating a speaker system that uniquely expresses your musical needs. And ask your Electro-Voice high fidelity specialist for his recommendation. Finally, take the time to listen carefully. Freedom of choice. It's at the nub of high fidelity.

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