STEREO EQUIPMENT · RECORDS · MUSIC NOVEMBER 1967 60¢

HIGH FIDELITY

ICD

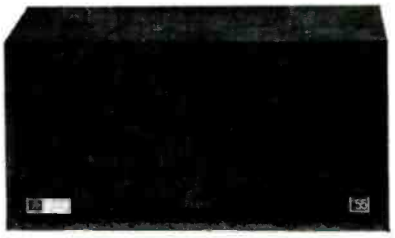
rock

articles by
glenn gould
gene lees
morgan ames

Speakers

The Fisher XP-33

The XP-33 ultracompact free-piston loudspeaker system has a 6-inch low-resonance woofer, a 2½-inch tweeter and an L-C crossover network. Frequency response: 38-18,500 Hz. 7″ x 13″ x 6″ deep. $99.00 per pair.



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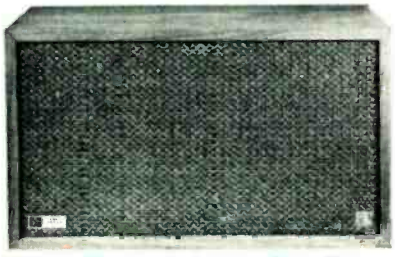
The XP-55 compact speaker system features an 8-inch bass driver, 2½-inch treble speaker and an L-C crossover. Frequency response: 37-19,000 Hz. 10″ x 20″ x 9″ deep. $59.50.



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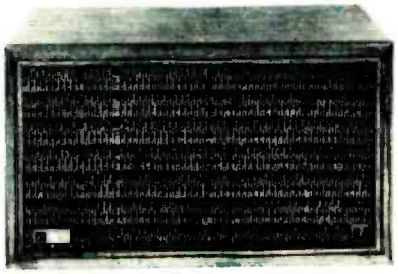

The Fisher XP-7

The XP-7 is a three-way speaker system with four speakers: a 12-inch woofer, two linear-matched 5-inch midrange drivers and a 1½-inch soft dome tweeter. It has crossovers at 300 and 2500 Hz. Frequency response: 30-20,000 Hz. 14″ x 24½″ x 12″ deep. $149.50.

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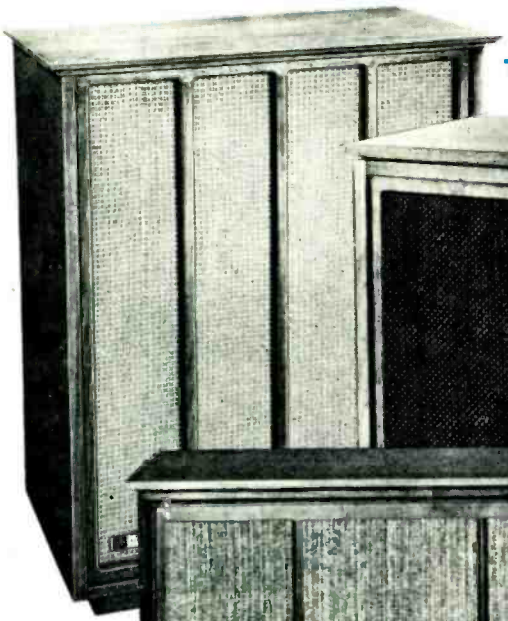
The XP-9B is a four-way free-piston loudspeaker system with a 12-inch woofer, a 6-inch lower midrange speaker, a 5-inch upper midrange speaker and a 1½-inch soft-dome tweeter. It has extra-heavy magnets, 300, 1000 and 2500 Hz crossovers. Frequency response: 28-22,000 Hz. 14″ x 24½″ x 12″ deep. $199.50.



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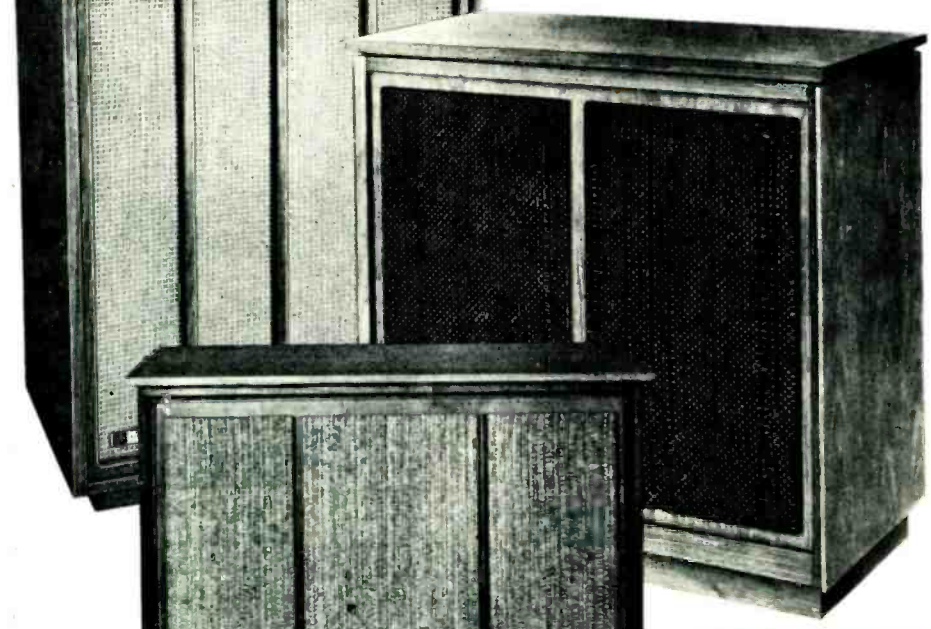

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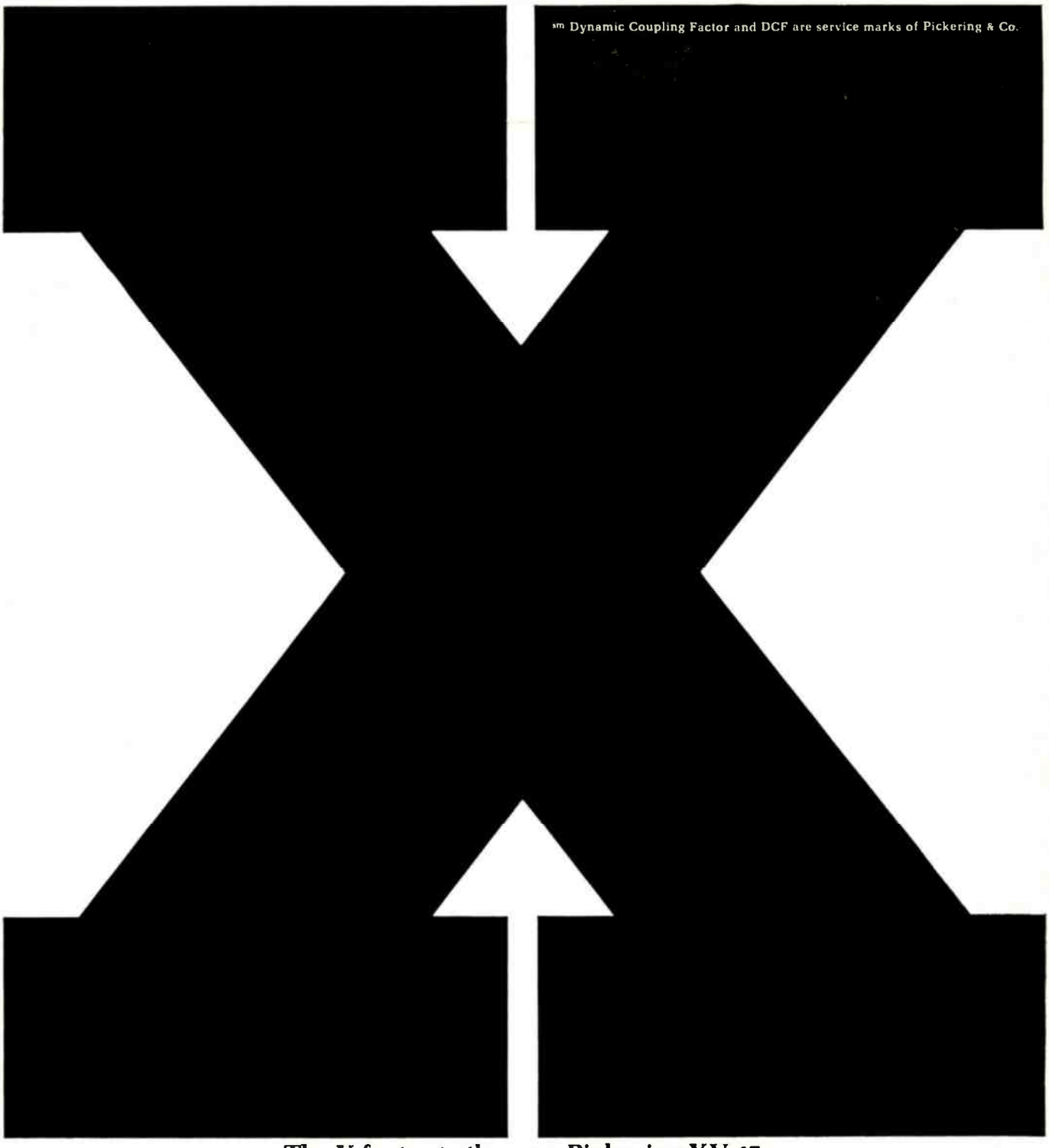

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CIRCLE 54 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY VOL. 17 NO. 11 NOVEMBER 1967

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AUDIO AND VIDEO

RECORDINGS

Published at Great Barrington, Mass. 01230 by Billboard Publications, Inc. Second-class postage paid at Great Barrington and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa and for payment of postage in cash. High Fidelity/Musical America Edition is published monthly except December when it is published semi-monthly. Subscription in the U.S.A. and its Possessions, $12; elsewhere, $13. Subscription including Concert Artist Directory Issue published in December, $17, in the U.S.A. and its Possessions; elsewhere, $18. Regular issues 75¢ a copy. National and other editions published monthly. Subscription in the U.S.A. and its Possessions, $7; elsewhere, $8. Regular issues 60¢ a copy. Indexed in the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature. Change of address notices and undelivered copies (Form 3579) should be addressed to High Fidelity, Subscription Department, 2160 Patterson Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45214. Please state both old and new addresses when requesting a change.

Coming Next Month In

HIGH FIDELITY

THE CABLE: PARASITE OR PANACEA?

Did you know that residents of McAllen, Tex. and Ottawa, Ill. enjoy a greater variety of TV fare—on more TV channels—than New York City dwellers? Or that the Yankees games are received more clearly in Massachusetts than they are just across the street from the Empire State Building transmitter? It's true. And the secret is cable television. Learn more about CATV in the December issue.

STEREO CHRISTMAS GOODIES FOR UNDER $30

Check this survey of inexpensive audio gifts before doing your Christmas shopping. Whether you play records or tape, these presents can make you believe in Santa again.

ALICIA DE LARROCHA ON GRANADOS

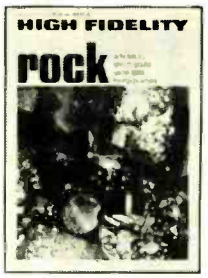
Enrique Granados was born a hundred years ago and died forty-nine years later, the victim of a World War I torpedo. Next month Spain's outstanding pianist and leading Granados exponent honors the composer's centenary and illuminates the conflicts within his music.

"THE STORY OF GREAT MUSIC" A CAUTIONARY TALE

Time-Life has put out many sumptuous packages, covering everything from history to science. Its latest project tackles music. Next month we take a look at the results—and see what they imply about American culture today.

WE COVER THE SHOW

If you missed the New York High Fidelity Show in its new habitat this fall, you'll want to read our illustrated coverage of it in "News & Views." All the new equipment was there.



Cover: Photo of The Byrds by Gene Lees

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Now, without paying a cent or obligating yourself in any way, you can join for three months the one record club that has every single advantage and none of the disadvantages of all the others—including those advertised in this and similar publications. (Your trial membership applies equally to phonograph records and 4-track recorded tapes.)

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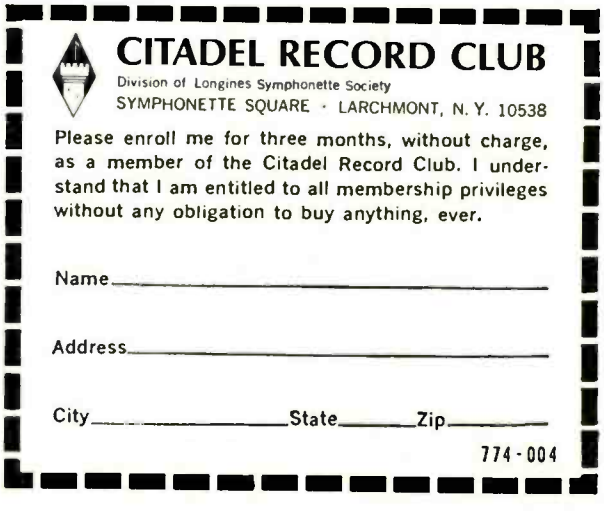

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CIRCLE 16 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

hears it that way: Ornstein's performance of Debussy's *Reflets dans l'eau* is full of this special tone color. Does a pianist *ever* use "extremes of the dynamic range from the loudest to softest or vice versa"? Even if a pianist does employ such extremes, the physics of pneumatic tension under partial vacuum shows that this is no problem at all for the reproducing piano—especially the Duo-Art. An attempt *was* made to "compensate for variations in acoustical environment"—the Model B Ampico was specially adjusted with basic pump pressure for the individual piano in which the machine was installed, and the pressure varied considerably from piano to piano.

Perhaps "many of today's collectors are simply gadgeteers" but I have heard, in person, fine reproducing pianos all over the world: Phil Hill's wonderful instruments in Santa Monica; Ken Caswell's Welte in Houston; Larry Given's collection in Pittsburgh; the excellent instruments of John Farmer and Gerald Stonehill in London; as well as many carefully restored and well-adjusted reproducers here in Australia.

Denis Condon
Sydney, Australia

The Messrs. Benko and Santaella reply: "We did not intend to start a controversy among various piano-roll collectors who feel constrained to defend their chosen piano, whether Duo-Art, Ampico, or Welte. We hoped our article would clarify some of the more hazy points that have been confusing music lovers for years. So much misinformation has been purveyed concerning piano rolls that it comes as no surprise to hear of an 'authority' who claims that Busoni never made Duo-Art rolls; this is nonsense. Some of Busoni's Hupfeld rolls were 'transferred' to other companies, but the fact is that he did record for Duo-Art; that his Duo-Art rolls are not 'transfers' is attested by letters, pictures, and other source material in the collection of the International Piano Library, documenting just when, where, and how he recorded for Duo-Art.

"As for sources relating to early piano-roll recording, the situation is problematic. The vast amount of publicity and claims spewed out by the player piano companies themselves is entirely suspect. The claims made by Ampico and Duo-Art in contemporary advertisements for a highly competitive market sometimes were outright lies. Even so, we believe that W. Creary Woods, who personally supervised the recording of the majority of the Duo-Art rolls, cannot be said to be an 'unreliable source,' and surely the best authority concerning Ganz rolls is Dr. Ganz himself.

"We repeat that none of the reproducing pianos could accentuate a note within a chord without resorting to extramusical

Continued on page 12

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Never underestimate the importance of good heredity. Or of good environment. Our 711B Stereo FM Receiver has both going for it.

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Matter of fact, Altec probably supplies more professional audio equipment for recording and broadcast studios, concert halls, stadiums and similar centers, than any other manufacturer in the field.

As a result, what's new to others is pretty old hat to us. Solid state, for example. We pioneered in the use of transistors for audio circuits over 10 years ago, developing special amplifiers that are used by telephone companies throughout the country, to give you better service.

With a background like this, it stands to reason the 711B would be something special. That it would have an FET front end and integrated circuits as a matter of course. (Fact is, there are two of them in the IF strip, each replacing 10 transistors for outstanding selectivity.) And the capture ratio is an impressive 2.5 dB.

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The 711B is yours for $399.50. And if you want to hear it at its best, choose a pair of matching Altec speaker systems. That way, you'll all be in good company.

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CIRCLE 8 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

contrivances. *By cutting the perforation corresponding to a specific note within a chord a fraction before that chord begins, one can create the illusion of a chord with an accented note—but any fine musical ear can detect this deception. In the September 'Letters' column Gerald Stonehill, a Duo-Art enthusiast, stated that the pianos could 'indeed half-pedal; and now Denis Condon, an Ampico specialist, says they could only 'simulate' such effects. The truth of the matter is that in all reproducing systems, the pedal is simply activated by a perforation turning it 'on' or 'off'—nothing more. Therefore, the pianos could not vary the speed with which the pedal is depressed or released, nor could they depress or release the pedal partially, nor could they reproduce any of the many other pedal nuances used by all pianists. As for acoustical environment: we were not referring to the relatively simple matter of more or less pressure in the pump of the piano, but to much more complex specifics, problems which the reproducing pianos could not solve.*

"The reproducing piano did engender many successful recordings; but all rolls are not the perfect re-creations that people once believed them to be."

The Embeatled Mr. Lees

SIR:

I am a Beatles fan, a breed "which wert farst dying," to quote John. The article by Gene Lees on "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" [August 1967] was interesting but not always accurate. The title song was never *meant* to be particularly deep. Paul (the lead singer here) is imitating a pitchman and the song is just a lively introduction to the album. Mr. Lees completely misunderstood *A Little Help from My Friends*. The singer is Ringo, the Beatle with steel wool vocal chords: he says that his "friends" (the other three Beatles) are around to help him sing a song . . . well, not *too* out of tune.

However, Mr. Lees was the only critic who truly felt the real meaning of *A Day in the Life*, and for this I am very thankful. Most people said "Oh! Drugs! Quick!! Get it off the air!!!" without really even listening to it.

Kathy Gibbs
Orange, Texas

Voice of Authority

SIR:

I would like to compliment you on the article by Edward J. Foster "How We Judge Tape Recorders" [August 1967]. There can never be enough authoritative articles of this sort in HIGH FIDELITY. Keep up the good work.

G. C. Jefferson
New York, N.Y.

Continued on page 14

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CIRCLE 43 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

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Make Way for Youth

SIR:

Don't you think you are stacking the deck when you get an "old-timer" like B. H. Haggin to tell all us young folks how great Toscanini was [Feature Record Review, June and August 1967]? It would seem far more impartial, as well as more interesting, to have a reviewer unmarked by years of Toscanini worship reflect upon what the so-called Master wrought in his many recordings. From the evidence of my young ears, I don't hear anything that leads me to believe he was so superior to Bodanzky, Mengelberg, Furtwängler, Rodzinski, or Stokowski; and, in the case of some of the operas, he is distinctly inferior to Solti, Karajan, and Serafin.

I doubt very much if I am the only one getting extremely tired of this excessive worship of Toscanini to which readers of your magazine are subjected monthly. Let's have a little "off with the old and on with the new!"

Stephanie von Buchau
Larkspur, Calif.

For a comparatively youthful view of Toscanini, untainted by personal exposure to the Maestro, see this month's "Repeat Performance" on page 48.

Comments on Mahler

SIR:

Congratulations on the brilliant and illuminating article on Mahler by Leonard Bernstein and the thorough, perceptive Mahler discography by Bernard Jacobson. There are few critics who have written with such depth and understanding on the greatest of all symphonic composers.

Ernest V. Ghareeb
Springfield, Mass.

SIR:

Praises to Leonard Bernstein for his article "Mahler: His Time Has Come" and brickbats to Bernard Jacobson for his Mahler discography. Can Mr. Jacobson read an orchestra score? Like so many other critics, he praises the Otto Klemperer reading of the *Resurrection* Symphony despite the conductor's flagrant disregard of so many of Mahler's carefully notated instructions. He simply stands aside and lets the music limp past. The intonation of many wind players is atrocious and the over-all ensemble playing is terrible. It's strange that your critic doesn't mention any of this.

Mr. Jacobson also gives high marks to the Solti recording of this symphony. Solti's version doesn't even sound like Mahler. There is a special Mahler orchestral sound (something Mr. Bernstein

Continued on page 16

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CIRCLE 18 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 14

conjures up so ably) that Solti fails to convey: his Mahler sounds like any one of many different composers. Also, if the Solti version is so marvelously engineered, where are all those percussion felicities one sees in the score, especially in the high and low gong department? Where are those *fortissimo* bass drum strokes and rolls?

And finally, Mr. Jacobson's blatant dismissal of Ormandy's magnificent reading of the Tenth is sheer blasphemy.

Michael McFarland
Greenville, Ohio

SIR:
Thank you for your great Mahler issue. Based on the opinions expressed in Bernard Jacobson's article "The Mahler Symphonies on Records," I have all the bad recordings. Considering the gratification I've received from them, I'm forced to conclude that Mahler must be even greater than I thought.

Philip Shapiro
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:
It is my opinion that articles such as Bernard Jacobson's "The Mahler Symphonies on Records" are of interest only to a very small proportion of your readers. I do not mean that the subject matter is unworthy—far from it—but Mr. Jacobson's discussion of abstruse technical musical considerations can only be of interest to professional musicians. What I would have liked to find out from the article was the quality of the recordings, the degree of stereo separation, and whether the recording was realistic.

I think that a long critique of a conductor's musical interpretation is an utter waste of time. One can find completely opposite opinions from critics in other magazines—even from other critics in your own magazine.

Lester F. Keene
Cocoa, Fla.

SIR:
Your September issue was really outstanding, even for your excellent magazine. Leonard Bernstein's article on Gustav Mahler made many interesting and informative points while the Mahler symphony discography by Bernard Jacobson was also quite helpful.

But a point to quibble: how *can* Mr. Jacobson possibly criticize Eugene Ormandy's Columbia reading of Mahler's Tenth so harshly? When the recording was first released, it was deservedly praised to the skies and while the interpretation may not be perfect, Mahler shines through every gloriously played note. Otherwise, I think Mr. Jacobson did a superb job in his discography and I'm sure that it will be a valuable reference for years to come.

Douglas Brock
Vernon, Ala.

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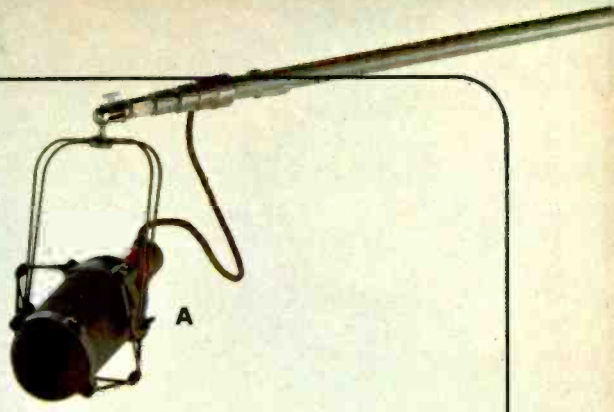

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by Norman Eisenberg

CBS Video Cartridge Plays Through TV Sets

IT IS DIFFICULT not to begin this month's column with an I-told-you-so preface, and so we will do just that, actually by way of a recap of a development that has had everyone mystified for some time and which finally has come into the open. We are referring to the CBS cartridge film system for playback through your TV set. In the spring of last year the first hints of this item described it vaguely as a "video disc" made of metal and about three-eighths of an inch thick. We suggested in these pages ("Home Video Tape," August 1966) that the "disc" actually may have been a metal can which housed a tape, and so would be more in the nature of a video cartridge, a form which struck us as eminently suited for home use. Well we were right all the way except for one thing: it's not tape, it's movie film.

But what film! It is thinner than any previous film, it is 8.75 millimeters wide, and it has no sprocket holes or perforations. According to CBS, it holds more video and audio information than comparable lengths of video tape, and it costs less. The projected commercial cartridges will be seven inches in diameter, and provide up to an hour of monochrome, or half an hour of color, programming. Recording onto it is not part of the consumer package; we'll have to take (that is, buy or rent) cartridges that will be programmed—from other movie film, or video tape, or a live camera—and then duplicated by electronic processes that are being very well guarded by CBS and its British and Swiss chemical affiliates. The system is known as EVR, for electronic video recording.

To play this cartridge, you drop it into the well of its player, about the size of a breadbox, which sits atop your own TV set and connects to its antenna terminals. The film inside the can is threaded, played, rewound, and rejected automatically. Material on the film is scanned by the EVR player and the signal rides through the TV set on an unused channel. If all channels are used by outside TV signals, you'll be able to disconnect them by a switch on the playback device. Inasmuch as the signal from the EVR player is intended to feed through the RF section of a television set, we see no reason why it couldn't be used as a new program source in closed-circuit applications, including the unused channel of a cable TV system. CBS would neither confirm nor deny this suggestion. The EVR unit is color-compatible; that is, if a color film is played on it and fed to a color TV set, you'll see it in color. If it is fed to a black-and-white set, you'll see it that way.

The EVR player's film speed is 5 ips. Unlike any but the costliest video tape machines, the EVR unit permits stopping the medium without any "tearing" or waviness in the image, so that you can examine a single frame for as long as you like. This feature has led the EVR designers to suggest other than cinematic uses for the system—such as recording printed material or diagrams on a film, indexing the frames, and using it as reference or study material (the EVR player will have an index lever to facilitate this use). One cartridge, CBS says, can hold the contents of a 24-volume encyclopedia.

The audio portion of the EVR film is now monophonic sound, although stereo, we were told, "is being thought of." Sonic performance is not specified, but it is "at least as good as normal TV sound."

Although the system will not be publicly demonstrated until next spring, the manufacture of prototype production models already is under way at Thorn Electrical Industries, Ltd., in Britain, while another firm, Ilford Ltd., will produce the first cartridges. Licensing arrangements, to permit machine and cartridge manufacture by others, are anticipated. The system will be marketed abroad before it is introduced in the U.S.A.—just when, we couldn't learn.

Retail price is still not determined, but the price at which the unit will leave the factory is roughly $280 (based on the UK figure of £100). Depending on distribution patterns, this means that the over-the-counter cost to a consumer can be expected to be well under $500. The first cartridges—now being prepared in Britain for educational use—run for twenty minutes and will cost from $7.00 to $14 apiece, depending on the quantity ordered. No one could state what the cost would be of full-length (thirty minutes of color, or sixty minutes of monochrome) cartridges, except that it would be less than equivalent video tapes.

CBS regards EVR as the long-playing video counterpart of the long-playing microgroove disc which it launched about twenty years ago. It does not see it as a threat to television broadcasting but as a supplement for TV receivers. Nor does it feel that the EVR will seriously displace video tape, particularly inasmuch as there is no thought of adding the recording function to the EVR system at the user level. On these points, incidentally, both Ampex and Sony concur.

DON'T BE TRAPPED BY LIVE DEMONSTRATIONS.

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The salesman is amiable enough, the room harmless, but the effects are traumatic.

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☐ It has functional and complete control facilities, arranged simply and logically.
☐ In most living rooms, it will drive virtually any loudspeaker now made. This includes all of ours, except the Model Nine electrostatic.
☐ Its steady-state power (25 watts per channel with both channels driven into 8 ohms) helps provide a solid bass foundation for pipe organ and other instruments that demand large amounts of continuous power.
☐ Its official designation is the KLH* Model Twenty-Seven. It also has a pre-production nickname, "Charlie," that we hate to give up. (We have been calling it Charlie for two years and the name has grown on us.)
☐ Its price is $299.95†
☐ It's worth seeing and hearing for yourself.
☐ For further information write to KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139, Dept. F-4.

The KLH* Model Twenty-Seven

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NOTES

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Szell and Company At Abbey Road

Standing, left to right—concertmaster Druian, engineer Parker, associate conductor Lane; seated—producer Myers, maestro Szell.

LONDON

George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra before the microphones in London—it was something of an event for everyone: for the London end of CBS which had organized the details; for EMI acting as host in its Abbey Road studios; for the recording manager, Paul Myers; for the select group of critics who otherwise would not have heard the orchestra on its European tour; not least for Szell and the Orchestra, making phonographic history with a recording session in Europe.

Admittedly, someone brought up the precedent of the New York Philharmonic's Paris recording of the *Emperor* Concerto with Casadesus, but that was very much a lightning exercise. For the present occasion the aim was to follow Cleveland practice to the letter. Open-ended sessions of the American kind are unknown in England, where fixed three-hour sessions are the rule, complete with regulation tea breaks and an over-all limit on how many minutes of music can be recorded per session. By British standards 10 o'clock is early enough to start a recording session, but by 9:25 a.m. on this August morning the Clevelanders' taxis were rolling up by the score, and already the violinists were striding around energetically, warming up in good time.

Before work began I had a few words with the concertmaster, Rafael Druian, who is an assiduous visitor to London (though not so frequent a performer here as we would like). He told me with pride about the sessions he had just completed with Szell in the latter's old role of pianist—four Mozart violin

Continued on page 30

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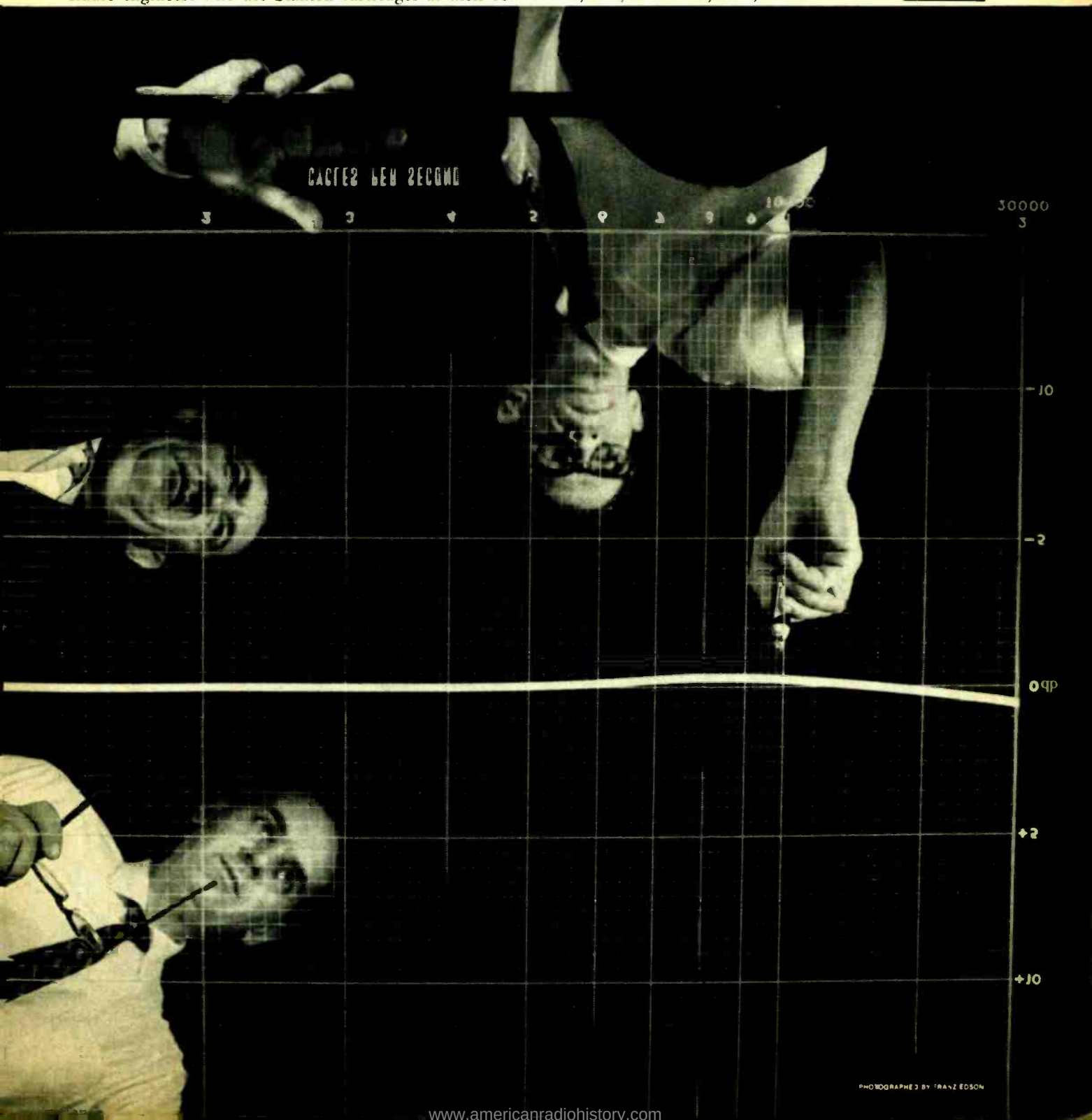
For free literature, write to Stanton Magnetics, Inc., Plainview, L. I., N. Y.

STANTON



 Continued from page 28

sonatas recorded in New York just before the orchestra left for the Edinburgh Festival. Stuart Knussen of the LSO, Britain's most prominent double-bass player, was talking to his opposite numbers. "Didn't know you'd joined the Cleveland?" I remarked in passing. "No such luck!" Beverly Barksdale, the orchestra's general manager, told me he was going to Colin Davis' Prom concert that evening. "Make sure you wait to hear Elgar's First," I insisted.

Clevelanders' Day Off. The mood of anticipation, even of excitement, seemed strange in that No. 1 studio, which more regularly sees orchestras assembling a little blear-eyed after concerts the previous night. The Clevelanders were obviously not minding a bit that one of their free days was being taken from them. The recording session had been sandwiched in between the orchestra's concerts in Edinburgh (August 20-23) and those in Lucerne (August 28-31) on the sound American principle that when you have an instrument of the expensiveness and precision of the Cleveland Orchestra, time is money. This was just an extra session which would otherwise have been held back in Cleveland, and the finished results will not be specially identified as being of European origin. The two Beethoven overtures *Fidelio* and *Leonora* No. 1 will be matched up with existing recordings of the two other *Leonora* overtures; Mozart's Symphony No. 40 will be coupled with more Mozart, probably Symphony No. 39.

By 9:50 a.m. Szell was already talking to the orchestra from the podium, and when at last the clock reached 10:00 a.m. everyone was keyed up. Two complete playings of *Fidelio* in quick succession, a few minutes of extra rehearsal, a playback, a few readjustments of microphones by the EMI engineer, Chris Parker. That took us to 10:40 before the studio red light went on, and we had the first proper take. Once that was in the can, and Szell was satisfied with the sound as well as the performance, things started buzzing. I am not sure that a British orchestra would take kindly to the absence of tea breaks (playback periods being used instead), but Clevelanders seem to thrive on working under pressure.

Barbirolli's Week. Any recording sessions of course, depend a great deal on the temperament of the artists involved—and particularly a conductor's hold on the orchestra. Few maestros get on with the job so professionally as Sir John Barbirolli, and concrete evidence of that came in the week immediately before the Cleveland session. On successive days Barbirolli led the New Philharmonia in Mahler's Sixth Symphony (following up a Prom performance at the Royal Albert Hall); Brahms's First Piano Concerto with Daniel Barenboim; the first movement of the Brahms Second Piano Concerto, again with Barenboim (taking up the session left free when the First was completed ahead of time); Strauss's *Metamorphosen* (to be used as fill-up for the Mahler); Schoenberg's *Pelléas and Mélisande* (fitted in impromptu when two other sessions were not needed for other projects), and Berlioz's song cycle *Nuits d'Eté* with Janet Baker as soloist.

A good week's work, and from popping into the sessions every other day I can bear witness that Barbirolli seemed as fresh as ever at the end. The final sessions were probably the most taxing, not because Janet Baker was difficult to accompany (quite the opposite) but because in this Berlioz cycle even fractional transpositions require reallocation of string parts. "A stupid title," Barbirolli commented without malice. "The poems are all about cemeteries and things!" Whatever they were about, he and Janet Baker found plenty of musical sympathy in the songs, and with no fuss at all (straight complete takes all through the day on every song) the final number was completed to everyone's satisfaction exactly 1½ minutes before the scheduled end of the afternoon session. In six hours Miss Baker had in fact given as many performances of the cycle as she might normally have done in a lifetime, but there was no hint of strain. "She could go on forever with that production," was the comment of a New York friend I had taken along.

Barbirolli on these occasions may sometimes seem easygoing, but suddenly—as in a difficult high violin passage of the Mahler first movement—he will pull the offenders up unrelentingly, making them practice at half-time over and over again. No hard feelings. The New Philharmonia plays all the more committedly afterwards. The one disappointment of the Brahms First Concerto sessions was that Jacqueline Du Pré, married recently to Barenboim during their Israel tour, was not allowed to play the cello solo in the slow movement—no way around the Musicians' Union regulations. Barenboim was lyrical not only in his playing but in his tributes to Sir John. They had agreed on an unusually slow tempo for the first movement of the B flat Concerto, and Barenboim emphasized that only with a conductor completely in sympathy with the soloist would the result be convincing.

He himself took on the role of conductor with the English Chamber Orchestra in sessions devoted to Mozart symphonies (the *Jupiter*, in which Barenboim insisted on exposition repeats in the finale as well as the first movement, and the *Paris*). He also recorded two more in his Mozart Piano Concerto series (K. 271 and K. 415), directing the same orchestra from the keyboard. Meanwhile Ingrid Haebler has been pressing on with her Mozart cycle for Philips, including two Concert Rondos as well as concertos.

Walton cum Chekhov. One exciting and unexpected project has been the recording of Sir William Walton's new one-act comic opera, *The Bear*, first heard at the Aldeburgh Festival this past June. When it was pointed out to EMI that this brilliant adaptation of a Chekhov extravaganza would fit snugly on to a single LP, the project was rushed through in record time, and so the recording was made early in August with exactly the same cast as had given the first performance: the contralto Monica Sinclair as the rich widow, the bass John Shaw as the boorish "Bear," and Norman Lumsden as the widow's servant, with the English Chamber Orchestra under James Lockhart. Sir William came over specially from Ischia for the sessions—he himself is still trying to unravel all the complex musical parodies involved, including some very funny ones of his own music—and the record should be appearing in England before Christmas. As EMI recording manager Kinloch Anderson commented, there is only one slack bar in the whole score, and that comes after precisely twenty-three minutes. "Ideal for the side break," he pointed out.

EDWARD GREENFIELD

ROME

Medea—and Other Operatic Forays

The summer recording season here was nearing its end when the Welsh soprano Gwyneth Jones arrived to take her (considerable) part in it—as Medea in Decca/London's new recording of the Cherubini opera. When I met the titian-haired, green-eyed artist on the first day of sessions, she seemed not the least daunted by the challenging prospect before her. She had never sung in a staged production of the work, she said (in fact, had never seen a staged production), but she felt she knew it inside and out—not surprising, in view of her last year's triumphant New York debut in the role with the American Opera Society in a concert performance led by Lamberto Gardelli. Gardelli, again, was her conductor in Rome, though the cast was different: Pilar Lorengar (Glauce), Fiorenza Cossotto (Neris), Bruno Prevedi (Giasone), and Justino Diaz (Creonte).

After some casual talk, I popped a loaded question: what did Miss Jones think of Callas' recording of *Medea*?

Her immediate reaction was to express her profound admiration for Callas, and not only in *Medea*. But she went on to add: "I think the opera can be interpreted in many ways. My way is going to be very different from

Continued on page 34

Transistors in a turntable? Unusual? Not to Sony engineers. In designing the TTS-3000, they discovered an unusual use. The result: the quietest turntable with the most precise speed regulation of any available today.

The TTS-3000 employs a servo-controlled motor designed to operate at low voltages provided by a solid-state amplifier. To assure precise speed accuracy, the motor is coupled to a small frequency generator. This generator continuously monitors the speed of the turntable. Any deviation from correct speed results in an instantaneous compensating change in the operating voltage supplied by the solid-state amplifier. The motor is not driven directly by the power line voltage or frequency and does not depend on them in any way. The turntable will operate at the correct speed at either a 50 or 60 Hz.

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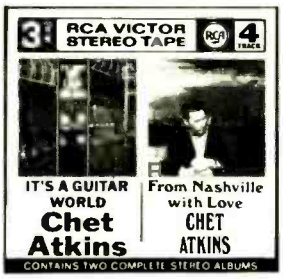
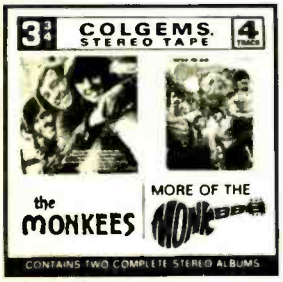
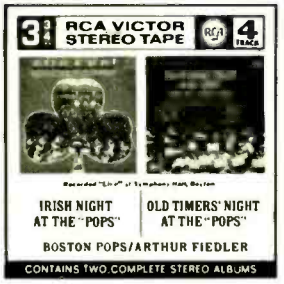
(leave it to Sony to discover another ingenious use for transistors)







Here's what R. D. Darrell wrote in *High Fidelity* in reviewing RCA Victor's first release of thirty-two 3¾-ips reel tapes:

"... an imposing release of over thirty open reels inaugurates the new RCA Victor catalogue of 3¾-ips tapings. Happily, the visual attractions of the new box-cover designs, reel labels, and distinctive gold-colored plastic used for the reels themselves are not belied by the sonic attractions.

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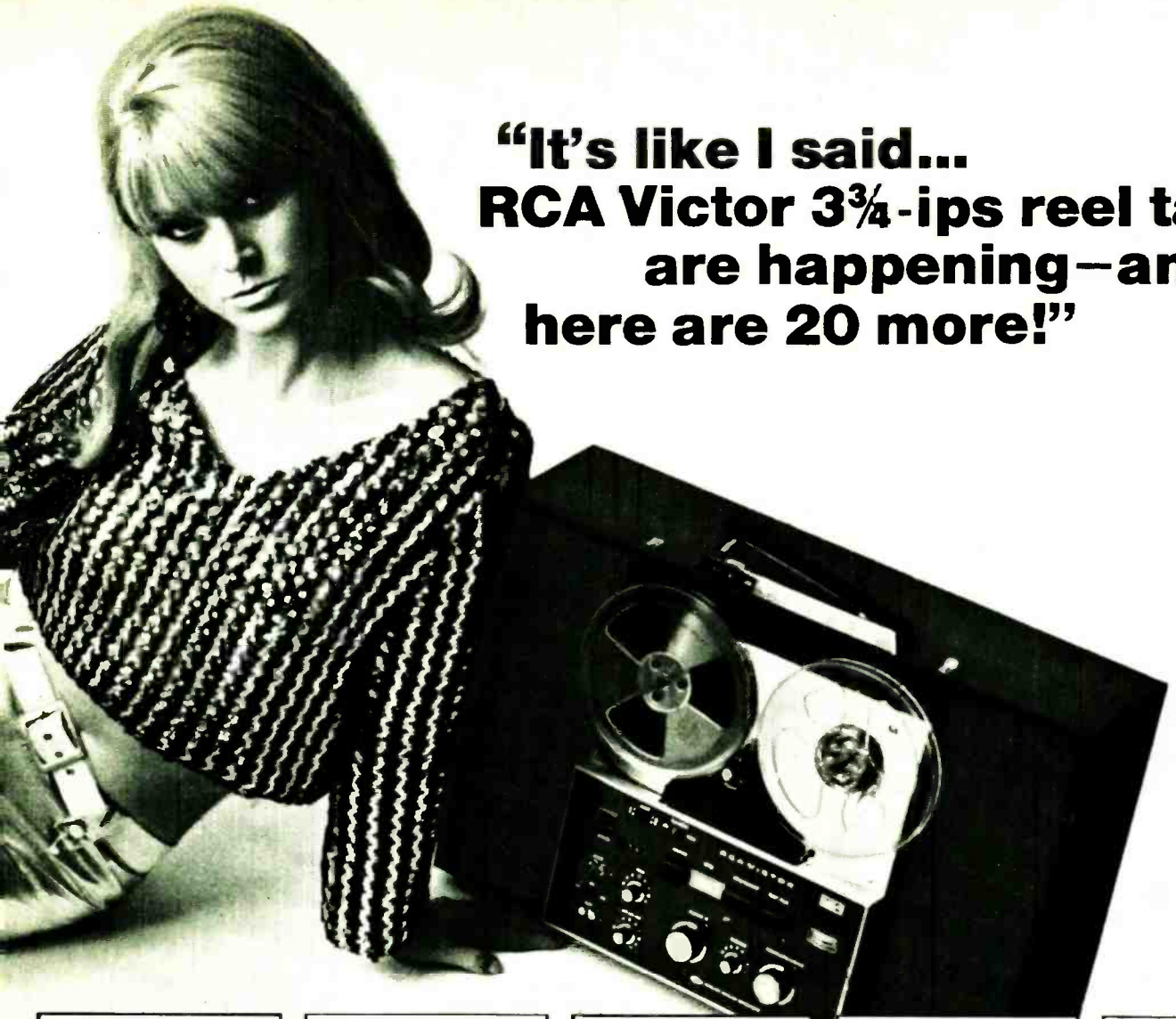

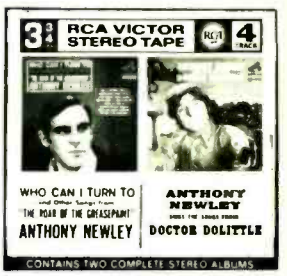

- **Latin in the Horn/Soul in the Horn** — *Al Hirt* **TP3-5030**
- **John Gary Sings Especially for You/Spanish Moonlight** — *John Gary* **TP3-5031**
- **Belafonte on Campus/Calypso in Brass** — *Harry Belafonte* **TP3-5032**
- **"Who Can I Turn To (When Nobody Needs Me)" and Other Songs from "The Roar of the Greasepaint"/Anthony Newley Sings the Songs from "Doctor Dolittle"** — *Anthony Newley* **TP3-5033**
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- **I Do! I Do!**—*The Original Broadway Cast Recording* —*Mary Martin, Robert Preston* **TO3-1003**
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- **Charles Ives: Symphony No. 1, Variations on "America," Putnam's Camp/Charles Ives: Orchestral Set No. 2, Robert Browning Overture, The Unanswered Question** — *Morton Gould, Chicago Symphony* **TR3-5011**
- **Chopin** — *Artur Rubinstein* **TR3-5013**
- **Baroque Guitar/J. S. Bach: Lute Suites Nos. 1 and 2** — *Julian Bream* **TR3-5014**
- **Mahler: Symphony No. 3** — *Shirley Verrett, Mezzo-soprano*/**Beethoven: Coriolan Overture** — *Erich Leinsdorf, Boston Symphony* **TR3-5016**
- **Verdi: Un Ballo in Maschera** — *Price, Bergonzi, Verrett, Merrill, Grist, Flagello; Leinsdorf, RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus* **TR3-8002**
- **Verdi: La Traviata** — *Caballé, Bergonzi, Milnes, Prêtre, (Cond.) RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus* **TR3-8003**
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RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

Continued from page 30

Callas'. I have a different voice, a different conception. . . ."

What was the conception then?

"I think Medea has a very human side. She's always changing: in every scene you see a new aspect of her character. She's a typical woman."

"Typical?"

"Well . . . up to a point."

I asked Miss Jones about future recording plans. "Next I'm going to do *Elijah* for EMI, then a Verdi recital for London. In the spring, at the Vienna Opera. I'm going to sing Oktavian in *Der Rosenkavalier* with Leonard Bernstein, and there has been talk of recording it at the same time; I hope that plan comes off. And next summer, when I sing in the new *Meistersinger* at Bayreuth—to celebrate the opera's centenary—I understand Deutsche Grammophon wants to make a live recording. And, oh, I'd like to do the *Dutchman* and later, much later, I'd like to arrive at the heavier Wagnerian roles, Brünnhilde, Isolde." Obviously, an ambitious schedule ahead for a young singer who will have just completed her first full-scale opera recording.

Pagliacci and Gioconda. The afternoon before meeting Gwyneth Jones, I had dropped in at the Sala Accademica of the Santa Cecilia Conservatory, where the Decca/London team was taping its *Pagliacci*, with James McCracken in the leading role and with Pilar Lorengar, Robert Merrill, Ugo Benelli, and Tom Krause. Gardelli—the company's man on the spot this summer in Rome—was rehearsing the orchestra for the Silvio (Krause)/Nedda (Lorengar) duet. The atmosphere was intent, but not tense.

Merrill, in his perennial good humor, was amusing himself while he waited to sing a brief phrase, by singing some of Silvio's music in a corner of the control room. He was enthusiastic about his summer's work. "Before this *Pagliacci*, we did *Gioconda* here, with Tebaldi. Great. What an opera! There's almost too much music in it; Ponchielli could have written two or three operas with all that music."

Ray Minshull, newly appointed chief of Decca/London recordings, had been in charge of the *Gioconda* and had come back to Rome for the *Medea*. He agreed with Merrill. "And it was a huge job. We had five sessions with stage band. Why, even for *Aida* one session is enough."

Miss Tebaldi had gone off to her farm at Langhirano (the little neighborhood just outside Parma, where the best Parmesan prosciutto comes from). "She was in great form," Minshull said, "and in high spirits, excited about her return to the Italian opera stage next winter." At Christmas time, in fact, the soprano will sing *Gioconda* at the San Carlo in Naples.

Maestro Gardelli was also scheduled for a holiday. His place at Santa Cecilia, for London's last recording of the summer, was to be taken by Silvio Varviso. The opera: *Norma*, with Elena Suliotis in the title role, Fiorenza Cossotto as Adalgisa, and Mario del Monaco as Pollione. Also scheduled for recording at the end of the season: a Fischer-Dieskau/Lorengar duet record and a Marilyn Horne recital conducted by Henry Lewis.

Rossini Rarities. Later that same evening, I met RCA's Richard Mohr at the Café de Paris on the Via Veneto, where Romans go not so much for *dolce vita* these days as for a breath of cool air from the Pincio. Mohr was preparing to leave Rome (for London and a *Così fan tutte* recording), having just finished his last job out at the RCA Italiana studios, a Rossini recital with Montserrat Caballé and conductor Carlo Felice Cillario. Miss Caballé had made a long list of rare arias, but it turned out that programming the whole collection would mean about an hour and a half of music. Reluctantly, the singer agreed to cut out two numbers. Even without them, however, the record will provide interestingly varied fare, with Desdemona's "Willow Song" from *Otello*, the *"Inflammatus"* from the *Stabat Mater*, and scenes from *La Donna del lago, Armida, L'Assedio di Corinto*, and *Tancredi* (the once popular *"Di tanti palpiti"* on which Paganini wrote a number of violin variations).

I asked Mohr about RCA's recording plans for next year. "During the winter we're going to do *Salome* with Caballé, Konya, and Leinsdorf, in London."

And next summer in Rome?

"I don't know. Costs here have now gone up so much that we may find it more feasible to make our operas in England." Since other companies too have been complaining about rising Italian costs, the very busy summer of 1967 will perhaps turn out to have been a high-water mark on the Rome recording scene.

WILLIAM WEAVER

High Fidelity, November 1967. Vol. 17, No. 11. Published monthly by Billboard Publications, Inc., publisher of Billboard, Vend, Amusement Business, Merchandising Week, American Artist, and Modern Photography. **High Fidelity/Musical America** Edition published monthly. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, High Fidelity, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230. Editorial contributions will be welcomed. Payment for articles accepted will be arranged prior to publication. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage.

Subscriptions should be addressed to **High Fidelity**, 2160 Patterson St., Cincinnati, O. 45214. Subscription rates: **High Fidelity/Musical America**: In the U.S.A. and its Possessions, 1 year $12; elsewhere, 1 year $13. National and other editions published monthly: In the U.S.A. and its Possessions, 1 year $7; elsewhere, 1 year $8.

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CIRCLE 12 ON READER-SERVICE CARD→

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U.S. engineering provided the AM/FM receiver electronics, exploiting the latest advances in solid-state circuitry. A fourth country, *the Netherlands* contributed the add-on, optional extra —a Philips-type cassette tape recorder/playback unit that mounts on drawer slides under the compact to form a completely integrated home music system.

The Benjamin 1050, at $499.50, is probably the finest compact available today, certainly the most powerful with 35 watts (IHF) audio output. Its features include the Miracord 50 automatic with dynamically-balanced, 12" die-cast turntable, dynamically-balanced tonearm, Elac 244 mono-stereo cartridge, anti-skate compensation, cueing, and 4-pole induction motor. Controlled inputs for microphone and musical instrument pickups, with facilities for mixing permit "play-along" with recorded music. Other features: AM/FM meter tuning, tape monitoring, speaker switching and stereo headphone jack.

Two EMI 92 speakers are furnished in matching walnut cabinets, employing elliptical woofers with aluminum cone centers, compliant PVC edge suspension and cone tweeters.

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The Philips-type cassette tape recorder is $139.50. (optional)

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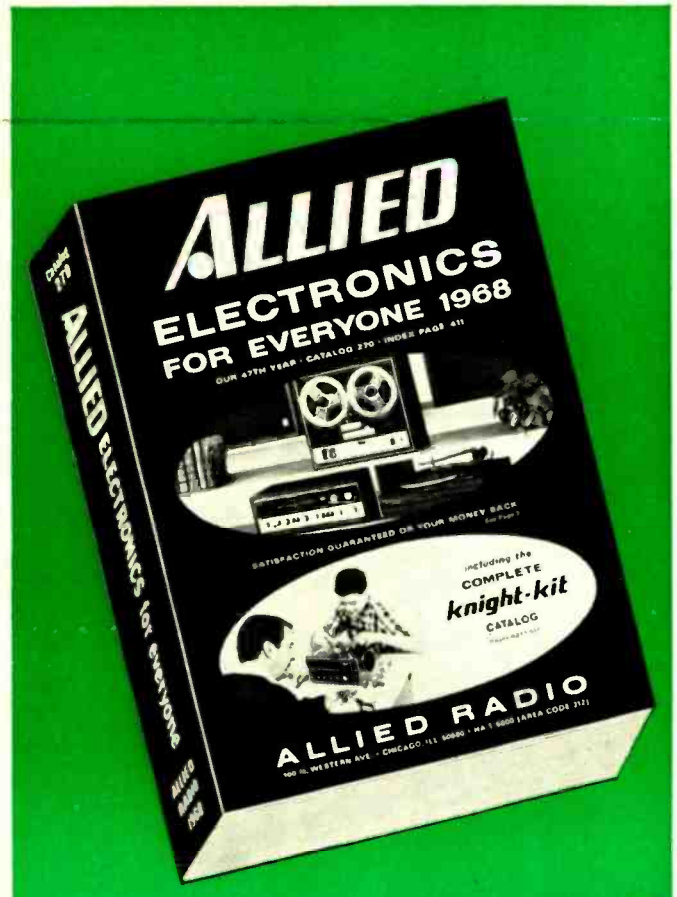

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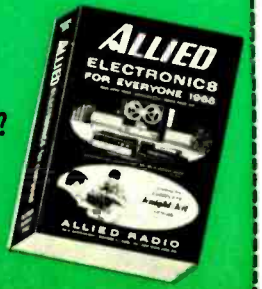

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CIRCLE 7 ON READER SERVICE CARD

VTR TEACHES BALLET— AND HELPS FINANCE IT TOO

VIDEO TAPE now has invaded the ballet—at the Opaterny School of Ballet in Mountain View, California. Professional dancers who are being trained by Dick Opaterny (extreme left in the photo) record their motions on an Ampex VR-7000. The instant replay enables the dancers to observe their own technique while the instructor points out both good and poor performances. The VTR, says Opaterny, not only is a useful teaching aid, it also helps him to plan choreography. Opaterny, who is in the process of setting up a professional ballet company, also plans to record performances and send them to different foundations to help raise funds for his professional troupe.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD PROBLEM?

SO NEW THAT its arrival in the U.S.A. caught us (and even a few company officials) unaware is Kenwood's photoelectric phono pickup system which, with its tiny front headlight, looks like no other cartridge we've ever seen. In this model, a stylus traces the record groove but the stylus assembly is attached to a screen or diaphragm which passes across a light beam. The variation in light affects the response of a pair of diodes inside the cartridge which in turn generate electrical signals corresponding to those changes. These signals match those engraved on the disc. By avoiding the use of magnetic parts to produce signals, Kenwood claims that its new pickup "can transmit the most minute vibration" of a recorded message.

As shown in the photo, the new pickup is integral with its own tone-arm shell and, according to a Kenwood spokesman, it can be installed (so far anyway) only in such arms as the SME, the Thorens, the Ortofon, and the Sony—all of which use a similar front or head piece. Whether it can be adapted for use in other arms we could not find out. Some other as yet unanswered questions: what is the weight and mass of the new pickup and how will it affect the over-all balance of today's arms? How reliable is the moving diaphragm and what about any possible resonances it might create? What happens when the bulb burns out? Quite possibly we may have the answers by the time you read this, but at press time we could learn little more about this novel system than that it is expected to "retail for under $120."

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

ACOUSTIC TRAUMA FROM ROCK AND ROLL

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE WE take note of the phenomenon that has been called everything from outright trash to America's most original contribution in art: rock-and-roll music. Whatever one's aesthetic verdict, we think it appropriate to report on a recent presentation before the California Medical Association which indicates that the very sounds of this amplified art form may present as great a trauma to the inner ear as the general quality of the music often does to the inner man.

Dr. Charles F. Lebo, who headed the study, abstracted his report for us: "Sound level measurements and tape recordings were made of representative musical material in two San Francisco Bay Area rock-and-roll establishments. The intensity levels and frequency distributions of the music were analyzed in the acoustical laboratory with the aid of an octave band filter, a graphic level recorder, a statistical analyzer, and a computer.

"The octave band spectra and the noise level ratings . . . were compared with those levels known to be damaging to the human ear. It was found that the levels in both establishments were capable of producing both temporary and permanent inner ear damage in the musicians and audience.

"Since inner damage of the type produced by noise exposure is cumulative and permanent, the desirability

Continued on page 40

From the top

The SX-1000TA $360 (includes walnut cabinet) ". . . a top performer, well able to provide the most critical listener with what he wants to hear."* . . ."this sort of performance can be attributed to a canny use of advanced solid state circuit techniques."†

Excerpt from AUDIO, and HIGH FIDELITY† June, 1967. Write for complete articles.

...to a little below the top

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SX-1000TA Output: 120 watts (IHF) at 4 ohms, 90 watts at 8 ohms; frequency response: 20-60,000 Hz; inputs: 2 magnetic and 1 ceramic phono, tape head, tape monitor, headphones, etc.; separate compensation for 3¾ and 7½ ips tape speeds; sensitivity: 2 uv (IHF); channel separation: better than 38 dB (at 1 kHz).

SX-300T Output: 40 watts (IHF) at 4 ohms; frequency response: 20-20,000 Hz; inputs: magnetic and ceramic phono, tape head and tape monitor; sensitivity: 3 uv (IHF); channel separation: better than 35 dB (at 1 kHz).

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CIRCLE 56 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 38

of lower levels of amplification for this type of live music is apparent."

The entire report is expected to appear in a forthcoming issue of the professional medical journal *California Medicine*.

ORIENTAL STEREOPHONY

JAPAN NEVER CEASES to amaze us. The latest bit of information, from the research division of Tokyo's Fuji Bank, concerns the proliferation of stereo recordings in that country. As of the end of last year, stereo discs accounted for 80% of the value and 76% of the number of phonograph records manufactured in Japan; the figure would have been even higher were it not for the fact that the majority of Japan's records originate in the Western world where "many of the celebrity discs date from the pre-stereo era." Of those recordings actually produced by the Japanese, 86% were stereo.

By comparison, three months later *Billboard*, the recording industry newsweekly, calculated that 56.6 per cent of the number and somewhat more than half the value of records produced in the United States were still monophonic.

SEND—YOU'RE ENTITLED

POSTAL RATES may be going up but look what a postage stamp can bring you these days. The following companies all have announced free literature which will be mailed on receipt of a written request to the addresses indicated:

- a catalogue of recording tapes plus a timing chart; Audio Devices, Inc., 235 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.
- *Magnetism and the Critical Dimension*, the story of how tape is manufactured, plus listings of the types available; Audio Magnetics Corp., P.O. Box 140, Gardena, Calif. 90247.
- a folder listing Blaupunkt car radios, combination portables, and accessories; Dept. SR, Robert Bosch Corp., 2800 S. 25th Ave., Broadview, Ill. 60153.
- a 36-page catalogue of audio, hobbyist, and test gear; Eico, 131-01 39th Ave., Flushing, L.I., N.Y. 11352.
- *Tape Recording Omnibook* explaining how it works plus product listings; Elpa Marketing Industries, Inc., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040.
- the new *Fisher Handbook*; Fisher Radio Corp., 11-35 45th Rd., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
- Lafayette's 1968 catalogue, 512 pages of consumer audio and electronics products; Lafayette Radio Electronics Corp., P.O. Box 10, Dept. PR, Syosset, L.I., N.Y. 11791.
- new booklets on stereo gear, including one on a new line of consoles; H. H. Scott, Inc., 111 Powder Mill Rd., Maynard, Mass. 01754.
- microphone catalogue plus a chart of frequency response related to musical instrument ranges; Sonotone Corp., Electronic Applications Div., Elmsford, N. Y. 10523.
- brochures on new headphones and accessories; Telex Acoustic Products, 3054 Excelsior Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn. 55416.

STEREO SHOW IN TORONTO

TORONTONIANS (yes, that's what they call themselves) will have a chance to see leading audio components and chat with manufacturers' representatives at the first stereo show to be held in this area in over three years. Said to be the largest undertaking of its kind in Canada, the show will be held at The Inn On The Park, Toronto, November 22 and 23.

EQUIPMENT *in the* NEWS

CROWN DECK USES IC'S

The new PRO-800 tape deck by Crown International uses integrated circuits and features lighted push-buttons. Electronics and transport, a company spokesman says, are designed for "computer-logic" operation so that the machine "becomes an 'extension' of the operator." No tape rollers, arms, or guides are used, and the mechanism boasts newly designed motors and electro-magnetic braking. Reels up to the professional 10½-inch size are handled, and the recorder runs at speeds of 15, 7½, and 3¾ ips. Electronics are solid-state and completely of the plug-in type to permit modifying the inputs and outputs for special applications.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

FASHION-COLORED HEADPHONES

The full line of Sharpe headphones will appear in what the company calls "fashion colors" designed to blend with today's interior decor. Included in the roster is a "limited edition" 24-karat gold-plated Model HA-670/PRO, described as an advanced version of the 660-PRO, one of Sharpe's top-rated models. Color aside, one technical innovation will be a 500-ohm model of the 660 series engineered specifically for monitoring tape decks that have 500-ohms outputs.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued on page 42

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CIRCLE 28 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

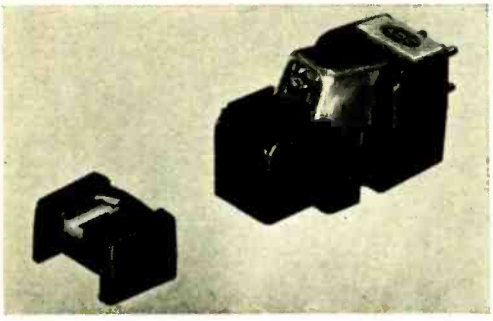
EQUIPMENT IN THE NEWS

Continued from page 40

AUTOMATIC REVERSE TAPE DECK

Sony/Superscope's new Model 560-D tape deck features automatic reverse and is designed for connecting into a component stereo system. Its walnut housing includes the record/play deck and associated electronics. Price is "less than $349.50." The same deck, with speakers and carrying case, is offered as Model 560 for "less than $499.50."

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



ADC UPDATES CARTRIDGE

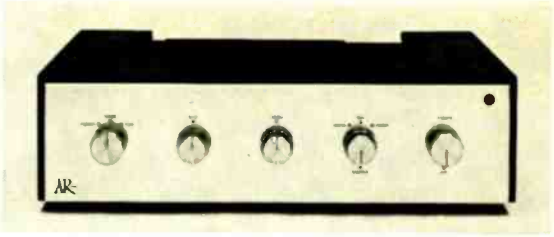
New from Audio Dynamics is the Model 10/E-Mark II, a refined version of the earlier ADC 10/E pickup. "Increased resiliency, greater stylus deflection, and a remarkable capacity for absorbing shock" are claimed for the new version. Tracking force range has been extended to 1½ grams, as compared to the 1-gram upper limit of the first model. Stylus is elliptical and vertical tracking angle is 15 degrees. List price is $59.50.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

GREENTREE ANNOUNCES NEW TAPE

Greentree Electronics has announced a new line of its American brand recording tape which, made by an exclusive process, is designed to reduce noise at slower speeds as well as to assure better response, dynamic range, and signal-to-noise ratio at all speeds. Reels of 5 and 7 inches diameter will be available in 1.5-mil acetate, 1.5-mil Mylar, and 1.0-mil Mylar. Colored leaders and trailers are supplied on each.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



AR INTRODUCES AMPLIFIER

Acoustic Research, Inc., manufacturer of turntables and speaker systems, has introduced its first amplifier—a stereo integrated model rated for 50 watts RMS power output per channel at 8 ohms. In addition to the front panel controls, there are individual phono input level controls at the rear. A built-in null circuit facilitates balancing of stereo channels, and color-coded input and output connectors simplify installation. The solid-state circuit is protected by thermostatic circuit-breakers. Suggested retail price is $225; an optional walnut cabinet costs $15.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

MUSIC CENTER COMBINES FM, TAPE, AND DISC

From Lafayette comes news of its Model RK-580 solid-state music center: an AM/stereo FM receiver, plus a BSR McDonald 500 four-speed automatic turntable fitted with a Pickering V15/AC-3 dustamatic cartridge, plus a stereo cassette tape recorder. Everything is housed in a walnut case and costs $299.95. The receiver uses FET's and integrated circuits, and its amplifier portion is rated for 50 watts music power. IHF FM sensitivity is specified at 2.5 microvolts. The recorder is integrated with the other gear to permit direct taping in stereo or mono from FM or from the record player. Speakers are optional.

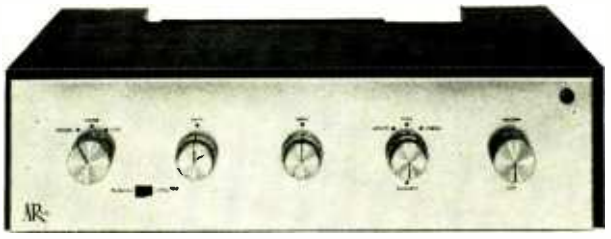
CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

OLSON ANNOUNCES AMPLIFIER

An 80-watt (music power) stereo control amplifier has been released by Olson Electronics. Solid-state and using no output transformers, the Model AM-323 provides the usual controls and connectors plus inputs for an electric guitar. Price is $119.98.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

AR INC. *amplifier*



Shown with optional oiled walnut wood cover.

Acoustic Research announces its first electronic product, *the AR amplifier,* an integrated stereo preamplifier/control and power amplifier, all silicon solid-state.

1. PERFORMANCE — The state of the art of electronic design has reached the point where it is possible to manufacture a nearly perfect amplifier. There are a few such now available. We believe the AR amplifier belongs in this select group.

2. PRICE — $225, in black anodized aluminum case. Oiled walnut wood cover is $15 extra and optional. The AR amplifier costs considerably less than the few amplifiers capable of similar performance. However, it should be judged by professional standards and on an absolute basis without consideration of price.

3. POWER OUTPUT* — Enough to drive with optimum results any high fidelity loudspeaker designed for use in the home.

4. GUARANTEE — Establishes a new standard for reliability and durability. The product guarantee for the AR amplifier is unmatched in the industry by any other electronic component regardless of price.

The AR amplifier is sold under a two year guarantee that includes all parts, labor, reimbursement of freight charges to and from the factory or nearest service station. Packaging is also free if necessary.

Literature on other AR products — loudspeakers and turntables — will be sent on request.

*Power output, each channel, with both channels driven: 60 watts RMS, 4 ohms; 50 watts RMS, 8 ohms; 30 watts RMS, 16 ohms.

Distortion at any power output level up to and including full rated power: IM (60 & 7,000 Hz, 4:1), less than 0.25%; harmonic distortion, less than 0.5% from 20 Hz to 20 kHz. Distortion figures include phono preamplifier stages.

Frequency response: ±1db, 20 Hz to 20 kHz at indicated flat tone control settings, at full power or below.

Switched input circuits: magnetic phono; tuner; tape playback.

Outputs: Tape record; 4, 8 and 16-ohm speakers.

Damping factor: 8 to 20 for 4-ohm speakers; 16 to 40 for 8-ohm speakers; 32 to 80 for 16-ohm speakers. Lower figures apply at 20 Hz; higher figures apply from 75 Hz to 20 kHz. Measurements taken with AGC-3 speaker fuses in circuit.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., 24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

CIRCLE 2 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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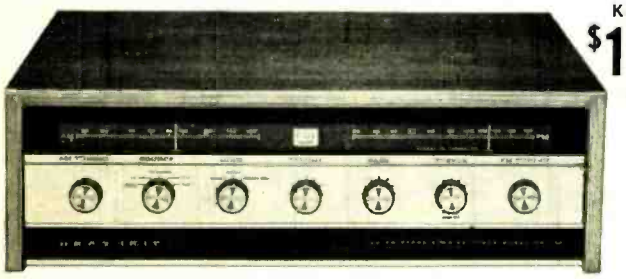
Acclaimed By Owners & Audio Experts for advanced features like integrated circuits and crystal filters in the IF amplifier section; preassembled Field Effect Transistor FM tuner with an IHF sensitivity of 1.8 uv or better and selectivity of 70 db or better; a robust 150 watts of music power (100 watts RMS) at ±1 db from 6 to 50,000 Hz; complete AM, FM and FM stereo listening; positive circuit protecting that prevents damage from overloads or short circuits of any duration; all-silicon transistors; "black magic" panel lighting; stereo only switch; adjustable phase control for best stereo separation and many more. Now choose kit or factory assembled versions. 34 lbs. Optional wrap-around walnut cabinet, $19.95.

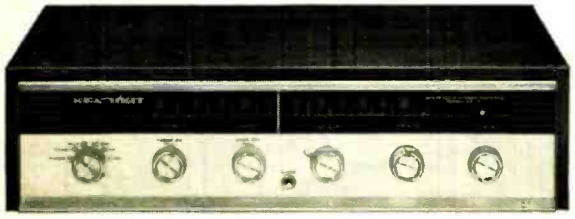
Solid-State 66-Watt AM/FM Stereo Receiver



Kit AR-13A $189.95* $18 mo.

Just Add Two Speakers & Enjoy! Compact, yet houses two 20-watt power amplifiers, 2 preamplifiers and wide-band AM/FM/FM stereo tuning. Boasts 46 transistor, 17 diode circuitry for cool, instant operation; long unchanging life; and quick natural power response . . . characteristics unobtainable with tube types. And there's plenty of power to spare . . . 66 watts IHF music, 40 watts continuous sine-wave power from 15 to 30,000 Hz at ±1 db. Also includes automatic switching to stereo with lighted stereo indicator, filtered left & right channel outputs and sleek walnut cabinet. 34 lbs.

America's Best Stereo Receiver Value . . . Heathkit Solid-State 30-Watt FM Stereo Receiver



Kit AR-14 $109.95* $11 mo.

Features 31 transistor, 10 diode circuit for cool, natural sound; 20 watts RMS, 30 watts IHF music power @ ±1 db from 15 to 50,000 Hz; preassembled & aligned wideband FM/FM stereo tuner; two power amplifiers and two pre-amplifiers; front panel headphone jack for private listening; compact 3⅞" H. x 15¼" W. x 12" D. size; stereo indicator light; filtered outputs for beat-free stereo taping; anodized aluminum front panel and fast circuit board assembly. Install in a wall, custom cabinet or either Heath factory assembled cabinets (walnut $9.95, beige metal $3.95). 18 lbs.

NEW! Lowest Cost Solid-State FM Stereo Receiver

Kit AR-17 $72.95* $8 mo.

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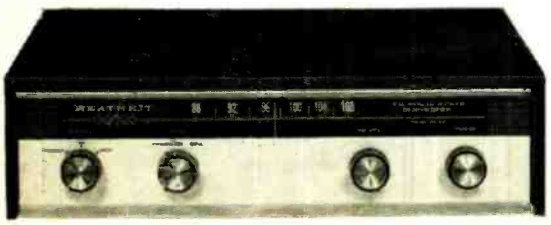
NEW! Low Cost Solid-State FM Mono Receiver



Kit AR-27 $49.95* $5 mo.

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**Less Cabinet*

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NEW! Exclusive Heath Hi-Fi Furniture... Fully Assembled And Finished

Contemporary Walnut Stereo/Hi-Fi Cabinet Ensemble Complements Modern Furnishings

Masterfully crafted of fine veneers and solids with walnut finish. Statuary Bronze handles. Equipment cabinet features adjustable shelves to accommodate all makes of hi-fi components, record storage or tape recorder compartment, turntable compartment. Speaker cabinet features special Tubular-Duct Reflex design for matching 8" or 12" speakers, plus slot for a horn tweeter.

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Model AEA-37-1, speaker cabinet...
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Complete Ensemble **$244.00**

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Model AE-47, equipment cabinet...
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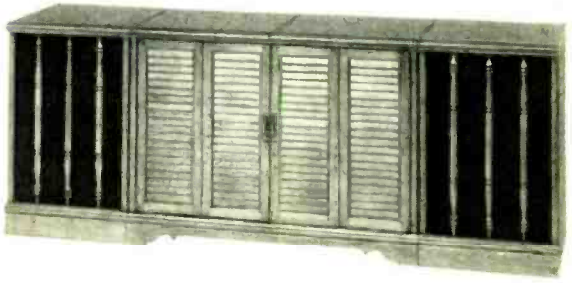
Model AEA-47-1, speaker cabinet...
no money dn., $7 mo. ..... each **$64.50**

Complete Ensemble **$264.00**



Mediterranean Pecan Stereo/Hi-Fi Cabinet Ensemble

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Model AE-57, equipment cabinet...
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no money dn., $8 mo. ..... each **$74.50**

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CIRCLE 37 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

CORELLI: *Trio Sonatas, Op. 4* (complete). Max Goberman and Michael Tree, violins; Jean Schneider, cello; Eugenia Earle, harpsichord. Odyssey Ⓓ 32 26 0005 or 32 26 0006, $4.99 (two discs) [from various Library of Recorded Masterpieces originals, 1961-62].

Six sonatas from Corelli's sweet-tempered Opus 4 were once available on three separate LRM discs, interspersed with other Corellian amiabilities. True to its policy of tidying the sprawling Goberman Haydn/Vivaldi/Corelli heritage into a logical order, Odyssey has collected all twelve sonatas of Opus 4 for integral release. Goberman and Tree find an abundance of fine, tuneful material to sing about in the ardently melodic Largos; and although Corelli's quicker movements never quite reach the exhilaration of Vivaldi at his best, they nonetheless radiate a rather chaste and not unattractive vigor. The skillful performances bubble with all the fresh spontaneity typical of this series, and the sound is warm and true.

GESUALDO: *Madrigals, Vol. 1.* Vocal soloists; Robert Craft, cond. Odyssey Ⓓ 32 16 0107, $2.49 (mono only) [from Columbia ML 5234, 1957].

Robert Craft's phonographic activities on behalf of the late sixteenth-century madrigalist Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, have produced four recordings, three for Columbia and one for the defunct Sunset label. Only one of these has had any recent currency—a vocal/instrumental collection on KL 5718/KS 6318 (which also includes Stravinsky's *Monumentum pro Gesualdo*)—but Odyssey plans to restore Craft's two earlier Columbia discs and the first is now at hand.

The twelve five-part madrigals here recorded are late works, largely from Gesualdo's Fifth and Sixth Books. They are all stunning pieces, dramatic examples of the composer's rather morbid preoccupation with sorrow, pain, and death; his highly personal harmonic and chromatic style; and his individual approach to musical word painting. Two six-voice Latin responses are also included as well as the motet *Illumina nos*, whose missing two voices have been thoughtfully recomposed by Igor Stravinsky "within Gesualdo's style," says Craft in a preface to the score, but "probably more complicated than the original." The performances go right to the heart of this strange music, and its moody, *fin de siècle* spirit comes over vividly. The sound is completely adequate, but Odyssey still refuses to supply texts.

HAYDN: *Symphonies: No. 4, in D; No. 5, in A; No. 6, in D ("Le Matin"); No. 7, in C ("Le Midi"); No. 8, in G ("Le Soir"); No. 9, in C; No. 10, in D; No. 11, in E flat.* Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Max Goberman, cond. Odyssey Ⓓ 32 16 0033 or 32 16 0034 (Nos. 4, 5, and 6); 32 16 0051 or 32 16 0052 (Nos. 7 and 8); 32 16 0081 or 32 16 0082 (Nos. 9, 10, and 11), $2.49 each (three discs) [from various Library of Recorded Masterpieces originals, 1962-63].

Odyssey's Haydn/Goberman series plunges onward methodically with volumes two, three, and four; the stated goal is the world's first integral set of Haydn symphonies on one label (although who is to fill in the considerable gaps left at the conductor's death is still a mystery). Here we have the familiar *Morning, Noon,* and *Night* Symphonies in their definitive performances as well as five lesser known but wholly palatable early works.

No. 4 is a sprightly little gem in three movements with a most novel instrumental touch in the central Andante: here unmuted first violins contrast markedly with the muted seconds, which limp along behind the beat in steady syncopation—the effect is of a ghostly funeral march. Symphony No. 5 opens with an Adagio movement of liquid beauty; the stratospheric *pianissimo* horn passages sound lovely—and must be the devil to play.

Symphonies 9 and 10 are pleasurable if not especially remarkable, but No. 11 is rather unusual. Like the Fifth Symphony, this work begins with a long, slow movement followed by an Allegro—a look back at the old *sonata da chiesa* form—and, again, contains more difficult horn music which Haydn devised expressly for the virtuoso players in Prince Esterhazy's employ.

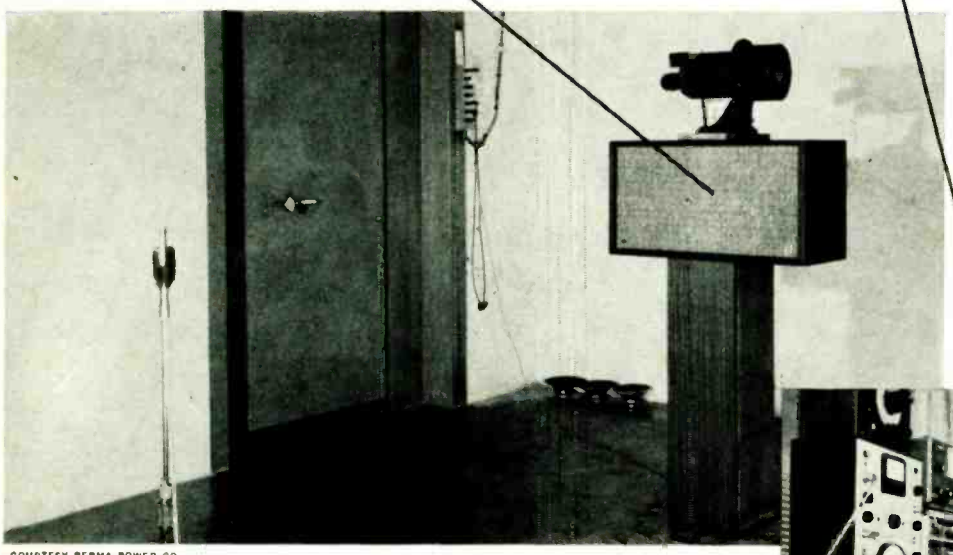
Goberman's accustomed exuberance and splendid musicianship couldn't be more welcome. The orchestra performs well throughout, and the numerous solos are expertly managed. Bright, forward sound.

HAYDN: *Symphonies: No. 94, in G ("Surprise"); No. 101, in D ("Clock").* NBC Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victrola Ⓓ VIC 1262, $2.50 (mono only) [No. 94 from RCA Victor LM 1789, recorded in 1953; No. 101 from RCA Victor LM 1038, recorded in 1946-47].

Toscanini's *Surprise* seems to me to be a downright failure: tense, overhasty, and impersonal. It is impressive to hear such clarity of articulation at the breakneck

Continued on page 50

AR-2a^x speakers and AR INC. turntables are used as laboratory measurement standards—

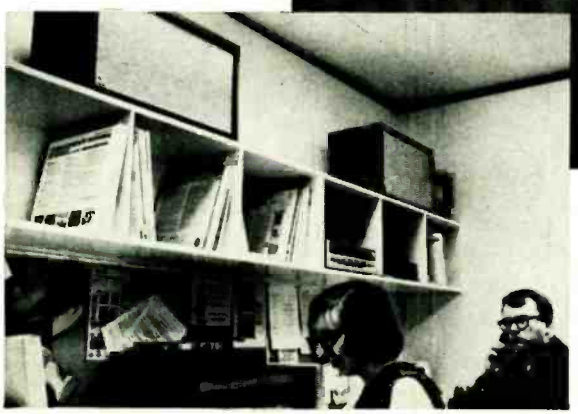


COURTESY PERMA-POWER CO.

Reverberant test chamber and associated laboratory test bench of the Perma-Power Company of Chicago, manufacturer of instrument amplifiers and sound-reinforcement systems. The AR-2a* speaker on the pedestal is used as a distortion standard to calibrate chamber characteristics. This test facility, described in a recent paper by Daniel Queen in the **Journal of the AES**, employs only laboratory-grade equipment. (Note the AR turntable on the test bench.)

but they were designed for music.

COURTESY WABC-FM



Offices of the Vice President and General Manager, and of the Program Director of radio station WABC-FM in New York City. AR-2a* speakers and AR turntables are used throughout WABC's offices to monitor broadcasts and to check records. WABC executives must hear an accurate version of their broadcast signal; they cannot afford to use reproducing equipment that adds coloration of its own.

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CIRCLE 3 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 48

speed demanded in the Finale, but the energy might have been better spent on pointing up the music's warmth, wit, subtle structuring, and beautiful scoring—and surely so much coarse, ugly, and imbalanced orchestral sound cannot be wholly the fault of the recording.

The *Clock* is a far more listenable job—for all that the performance is the result of three different sessions over the course of eight months (Victrola's sleeve note is confusing and inaccurate on this score) and that movements one and two are afflicted with heavy surface noise. The pacing is excellent, the treatment of instrumental detail superb (especially in the richly inventive second movement), and the tone quality of the orchestra (within the disc's sonic limitations) warm and friendly. There are numerous marvelous moments: the Adagio introduction, for instance, arched with splendid point and tension; or the whispery fugato in the Finale, voiced by the strings in a liquid legato of uncanny beauty. For the sake of hearing this remarkable *Clock* it's well worth overlooking the disappointing *Surprise*.

SCHUBERT: *Sonata for Piano, No. 21, in B flat, Op. posth, D. 960.* **MOZART:** *Sonata for Piano, No. 10, in C, K. 330.* Clara Haskil, piano. World Series Ⓓ PHC 9076, $2.50 (compatible disc) [the Schubert from Epic LC 3031, 1951].

Rumor has it that Clara Haskil rerecorded the Schubert D. 960 shortly before she died, but that new version has yet to materialize. Meanwhile, her performance of sixteen years ago has reappeared coupled with Mozart's K. 330, recorded in 1954 but never previously issued in this country. These are extreme examples of Haskil's intense asceticism; and while there is much to admire in her delicate passage work and sensitive search for compositional detail, both performances strike my ears as exceedingly undernourished and unpleasantly puritanical. The meal is far too grand to be pecked at quite so abstemiously.

VIVALDI: *Concertos for Violin and Strings, Op. 8, Nos. 1-4 ("The Four Seasons").* Ariana Bronne, Sonya Monosoff, Helen Kwalwasser, and Nadia Koutzen, violins; New York Sinfonietta, Max Goberman, cond. Odyssey Ⓓ 32 16 0131 or 32 16 0132, $2.49 [from Library of Recorded Masterpieces, 1961].

It's hard to see how any of the seventeen competing versions of *The Four Seasons* could vie with Goberman in terms of sheer bubbly zest and ensemble *élan*. True, the four soloists play with something less than absolute accuracy and tonal beauty; but for stylistic authority, hair-trigger control, and infectious delight, this reading is the one to have. The sound is stunning too, with first and second violins sensibly divided left and right. One further minor attraction is a reading, in Italian by Luciano Rebay, of the four sonnets that inspired Vivaldi's music; fortunately they are grouped at the end of Side 2, well out of the way of the music.

WAGNER: *Five Wesendonck Songs.* **BRAHMS:** *Two Songs with Viola, Op. 91.* **GRIEG:** *Four Songs.* Kirsten Flagstad, soprano; Herbert Downes, viola (in the Brahms); Gerald Moore, piano. Seraphim Ⓓ 60046, $2.49 (mono only) [from various HMV originals, 1948-55].

Much of this Flagstad material seems to be appearing domestically for the first time. The third Wesendonck song, *Im Treibhaus*, filled up the odd side of Flagstad's recording of Isolde's "Narrative and Curse" on two RCA Victor 45s; that tantalizing excerpt appeared during the Great Forty-Five Folly of the early Fifties and now, at last, we have the full cycle. It's a lighter, more supple performance than her later version with orchestra on London, and I think that Moore's intimate accompaniments and the singer's delicate approach capture the confidential nature of the music to perfection.

The Brahms songs also appeared on a Victor 45 (EHA 18—extended play. Al-

Continued on page 52

RUN-IN RACKS FOR AR TURNTABLES

When an AR turntable is packed at the factory it is, literally, slightly used. It has been run in for 48 hours, and then given a final workout in one of AR's test rooms.

The tests, which include measurements of rumble, wow, flutter, speed accuracy, and speed regulation, are made on every AR turntable. Any turntable that doesn't meet NAB specifications for professional broadcast equipment is rejected. A day rarely goes by without rejections — manufacturing processes aren't perfect.

AR's quality control borders on the fanatical. It is one reason the AR turntable has been rated number one by so many equipment reviews and comparison surveys, in a field of competing units costing up to twice as much.

The unique design of the AR turntable (described by France's **Toute l'Electronique** as a revolutionary *coup de maitre*) plus rigid quality control makes AR's 3-year turntable guarantee* possible. All repair costs are covered—parts, labor, shipping, and even a new carton when one is needed.

If you are trying to decide between a record changer and a manual turntable, keep in mind the fact that only 4% of recorded selections take up more than one disc. If you want to play any of the remaining 96% in their entirety, they must be turned over by hand whether or not you use a changer.

*Extended retroactively from one year to three on December 1, 1966

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CIRCLE 4 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 50

though these items were recorded just a year after the Wagner songs, one can already perceive how rich and mellow Flagstad's lower register was to become during her last years. I know of no other recording that better displays the burnished beauty of Flagstad's contralto than these lovely songs—the voice and Downes's throbbing viola blend to gorgeous effect. Rounding off the disc are four Grieg songs, of no great consequence but exquisitely sung.

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger: Overture; Siegfried Idyll.* **STRAUSS, R.:** *Tod und Verklärung, Op. 24.* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Odeon Ⓓ QALP 10216, $5.79 (mono only) [the Wagner from HMV 1059, late 1940s; the Strauss from HMV 1023, 1950].

Italy may seem an unlikely source for a Furtwängler record, but at present these three performances are available only on an Italian Odeon import. While the unsmiling, rather stuffy performance of the *Meistersinger* Overture is not especially memorable, the *Siegfried Idyll* and the Strauss tone poem have few recorded rivals. In fact, among full-orchestra versions of the *Idyll*, I would say that Furtwängler's is unequaled for tenderness and lyrical charm: Wagner seems to have written the music in one inspired breath and so it sounds here. There is also something strangely inevitable about this *Death and Transfiguration*—a profoundly beautiful and unified musical statement. Nothing much has been done to improve the sonics, which were always pretty murky, but Furtwängler collectors should not pass up this disc.

BORIS CHRISTOFF: *Russian Operatic Arias.* Boris Christoff, bass; Association des Concerts Colonne and Philharmonia Orchestras. Igor Markevitch, Issay Dobrowen, and Wilhelm Schüchter, conds. Pathé Ⓓ FALP PM 30356, $5.79 (mono only) [from various HMV originals, 1950-53].

Once the rather indifferently sung excerpt from *A Life for the Tsar* is out of the way (taken from the long deleted Capitol "complete" set), this album gives a magnificent display of Christoff's brilliant gifts as a singing actor. The *Boris* Act II Monologue and Act IV Farewell are not lifted from his first integral recording, but from 78s made several years previous, also with Dobrowen conducting. The interpretation was to become more subtle, but the voice is at its sonorous best here. For Dositheus' aria from *Khovanshchina* Christoff adopts his "old man's" voice—a remarkable feat of vocal coloration that creates a haunting effect.

For the two bass arias from *Prince Igor*, Christoff cleverly differentiates between the bluff, high-living Galitzky and the civilized, Polovtsian chieftain Khan Konchak. Rounding off the disc are selections from *Eugen Onegin*, *Sadko* ("Song of the Viking Guest"), and *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh*. Broad characterizations are hardly necessary for this stately music which simply requires singing of a straightforward, lyrical nature; Christoff accommodates them beautifully.

ARTURO TOSCANINI: *Light Music Program.* Tchaikovsky: *Nutcracker Suite, Op. 71a.* Catalani: *Loreley: Dance of the Water Nymphs.* Bizet: *Carmen Suite, No. 1.* Ponchielli: *La Gioconda: Dance of the Hours.* NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victrola Ⓓ VIC 1263, $2.50 (mono only) [from various RCA Victor originals, 1951-52].

Any representative Toscanini collection should include at least one sample of the conductor's pop concert specialties, and this Victrola reissue nicely fills the bill. While not all the performances are the ideal, they do show how Toscanini's crisp and invigorating approach could bring a degree of interest even to the most inconsequential trifles.

Side 1 is thoroughly delghtful, including a brilliantly played *Nutcracker* and an affectionate reading of Catalani's fragile, delicately scored *Dance of the Water Nymphs*. The other two items are less fortunate—especially the *Dance of the Hours*, which here strikes me (thanks to the mercilessly immaculate presentation) as even more tawdry than it usually does. The *Carmen* Suite could have benefited from a bit of Beecham's urbanity, while the reinstrumentation of the last-act chorus for orchestra alone sounds perfectly awful. Victrola's remastering of this material, all of it recorded in Carnegie Hall, has produced eminently satisfactory 1952 sonics.

PETER G. DAVIS

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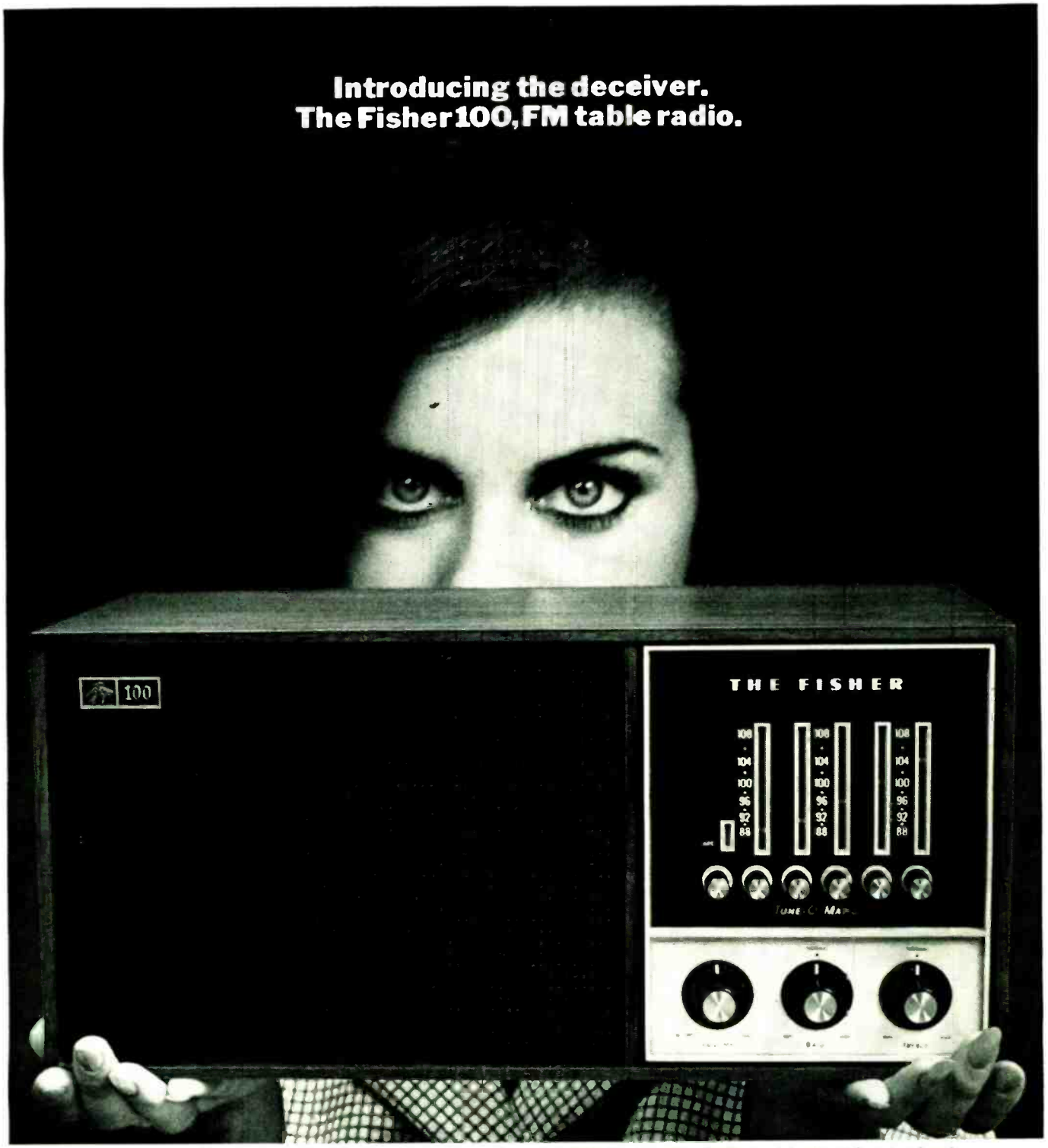

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THE TAPE DECK

BY R.D. DARRELL

Stereo-8—Indoors. Devised primarily for use in automobiles, the 8-track continuous-loop tape cartridge is now displaying the effrontery to challenge open reels for living-room listening. I write "effrontery" because, like most long-time tape enthusiasts, I have regarded open-reel playback as representing a standard of quality that could only be compromised by cartridge reproduction. However, I've just had the opportunity (somewhat belated) of actually hearing a wide range of 8-track cartridge tapes via my own home sound system, and I must confess that, while some of my preconceptions were sustained, I was also in for a number of disconcerting surprises.

My player, courtesy of RCA Victor, is that company's Model MJC 28W Mark 8 "modular unit" (i.e., deck) list-priced at $79.95. Less elaborate and expensive than some similar equipment now coming on the market, this player lacks fast-forward facilities (any kind of reverse motion is impossible with continuous-loop cartridge tapes) and is without any visual indication of which of the four channels the movable playback head is tracking. (The head automatically shifts to the next position when the tape loop has been completely traversed; it can also be stepped along by the user's pushing a position-selector button.) All things considered, it seems to me an admirably designed instrument, both technically and visually; it runs quietly with excellent speed steadiness, and while my particular machine runs a trifle fast, it's still within normal tolerances; and to judge by the complete absence of adjacent-channel spillover in the *best* of the cartridges I've heard, the playback-head adjustment and its mechanical repositionings must be extremely accurate.

This characteristic—the absence of crosstalk, which in loop tapes is in the same direction as the wanted signal, rather than backwards as in open reels—was my biggest initial surprise. And of course it proved to be too good to be true all the time. While most serious music cartridges are either completely free from spillover or admit it only as a faint whisper during the brief intervals between selections, fewer pop programs are flawless and some are badly flawed by spillover annoyingly audible under low-level passages.

Scarcely less surprising, though, is the technical excellence where frequency and dynamic ranges are concerned. The best cartridges I have heard—using the power amplifier and speakers of my own stereo system, don't forget—come fairly close to matching open-reel quality standards here. The problems of frequency and dynamics encountered in tape cartridge systems do not seem to be necessarily inherent in the cartridges themselves. The surface-noise level, including low- as well as high-frequency (so-called "hiss") elements, is undeniably higher than that of most open reels nowadays; it is often less noticeable, however, since there is so little blank time between selections. Preëcho, curiously, is seldom encountered; might this be a consequence of somewhat lower modulation levels in cartridge-tape processing?

Unfortunately, the variance in quality standards—I am speaking in particular of pop releases—proved to be extremely wide, and the percentage of actually defective cartridges was much larger than even prejudice would have suggested: ten per cent or more of the some fifty examples I've played at this writing. One cartridge simply wouldn't play at all; another contained a program quite other than what its label claimed; others had built-in speed uncertainties as well as considerable spillover; the worst one got its tape jammed around the capstan and required a complete player-dismantling to extricate! No one manufacturer among those represented so far among the cartridges I've listened to (Ampex, with various labels; Angel/Capitol; Columbia/Epic; General Recorded Tape, with various labels; and RCA Victor/Camden) seems to have a monopoly on the best—or the poorer—releases. But by a curious failure of what should be complete standardization, the combination of my RCA Victor player with all recent examples of Columbia/Epic 8-track cartridges (earlier ones were OK) results in the anomaly of *double* program switching—from Program 1 to 3 instead of to 2—on every loop completion.

Nevertheless, after all these shortcomings have been duly noted, the significant fact emerges that 8-track continuous-loop cartridge tapes, at their best, can meet technical-quality standards far higher than I, at least, would ever have guessed.

The Music Goes Round and Round. As for the 8-track continuous-loop repertory, it has mushroomed enormously in a short time. It is still, of course, predominantly devoted to pop and mood music, with only a sprinkling of more serious materials (generally, best-selling symphonic favorites) except for the RCA Victor catalogue's relatively wide range of serious-music releases. And, as could have been predicted by anyone familiar with the principles of continuous-loop design, the only programs really suitable to this format are those made up of many short selections: longer works suffer from the impossibility of making movement lengths coincide with subprogram lengths. Other drawbacks include the lack of annotations and even of properly detailed contents listings. In fact, the majority of package-types list the contents only on the cartridge itself where they can't be read during playback! (An exception is the current RCA Victor type of plastic "bathtub" container which includes a duplicate list of contents on its lid.)

Yet the main thing is that the new format is capable of providing genuine musical enjoyment. I found that I could relish the renewal of old acquaintances when I played Stereo-8 editions of recordings I know well in open-reel versions and that the best of the former—when played on the cartridge deck feeding into a component stereo playback system—could withstand direct A/B comparisons with their reel equivalents, at least as far as frequency and dynamic range characteristics and of freedom from spillover are concerned. Among others, I must cite the Angel/Capitol Cluytens/Ravel Orchestral Program and original-cast *Music Man*; the Columbia Ormandy-Philadelphian "Spectaculars" and *"Clair de Lune"* miscellanies and original-cast *Camelot*; the London/Ampex Phase-4 Popular-Music Sampler and Stanley Black's "Music of a People"; the RCA Victor *Coq d'Or* and *Firebird* Suites by Leinsdorf and Fiedler's "Million-Dollar Movie Music."

Some of these and some other releases entirely new to me are representative of Stereo-8 at its musical, as well as its technical, best by virtue of their innate suitability to or their ingenious adaptation for the special demands of the continuous-loop format. Among the double-play examples (list-priced at $9.98 or $9.95 each) are the aforementioned Cluytens/Ravel program (Angel 8X2S 3688); the orchestral and piano solo miscellanies, "Russian Spectacular" (Capitol 8X2S 3694) and "Russian Fireworks" (RCA Victor R8S 5048); the "Great Moments from Grand Opera" miscellany (RCA Victor R8S 5044); and Mantovani's mellifluous **"Film Hits for Everyone" (London/Ampex LEJ 72003).**

Among the normal-length examples (the equivalent of two disc sides), list-priced at $6.95 each, I should also cite the complete Chopin Waltzes by Rubinstein (RCA Victor R8S 1071), especially welcome since a promised 1964 open-reel edition never actually materialized; Charlie Byrd's memorable "Brazilian Byrd" bossa nova program (Columbia 18 10 0046); the even more memorable collaboration of Duke Ellington and Count Basie, "First Time" (Columbia 18 10 0176); and two piano sonatas by Van Cliburn, Beethoven's *Les Adieux* and Mozart's K. 330 in C (RCA Victor R8S 1074), which have yet to appear in an open-reel edition.

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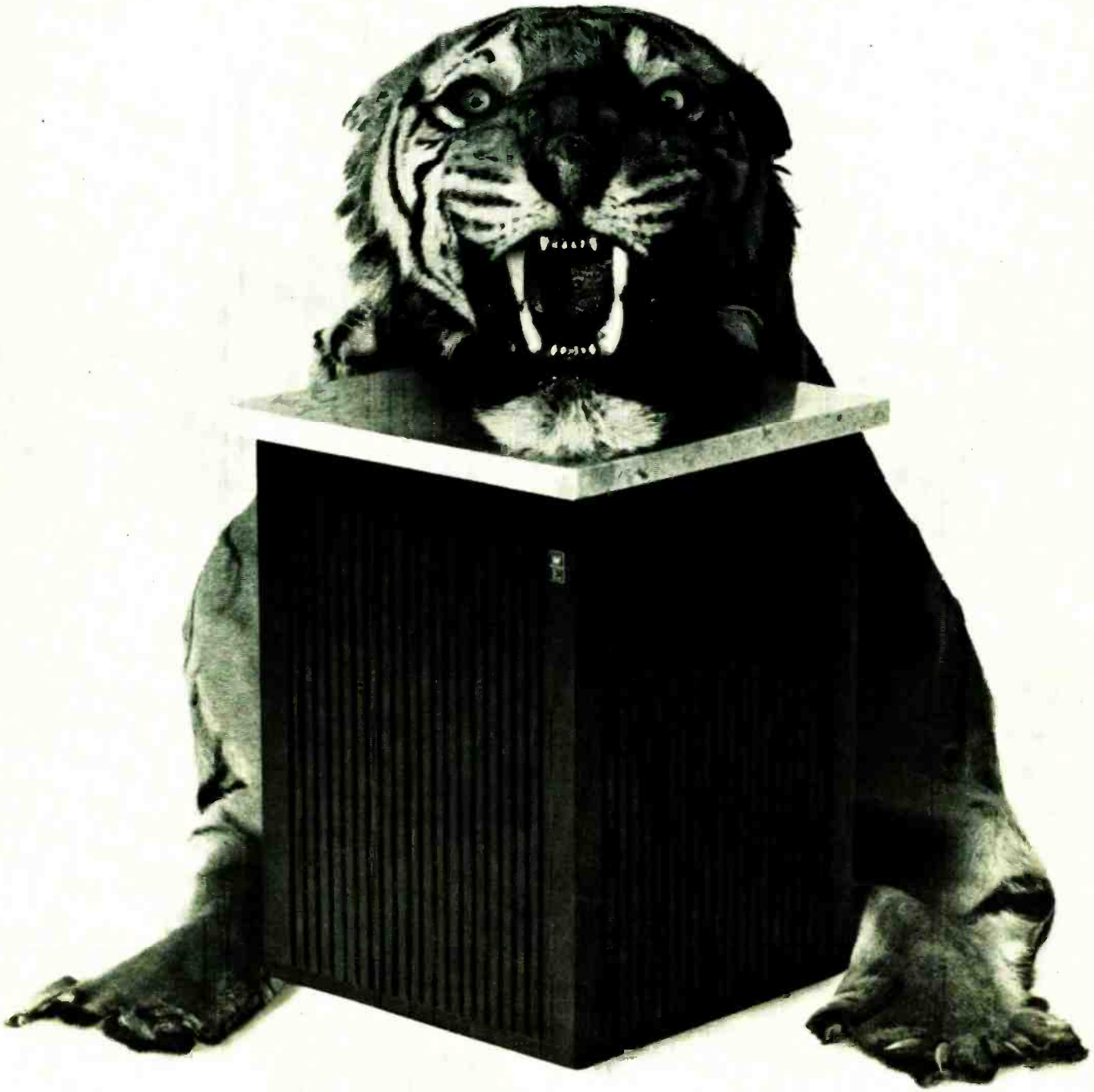

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The Jefferson Airplane: maybe the most exciting.

product accordingly, give the kids what they want—or have been induced to want. In music, what they want is rock-and-roll, a term that has, as we shall see, lost all meaning as the form of the music has altered and evolved. Indeed, many young entertainers, such as the duo Simon and Garfunkel [see Morgan Ames's article, in this issue, page 62], eschew the term, though their work does in fact grow out of the rock "tradition."

The term rock-and-roll has a sexual connotation—rockin' and rollin' originally meant fornicating. But then, the word jazz, once a verb, meant the same thing. Both terms have long since lost their original meaning and become careless catchalls of musical categorization.

What rock-and-roll may be is more evasive of definition; but jazz too has consistently defied neat semantic pigeonholing. As a commercial phenomenon in American popular music, rock-and-roll (later called r & r, and currently rock) was first felt in the early 1950s, particularly with the arrival of Bill Haley and the Comets. It had begun to decline, the monster seemed to be growing pale, when a young man from Tennessee made his first records on a Nashville label called Sun. Later he moved to RCA Victor. His name was Elvis Presley, and the libidinous frenzy he touched off among young girls was the most feverish thing of its kind since the young Frank Sinatra left the Tommy Dorsey orchestra in 1943 to become a star.

Presley was a musical hybrid of Arthur Crudup and Hank Williams. A few musicians found real worth in him. Said jazz pianist Dick Katz, "He's an authentic white country blues singer, and a damn good one." Others demurred. Most adults, particularly critics, wished he would simply go away. He didn't. RCA Victor reports that Presley, a multimillionaire, makes more money for them now than ever before in his long association with the label.

Presley has succeeded in cross-breeding the blues—a simple 12-bar form based on simple tonic-dominant chord relationships, the third, fifth, and seventh of the scale being flatted—with country-and-western music. That hybrid would not go away either.

Other figures, other styles, were to come and go—and a few to come and stay. The Everly Brothers had a significant impact on the development of rock; so did Little Richard, Fats Domino, and Chubby Checker. Dancing at the time of Presley's first fame was descended from the Lindy practiced by the young generation of the late 1930s and early 40s. With Chubby Checker came the Twist, and with the Twist body contact in dance was, for the nonce, ended. The parental generation found these dances "immoral." Ironically, the waltz in Johann Strauss's time was found "immoral" for the opposite reason: precisely because there was body contact, albeit polite and stiffly formal contact. Youth is invariably charged with immorality, though any man or woman of the world can tell you that seduction becomes conspicuously easier after thirty.

Herein lies another key to the significance of rock-and-roll—its restoration of dancing as a social pastime among the young. Irving Berlin's *Alexander's Ragtime Band* in 1911, with its jaunty four-four rhythm simple enough for even the most lead-footed to follow, actually launched the wave of social dancing that swept America, setting off the career of dancers Vernon and Irene Castle and giving rise to nightclubs as part of the American entertainment scene—they originally were places to go and dance—just as rock was later to spawn discothèques.

Through the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties, dancing continued to be a major form of socio-recreational-romantic activity for America's young. By the late Thirties, the music was an amalgam of jazz and popular music, played by big bands of as many as sixteen men. This era is remembered with nostalgic affection by a generation now in its forties as a golden age of American music. But if it was the age of George Gershwin and Jerome Kern, it was also the age of *The Hut Sut Song, A-Tisket A-Tasket, Three Little Fishes, Mairzy Doats, The Music Goes Round and Round*; and of Blue Barron, Sammy Kaye, Kay Kyser, and Shep Fields and His Rippling Rhythm. The few great bands were exceptions to the norm, oases of real musical fertility in a desert whose principal flora was corn. The kids today are quite right about the music their parents listened to: most of it was trash. The parents are quite right about what their young listen to: most of that is trash too.

By the end of the 1940s, the temporary and uneasy alliance of popular music and jazz was breaking up. Jazzmen, tired of the pop song format and the show biz limitations on their music, began to go their own way, taking a part of the pop music audience—the most perceptive part—with them. And pop music, deprived of the stimulus to excellence that jazzmen had brought to it, began to decline in quality: America was heading into a decade of *How Much Is That Doggy in the Window, Tennessee Waltz*, and similar exercises in trivia. The public, particularly the young public, found itself with nothing to dance to—most pop music was too bland, too saccharine, and jazz had become undance-

able. Since then, of course, jazz has run into serious aesthetic problems: finding itself unable to push its development any further in the direction of chromaticism, it went through a painfully synthetic and self-conscious experimentalism in the late 1950s and early 60s, and now finds itself with almost no audience at all—though lately there have been faint flushes of health on the patient's face, thanks in part to transfusions from other forms of music, including of all things rock. Rock, meantime, has begun borrowing from jazz. And both are borrowing from Indian music.

The dance music vacuum was filled in the mid-1950s by rock-and-roll, though today at least part of rock-and-roll is intended as listening, rather than dance, music. One of the best and most successful of the young English rock musicians, visiting New York after a long tour of the United States, told me: "I really detest those packaged rock shows. We have to play all our worst material, and I simply have lost all tolerance for the teeny boppers. They're ridiculous. I think in future we'll try to do only college concerts. There we can play our good things, and they listen." The musician's age? Nineteen. An echo of jazz in the late Forties? Yes indeed. Will success spoil rock?

It seems to be inevitable that whatever one man learns to do, another will learn to do better, and this principle has been at work in rock for the last five years. Though rock musicians were at first crude and ignorant amateurs, a measure of professionalism has gradually come to the music. And even the young nonrock musicians are influenced by the style. Says Kenneth Ascher, a twenty-two-year-old graduate student of composition at Columbia University and, during his vacations, pianist (and sometimes arranger) for the still successful Woody Herman band: "Rock? I like it—even more now than before. I find the chord changes very free—freer than some jazz—and sometimes very interesting. Jazz now seems to be directionless, though of course some of it is wonderful. Some jazz people are going through an unnatural, forced evolution, rather than a natural one. It seems there's much less tension in rock groups, probably because of their corporate structure."

When Elvis Presley became famous, it is worth noting, Kenneth Ascher was ten.

Leonard Bernstein said during a CBS Television special on rock earlier this year that the popular music scene today is "unlike any scene I can think of in the history of all music. It's completely of, by, and for the kids, and by kids I mean anyone from eight years old to twenty-five. They write the songs, they sing them, own them, record them. They also buy the records, create the market, and they set the fashion in the music, in dress, in dance, in hair style, lingo, social attitudes."

Bernstein stresses the uniqueness of the present situation, but a musician of his erudition couldn't possibly have forgotten that at other periods in history most composers were composer-performers —and many of them were "kids." After all, Haydn had composed his first Mass by the time he was twenty, Mendelssohn had written his Octet for Strings by the time he was sixteen, Schubert was dead at thirty-one—and no one needs reminding of the incredible Young Mozart. And closer to our own day, Stan Getz recorded his first great solos when he was seventeen, Woody Herman headed his first band when he was little more than twenty, Duke Ellington had his first band before he was twenty. Artie Shaw, Gerry Mulligan, Ella Fitzgerald were professionals in their teens. Both Kern and Gershwin (whose first song was published when he was eighteen) had written Broadway shows before they were twenty-five. Cole Porter was a comparatively old man when he had his first Broadway hit—twenty-seven. As musicologist Henry Pleasants put it, "Music seems to be largely a young man's art. It has something to do with being in love."

Bernstein neglects to mention another point: how often styles in clothes have been linked to popular music in the past. The exaggerated wide-shouldered big-kneed style in men's clothes that followed World War II was derived from the "zoot suits" affected by jazz followers, and such idols as Cab Calloway. Bobby sox were a spin-off of Frank Sinatra's early popularity.

THE YOUNG ARE ardent conformists. But the conformity is to what sociologists call their "peer groups." Any parent will tell you that children want to do and wear exactly what their friends do. The mod fashions of today are *de rigueur,* and conformity in dress has probably never been more rigidly enforced than it is among the more devoted pop music worshippers today. Robert Altschuler, press director of Columbia Records, observed at the recent Monterey pop music festival that a few youths showed up with short haircuts and comparatively conservative clothes. "The girls wouldn't look at them," he said.

In rebelling against conformity, the young invariably fall into this trap, a conformity that is perhaps the most rigid they will know in all the course of their lives. This makes them extraordinarily manipulatable in terms of commerce. Sociologists have been pointing out for years that America is gradually being converted into a consumer society. This generation of youth is the first in the country's history trained from birth to be consumers. Said a woman executive in a New York advertising agency, "If you could see how shrewdly and calculatedly the kids are led to buy things, almost by push-button control, it would make your blood run cold."

No industry manipulates youth with the cool surgical skill of the pop music business. But the function is not pure: partly the industry controls the kids' minds, partly it responds to them. Since the young are, and always have been, rebellious, the industry is shrewdly selling them rebellion—packaged, wrapped, plastic rebellion. The Monkees, a rock-and-roll group icily manufactured for television

(an ad was put in a trade paper for actors who could sing; five hundred applied and four were picked) and a show vaguely imitating Beatles movies, recently recorded a song in which, according to current fad, they criticized adults, picturing them as mindlessly watching TV sets. But TV made the Monkees, most of the people who watch them are the young (the median age of viewers, according to a survey, is ten), and many adults say these days that they don't watch television—it's become too dull. Such is the hypocrisy of much of the rebellion preached in the world of rock.

YET NOT ALL of it is phony. Among a certain intelligent and perceptive element among the young, the rebellion is deep and real. This is true among the performers and the fans alike. What is voiced in at least some of the music is a troubled concern for the drift of American society today—its materialism, its apparent selfishness, the rat race towards illusory accomplishment, the filth and stagnation of the nation's cities, the lethargy of Congress, the terrible moral questions posed by the war in Vietnam. It is significant that though there have been a few pro-war songs, the vast majority are anti-war. The young seem to feel that if they have to fight wars, they should have a voice in whether the wars are begun in the first place. It is difficult to refute this logic, particularly since, thanks to the proliferation of communications, they are on the whole the best-informed generation of the young in the country's history.

These concerns find their way into the music.

The switch to topicality in rock-and-roll resulted from the crossbreeding of "folk" music and rock, largely after the example of songwriter-singer Bob Dylan, about three years ago. Dylan's songs were rebellious, topical, astringent—not very good, in most cases, but at least rebellious, topical, astringent.

The second major influence on rock in the Sixties has been the Beatles, who also began hinting at meanings beyond the conventionally romantic. Later, drugs got into the picture. Many, probably most, of the rock groups began experimenting with marijuana, the favorite intoxicant of jazz musicians before them, and then LSD became mixed into it, particularly in San Francisco. Psychedelic rock was born.

By now the movement has grown so that it is as difficult to speak of rock in generalities as it was to sum up the pop music of the Thirties in a few phrases. The music varies enormously in quality. Where adults err is in thinking that all rock listeners accept the music blindly, uncritically. If the music is attacked, the young will of course rally to its defense, sometimes becoming a little ferocious. But if you get them talking quietly, you often find that they have well-developed critical faculties of their own.

Chris Curtis is a fifteen-year-old high school student at New York City's Trinity School. Trained on piano as a small boy, he acquired a guitar, taught himself to play it, organized a rock group of his own, and now plays semiprofessional dance jobs in the area.

"From the standpoint of my age," he says, "I would say that I like it 'cause it's loud. This is true. I know from the dances I used to go to. I'd walk in the door and the first thing that hit me was the volume. It would be really exciting—for about five minutes, anyway. If the band is bad, the music becomes annoying. Good or bad, by the end of a half hour, you usually have a headache.

"In jazz, there is a universal characteristic that I like. That is the very fact that it does vary. It has a greater scope of moods and a more unified, solid sound, generally, than rock.

"But rock, at least the good stuff, varies too, only on a lower level, musically, than jazz.

"The groups which, in my opinion, produce garbage are the Dave Clark Five, the Monkees, Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, the Standells, Herman's Hermits, Question Mark and the Mysterians, and a lot more. They range from boring to terrible.

"Any adult who wants to find out what's good in the music, though, I'd advise them to listen to . . .

"The Beatles. I like them because they're original. They're truthful. They're funny, exciting, not too serious. Occasionally they write very beautiful songs. Their songs always have substance.

"The Byrds. They used to sing folk songs, but they're more into a mixture of country and jazz now. They're writing some good songs, and the unusual sound they project with the electric twelve-string guitar is interesting. Sometimes it sounds like different wind instruments.

"The Lovin' Spoonful. They're fun. Occasionally they write very good music.

"The Mamas and the Papas. I like their vocal blend. It's round and mellow. John Phillips, the leader, writes good songs.

"Simon and Garfunkel. The lyrics and music are always a perfect marriage. They're critical of the times, but a bit more positive than Dylan. The songs are ironic, but often hopeful.

"The Jefferson Airplane—the most exciting group. Their sound is sometimes empty and sloppy, but their vocal work makes up for it.

"Donovan. He's a contemporary folk singer. His songs contain beautiful imagery.

"There are some people I want to hear more of —The Mothers of Invention, Janis Ian, Buffalo Springfield.

"The new thing is the blues revival. Groups such as the Blues Project, Paul Butterfield, Spencer Davis, the Animals, are all in this bag. Unfortunately, the style of the new blues hardly varies between groups, so it can get pretty dull. This is what the teeny boppers are starting to go for, by the way."

Probably the most musical of all rock groups is the Mothers of Invention. Though they satirize musical styles of the past, they have a firm grasp on them, all the way from the voh-doh-dee-oh-doh of the 1920s through the ballad style of the '30s and '40s to the chromaticism of Miles Davis. They

are the most greasy, seedy, crumby-looking group in the rock field—and the most skilled. Their approach to music and society is fierce, satirical, and often scatological. Their hero apparently is Lenny Bruce, the brilliant comic and social critic who died in 1966. Bruce is also a hero to a representative of the other end of the rock spectrum, Paul Simon of Simon and Garfunkel, whose music is as gentle as the Mothers' is harsh.

What distinguishes the Mothers (a notorious pun that every fan understands) is their cultural roots. Most rockers lack a knowledge of musical precedent, being prone to claim brilliant originality when they discover some harmonic or other device known to music for a century or even more. Sometimes, of course, they achieve genuine originality precisely through their lack of knowledge—which, if it does not breed skill, at least breeds a lack of inhibition.

For a long time, rock was fixed firmly in triadic harmony, and chromaticism was spurned. It is always convenient, of course, to denigrate what you cannot do: it relieves one of the responsibility of learning. It is noteworthy that the contempt for more complex harmony has diminished as the rockers slowly have begun to get the hang of it.

If, on the whole, the rockers have shown a lack of knowledge of past musical accomplishment, they are setting their sights higher today. Many are admirers of jazz. Their fans are often unaware of this, and this leads to some astonishingly grandiose claims for rock. Writes a student at the University of Toronto: "It is said so often, and it begins to sound monotonous to repeat it, but what the Beatles are producing is a genre new to the music field—a unique new art form . . . Within the simplifying format [of their "Sgt. Pepper" album] they have been able to make a wealth of comments on the banality, frivolity, and passivity of modern-day life."

The kids actually think this sort of thing is new. Few among them know Lorenz Hart's scathing (though by now dated) satire on the banality, frivolity, and passivity of life in the 1930s, *Too Good for the Average Man*. Fewer still know the grim anti-war lyrics Ira Gershwin wrote in the 1920s for *Strike Up the Band*. And practically none is aware of the impact William S. Gilbert's work had in the late nineteenth century; the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas caused a bit of trembling in the British ruling class and, in one instance, caused a crisis in diplomatic relations between England and Japan.

Says Graham Nash of the Hollies: "I think that pop musicians in today's generation are in a fantastic position—they could rule the world, man."

This illusion of power (John Lennon of the Beatles caused a scandal by saying the Beatles were more popular than Jesus, though he was probably quite right) is another of the curious characteristics of rock musicians and their followers—though even that is not entirely new: Peter Yarrow of Peter, Paul, and Mary said during the folk fad a few years ago that he thought the trio could swing a federal election. The rock musicians are impressed by the statistics of their sales and by the communications explosion—the television and phonograph industries through which they reach their audience. Yet the fact is that, thus far, no rock group, not even the entire rock movement put together, has made a government nervous, as Gilbert and Sullivan did.

The Mothers of Invention: satirical, scatological.

Robert J. Wolfson, professor of economics at Syracuse University, said in a recent letter to the *New York Times:* "What is clearest about the under-30s is that they have suffered a grievous environmental deprivation which has stunted their social and intellectual growth and which may be very costly to all of us. They are probably the only generation of young people to have been cut off from their past, to have grown up ahistorical.

"Those of us who left adolescence in the early and mid-Forties and before had slightly older comrades who gave us the benefit of the accumulated experience of generations of socially conscious and active young people. But as a consequence of the political inactivity and noncommitment which prevailed among the nation's youth during the 1950s, this was not available to the kids who have grown up in the past eight years."

The arrogance of age lies in its belief that youth has nothing to say; the arrogance of youth lies in its belief that age couldn't understand anyway. If there is a generation gap, it is largely the fault of adults, too many (but by no means all) of whom are unwilling to listen. Certainly youth is talking, and largely in the musical form roughly called rock. They are expressing a yearning, a weariness with stupidity and brutality and greed, that may prove to be the healthiest thing to have happened to America since an earlier crowd of rebels told George III where to go.

So the music is loud? So was that of the Lionel Hampton and Woody Herman bands in the 1940s—ear-shatteringly loud. They wear funny clothes on the bandstand? So did Duke Ellington. So they talk about drugs in their songs? So did Cab Calloway.

Listen to this music. Listen selectively, of course, because like the popular music of the past, most of it is tripe. But the good is sometimes quite good indeed, and the hope it expresses may be the last one America is going to get.

SIMON & GARFUNKEL IN ACTION

BY MORGAN AMES

A Ph.D. candidate in Math and a student of English literature are slowly working to frustrate recording executives.

On January 25, 1967, a building collapsed in midtown Manhattan. Spectators gathered, disaster being one of New York's favorite forms of entertainment. Among the passers-by at the moment was a serious-looking young man looking for a path through the people. "There's Paul Simon!" exclaimed a young office girl. The focus of the crowd shifted quickly from the accident to the young man, who lowered his head, braced his shoulders, and hurried around the corner.

Paul Simon is half of the musical team of Simon and Garfunkel, which, in the time since that street scene, has acquired an even greater capacity to attract attention. They're among the biggest winners in the new pop music, and one of the few groups with an interested following among even non-admirers of rock. In a recent television special, Leonard Bernstein included Simon and Garfunkel among the five per cent of new pop artists he considers "formidable." Simon's songs are being performed by such diversified, non-rock artists as Mel Tormé, André Kostelanetz, Jackie and Roy, Jane Morgan, the Ray Charles Singers, and Amanda Ambrose (Simon was so impressed with her chord alterations in his *Homeward Bound* that he revised his own version of the song).

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, both now twenty-five, had their first record success ten years ago when, as schoolmates at Forest Hills High School in Queens, they taped a song written by Simon and youthfully entitled *Hey, School Girl*. They called themselves Tom and Jerry, and their song sold 100,000 copies. In 1963, using their own names, they formed a folk act, and in 1964 released their first Columbia album, "Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M." (CL 2249/CS 9049). The album appeared just as the folk boom was shuddering to a halt. Much of the material was of the kind that is done to death by performers who haven't yet found themselves and don't know what else to do. But among the predictable protests and homey rousers were several Paul Simon originals, hinting of the individuality to come. Though the album flopped, one number, *The Sounds of Silence*, was re-recorded in rock style, and hit fast and big. A second LP, "Sounds of Silence" (CL 2469/CS 9269), shed the indecisiveness of the first and expanded on the best—Simon's original material; one of its songs, *I Am a Rock*, became a hit.

Meanwhile, Simon and Garfunkel had to make the difficult transition from obscurity to fame. They pulled it off well.

I first met Paul Simon in the offices of Columbia Records in New York. He walked in with shoulders forward, eyes down, in the soft, uneven, toe-first gait that betrays shyness, a dark young man in clothes that were casual but not mod, short hair combed forward in a Roman style that was well—if quaintly—suited to him. There was an apologetic quality about the somber eyes until they smiled or grew interested, when intelligence swallowed apology. Simon is a gentle, articulate blend of self-possession and uncertainty. "I guess you could call our music 'pop'," he said, compromising with his dislike for pigeonholing, "because what we do is popular, right?" He majored in English Literature at Queens College. "One of my big problems is editing. I'll look at something I've written and know it's too loose but," he smiles, "somehow I hate to give up a line I made up." If Simon has not yet learned to be ruthless with his work, other pop writers don't even recognize the need for such discipline. Similarly, he's dissatisfied with his guitar playing though it is among the most fluid and artful to be heard in his field.

Art Garfunkel, though temperamentally similar, is physically unlike his partner. He is tall and thin, with blue eyes and wildly curling blond hair. His face is beautiful without being pretty, his manner is boyish, sometimes vague, and the voice gentle. "Believe it or not," says a friend, "Arthur is as sweet as he looks." Garfunkel's range of activities is wide, intense, and somewhat astounding. To a life of concerts, recordings, television, traveling, and the relentless need to produce new music, add the standard matter of growing up. Then add a determined interest in education. At present Garfunkel is working on his Ph.D. in mathematics at Columbia University's Teachers College. Teaching is one of several vocations he speculates upon in weaving what he intends to be a full and varied future. "For a while, I didn't want to really let it get around that I was in school," he says. "Mathematics isn't exactly a poetic kind of field." That Garfunkel's feats bother him in relation to his image is charming and a bit incredible.

Though Simon and Garfunkel are in great demand for concerts, primarily on college campuses, they

SIMON & GARFUNKEL

won't work nightclubs. One reason is that Garfunkel's school commitments prevent them from making personal appearances except on weekends. But the main reason, says Garfunkel, echoing a grievance common to most sensitive performers, is that "We hate them." Nightclubs are rarely listening rooms, and Simon and Garfunkel want to be heard. Indeed, they require listening. Their music, neither loud nor feverish, is poor dancing fare.

Working in slacks and bulky sweaters, with Simon's non-amplified guitar as their sole accompaniment (though Garfunkel also plans to play guitar in the act soon), they draw their audiences into their soft, lonely, sometimes humorous moods. The passage of time is a recurrent subject in Simon's songs. "In working colleges," he says, "the thing to remember is that while we grow older every year, the college age stays the same. Right now we're working to our own generation but that will change. Our biggest audience will probably always be people in our age bracket. They're the ones we're saying something to." But because they are saying something, Simon and Garfunkel lack a fear commonly found in new pop groups: what will we do when rock is over? As one young fan, a nurse, said of Simon's songs, "He writes songs that turn the most commonplace situations into things that move you."

To date, Simon and Garfunkel's third album, "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme" (CS 9363), is by far the best. "I think of it as our only album so far," says Simon. One of its songs, *The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)*, was recently a hit by a group called the Harpers Bizarre, whose arrangement is an admitted steal from the original. *A Simple Desultory Philippic* is Simon at his funniest: "I've been Norman Mailered, Maxwell Taylored, John O'Hara'd, McNamara'd, Rolling Stoned and Beatled till I'm blind. I've been Ayn Randed, nearly branded Communist 'cause I'm left-handed . . . I've been mother, fathered, aunt and uncled, Roy Halee'd, Art Garfunkeld, I've just discovered somebody's tapped my phone. . ."

The song of which Simon is most proud is *The Dangling Conversation*, a sighing acknowledgment of the communication block that so often arises as love dies. "It's a still-life water color of a now late afternoon. . . . And we sit and drink our coffee, couched in our indifference, like shells upon the shore; you can hear the ocean roar in the Dangling Conversation and the superficial sighs: the borders of our lives. And you read your Emily Dickinson, and I my Robert Frost, and we note our place with bookmarkers that measure what we've lost. Like a poem poorly written, we are verses out of rhythm; couplets out of rhyme in syncopated time . . ."

Despite Simon and Garfunkel's concert popularity, it's conceivable that the majority of their fans will never bother to see them perform in person. The age of live entertainment as big business is nearly over. Nightclub owners sit out the week grimly, praying that the weekend will pull them out of the hole. Concert halls and theatres cry for subsidization. Even baseball has lost much of its pulling power. In this age of boasted conveniences, one no longer need put on his shoes and go outside for entertainment. We're well into the age of television and records. It is only fitting that the new generation of performers is strongly geared towards producing that with which they grew up: home entertainment. Simon and Garfunkel are, first and foremost, recording artists.

MODERN RECORDING STUDIOS are fascinating, incredible places. Dead are the days when a band singer stood before a studio microphone and recorded a song in less than an hour. For Simon and Garfunkel, a song that takes four minutes to perform on stage may easily take dozens of hours to perfect on a four-minute record. A standard 12-inch disc often represents a minimum of 125 studio hours. *125 hours*, did you say? Yes, and though a portion of that time is spent by agile technicians adjusting multiple microphones and sound balances, most of it is consumed by Simon and Garfunkel, exercising their "artistic control" to achieve the effects they desire. Spontaneity is important. Simon often edits, revises, and even writes his songs in the studio. Much of Garfunkel's vocal arranging takes place there. Arrangements themselves often grow on the spot.

How does a single track come into being? There is no set formula. "We start with the 'givens' and go from there," says the group's present producer. Beginning ideas are givens. If Paul Simon arrives with a fairly set notion of melody and arrangement, he may begin by recording a track of his voice and

guitar, along with bass and drums. If the song's words are not yet completed, outside instruments or sound effects may be added to the basic track while Simon refines his lyric ideas. If Garfunkel sets his harmonic line before Simon is certain of his, Garfunkel goes first. If an orchestration is to be used, it may be recorded and later edited or scrapped. Things are loose. If a session is unsuccessful, another is booked. Nothing goes in that can't come out.

Yes, but 125 hours for an album of less than half an hour's duration?

Today's new pop artists are not interested in setting speed records. Just as Simon and Garfunkel will not be rushed in the studio, Simon balks at being pressured into cranking out hit after hit single. "I'm not that interested in singles anymore," he says. "Besides, I work very hard on my songs. They come slowly." If Columbia is distressed over Simon's attitude, it's understandable. Record companies depend upon *product* from their few big grossers.

To cope with the situation, Columbia recently sent in its brightest young producer, John Simon, to work with Simon and Garfunkel on their latest single, *Fakin' It*, and a forthcoming album. A musician, arranger, and graduate of Princeton, John Simon, twenty-six, has a keen and sympathetic eye for the problems of recording new pop artists, many of whom enter the recording field raw. In a recent interview with *Books*, Simon said, "If I work with a rock-and-roll group and I wear a suit—they turn off. That's why I have such long sideburns. It shows them my heart is in the right place. Also, I like them." At present, John Simon would win a sideburn contest against Simon and Garfunkel.

John Simon and Paul Simon are not related, but here's a happy note for confusion buffs: last year John Simon produced one of the most musical and lucrative rock singles Columbia has seen in recent years, a song called *Red Rubber Ball* sung by The Cyrkle. As it happened, the song was written by Paul Simon. It was inevitable in the insular recording world that the two Simons finally work together directly, thus adding a further touch of credit-confusion. The entire record industry seems little more than an inbred, overheated, and unstable version of *One Man's Family*, where everyone is related according to his hungers, and where, reportedly and fittingly, comedian Godfrey Cambridge once telephoned CBS Columbia-Group President Goddard Lieberson and said, "Hello, God? This is God."

A RECORD DATE for Simon and Garfunkel's forthcoming album took place recently at Columbia's recording studios on 52nd Street at 11:00 p.m. The moment one enters the building it's apparent why the two prefer recording at this hour. The roaring pressure of daytime activity has left a quiet but animated residual atmosphere for the off-hour minority to enjoy. One is able to hear the neat sound of his own footsteps leading to the soundproofed door of Studio E. Inside the control booth the air of intimacy continues: a chosen few gathered in an empty place at an unlikely hour with the good intentions of producing something exciting. The booth is lit adequately, but not brightly. Roy Halee, the efficient, loyal, and enthusiastic engineer who has worked with Simon and Garfunkel since their first record date, is talking softly with Lou Waxman, another technician. Producer John Simon is slouched, reading a newspaper. Paul Simon, in jeans (neither tailored, cut to the hip, nor belled at the ankle) and cardigan sweater, and Art Garfunkel, in utilitarian denims and shirt, are conversing with disc jockey Murray the K (dressed in Aging-Boy Mod: pinch-waisted suit, boots, long hair conquered with greasy kid stuff) and his wife Jackie (mini-skirt, sweater, high white boots, and Bardot-styled wig). In a corner are Paul Simon's younger brother Eddie, a disturbingly flawless reproduction of Paul, and his girl friend. Mort Lewis, Simon and Garfunkel's towering, pleasant-mannered manager, arrives a little later. No one else. Though everyone is on time, work starts late. To those familiar with the tension of most pops recording sessions, tonight's mood is remarkable: warm, relaxed, confident.

Finally work begins. The song is called *Punkie's Dilemma*, an outpouring of Simon's peculiar brand of whimsey, written for Mike Nichols' forthcoming film, *The Graduate:* "Wish I was a Kelloggs Cornflake, floatin' in my bowl, takin' movies . . . talkin' to a raisin who 'casionally plays L.A., casually glancing at his toupee. Wish I was an English muffin 'bout to make the most out of a toaster; I'd ease myself down, comin' up brown; I prefer boysenberry more than any ordinary jam. I'm a Citizens For Boysenberry Jam fan. If I became a first lieutenant, would you put my photo on your piano? To Mary Jane, Best Wishes, Martin. . . . "

The track is made in layers. First Simon's guitar, then his voice. Later he'll repeat his vocal line, overdubbing it to add body. Simon, who has stopped smoking for the occasion, wants to set his vocal line down before Garfunkel sings, so he can have a cigarette. Garfunkel, who's going through a nonsmoking phase, agrees. They prefer working in that order anyway. The depth of their friendship is evident in the way they work together. Because Garfunkel only sings and does vocal arranging while Simon does the writing, guitar playing, and lead singing, one might think it's primarily Simon's show—until one sees their creative interdependence on a record date.

A glass enclosure and speakers enable Garfunkel to listen from the booth as Simon sings his part in the studio. After the take, Garfunkel flips the intercom switch connected to a speaker in the studio. "Try it again, Paul. I think your feeling was a little better the last time. But your intonation is fine now."

"No, it wasn't," remarks producer John Simon in the booth once the intercom switch is off.

"I know," says Garfunkel. The team's working relationship is built upon listening to each other,

17 defines for much of its passage across Ontario the northernmost limit of agrarian settlement. It is endowed with habitation, when at all, by fishing villages, mining camps, and timber towns that straddle the highway every fifty miles or so. Among these, names such as Michipicoten and Batchawana advertise the continuing segregation of the Canadian Indian; Rossport and Jackfish proclaim the no-nonsense map-making of the early white settlers; and Marathon and Terrace Bay—"Gem of the North Shore"—betray the postwar influx of American capital. (Terrace is the Brasilia of Kimberley-Clark's Kleenex-Kotex operation in Ontario.)

The layout of these latter towns, set amidst the most beguiling landscape in central North America, rigorously subscribes to that concept of northern town planning which might be defined as 1984 Prefab and, to my mind, provides the source of so compelling an allegory of the human condition as might well have found its way into the fantasy prose of the late Karel Capek.

Marathon, a timber town of some 2,600 souls, clings to the banks of a fjord which indents the coast of Lake Superior. Due to a minor miscalculation by one of the company's engineers as to the probable course of the prevailing winds, the place has been overhung since its inception two decades ago with a pulp-and-paper stench that serves to proclaim the monolithic nature of the town's economy even as it discourages any supplemental income from the tourist trade. Real estate values, consequently, are relative to one's distance from the plant. At the boardwalk level, the company has located a barracks for unmarried and/or itinerant workers; up-a-block, hotel, cinema, chapel, and general store; at the next plateau, an assortment of prefabs; beyond them, at a further elevation, some split-levels for the junior execs; and, finally, with one more gentle ascent and a hard right turn, a block of paternalistic brick mansions, which would be right to home among the more exclusive suburbs of Westchester County, N. Y. Surely the upward mobility of North American society can scarcely ever have been more persuasively demonstrated. "Gives a man something to shoot at," I was assured by one local luminary whose political persuasion, it developed, was somewhere to the right of Prince Metternich.

A few hundred yards beyond Presidential Row, a bull-dozed trail leads to the smog-free top of the fjord. But from this approach, one is held at bay by a padlocked gate bearing a sign from which, in the manner of those reassuring marquees once used to decorate the boarding-ramps of Pan American Airways, one learns that "your company has now had 165 accident-free work days" and that access to the top is prohibited. Up there, on that crest beyond the stench, one can see the two indispensable features of any thriving timber town—its log-shoot breaking bush back through that trackless terrain and an antenna for the low-power relay system of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

These relay outlets, with their radius of three or four miles, serve only the immediate area of each community. As one drives along No. 17, encountering them every hour or so, they constitute the surest evidence that the "outside" (as we northerners like to call it) is with us still. In the outpost communities, the CBC's culture pitch (Boulez is very big in Batchawana) is supplemented by local programming which, in the imaginative traditions of commercial radio everywhere, leans towards a formula of news on the hour and fifty-five minutes of the pop picks from *Billboard* magazine. This happy ambivalence made my last trip along "17" noteworthy, for at that time, climbing fast on all the charts and featured hard upon the hour by most D.J.s, was an item called *Who Am I?* The singer was Petula Clark; the composer and conductor, Tony Hatch.

I contrived to match my driving speed to the distance between relay outlets, came to hear it most hours and in the end to know it, if not better than the soloist, at least as well perhaps as most of the sidemen who were booked for the date. After several hundred miles of this exposure, I checked into the hotel at Marathon, and made plans to contemplate Petula.

Who Am I? was the fourth in a remarkable series of songs which established the American career of Petula Clark. Released in 1966 and preceded the year before by *Sign of the Times* and *My Love*, it laid to rest any uncharitable notion that her success with the ubiquitous *Downtown* of 1964 was a fluke. Moreover, this quartet of hits was designed to convey the idea that, bound as she might be by limitations of timbre and range, she would not accept any corresponding restrictions of theme and sentiment. Each of the four songs details an adjacent plateau of experience—the twenty-three months separating the release dates of *Downtown* and *Who Am I?* being but a modest acceleration of the American teen-ager's precipitous scramble from the parental nest.

And Pet Clark is in many ways the compleat synthesis of this experience. At thirty-four, with two children, with three distinct careers (in the Forties she was the British cinema's anticipation of Annette Funicello, and a decade later a subdued chanteuse in Paris niteries), and with a voice, figure, and (at a respectable distance) face that betray few of the ravages of this experiential sequence, she is pop music's most persuasive embodiment of the Gidget syndrome. Her audience is large, constant, and pos-

sessed of an enthusiasm which transcends the generations. One recent visitor from the Netherlands, a gentleman in his sixties who had previously assured me that American pop trends were the corrupting inspiration behind last summer's "Provo" riots in that country, became impaled upon his grandchildren's enthusiasm for *My Love*. He said it called to mind the spirit of congregational singing in the Dutch Reform Church, and asked to hear it once again.

Petula minimizes the emotional metamorphosis implicit in these songs, extracting from the text of each the same message of detachment and sexual circumspection. *Downtown*, that intoxicated adolescent daydream—

Things will be great when you're Downtown,
Don't wait a minute, for Downtown,
Everything's waiting for you.

is as she tells it, but a step from *My Love*, that vigorous essay in self-advertisement—

My love is warmer than the warmest sunshine,
Softer than a sigh;
My love is deeper than the deepest ocean,
Wider than the sky.

and from the reconciliatory concession of *Sign of the Times*—

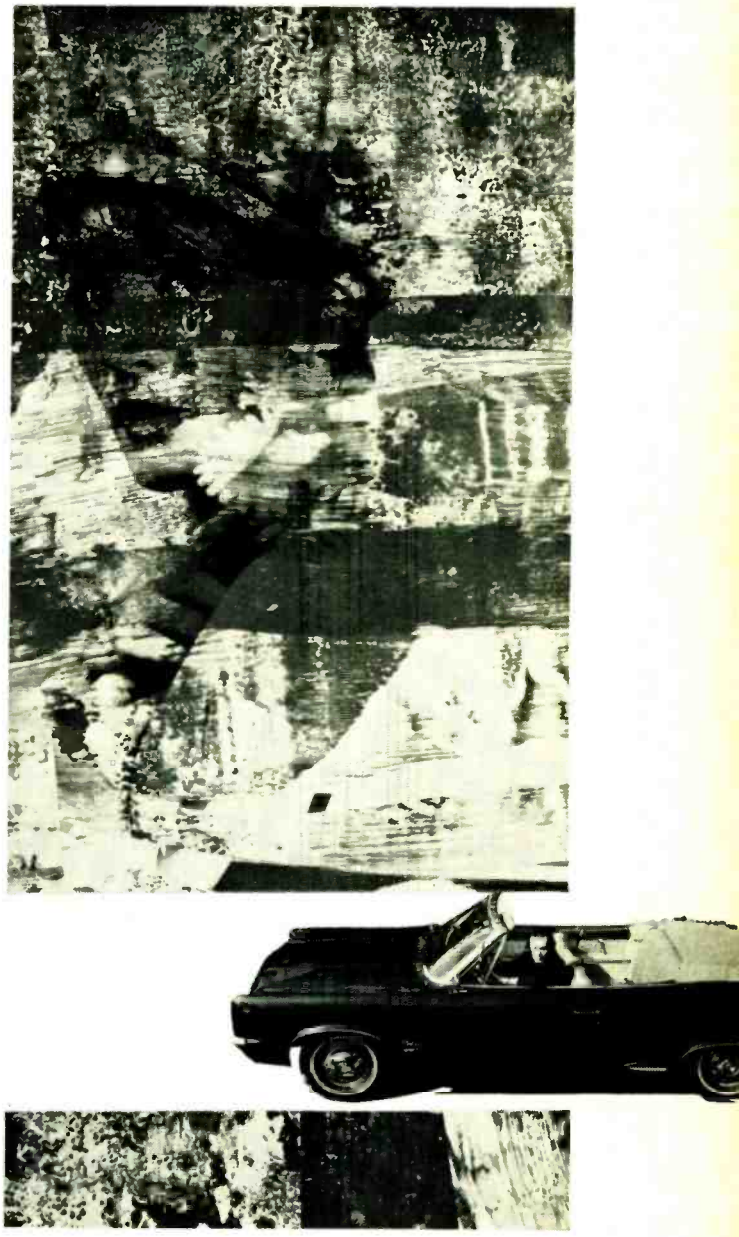
I'll never understand the way you treated me,
But when I hold your hand, I know you couldn't be
the way you used to be.

The sequence of events implicit in these songs is sufficiently ambiguous as to allow the audience dipping-in privileges. It's entirely possible to start with *Who Am I?* as I did, and sample *Downtown* later at one's leisure. But a well-ordered career in pop music should be conceived like the *dramatis personae* of soap opera—dipping-in to *The Secret Storm* once every semester should tell you all you really need to know about how things are working out for Amy Ames. And similarly, the title, tempo, and tonal range of a performer's hits should observe a certain bibliographic progression. (You thought Frankie had other reasons for "It's been a very good year"?) I'm inclined to suspect that had the sequence of her songs been reversed, Petula's American reputation might not have gained momentum quite so easily. There's an inevitability about that quartet with its relentless on-pressing to the experiences of adulthood or reasonable facsimile thereof. To a teen-age audience whose social-sexual awareness dovetailed with their release dates, Petula in her well-turned-out Gidgetry would provide gratifying reassurance of postadolescent survival.

To her more mature public, she's a comfort of another kind. Everything about her on-stage, on-mike manner belies the aggressive proclamations of the lyrics. Face, figure, discreet gyrations, but, above all, that voice, fiercely loyal to its one great octave, indulging none but the most circumspect slides and filigree, vibrato so tight and fast as to be nonexistent—none of that "here-comes-the-fermata-so-hold-on" tremolando with which her nibs, Georgia Gibbs, grated like squeaky chalk upon the exposed nerves of my generation—Petula panders to the wishful thinking of the older set that, style be hanged, modesty prevails. ("Leave the child be, Maw, it's just a touch of prickly heat.")

THE GAP BETWEEN the demonstrative attitude of the lyrics and the restraint with which Petula ministers to their delivery is symptomatic of a more fundamental dichotomy. Each of the songs contrived for her by Tony Hatch emphasizes some aspect of that discrepancy between an adolescent's short-term need to rebel and long-range readiness to conform. In each the score pointedly contradicts that broad streak of self-indulgence which permeates the lyrics. The harmonic attitude is, at all times, hymnal, upright, and relentlessly diatonic.

Well, come to that, almost all pop music today *is*



relentlessly diatonic—the Max Reger, Vincent D'Indy chromatic bent which infiltrated big-band arranging in the late Thirties and the Forties ran its course when Ralph Flanagan got augmented sixths out of his system. But Tony Hatch's diatonicism, relative to Messrs. Lennon, McCartney, et al., is possessed of more than just a difference in kind. For the Beatles, a neo-triadic persuasion is (was?) a guerrilla tactic—an instrument of revolution. Annexing such *vox populi* conventions of English folk harmony as the *Greensleeves*-type nonchalance of old Vaughan Williams' lethargic parallel fifths, the new minstrels turned this lovably bumbling plain-speech into a disparaging mimicry of upperclass inflection. They went about sabotaging the seats of tonal power and piety with the same opportunism that, in *Room at the Top*, motivated Laurence Harvey in his seduction of Sir Donald Wolfit's daughter.

Tonally, the Beatles have as little regard for the niceties of voice-leading as Erik Satie for the anguished cross-relation of the German postromantics. Theirs is a happy, cocky, belligerently resourceless brand of harmonic primitivism. Their career has been one long sendup of the equation: sophistication = chromatic extension. The willful, dominant prolongations and false tonic releases to which they subject us, *Michelle* notwithstanding, in the name of foreground elaboration, are merely symptomatic of a cavalier disinclination to observe the psychological properties of tonal background. In the Liverpudlian repertoire, the indulgent amateurishness of the musical material, though closely rivaled by the indifference of the performing style, is actually surpassed only by the ineptitude of the studio production method. (*Strawberry Fields* suggests a chance encounter at a mountain wedding between Claudio Monteverdi and a jug band.)

And yet, for a portion of the musical elite, the Beatles are, for this year at least, incomparably "in." After all, if you make use of sitars, white noise, and Cathy Berberian, you must have something, right? Wrong! The real attraction, concealed by virtue of that same adroit self-deception with which coffee-house intellectuals talked themselves into Charlie Parker in the Forties, and Lennie Tristano in the Fifties, is the need for the common triad as purgative. After all, the central nervous system can accommodate only so many pages of persistent pianissimos, chord-clusters in the marge, and tritones on the vibes. Sooner or later, the diet palls and the patient cries out for a cool draught of C major.

In filling this need, however, the Beatles are entirely incidental. They get the nod at the moment simply through that amateurishness which makes the whole phenomenon of *their* C major seem credible as an accident of overtone displacement, and through that avant-garde article of faith that nothing is more despicable than a professional triad-tester. The Beatles' "in" vs. Petula's relative "out" can be diagnosed on the same terms and as part of that same syndrome of status-quest that renders Tristano's *G minor Complex* arcane, Poulenc's Organ Concerto in the same key banal, the poetry of the Iglulik Eskimos absorbing, Sibelius' *Tapiola* tedious, and that drives those who feel diffident to buy Bentleys.

But for Tony Hatch, tonality is not a worked-out lode. It is a viable and continuing source of productive energy with priorities that demand and get, from him, attention. *Downtown* is the most affirmatively diatonic exhortation in the key of E major since the unlikely team of Felix Mendelssohn and Harriet Beecher Stowe pooled talents for—

Still, still, with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee . . .

Sign of the Times, on the other hand, admits one fairly sophisticated altercation between the tonic with its dominant, and the minor-mediant relation, similarly embroidered, which twice underlines the idea that "Perhaps my lucky star is now beginning to shine"—the harmonic overlay suggests that there is still sufficient alto-stratus cloud cover to hamper visibility. *My Love*, though, remains firmly persuaded of its nonmodulating course. Throughout its two minutes and forty-five seconds, the only extradiatonic event which disturbs proceedings is the near inevitable hookup to the flattened supertonic for a final chorus—two neighborly dominants being the pivots involved. Indeed, only one secondary dominant, which happens to coincide with the line "It shows how wrong we all can be," compromises the virginal propriety of its responsibly confirming Fuxian basses, and none of those stray, flattened leading-tones-as-root implies a moment's lack of resolution. It's all of a piece, a proud, secure Methodist tract—preordained, devoid of doubt, admitting of no compromise. And as legions of Petulas gyrate, ensnared within its righteous euphony, galleries of oval-framed ancestors peer down upon that deft deflation of the lyrics, and approve.

AFTER THE PREVAILING euphoria of the three songs which preceded it, *Who Am I?* reads like a document of despair. It catalogues those symptoms of disenchantment and ennui which inevitably scuttle a trajectory of emotional escalation such as bound that trilogy together. The singer's *Downtown*-based confidence in the therapeutic effect of "noise," "hurry," and "bright lights" has been shattered. Those alluring asphalt canyons, which promised "an escape from that life which is making you lonely," have exacted a high price for their gift of anonymity. For though she has now found a place where "buildings reach up to the sky," where "traffic thunders on the busy street," where "pavement slips beneath my feet," she continues to "walk alone and wonder, Who am I?"

Clearly, it's a question of identity crisis, vertiginous and claustrophobic, induced through the traumatic experience of a metropolitan environment and, quite possibly, aggravated by sore feet. There is, of course, the inevitable apotheosis, complete with falsetto C, on behalf of the restorative therapy

of amour. ("But I have something else entirely free, the love of someone close to me, and to question such good fortune, Who Am I?") Yet the prevailing disphoria of that existentially questing title is not to be routed by so conventional and half-hearted an appendage.

Motivically, *Who Am I?* plays a similar game of reverse *Downtown*-ism. The principal motivic cell-unit of that ebullient Lied consisted of the interval of a minor third plus a major second, alternating, upon occasion, with a major third followed by a minor second. In *Downtown*, the composite of either of these figures, the perfect fourth, became the title motive and the figures themselves were elongated by reiterated notes ("When/you're/a/lone/and/life/is"), shuffled by commas ("downtown, where") ("to help, I") (["Pret]-ty, how can"), and constantly elaborated by the sort of free-diatonic transpositioning which seems entirely consistent with the improvisatory fantasies of youth.

In *Who Am I?*, however, the same motive, though introduced and occasionally relieved by scale-step passages ("The build-ings-reach-up-to-the-sky") is most often locked into a diatonic spiral—the notes (f,e,c,) (c,a,g) serving to underline "I walk alone and wonder, Who Am I?" Furthermore, the bass line at this moment is engaged with the notes (d,g,e) and (g,e,a), a vertical synchronization of which would imply a harmonic composite of the title-motive. Now admittedly, such Schoenbergian jargon must be charily applied to the carefree creations of the pop scene. At all costs, one must avoid those more formidable precepts of Princetonian Babbittry such as "pitch-class" which, since they have not yet forged the Hudson unchallenged, can scarcely be expected to have plied the Atlantic and to have taken Walthamstow studio without a fight. Nevertheless, *Downtown* and *Who Am I?* clearly represent two sides of the same much-minted coin. The infectious enthusiasm of the *Downtown* motive encounters its obverse in the somnambulistic systematization of the *Who Am I?* symbol, a unit perfectly adapted to the tenor of mindless confidence and the tone of slurred articulation with which Petula evokes the interminable mid-morning coffee-hour laments of all the secret sippers of suburbia.

STRICTLY SPEAKING, the idea of suburbia is meaningless within the context of Marathon. From waterfront to Presidential Row is but five blocks, and beyond that elevation one can pick out only two symbols of urban periphery: the Peninsula Golf and Country Club (NO TRESPASSING—KEEP OFF THE GRASS —BEWARE THE DOG) and, as summer alternative, a small pond cared for by a local service club in lieu of the fjord which was long ago rendered unfit for swimming. Both are well within range of the transmitter, though its power rapidly declines as one passes beyond the country club towards the highway, and consequently, whether via transistor or foyer PA, one remains exposed to the same single-channel news and music menu.

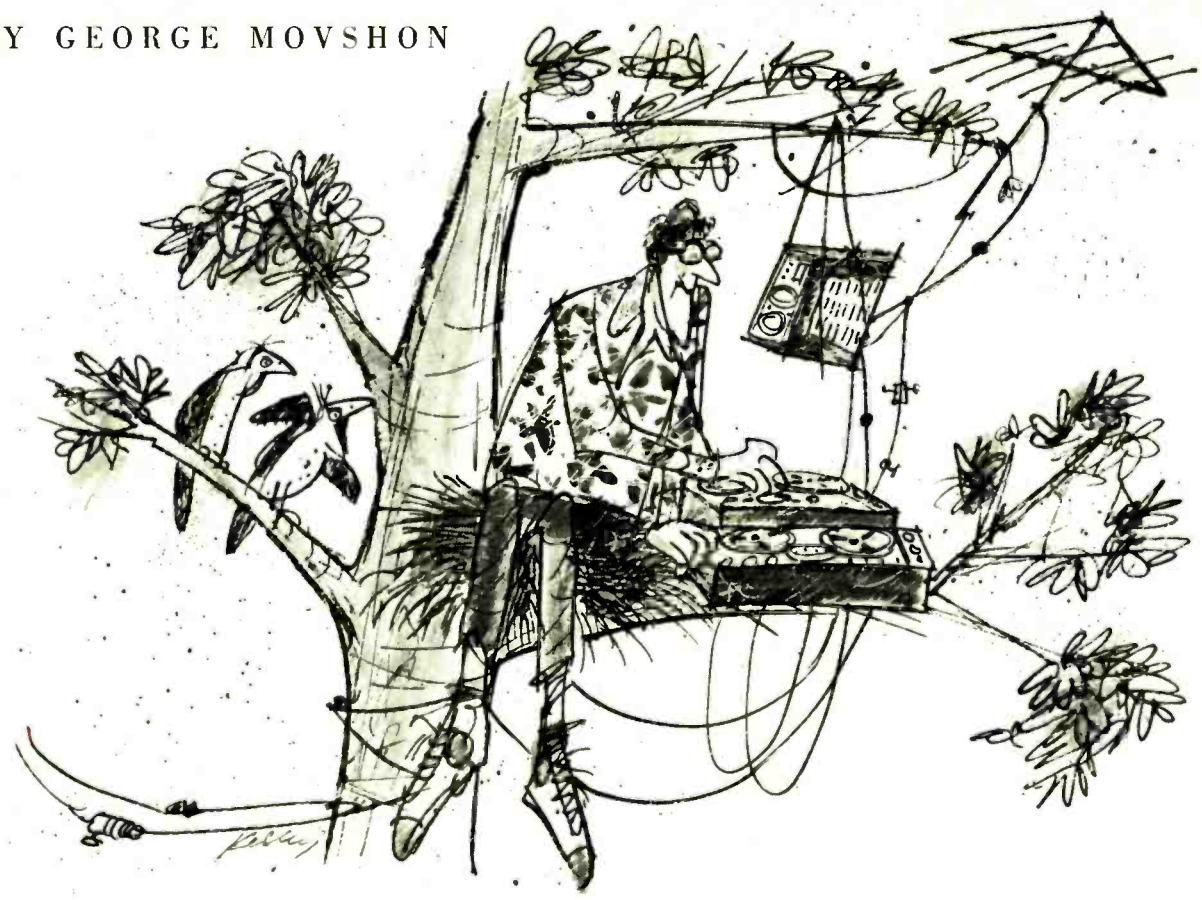
The problem for citizens of Marathon is that, however tacitly, a preoccupation with escalation and a concern with subsequent decline effectively cancel each other out. And the result, despite the conscientious stratification of the town, is a curiously compromised emotional unilaterality.

There are, of course, other ways to plan a town. Terrace Bay was designed two years after Marathon and apparently profited by the miscalculations which plagued its eastern neighbor. Wind direction (predominantly nor'westerly) was carefully plotted and the plant accordingly located to the north and east of the settlement. The town was designed around a shopping plaza and set on level ground two hundred feet above Lake Superior. The executives were encouraged to locate like den mothers, one to each prefab block. "Coddling the men don't work," Prince Metternich assured me. "Just robs them of incentive!" I resolved to have a look and set off at dusk for The Gem of the North Shore.

No. 17, patrolled at night, affords a remarkable auditory experience. The height of land in northern Ontario, a modest 2,000 feet, is attained immediately north of Lake Superior. From beyond that point all water flows toward Hudson's Bay and, ultimately, the Arctic Sea. Traversing that promontory, after sundown, one discovers an astounding clarity of AM reception. All the accents of the continent are spread across the band, and, as one twiddles the dial to reap the diversity of that encounter, the day's auditory impressions with their hypnotic insularity recede, then reëmerge as part of a balanced and resilient perspective . . . . .

*This is London calling in the North American service of the BBC. Here is the news read by * * * * And it's 46 chilly degrees in Grand Bend. Say there, Dad, if it's time for that second car you've been promising the little woman, how's about checking the bargains down at * * * * Et maintenant, la symphonie numéro quarante-deux, Köchel sept-cent-vingt de Mozart, jouée par * * * * Okay, chickadees, here's the one you've been asking for and tonight it's specially dedicated to Paul from Doris, to Marianne from a secret admirer, and to all the men in special detention detail out at the Institute from Big Bertha and the gals of the M.S. Vagabond, riding at anchor just a cozy quarter mile beyond the international limit —Pet Clark with that question we've all been asking . . . "I walk alone and wonder, Who Am I?"*

BY GEORGE MOVSHON



How To Improve Your Off-the-Air Recordings

"EVERY VIP in the world will come passing by—if you wait long enough." They used to say that about the Café de la Paix, and once they said it of Times Square. There is a similar saw for the tape recordist who likes to get his music library off the air; "Hoist an antenna near a large city, load the deck . . . and wait. Sooner or later everything you want will come along."

If you have very specialized tastes, the wait may be long, even in New York City where, at last count, sixty-three AM and FM stations—not to mention ten TV channels—were simultaneously pumping the air. But if only one ten-thousandth of all this output is your cup of tea, there is still a great deal to drink. My own thirst is for opera and other vocal music, some symphonic and instrumental music as well; and for seven years now I have been taping much of it off the air, and perfecting my home-brewed techniques for the "long take."

Over the years this activity has produced a good-sized bookshelf crammed with tape boxes containing hundreds of things you could never buy in a store—great moments, wonderful bad moments, the roar of the Met audience when Sutherland stopped the show, the boos at Bayreuth when Wieland Wagner de-Teutonized his grandfather's *Meistersinger*. There are gems from Salzburg, La Scala, Vienna, Covent Garden, and many Met broadcasts (still transmitted, alas, in mono); there is stereo from the New York Philharmonic, the Chicago, the Philadelphia. There are old-time vocals and historic items: Caruso recorded, in all, 244 items; by keeping alert, I have managed to catch 198 of them off the airwaves and I am still looking for the remaining forty-six. And to show the depth of my addiction, I have fifteen different performances, all by Birgit Nilsson, of the Immolation Scene from *Götterdämmerung*.

Whether you get your kicks from William or Charlie Byrd, you'll find a great deal on the air to content you. You need decent reception, equipment in good working order . . . and patience.

Tune In Your Program

Basically there are two kinds of situations, giving rise to two contrary afflictions: weak signals, because of great distance between transmitter and receiver; overloading and multipath distortion, because of proximity between transmitter and receiver or intervening obstructions. Famine or glut. Drought or flood.

For the owners of rural and exurban FM sets, recommended procedure remains "Climb higher and pull harder." Choose the most efficient high-gain antenna you can and raise it as high as possible. If you are interested in just a few stations and live in their fringe areas, see the service department of your

local audio dealer about Yagi elements tuned precisely to the frequencies you want. If the dealer cannot help, try a TV serviceman, who can often be very helpful in coping with reception problems.

If you are trying to record the signal from a distant stereo station, first tune it in with your receiver switched for mono. Make sure the signal is as strong as you can get it. Then raise the listening volume and rock the Mono/Stereo control of your tuner. Listen for hash. Is it noticeably higher in stereo? No? Then go ahead and record stereo. If the mono signal is significantly quieter, forgo the extra dimension and take it in mono; the result will be more enjoyable in quiet mono than noisy stereo.

Another way to evaluate stereo signal strength for off-the-air recording would be to try the muting switch—sometimes called the interstation noise suppressor—now appearing on many tuners and receivers. Its main function is to reduce noise between stations, but you can use it to differentiate between strong and marginal stereo signals because it may also decrease the stereo effect. Listen critically for left/rightness and stereo depth and watch the stereo indicator. If the switch appreciably reduces stereo, again cut your losses and take the piece in mono.

Just remember that while you listen to a broadcast once, you listen to your tapes repeatedly—and with every hearing any flaw becomes more annoying. To capture that special moment, play it safe.

Hiss and hash are horrid, but they're as nothing compared to multipath distortion. FM's sonic equivalent of "ghosts" on the television screen. MPD is my worst reception problem, living as I do in a mid-Manhattan canyon. MPD is about the beastliest thing broadcast material can suffer. In stereo it produces the very nadir: sibilants that slash through the room, music brutally degraded.

There's only one good thing to be said about MPD: it responds to fiddling about. Change the bearing of the antenna. If you use a rabbit-ears—and I do, for my building's master TV antenna excludes the FM frequencies—rotate it. Change the course of the lead-in wire; disconnect one terminal, either at the antenna or at the tuner; disconnect the entire antenna and substitute eight inches of bell wire.

The line of best advice lies exactly opposite to that given the country folk: make your antenna less efficient, pull less hard. Consider an FM heresy: if all else fails, try to exclude the main signal if you can; seek out a good (mono) ghost and live with it.

Prepare the Recorder

And so to the recorder itself. There it sits in neutral, ready to go. If this is an important recording date, you will want to clean the heads. Swipe a Q-Tip from your wife (or wrap a blob of absorbent cotton around a toothpick), dip it into a bottle of tape head cleaner, rub the heads gently and note with satisfaction the dirt you have removed. No head cleaner around? Denatured alcohol is safe, or even vodka. But avoid petroleum derivatives and stay away from carbon tetrachloride; it's sheer murder on any plastic in the vicinity of the head.

A careful daubing may clear away that microscopic flake of oxide caught near the gap, which is lying in wait to push the tape just far enough off the head to dissipate all your high frequencies.

Don't be sparing with your head demagnetizer (or degausser) either. Use it after every ten or fifteen hours of recorder use, whether those are hours of playback or recording. Cover the pole pieces of the demagnetizer with something soft that won't scratch the heads—plastic tape will do—and then bring the electromagnet right up to the head gap. Switch on the demagnetizer. Draw it away slowly, mystically, along an ever-widening zigzag course until you are three feet or so away. Switch it off. Done. You have used an electromagnetic field to change polarity sixty times a second, and have dissipated any residual magnetism in your recorder heads. Don't bother with the erase head; that one is really a demagnetizer all on its own.

For best results, record at the highest speed of which your machine is capable—if you feel that the original audio quality of the music warrants it. My own rule is 7½ ips for anything with even a flimsy claim to high fidelity. Why? Well, that is a hard thing to explain to someone who is impressed with his machine's 3¾ specs. Why should he bother with the fast speed when his machine gets 40 Hz to 12 kHz, plus or minus 3 dB, at 3¾ ips? The only answer is that 7½ sounds just a *mite* better. The mechanical action is a *little* smoother—with the wow, flutter, and noise all further below the audible surface. Just a shade. But that's high fidelity.

Of course, there is no sense in expending all that tape if you are recording a vocal of the pre-electric era, or even a prewar orchestral performance where nothing above 7,000 Hz went onto the master.

You will have loaded the feed spindle with a reel of tape based on your estimate of the duration of the upcoming music. These days, a full seven-inch reel can contain anything from 1,200 feet of standard-play tape up to 3,600 feet of the very thin half-mil variety; the first will play thirty minutes or so at 7½ ips, the second over ninety minutes.

On the question of which of the many kinds of tape on the market to buy, I can't do better than refer the reader to HIGH FIDELITY's recent article on this subject ["The Right Tape for the Job," August 1967, page 52]. The matter of choice actually is less crucial than it was a few years ago. Not only has tape in general improved, but the problem of matching the tape to the characteristics of a given recorder has been much lessened by the growing standardization of tape bias current requirements and the adoption by recorder manufacturers of compromise settings to meet them.

For many home recordists, therefore, purchasing decisions will be made on the basis of the length of tape needed—and this can be one of the most vexing problems in the whole operation. Try calling the station for an estimate of the playing time of the

work you want to record, or the librarian of your local symphony. Actually, there are really no standard timings; what with cuts, repeats, and the idiosyncrasies of performers, timings will vary up to twenty per cent one way or the other. Thus there is no way to combine reasonable tape economy with a guarantee that you will catch every note. Make your best estimate. Then hope. And stand, every now and again as I do, biting your nails and tearing your hair because the feed reel is just about to run dry and the symphony has fifteen seconds still to run.

Mozart was made for the 78-rpm era, or at least his operas seem to have been. Prewar record producers (particularly the EMI people who recorded the Glyndebourne operas) marveled at the neatness with which *Le Nozze* or *Don Giovanni* could be divided into four-minute segments. Haydn foresaw the LP: none of his symphonies exceeds twenty-six minutes. Brahms is a beast to tapesters: his major works run to times like thirty-four or thirty-six or forty-two minutes. Verdi, essentially thoughtful about the tapeman's problems in his operas, nodded when he wrote his Requiem: the first section is forty-eight minutes, the second thirty.

Wagner is unspeakable. The first act of *Parsifal,* the last act of *Meistersinger,* each requires just under two hours. And *Rheingold,* 150 minutes without a full close cadence, is a tapenik's nightmare.

At times like these I envy friends with professional studio machines, broadcast Ampexes that take the 10½-inch NAB reel (the ReVox, the Crown, and some other machines can also handle reels this size). These buddies can take the measure of Wagner, Bruckner, et al. by loading for bear, with about two hundred minutes of reel capacity. The new Magnecord offers an 8½-inch reel diameter which adds fifty per cent to the capacity of a 7-inch reel.

My own solution, which I confess does seem extravagant, has been to use two tape recorders. This way I can record continuously, by putting tape recorder No. 2 into operation just before the tape on recorder No. 1 runs out. The missing music may be edited onto the master tape after the performance is over. For best results the process should be carried out score in hand, to discover the most convenient spots to break the music.

With only one recorder you'll have to flip, every now and then. The flip does cost you a few moments of music. The recorders that offer automatic reverse in the recording mode certainly help, but even with these a few seconds are required for turnaround.

You can get pretty skillful about flipping if you have enough steady practice. I guess I average about fifteen seconds turnaround time on a good day. The right kind of take-up reel helps, one that enables you to hold the tape firmly on to the face of the core and then to spin it round twice or thrice until the friction holds. There are self-threading reels, and there are also various tape-grabbing gadgets that help you wind the tape rapidly onto any reel. Find your most comfortable technique; it may save you many valuable bars of music.

Give Yourself Time

Don't wait, of course, until just before zero hour to make sure that things are as right as they can be. If the tape is new or if it has been a long time on the shelf, give it a quick run (by rewind or fast-forward) on to a spare reel. This loosens up everything and guards against the edges sticking together.

Run a recording test, using the same station you intend to record. If your machine is a three-head model (which lets you monitor off the tape), carefully compare the signal coming into your recorder with the one that leaves it, by A/B-ing several times. If your recorder has a combined record/playback head, you can record the first minute of, say, a newscast and then, after rewinding, check the voice quality of your tape with the continuing air signal of the same announcer. With any of today's top-line machines, even critical listening may not be enough to tell which is air and which is tape.

Don't rush the job of setting levels, and do take extra care in stereo. Start out with a mono signal, the same on both channels, and line up the VU meters or the magic eyes so they are responding identically. If your ears tell you that one side sounds a little louder than the other, trust your ears regardless of what the meters indicate. Often meters are not pinpoint accurate or identical in their response. Incidentally, speech is better than music for the initial level setting; broadcast control engineers usually modulate their speech signal so that the peaks come up to a few decibels below zero, and the peaks they judge by come usually at the beginnings of sentences (most announcers hit the opening words a little harder than anything else they speak). If you adopt a similar procedure, and get the needle or eye bouncing happily about just short of the danger line —an occasional brief excursion into the red doesn't matter—you'll have your controls set more or less at the same level as the station engineer's. Then you just let him do the rest of the work.

When you are satisfied with your level setting, switch from mono to stereo. Now you are ready to record. Keep watching the level with a critical eye until the music has gone through a number of dynamic changes, including at least one good loud passage. Suppress the temptation to touch the level controls when the activity on one channel seems to drop significantly below the other. Remember, this is stereo. If your ears tell you that you are getting one channel *consistently* louder than the other—and this does happen, even with good music stations—make the adjustment in the deficient channel as imperceptibly as you can. If you have to raise the level, wait for a crescendo and build gently with it; if you want to drop the gain, do it very slowly, if possible in rhythm with the music.

Your level controls should need no further attention. After all, back at the station there is high-priced help paid to keep its eye on the meters. It seldom pays to second-guess this expert.

Enjoy. You're entitled.

THE RATING RACE

An Open Letter to the High Fidelity Industry

Dear High Fidelity Manufacturers:

We don't want to party-poop, but we have a question we'd like a plain answer to. Why, when something like ninety per cent of today's high fidelity speaker systems are rated for 8 ohms impedance, do so many of you give output power ratings at 4-ohm levels?

This is no mere shop talk. Actually, our question stems from a larger issue that concerns everyone buying audio components these days: What Am I Getting? More specifically, is this new unit, rated by its manufacturer at 4 ohms, in fact a 20-watt, 30-watt, or 40-watt set? and will it drive my speakers, which *their* manufacturer rates at 8 ohms?

The 4-ohm rating of course yields the higher power figures, and some of you simply argue that competition forces you into trying to impress the customer with wattage claims. Some of you, however, put forward more respectable reasons for preferring the 4-ohm figure. Here they are:

1. So many people are now using extension speakers (two speaker systems per channel, that is) that the effective load presented to the amplifier is 4 ohms.
2. Inasmuch as impedance varies with frequency, 8-ohm rated speakers do not maintain a constant load value over the audio range.
3. A solid-state amplifier should be designed for maximum stability at 4 ohms—which permits it to be used at lower values without damage and which ensures stability at higher loads.

As it happens, we find none of these explanations completely convincing, though each may have a degree of validity. Reason number one, we'd guess, is probably the least documentable. We doubt that any conclusive figures could be collected to determine how many stereo systems are fitted with extension speakers. And in any case, those extra speakers might be hooked in series with the original speakers (thus raising, not lowering, the impedance presented to the amplifier) or might be used with external loads that keep the impedance constant.

Reason number two? Yes, speaker impedance is a nominal value that does change with frequency. But the change, as a rule, is upward and is most pronounced at the bass end. In normal use a speaker load rarely falls much below its rated impedance if the rating is an accurate one. We all know that in a multiple-driver speaker system rated for 4 or 8 ohms the impedance may at times fall below 4 ohms due to decoupling of the tweeter from the other drivers, but this is rare. And the cases of tweeter damage or output transistor failure or both (occasionally reported in the early days of solid-state amplifiers) have surely since been taken care of by the protective circuitry, fuses, and self-limiting current drive built into most of today's solid-state amplifiers. So even this argument does not strike us as grounds for locking in on a 4-ohm rating, though it does suggest another solution which we will get to shortly.

The third reason is at least plausible with regard to the internal design of some amplifiers, but it cannot be taken as a general rule for all equipment. Performance at the prevailing 8-ohm level remains the chief practical concern.

It seems that a kink has developed in the line of communications between you and the rest of us. We quote from the Institute of High Fidelity standard on amplifiers (Publication No. IHF-A-201, published 1966): "When more than one output impedance is provided, each one in turn shall be terminated with a resistive load. . . . Unless otherwise specified by the manufacturer, the test shall be made at the '8-ohm' terminals terminated with an 8-ohm load." To be sure, that phrase "unless otherwise specified" provides a loophole (for using 4, or 16, or whatever value in ohms) but it doesn't dissolve the whole fabric. The intent, if not the letter, of this statement is to standardize an 8-ohm load, and indeed we know of no competent testing agency that has not adopted the 8-ohm load for its measurements.

The apparent discrepancy between IHF policy and the practice of some of its members leads us to think that the whole problem of amplifier-speaker relationship needs reviewing from scratch.

It is an axiom that optimum power is delivered when the impedance of the source (amplifier) is correctly designed to drive its load (the speaker). Typical vacuum tube output stages ranged in impedance from about 2,000 to 10,000 ohms. A moving-coil speaker may run from 2 to 20 ohms—clearly a mismatch. To bridge the gap, nearly all tube amplifiers

	One channel tested while other is not driven, watts		One channel tested while both are driven, watts	
Output load	Music power	RMS power	Music power	RMS power
4 ohms	34 (a)	28	30	24
8 ohms	28	24	25	20 (b)
16 ohms	22	20	21	18

This chart shows the possible variations in figures that might be used to describe the power output capability of the same amplifier, depending on one's frame of reference and rating method employed. Note that figure (a) is often used in advertisements, while figure (b) is the one that would show up in lab test reports. In addition, many manufacturers would double figure (a) to show total stereo power and some would then round off the resultant figure of 68 to 70. In this way, what is by test standards a 20-watt per channel amplifier may be described as a "70-watt" amplifier.

Some manufacturers (mostly those who are not IHF members) go a few steps further to inflate their amplifier ratings. They relax their permissible distortion figure to as much as 5 per cent, which could increase the (a) figure of 34 watts to as much as 45 watts. They then may double this to express a "peak" value of 90 watts. Finally they double that figure for stereo. Result: our 20-watt per channel amplifier has become a "180-watt" amplifier.

had to use output transformers which reduced the source load to an approximate value to match that of speakers of various impedance levels, commonly 4, 8, or 16 ohms. With inverse feedback used in the amplifier circuit, the output impedance became much lower than that of the speaker which helped, of course, in damping speaker resonance.

One of the glories of the transistor amplifier is that it doesn't need an output transformer—the internal impedance of a transistor output stage can be of the same general order as that of a moving-coil speaker. This means that a transistor amplifier can deliver a pretty good fraction of its power, or maybe most of it, directly to a speaker—a feat impossible for a tube amplifier without an output transformer.

The advantage in eliminating the output transformer is mainly in more freedom for the designer. He can use much more distortion-reducing negative feedback, for one thing; and quick amplifier recovery from overloads is easier to accomplish. The *disadvantage* of dispensing with the output transformer is that the output impedance can't be changed to improve the match. That's why speakers of different impedance take different amounts of power from a transistor amplifier, though they may still be pretty good amounts. For example, one excellent amplifier on the market, by a conservative measurement, puts out 35 watts per channel into a 4-ohm load, 30 watts into 8 ohms, and 22 into 16 ohms. Evidently this amplifier's effective internal impedance is such that it delivers most power at or *below 4 ohms*—the various loads are at increasing "distances" from the optimum match. Another good amplifier puts out 45 watts at 4 ohms, 60 at 8 ohms, and 32 at 16 ohms. The internal impedance apparently provides an optimum match at 8 ohms. We will soon note why it is probably not exactly 8 ohms.

First we have to deal with a troubling question: how do we rate the two amplifiers just described? Is the first a 35-watt or a 22-watt amplifier? The ideal description would seem to be in terms of what each amplifier will do at each load condition. But the ideal obviously bears little relation to common practice. We made a spot check of recent advertisements for transistor amplifiers, and found thirteen that included at least some specifications. Two ads stated the power rating at 4 ohms, two at 8 ohms, two at both 4 and 8 ohms, and seven made no mention of load impedance. May we hazard the guess that the eleven advertisers who mentioned *one* impedance condition, or none at all, were simply putting their best feet forward? Only the two who specified power at both 4 and 8 ohms get our provisional merit badge for good consumer communications.

Of course, as has been said many times, any power rating must also include the related distortion figure if it is to be meaningful. What this all comes down to is that those of you who make amplifiers should add load impedance figures to the others we need on power rating. Only then can the man with a 4-ohm *or* an 8-ohm, *or* a 16-ohm speaker get a good idea of what any amplifier might do for him.

But you speaker manufacturers owe us some help too. A speaker impedance rating is an approximation, since the actual impedance can vary with the frequency being reproduced. So let us agree, to begin with, that what is meant by an "8-ohm speaker" is one that doesn't get too far from 8 ohms over most of the midrange where a significant part of musical energy is concentrated.

This brings us back to argument No. 2 taken by the amplifier men, on the variations in speaker impedance. Consider, again, the point that solid-state amplifiers characteristically have very low internal impedance (which accounts, of course, for their high damping factors). As a result, they do run the risk of passing too much current for their own good. The higher external impedance of a speaker loaded to such an amplifier actually helps keep the amplifier's current flow down to a normal, safe level. Okay: but—what happens to this amplifier if speaker impedance drops sharply? We approach short-circuit load conditions in which the amplifier suddenly is working into a load tantamount to a direct wire hooked across its speaker terminals. Depending on specific conditions and equipment, such operation can damage the output transistors, or part of the speaker system, or both. As we said earlier, at this stage of sophistication in the design of solid-state circuits such a fatality is virtually ruled out. But we wouldn't even have to replace a fuse, or sit through instants of interrupted listening due to amplifier self-limiting action, if we knew which of your speakers to use with a particular amplifier—or vice versa. After all, solid-state amplifier power output does remain variable with respect to speaker load. So, shouldn't we be told not only the nominal average speaker impedance figure, but a more comprehensive speaker impedance *range*? The lowest figure might give the lowest impedance the speaker reaches for any significant part of the frequency range, and the second figure the *highest* (aside from the resonant peak), or perhaps the *average*.

In addition to giving us more complete specifications, speaker manufacturers might amend their designs to reduce variation in speaker impedance, especially downward variations. The crossover network might be one area where design work could be done to flatten the impedance curve. Speaker manufacturers also might consider fusing speaker systems—it's a lot easier and cheaper to replace a burned-out fuse than a burned-out tweeter.

But as the first order of business, gentlemen, we feel the need for a more universal use of the more realistic rating of amplifier output in terms of 8 ohms (if 4 is given, then 8, and ideally 16 should be given too). And for speaker systems we'd like to see realistic statements of speaker impedance range and of power capacity. Basically, this whole matter is one of improved communications between the industry and the consumer. Speak to us with high fidelity.

Sincerely yours,
HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

We have nothing to say about our TR100X receiver.

"High Fidelity said: Solid-state design can be credited with offering a lot in a little space, and this new Bogen is a case in point. Easy to look at, easy to use, and easy to listen to.

Hirsch-Houck Labs said: (in Electronics World) Excellent sensitivity and audio quality. Combines operating simplicity with ample control flexibility for most users, and at a moderate price.

American Record Guide said: It enables the purchaser with relatively limited funds to get a high quality product. It represents some of the best current design philosophy in its circuitry. And, since it is a "second generation" unit it combines the virtues of good sound and near-indestructibility. The more I used this unit — the more I came to respect it.

FM Guide said: The Bogen TR100X is a solid state AM/FM stereo receiver with a difference. Bogen has shown unusual ingenuity in using printed circuits. For its price, the Bogen TR100X is exceptjonal. The TR100X is true high fidelity equipment. It will give you more sound for your money than almost any other equipment purchase."

We add only this: The TR100X is priced at $249.95. We also make the TF100, identical to the TR100X, but without AM, for $234.95. Both slightly higher in the West. Cabinet optional extra. Write for our complete catalog.

Specifications: Output power: (IHF) 60 watts • Frequency response ±1dB: 20-50,000 Hz • Hum and noise: —70 dB • FM sensitivity (IHF): 2.7 μv. • FM distortion: 0.7% • FM Hum and noise level: —60 dB.

The critics have said it all!

THE LIVE SOUND OF BOGEN

LEAR SIEGLER, INC.

BOGEN COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION

PARAMUS, N. J. 07652

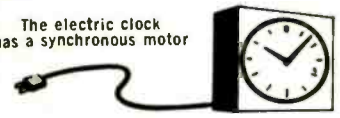
CIRCLE 13 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

The story behind Garrard's new Synchro-Lab Motor™

—a true synchronous motor that also incorporates the desirable features of the induction type. Designed to make possible new and higher standards of performance in stereo reproduction.

The advantages of the synchronous motor for record-playing equipment have long been known.

The synchronous motor does not slow down or speed up, even in the slightest, with changes in voltage, load or temperature. Its speed is governed solely by the *frequency of the alternating current*, which is unvarying at 60 Hz. Applied to a record-playing unit, its perfectly constant speed prevents distortion of time and pitch resulting from variations in rate of revolution. A typical example of the constancy of synchronous motors is the accuracy of the familiar electric clock. Its hands are moved at an absolutely constant, reliable rate of speed by a small synchronous motor.


The electric clock has a synchronous motor

But the motor of an electric clock has relatively little weight to move. When the synchronous motor has, in the past, been applied to automatic record playing equipment, certain problems have been encountered. The starting speed and torque of the ordinary synchronous motor are typically low. Increasing the power and torque also tends to increase the rumble and noise levels. These factors are satisfactorily corrected in manual turntables of the type used in record cutting or broadcasting . . . where the advantages of perfectly constant synchronous speed are so important that cost is a minor consideration, and where a record changing mechanism is not applicable. These professional units have synchronous motors.

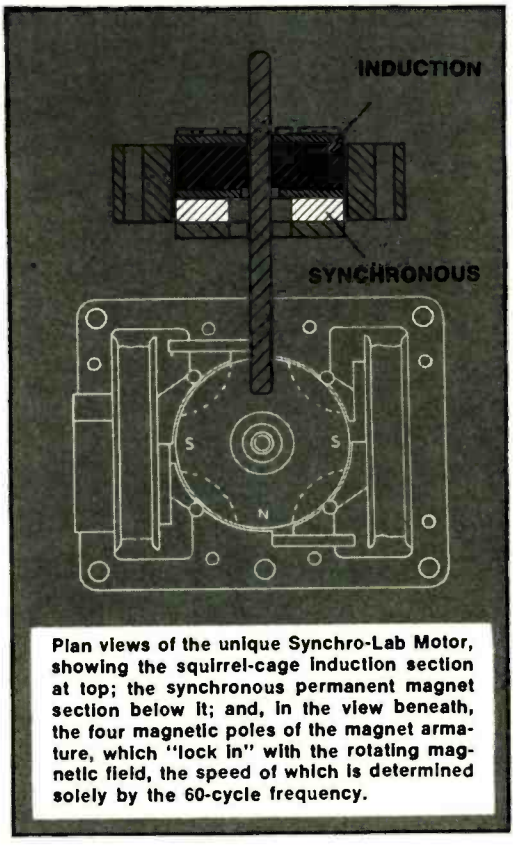
The induction motor, on the other hand, has certain advantages of its own. It gets up to full speed quickly. It has high driving torque. When built to quality standards, it is relatively free from rumble.

With this background, the Garrard organization undertook a project of great potential significance: to design a *synchronous motor that would have the best features of both synchronous and induction types*. Such a motor would turn records at perfectly constant synchronous speed, yet it would also have high torque and instant acceleration, plus an intrinsic freedom from rumble that would make expensive correction unnecessary.

That is the engineering triumph that more than a half century of Garrard experience and expertise have achieved, in the revolutionary new SYNCHRO-LAB MOTOR—a true synchronous motor with the most desirable features of the induction type built in. Study the diagram. Note that the motor has two sections. On starting, the squirrel-cage section at top acts as an induction rotor, providing strong driving torque and instant acceleration. Immediately, the synchronous section beneath takes over; its four permanent magnetic poles lock into the rotating magnetic field, the speed of which is determined solely by the rigidly-controlled frequency. The entire motor is now synchronous and cannot fluctuate in speed.

So efficient is the SYNCHRO - LAB MOTOR that it will not vary in speed even when the line voltage is radically altered. It is a common experience to see a television picture, for example, shrink and flutter when a powerful appliance, such as a refrigerator, starts up on the same line; or for other appliances to lose efficiency when the line is heavily loaded.


The Synchro-Lab Motor is independent of voltage variations



Plan views of the unique Synchro-Lab Motor, showing the squirrel-cage induction section at top; the synchronous permanent magnet section below it; and, in the view beneath, the four magnetic poles of the magnet armature, which "lock in" with the rotating magnetic field, the speed of which is determined solely by the 60-cycle frequency.

But the voltage fed to the Garrard SYNCHRO-LAB MOTOR can vary from the normal 117v to *as low as 25v or as high as 250v* without the slightest change in turning speed!

This means that the user of a Garrard SYNCHRO-LAB Automatic Turntable may have several heavy appliances in use at the same time—as many, in fact, as the line will withstand—without affecting the turning speed of his records. It also means that variations in voltage in the local power supply (as when power drain is heavy at peak periods) will be similarly without effect on record speed.

Record load is another problem which may slow the speed of turntables driven by induction motors, but which has no effect whatever on the speed constancy of the Garrard SYNCHRO-LAB MOTOR.

Stylus pressure and temperature ("running hot" or "running cold") are other factors encountered with induction motors. Neither of these will alter the even speed of the SYNCHRO-LAB MOTOR.

The "locking in" of a Garrard SYNCHRO-LAB MOTOR to the 60 cycle frequency of the electric current can be visually verified. The spindle of the motor is attached to a disk, across the center of which is painted a bar of white. Under a fluorescent lamp (whose intermittent light provides a stroboscopic effect), the motor is started. It quickly accelerates, and the white bar becomes an amber-colored, irregularly spinning cross. At once, however—and the effect is dramatic —the cross straightens into four distinct vanes and holds absolutely steady! This is the instant at which the motor has attained synchronous speed and locks into the frequency. Thereafter, for as long as the motor is left running, the cross (produced by the rotating white bar being always precisely in the same position at the same instant the light flashes on) will remain perfectly steady.


At rest


At synchronous speed

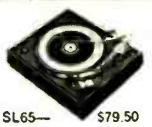
With this exciting motor development, Garrard has established new high standards in the one aspect of record playing equipment where relatively little advance has been made during the high fidelity era.

The Garrard SYNCHRO-LAB MOTOR, exhaustively pre-tested and proven, has been incorporated in a complete range of four superb new automatic turntables, Garrard's all-new SYNCHRO-LAB SERIES™. Two special Garrard factors now prove to be of significant benefit: (1) that Garrard builds its own motors and (2) Garrard's sales in over 80 countries of the world make it possible to amortize the very considerable tooling costs of a radically new motor over volume production. Thus, the matchless benefits of synchronous speed plus high torque can be made available in a complete range of four new Garrard Automatic Turntables—the SYNCHRO-LAB SERIES, priced from $59.50 to $129.50, less base and cartridge.

A 20-page Comparator Guide, just published, shows all the new Garrard models in full color, with features and specifications. For a complimentary copy, write: Garrard, Dept. AS-2, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.


SL95— $129.50


SL75— $109.50


SL65— $79.50


SL55— $59.50

Garrard®
World's Finest
SYNCHRO-LAB SERIES

HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT REPORTS

The consumer's guide to new and important high fidelity equipment

ORTOFON SL 15T CARTRIDGE; MODEL RS 212 ARM

THE EQUIPMENT: Ortofon SL 15T, a stereo phono cartridge available with elliptical (0.7 by 0.3 mil) stylus. Ortofon RS 212, a separate pickup arm. Prices: cartridge with external transformer, $75; cartridge alone as Model SL 15, $60; transformer alone, $20; arm, $90; arm with Thorens mounting board as Model RS 212T, $95. Manufactured by Ortofon of Denmark; distributed in the U.S.A. by Elpa Marketing Industries, Inc., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040.

COMMENT: The Ortofon cartridge—a Danish import which has been highly regarded in audio circles for years—uses moving coils to generate its signals. This design produces a fairly low output voltage, which needs a boost before it can be fed to the phono input on an amplifier or receiver. The boost is provided by a pair of tiny transformers which, in former Ortofon models, were built right into the body of the cartridge. The resultant bulk and weight limited the Ortofon's use to those arms capable of handling it, which ruled out many preassembled manual and automatic record players.

The new Ortofon is essentially the same as the S 15T we reported on last January but its tiny transformers have been removed from the cartridge body and made part of an external cable assembly that goes between the leads from the turntable and the preamp inputs. This design change, by making the cartridge smaller and lighter, enables it to be used in a wide variety of tone arms, including those found on today's better automatic players. And so it is: with its new weight of 7 grams (the earlier Ortofon weighed 17 grams), and its petite dimensions, the Model SL 15T fits and works with almost any arm. We have, in fact, been listening to it installed in a medium-priced changer, tracking at a shade under 2 grams and sounding as smooth and as clear as one could wish: the pickup has a full, firm response from top to bottom of the audible range.

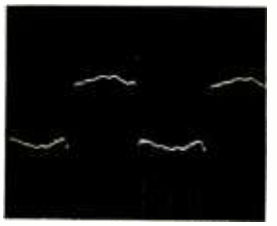
CBS Lab tests confirm that the Ortofon's performance has not suffered as a result of its more convenient-to-use design. Response, output voltage, distortion are all about the same as before; if anything the new model has become even smoother at the very high end, with the high frequency peak showing up well beyond, instead of at, the 10-kHz area. Both channels are very closely matched, and stereo separation between them easily makes the specified average 25 dB. In a separate arm of professional caliber, such as the SME or the new Ortofon itself (see below), the SL 15T can track at stylus forces of 1 to 1.5 grams with no evidence of record damage. Its vertical angle is 17 degrees, and its low-frequency resonance occurs below 10 Hz, where it rises to only a comfortably low 5 dB.

For owners of separate turntables (those not supplied with an integral tone arm), Ortofon also has released a revised version of its separate arm—presumably to provide an optimum match for the modified cartridge as well as to permit the use of any of today's typically lightweight cartridges. The new arm thus is a more "universal" model too. Its main body is still the curved, offset metal tube found on older Ortofon arms, but everything else has been changed. The pickup shell is a cutaway type which not only weighs less than the previous model but makes it

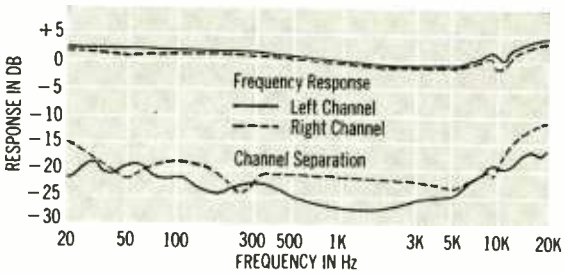
easier to install the cartridge. The new rear counterweight permits finer and simpler balancing adjustments, and for a wider range of cartridge weights than before. The arm also includes an anti-skating adjustment and a built-in cuing lever (the Hi-Jack brand). The arm has no significant resonances, and only negligible bearing friction both laterally and vertically. Calibration of the built-in stylus gauge is accurate to within 0.2 gram; the following forces were measured for the settings shown: 0.9 gram for number 1; 1.8 for 2; 2.8 for 3; 3.8 for 4. Setting up is fairly easy, helped by a prewired cable harness that fits into a multi-pin socket under the arm. No fuss, no guesswork, and no hum.

We listened to a number of records with the new Ortofon cartridge installed in its own arm and in those on typically good late model record players. We found it to be a superb performer throughout—an intrepid tracker of grooves and an honest reproducer of the signals in those grooves. It has a full, wide-open, clear sound. We mark it, in fact, as one of the top cartridges available today.

CIRCLE 140 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Response to 1-kHz square wave.



FISHER XP-15 SPEAKER SYSTEM

THE EQUIPMENT: Fisher XP-15, a four-way full range speaker system in enclosure. Dimensions: 27 by 27 by 14 inches. Price: $299.50. Manufacturer: Fisher Radio Corp., 11-30 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

COMMENT: The XP-15 is the largest and costliest of the Fisher speaker systems. It also strikes us as the best-sounding, which—in light of the performance of previous Fishers tested—is saying quite a lot. Nominally a floor-standing model, the 90-pound XP-15 can be placed on a pedestal or bench if one prefers. The walnut cabinet houses a total of seven speakers or drivers plus an electrical network that provides four-way frequency division: two 12-inch woofers cover the range up to 300 Hz; a pair of 6-inch speakers handle 300 Hz to 1,000 Hz; two more 5-inch units cover 1,000 Hz to 2,500 Hz; and finally a 1½-inch soft dome tweeter continues from 2,500 Hz to beyond audibility. Connections are made at the rear to screw posts marked for polarity. Three separate controls permit adjusting (in three fixed steps, and over a relatively narrow range) the lower midrange, the upper midrange, and the extreme highs individually. Impedance is 8 ohms and efficiency is moderate: the XP-15 can be driven by amplifiers rated as low as 10 watts RMS per channel, although it is rugged enough to take on ten times that wattage. Except for the speaker openings, the enclosure is completely sealed. Its interior is stuffed with sound absorbent material so that the bass portion functions as an enlarged air suspension system. The voice coils of the four midrange units are viscous-damped, an unusual technique for controlling midrange response by reducing the resonant peaks that might otherwise be present.

The XP-15 highs are very evenly dispersed, and directive effects are hardly noticeable before 7 kHz. Above this the response pattern narrows gradually, although an 11 kHz tone is still audible well off axis. Up to 14 kHz, tones are audible increasingly on axis, and beyond this frequency the response slopes off toward inaudibility. The entire midrange is outstandingly clear and well projected, with no apparent peaks or dips. Further down the scale, the bass holds up firmly and fully to 32 Hz. Doubling in this region can be induced by driving the system hard, but usable bass at normal listening levels continues to just below 30 Hz. From 28 Hz and down the bass is mixed with a good deal of harmonics. White noise response is moderately smooth and fairly directive with the rear control in their neutral positions; backing off on these subdues the white noise response. The upper-frequency control seems to have the most noticeable effect.

The XP-15 is capable of projecting a big, clean sound over a broad front, and a pair on stereo gives you a well-rounded, convincing sonic presentation. Although the system can fill a larger than average room with sound, there is no signal dropout at lower volumes or in smaller rooms. The music range is full and well-balanced; transients come through very crisply; everything sounds natural enough and is effortlessly reproduced. The system has a good deal of transparency and is one that will enable the critical listener to detect subtle differences in program material. It is, in sum, the kind of speaker that lets you forget you're listening to a speaker. It's the music that comes through.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Scott 2502 Mod System

Beyer 80 Stereo Headphones

NORELCO 450
STEREO CASSETTE SYSTEM

THE EQUIPMENT: Norelco 450, a stereo tape system comprising a casette recorder/player and two speaker systems. Supplied with twin microphones and cables. Dimensions: recorder unit, 12⅝ by 8¼ by 3½ inches; each speaker, 10⅜ by 7¼ by 7¼ inches. Price: $199.50. Manufacturer: North American Philips Co., 100 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

COMMENT: This unit is the most compact and easily operated home stereo tape system we've yet encountered. It offers all the basic functions, though not the acoustic performance, of a full-sized record/playback tape setup. Instead of handling reels, you handle a small magazine or cassette which is only 4 by 2½ by ½ inches and which contains the reel of tape and its supply and take-up hubs. The tape is about ⅛-inch wide and holds four tracks for stereo in both directions. Two cartridge types are sold: the C-60 provides thirty minutes in each direction of play for a total of sixty minutes running time, and the C-90 provides up to ninety minutes. Tape speed with either is 1⅞ ips.

The recorder itself is a well-engineered unit housed in an attractive teak and black case. A row of piano keys operates the transport; four knobs control the electronics. Many of the features sought by the tape user are included: a three-digit index counter with reset button; a red recording key which is safety-interlocked to the play key; fast forward; rewind; even a modest little signal meter. The transport also has a pause control to allow you to interrupt recording or playback momentarily (but which obviously does not function in connection with the rocking of the reels technique used on standard decks to locate a passage in the tape). To change, turn over, or remove a cassette, you press the key marked "cassette"—this stops the machine, turns off the sound, raises the top lid, and partly ejects the cassette into your waiting hand. To resume play (or record) you slide the cassette into place, press the lid down, and hit the keys. It is hard to imagine how operation could be made simpler.

Editing or splicing one of these tapes is not easy but it can be done: you have to carefully slacken the tape in its cassette holder, then draw it from the opening on the front side of the cassette. After splicing, you have to hand wind the tape back into position by manually turning one of the hubs. With practice, anyone should be able to perform this chore.

Rear connections include: phone jacks for speakers; a stereo phone jack for line output; a stereo phone jack for microphone input; and phono jacks for auxiliary left and right channel inputs. All necessary cables and plugs are supplied, including twenty-foot-long cables with the speakers. While recording, you may choose to hear the incoming signal through the speakers. In fact, you only need to set the system for recording, then press the pause button, and the speakers will continue to monitor incoming signals although the transport has stopped. What you now have is a small public-address system—with or without recording.

Norelco 450

Lab Test Data

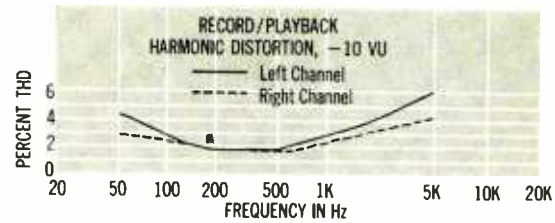
Performance characteristic	Measurement
Speed accuracy, 1⅞ ips	0.10% fast at 120 VAC; 0.07% slow at 105 VAC; exact at 127 VAC
Wow and flutter, 1⅞ ips	0.12% and 0.20% respectively
Rewind time, C-60 cassette	55 sec
Fast-forward time, same cassette	59 sec
Record/playback response (with −10 VU recorded signal), 1⅞ ips, 1 ch	+0.5, −5.5 dB, 44 Hz to 7 kHz +0.5, −5.5 dB, 45 Hz to 7.2 kHz
S/N ratio (ref 0 VU, test tape)	
playback	l ch: 56 dB r ch: 51 dB
record/playback	l ch: 55 dB r ch: 51 dB
Sensitivity (for 0 VU recording level)	
phono input	l ch: 100 mV r ch: 110 mV
mic input	l ch: 0.28 mV r ch: 0.28 mV
Line output level with 0 VU signal	l ch: 55 mV r ch: 86 mV
Erasure (400 Hz)	50 dB
Crosstalk (400 Hz)	
record left, play right	36 dB
record right, play left	40 dB
THD, record playback −10 VU recorded signal, 1⅞ ips, l ch	under 6.0%, 50 Hz to 5 kHz
r ch	under 4.0%, 50 Hz to 5 kHz
IM distortion, record/playback	
0 VU recorded level	l ch: 10.0% r ch: 13.0%
−10 VU	l ch: 5.0% r ch: 4.5%
Meter characteristics: harmonic distortion at red area	l ch: 3.7% r ch: 3.3%
Power output, built-in amplifier	l ch: clips at 1.7 watts r ch: clips at 1.4 watts

There are no test standards or tapes that conform to the 1⅞ ips speed used in the 450, but CBS Labs was able to compile enough data to give a good picture of the unit's performance. Speed accuracy is very good, and wow insignificant, although flutter reaches 0.20 per cent—somewhat higher than you'd get in a good open-reel machine. Frequency response, as shown on the graph, betters the original Carry-Corder (the portable monophonic version of the cassette system) and indeed can match the response at 1⅞ ips of almost any standard tape deck. Signal-to-noise characteristics are excellent; as long as you keep the meter needle below the line separating the green and red portions of the meter during recording, you will not run into serious distortion. The unit satisfactorily erases previously recorded material during recording and adequately separates the two

stereo channels (see accompanying data). The signal available at the line output jack, while higher on the right channel than the left, suffices to drive any standard amplifier, and the discrepancy can be balanced by the amplifier's own controls. The signal at the speaker output jacks, from the 450's own built-in amplifier, averages 1.5 watts per channel—enough to drive the small speakers supplied with the set (each has a 4¼-inch driver in a sealed teakwood cabinet). If you crank up the 450's playback volume control, you can even drive full-fledged hi-fi speakers —though not, of course, to room-filling volume. Still, the sound from the latter is better than that of the 450's own speakers—something we have found to be true with just about every tape recorder made.

Taking the 450 all in all, it does not have the wide response and low distortion of real high fidelity equipment, and lacks many of the work-horse features of a full-size standard tape deck. Sonically, the cassette still has a long way to go before it can seriously compete against open-reel tape or discs. This much is obvious and perhaps hardly worth stating. It is worth noting, however, that a low-cost tape system, which is in cassette form, uses ⅛-inch-wide tape, and runs at 1⅞ ips, can do as much and as well as this. Conceivably, the cassette technology may be refined and upgraded in the future. Meanwhile, here it is: not an audiophile's dream, but still pleasant-sounding and undeniably convenient. The 450 does work as claimed.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



EICO 3070 AMPLIFIER

THE EQUIPMENT: Eico 3070, a stereo control amplifier available either in kit form or factory wired. Dimensions (in case supplied): 12 by 7¾ by 3⅛ inches. Price: kit, $89.95; factory built, $129.95. Manufacturer: EICO Electronic Instrument Co., Inc., 131-09 39th Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11352.

COMMENT: Eico has come up with a real winner: a clean performing, versatile, compact stereo integrated amplifier which is the more commendable for its low cost. The kit version, which we built and tested, went together easily and performed beautifully from the moment we turned it on.

Although compact, thanks to its solid-state, audio transformerless design, the Eico 3070 (named the Cortina) has a normal array of control features: knobs for three-position input selection, volume, channel balance, bass, treble, and speaker selection. The bass and treble controls regulate both channels simultaneously. The speaker switch has positions for phones, main speakers, remotes, or all. In addition there are six rocker switches for tape monitor, loudness contour, mono or stereo, low filter, high filter, and power, plus a front-panel headphone jack. The rear has stereo inputs for magnetic phono, tuner, auxiliary (high level) sources, and tape playback. Another pair feeds signals to a tape recorder. Connections permit hooking up two independent sets of stereo speakers. Both output channels as well as the high-voltage power line are fused. Two AC outlets, one switched, one unswitched, are provided. The amplifier is supplied with its own metal case finished in simulated vinyl teak grain and thus is ready for installation and use without further ado.

The 3070 breezed through the tests at CBS Labs and scored par or better with regard to its published specifications. It is essentially a low-powered amplifier (under 15 RMS watts per channel) but with very low distortion and noise, high damping factor, and extremely linear response. Its power bandwidth goes below and beyond the 20 Hz to 20 kHz range and the low-level frequency response is virtually a straight line from 10 Hz to 100 kHz. Square-wave behavior, for a low-cost unit, was remarkable: the low-frequency response showed a slight spike but very little tilt and flat tops; the high-frequency response was virtually a replica of the input test signal, indicating superior transient response. The tests, in sum, indicate that the 3070 will deliver optimum performance when driving moderate-to-high-efficiency speaker systems in the 8-ohm range, although it could handle other types of speakers without too much over-all loss. Tone controls, filters, and loudness contour characteristics all were satisfactory; the RIAA equalization for disc playback was especially good. All told, a handy little amplifier at a handy price.

How It Went Together

Building the Eico 3070 amplifier was fairly simple and no real difficulties were encountered. Most of the parts fit onto six circuit boards, all clearly marked.

In wiring the power supply we noted that a different type of rectifier was furnished than that specified in the instruction manual. Usually these changes are noted on an addendum, which is supplied with the instruction manual. Our addendum did not show this change. A quick check with the manufacturer cleared up the confusion.

Front-end wiring gets a little close, especially around the switches and controls, but this does not cause any problem. You just have to be careful.

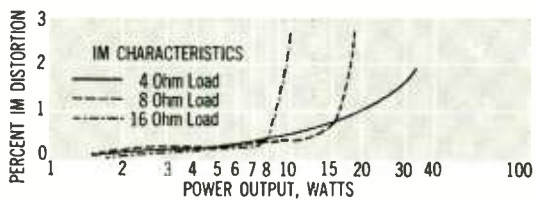
CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

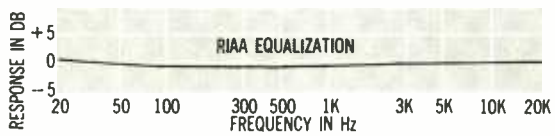
Eico 3070

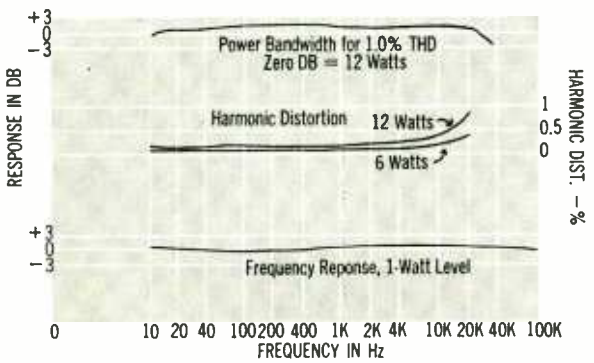
Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load)	
l ch at clipping	13.7 watts at 0.44% THD
l ch for 0.8% THD	14.0 watts
r ch at clipping	15.1 watts at 0.65% THD
r ch for 0.8% THD	15.7 watts
both chs simultaneously	
l ch at clipping	12.5 watts at 0.40% THD
r ch at clipping	14.5 watts at 0.50% THD
Power bandwidth for constant 1% THD	below 10 Hz to 35 kHz
Harmonic distortion	
12 watts output	under 0.80%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
6 watts output	under 0.40%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
IM distortion	
4-ohm load	under 0.8% to 16 watts output
8-ohm load	under 0.8% to 16 watts output
16-ohm load	under 0.8% to 8 watts output
Frequency response, 1-watt level	±0.5 dB, 10 Hz to 100 kHz
RIAA equalization	±0.5 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
Damping factor	32

Input characteristics	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
phono	3.9 mV	61 dB
tuner	230 mV	75 dB
tape	230 mV	75 dB
aux	230 mV	75 dB







Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.

TEST REPORT GLOSSARY

Bias: 1. anti-skating; a force applied to counteract a tone arm's tendency to swing inward. 2. a small amount of voltage applied to a device to prepare it for correct performance.

Clipping: the power level at which an amplifier's output distorts.

Damping: a unit's ability to control ringing.

dB: decibel; measure of the ratio between electrical quantities; generally the smallest difference in sound intensity that can be heard.

Doubling: a speaker's tendency to distort by producing harmonics of bass tones.

Harmonic distortion: spurious overtones introduced by equipment to a pure tone.

Hz: hertz; new term for "cycles per second."

IM (intermodulation) distortion: spurious sum-and-difference tones caused by the beating of two tones.

k: kilo-; 1,000.

m: milli-; 1/1,000.

Power bandwidth: range of frequencies over which an amplifier can supply its rated power without exceeding its rated distortion (defined by the half-power, or −3 dB, points at the low and high frequencies).

Resonance: a tendency for a device to emphasize particular tones.

RMS: root mean square; the effective value of a signal that has been expressed graphically by a sine wave. In these reports it generally defines an amplifier's continuous, rather than momentary, power capability.

S/N ratio: signal-to-noise ratio.

Square wave: in effect, a complex tone, rich in harmonics, covering a wide band of frequencies, used in testing.

THD: total harmonic distortion, including hum.

Tracking angle (vertical): angle at which the stylus meets the record, as viewed from the side; 15° has become the normal angle for the cutting, and thus the playing, of records.

Transient response: ability to respond to percussive signals cleanly and instantly.

VU: volume unit; a form of dB measurement standardized for a specific type of meter.

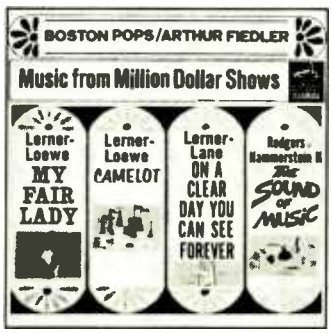
FOR YOUR INFORMATION

A cumulative index of test reports for the past twelve months will appear in our December and June issues. A glossary of terms used in the reports will be published every other month.

NEW RECORDS IN REVIEW

Here's a new recording of La Traviata with Montserrat Caballé—the opera in which the acclaimed Spanish diva opened the 1967-68 season at the Met. This is her first complete recording of a Verdi opera, and it's the Traviata that everyone is going to be talking about. Carlo Bergonzi, one of the world's favorite tenors, and Sherrill Milnes, the Met baritone making his RCA Victor recording debut, sing Alfredo and Germont. Added to all this vocal splendor is the dynamic spirit of Georges Prêtre, conducting the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus. 3 L.P.s plus libretto.*

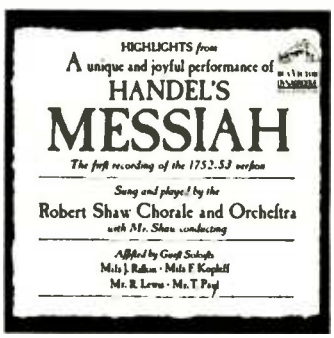
Latest addition to Rubinstein's new Chopin series. The Nocturnes rank among the composer's most beautiful and popular works, and now—for the first time—you can enjoy Rubinstein's definitive interpretations in stereo. This 2-L.P. album is a must for every Rubinstein collector and Chopin lover. Because when it comes to Chopin, there's really only Rubinstein!*



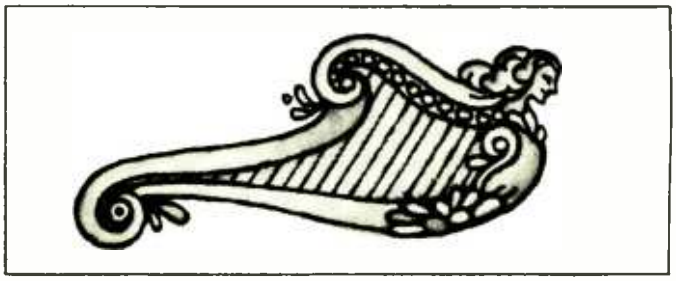
The Boston Pops and Arthur Fiedler pay an orchestral tribute to four of the biggest Broadway shows of the last decade. "My Fair Lady," "Camelot," "On a Clear Day," and "The Sound of Music." 37 great songs in all! Lush arrangements and brilliant sound. If you liked the Pops' recordings of Music from Million Dollar Movies (and who didn't!), you'll love this one.*

Who's better qualified to conduct L'Arlésienne Suites Nos. 1 and 2, two of the best-known light French works, than a Frenchman! Jean Martinon has a special affinity for these selections as well as the others on this new recording: Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" by Lalo and Massenet's Meditation from "Thaïs." Great performance by the Chicago Symphony.*

A debut recording on RCA Victor Red Seal for the newly formed Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia under Anshel Brusilow. This group will be performing more than 100 concerts across the country this season. Make sure their initial recording—the beautiful Brahms Serenade in D—is in your collection. And discover why High Fidelity/Musical America wrote of them, "an orchestra of rare quality."*



Here are the highlights from last year's critically-acclaimed recording of Handel's Messiah by the Robert Shaw Chorale. All of the important arias and choruses are included. Side 1 is devoted to the Christmas section and Side 2 to the Easter section. ". . . a performance re-creating Handelian measures to the letter . . . as close to chapter and verse as present day musicology can lead us." (High Fidelity) The perfect album for holiday giving and listening.*



THE NEW RELEASES

reviewed by GERALD BERRY • NATHAN BRODER • R. D. DARRELL • PETER G. DAVIS
SHIRLEY FLEMING • ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN • HARRIS GOLDSMITH • PHILIP HART • BERNARD JACOBSON
STEVEN LOWE • GEORGE MOVSHON • JEREMY NOBLE • CONRAD L. OSBORNE

The composer-pianist and the baritone-musician.

POULENC AND BERNAC—FRENCH SONG, WITH PURE PLEASURE THE AIM

by Ned Rorem

AROUND TWENTY YEARS ago a very Parisian team, and the ultimate in their art, arrived in America for a first visit. They were composer-pianist Francis Poulenc and his long-time colleague Pierre Bernac, baritone-musician, and they had come to present a group of recitals in Town Hall. I can still remember the photograph used for their advance publicity—the two gentlemen standing informally and gazing straight into the lens with daguerreotype Gallic grins as broad as Fernandel's. What a contrast to the still standard American pose of an artist absorbed in a score that speaks to him of his serious craft! And what a promise of humor, sensuality, fresh air!

The general public over here didn't then know much of Poulenc's larger work; indeed, not until after his premature death in 1963 did certain of our Big Critics conclude that, well, he wasn't *all* just perfume and frills. But if he *was* already famous through small piano pieces (especially, to his annoyance, the *Mouvements perpetuels*), his reputation had really preceded him across the ocean on wings of song. Poulenc was the undisputed master of the medium. Every qualified vocal teacher taught his *mélodies*, every imaginative American recitalist sang them, every voice-minded composer learned them by heart, and every tasteful collector returned from a first postwar trip to France with records this pair had been producing since they joined forces in 1935. No wonder Town Hall was packed to the rafters on this occasion, and on subsequent ones for the next few years.

As a result of his world tours with Poulenc, Pierre Bernac quickly became *the* authority on French Song and on the poetry to which it was set. If Americans, who usually specialize, are taught to sing (badly) every language but their own, Bernac, like all Europeans (usually general practitioners), mastered his own tongue first and foremost. To this day no student genuinely concerned with either *mélodies* or *chansons* (there aren't many left, *hélas*) can count himself equipped without a trip to the Avenue de la Motte-Piquet to coach with the master.

That master has never been famed for the gorgeousness of his voice—or rather his *voices*, for primarily he is an actor, a multi-masked *diseur*; much of the vocality is actually faked (especially high notes), smoothed over with poignant suavity and with the tastefully vulgar

spine-chilling.

As a spine-chiller, though, it is a bit betrayed by its trappings, for the magnificent atmosphere of the Countess' big scene and of her reappearance in the barracks scene leads us to believe that *Pique Dame* is about the poetic justice of cruel chance or the hand of destiny. And that has only a superficial theatrical excitement, in no way as interesting as the actual subject matter of the opera.

Queen of Spades is a passionate dis-

admirable aspects are at least understandable.

In Tomsky's story of the secret three-card combination, Ghermann thinks he sees a way to control the game. Very quickly, his stated purpose—the winning of Lisa—becomes hopelessly confused with another: discovery of the secret of the cards. Indeed, this becomes the true end of his actions. From this point on, nothing turns out as he planned it. He approaches the old Countess only to learn the secret, but instead he frightens

to his course—the cards have become the true end. Whatever Ghermann's passion is about, it is no longer about Lisa; the realization crushes her, and she drowns herself.

Ghermann, as he must, plays the game to the end. His opponent is Yeletsky, the symbol of the very order and convention he has sought to circumvent. But we cannot say that Yeletsky wins—only that Ghermann loses. *He* turns up the wrong card. Sorry, friend—you lose, and there's only one time around

shared-domination was never so well matched as when he concertized with Pierre Bernac.

In that already faraway quarter-century before 1960 during which Poulenc and Bernac functioned as a professional team, they recorded the composer's complete piano-vocal and chamber-vocal works (some of them many times) as well as some of the baritone (or more properly *baryton martin*) repertory of nineteenth-century Germany and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century France. Two recitals culled from these record-

rice Ravel with soprano Jane Bathori, who, at least until recently, was still living in Paris. No doubt Madame Bathori passed on some pointers from the horse's mouth to Monsieur Bernac; it is hard now to imagine this cycle as having a legitimate reading by anyone but him: from his impersonation of the pompous peacock to the giddy guinea hen he literally inhabits the bird kingdom, from which he emerges with a startling new voice as a Jewish cantor in the same composer's *Hebrew Songs*.

Chabrier's *L'Ile heureuse*, which also

Milashkina and Andzhaparidzye, with Valentina Levko (lying prone, in center foreground) as the Countess.

the table. Death brings a moment of clarity. Ghermann's recognition that he is a man who has somehow mislaid himself, that Lisa was all along the thing he was really after. The cards will be dealt again tomorrow night, same time, same station.

So *Pique Dame* is, like most stage works of value, the presentation of a philosophical (moral, if you wish) problem, stated not in philosophical or moral terms but in theatrical terms, in the form of complex, recognizable people and situations that arise from their juxtaposition.

In his music, Tchaikovsky ingeniously plays off the feverish, abnormal atmosphere that surrounds Ghermann against the order, the comfort, the boredom of the life he cannot conform to: the formal dances, the salon duets, the pavilion promenades, even the appearance of the Czarina herself (in a kind of apotheosis of the social order) against the dark, brooding quality of the scenes centered around Ghermann—the flickering light and shadow, the ghosts of a former time, in the Countess' bedchamber; the dismal coldness of the barracks; the snowy night on the banks of the Neva. In the opening scene, the elements themselves set up a clamor when Ghermann has the stage to himself. (Or, if you prefer, Ghermann chooses to take the stage when the elements are disturbed.) And the music captures so much of this magnificently, and most particularly in the wonderful arias written for Lisa—her mournful song to the night in the second scene and her great *scena* in the Neva scene. She is the frail connection between Ghermann's nature and the established society: in consequence, she suffers—and Tchaikovsky's genius was nowhere more at home than with a suffering feminine soul.

The recent Bolshoi recording of *Pique Dame* brought to us by Melodiya/Angel is, on the whole, strongly cast and well recorded and should serve to acquaint a new generation of collectors with the real stature of the work. I say "new" because there have already been three recordings of the opera, and one of them —an earlier Bolshoi effort which must be approaching fifteen years of age by now—has circulated under so many labels that it seems the piece has been recorded twenty times. It is still at least theoretically in circulation under the Bruno label, though I doubt that many collectors will have the patience to seek it out. It is the only version to offer any competition to the present one, for the London recording, with Belgrade forces, was mediocre in every respect, and the other, put out by Ultraphone, was an ancient Russian edition whose virtues were rendered inoperable by the really gruesome sound.

In any case, the new version is sure to be the choice of most potential buyers. Its stereo sound is full and broad; the balance favors the singers rather more than we have come to expect from Western companies, and once in a while the proximity of a high note becomes a bit much. But the engineering is far superior to that of any of the other versions. The standards of the orchestra seem to have risen too: there is far less sloppy playing than was heard in the old Bolshoi performance (for which the conductor could hardly have been entirely at fault, for he was the excellent Melik-Pashayev).

The new album is particularly happy in its choice of female singers—an area in which Soviet performance so often falls down badly. Tamara Milashkina is a sensitive singer with an attractive, well-focused soprano, far preferable to Elena Smolenskaya of the older set and most enjoyable. Only at the very top of her voice, where the tone sometimes thins out unexpectedly, does she fail to be satisfying. Irina Arkhipova sings Pauline's song magnificently, and Valentina Levko is a very good Countess, both from the vocal and interpretative standpoints.

The efforts of Zurab Andzhaparidzye are only partly successful and will probably not be much appreciated by American listeners—the Russians seem to accept a harsh, constricted sound that displeases anyone accustomed to (well, hopeful of) roundness and freedom of production. Still, he sings with reasonable intonation, a certain amount of strength and heft, and at least some sensitivity to musical and dramatic values. Ghermann is, in any case, an extremely difficult role—it lies high, it demands both dramatic and lyrical capabilities from the voice, and it poses a real acting challenge. One will see a really satisfying Ghermann no greater a percentage of the time than one will see an entirely satisfactory José—one in fifty?

Both baritone roles are well filled. The young singer Yuri Mazurok pours a wealth of beautiful, full high baritone sound into Yeletsky's gorgeous aria, the voice turning easily and naturally around E flat and E, and building evenly up to a sumptuous top G. Perhaps he does not quite face down his older competition, but that is because the Yeletsky of the old Bolshoi set was Pavel Lisitsian, one of the genuinely great singers of recent times, whose singing of the same aria is a classroom demonstration of classic line phrasing and control over the instrument. But if the younger man does not display quite that sort of polish and authority, he shows a vocal gift, technical command, and basic musicality that should make him an important artist.

There is also a first-class Tomsky, Mikhail Kiselev; a little nasal, but solid and again very secure with the top, which is so important at the end of his narrative. The bit parts are well taken, and the choral singing, as one might expect, is first-class: the quiet little choral invocation at the end of the opera is most moving when sung so beautifully.

The conducting of Boris Khaikin is forceful and intelligent. In a way, I prefer the bolder dramatic permissiveness of Melik-Pashayev—the orchestral strokes are broader, and he is not afraid, for example, to give his Tomsky all the time he needs to make the proper effect with his repeated "Three cards, three cards, three cards!" But the superior orchestral playing and engineering of the new set tip the scales here too.

American operagoers who have wondered exactly why *Pique Dame* continues to stick around owe it to themselves to discover it in a competent, authentic performance.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Pique Dame*

Tamara Milashkina (s), Lisa; Valentina Levko (ms), The Countess; Irina Arkhipova (ms), Pauline; Zurab Andzhaparidzye (t), Ghermann; Andrei Sokolov (t), Chaplinsky; Mikhail Kiselev (b), Tomsky; Yuri Mazurok (b), Yeletsky; Valery Yaroslavtsev (bs), Surin; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre, Boris Khaikin, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL Ⓓ SRD 4104, $23.16 (four discs, stereo only).

A MASTER OF THE SOLO GUITAR IN MUSIC OF MODERN MASTERS

by Shirley Fleming

Julian Bream: gracious contemporaneity.

WITH THIS RECORDING, Julian Bream does what no other contemporary guitar virtuoso has quite done before: he brings the solo guitar abreast of contemporary developments—introduces it, so to speak, to the best and most adventurous of today's composers, with no apologies, no provisos. This is not to belittle in any way the attractive works written over the years for Segovia (the two Villa Lobos Etudes, incidentally, sit comfortably enough in the present surroundings), but the statement still holds: the Britten, Brindle, Martin, and Henze works belong outright to our time: there is no tipping of the hat to Spain, very little homage to the past at all except as a point of departure for territory into which the solo guitar is now finding its way for the first time.

To say that Bream is responsible for the music presented here is no exaggeration—Britten and Brindle wrote their works specifically for him, and Henze called on him for advice on the *Drei Tentos*. Only Martin, as far as I know, wrote independently of the present performer. Each composer goes about his work according to his own lights, of course, which range from serialism through varying degrees of atonalism. And from these four quite disparate compositions one basic fact emerges: the guitar, amiable and essentially incapable of cantankerousness, causes the most acid statement, the most astringent dissonance, to emerge graciously. Now this may be a good or a bad thing, depending upon how you look at it. For my part, I have seldom warmed up to a tone row so much as to Brindle's, and I find the abrupt and snappish figure of Britten's Fourth Variation, for instance, quite biting enough within its context. In part, the prevailing air of unaggressiveness is due to a characteristic common to all four composers—a complete comfortableness with the instrument. All the writing is idiomatic (which does not mean that some of the problems of execution don't defy the imagination); nobody is straining for effect, there is nothing particularly "new" in the treatment of the guitar. Which leaves us at liberty to concentrate on the music.

In conversation a year or two ago, Bream mentioned that his friend Britten had written a piece for him which was in a sense the culmination of Britten's interest in the guitar. *Nocturnal*, Op. 70, introduced at the Aldeburgh Festival in 1964, followed two earlier works for guitar and tenor (the folk song settings and *Songs from the Chinese*) and is, by Bream's assurance, "much more complicated." It is a stunning piece—a set of eight variations on Dowland's *Come, heavy sleep* (No. 20 of the First Book of Songs or Ayres of Four Parts) which, Ives-like, moves from the complex to the simple, spinning out its series of variations for something like fifteen minutes before finally, with the arrival of a breathtaking E major chord, sailing into port to the Dowland song unadorned. Britten's variations are as subtle as they are effective: a rising fourth, a snatch of march rhythm, a one-measure cadential motive—any or all of them together are the kernels of these small, smart, lovely essays, which culminate before the entrance of the Dowland song in a passacaglia based on a figure from the original alto part.

Martin's moody, impressionistic *Quatre pièces brèves* is a twentieth-century incarnation of the baroque suite. The Prelude opens with a single-voice line of classic simplicity, grows in intensity, and ultimately resolves into clean and tonally evasive two-part counterpoint. The Air, stately and deliberate, behaves itself baroquely in ornamentation but not in harmony; the Plainte is a powerful, rather modal lament; the closing movement, driving and syncopated, is far more complex in writing and pressing in spirit than its "*Comme une gigue*" heading would hint.

Henze's *Drei Tentos* is drawn intact from the *Kammermusik 1958* for tenor, guitar, and octet (it is dedicated to Britten). Both musically and guitaristically, the three movements are small masterworks: the first is a lullabylike piece in which the notes of the upper line ring out like little bells, while below, a persistent major second reaches farther and farther in its implications. The second movement alternates between high-lying, mellow reflections and dark urgency—all the while maintaining a running pattern of sixteenth notes; the third is built on Henze's own version of an Alberti bass motive, ticked off by Bream to great effect. (I wonder if it is sheer coincidence that the Villa Lobos Etude No. 5, based on a very similar idea, has been placed next on the record?)

Reginald Smith Brindle, a Reader in Music at University College of North Wales and the author of a book on serial composition, proves here beyond question that a fairly rigorous compositional technique can lend itself amenably to the guitar. *El Polifemo de Oro* (based on a poem of Lorca) consists of four Fragments, by turn rhapsodic, contrapuntal, lyric, and dancing. The most overt in spirit is the last, which swings with a syncopated flair that comes closer to acknowledging the Spanish origin of the instrument than anything else on the record. Brindle handles the tone row in a manner that never leaves the ear adrift; rhythmic nuggets, bits of tune (almost), passages of metric regularity provide strong points of reference and at the same time remain subordinate to the spirit of each Fragment.

The author of RCA Victor's liner notes makes the point that, with the exception of the Villa Lobos Etudes, this is essentially a program of mood pieces. The summary is certainly true. And since the guitar lends itself so very well to mood and Bream lends himself so very well to the guitar (the subtleties of his coloring and rhythmic sense must be heard to be appreciated), the results are something special. Victor's engineering is faultless.

JULIAN BREAM: *"Twentieth-Century Guitar"*

Brindle: *El Polifemo de Oro (Four Fragments for Guitar)*. Britten: *Nocturnal, Op. 70.* Martin: *Quatre pièces brèves.* Henze: *Drei Tentos (from Kammermusik 1958).* Villa Lobos: *Etudes: No. 5, in C, No. 7 in E.*

Julian Bream, guitar. RCA VICTOR ® LM 2964 or LSC 2964, $5.79.

CLASSICAL

BACH: *Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord, S. 1014-19*

Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Egida Giordani Sartori, harpsichord. PHILIPS ⓓ PHM 2-597 or PHS 2-997, $11.58 (two discs).

Of the versions of these Sonatas in the domestic catalogue I still incline towards that of Schneiderhan and Richter on Archive, which I enthusiastically reviewed in these pages last May. Schneiderhan's purity of style and technique is ideally suited to this wonderfully poised music, and he is never lacking in sensitivity.

Grumiaux's new set is not quite on that level. His tone is rather more "violinistic" (though not as anachronistically so as that of Josef Suk in his unfortunate Epic version), and his phrasing, musicianly as it is, leans sometimes a little too far in the direction of the nineteenth century. Egida Giordani Sartori's harpsichord is balanced a shade backwardly in comparison with the violin, and her playing is competent but occasionally mannered, as in her alternation of staccato and legato in each measure of the first movement of the B minor Sonata. The performers have also chosen what I regard as the worst possible solution to the repeat question, taking first repeats but omitting second ones as though these pieces were full-blown nineteenth-century sonata structures. Both or neither should be the rule —and preferably both, as in Schneiderhan's set.

On the other hand there is some beautiful playing here; and if Schneiderhan strikes you as ascetic, the Grumiaux set may be worth your investigation, especially as the album contains all the music in miniature score.

But: since I had my say on the subject in May, I have become acquainted with one disc of the Bärenreiter recording listed in the supplementary Schwann catalogue and shortly to be made available here on the Nonesuch label. On it the young Swiss violinist Hansheinz Schneeberger, finely partnered by Eduard Müller, gives a perfectly ravishing performance. His tone, especially on the G string, is gloriously smooth without ever becoming overripe. He is at least as stylish as Schneiderhan, even more graceful, and appreciably warmer. This version is well worth waiting for. B.J.

BACH, JOHANN CHRISTIAN: *Sinfonias for Double Orchestra, Op. 18: No. 3, in D; No. 5, in E; Sinfonia concertante for Flute, Oboe, Violin, Cello, and Orchestra, in C*

Little Orchestra of London, Leslie Jones, cond. NONESUCH ⓓ H 1165 or H 71165, $2.50.

Johann Christian, the darling of London society and the admired friend of Mozart, had learned his composition lessons well from Padre Martini, and in addition he had an ear out for what was going on in Mannheim. Though it is doubtless true, in a sense, that he succumbed to popularity during his twenty years in England and that his talents reached a plateau and stayed there, it is also true that Opus 18, to which these sinfonias for double orchestra belong, represents the culmination of his writing for orchestra.

The pieces are very good of their kind: utterly urbane and accomplished, sparklingly scored, astute in the play of woodwinds against strings. The double orchestra tosses the conversational ball to and fro in a manner made for stereo.

The four solo instruments of the Sinfonia concertante interweave amicably and at times face demands of virtuosity which, in the present performance, are not always fulfilled. Flute and oboe fare better than violin and cello, but the ensemble is often a nip and tuck affair. The orchestra itself, however, plays with elegance and warmth. S.F.

BACON: *Songs from Emily Dickinson*

Helen Boatwright, soprano; Ernst Bacon, piano. CAMBRIDGE ⓓ CRM 707 or CRS 1707, $5.79.

To set the poems of Emily Dickinson to music without overwhelming them requires great reserves of caution and restraint in the composer. These texts are so fragile, so elusive, with meanings just beyond the surface of the words that any approach other than one of the greatest tact and delicacy would surely ruin them. But tact and delicacy for twenty-two songs on end might well be a bit of a bore, and the fact that this set is anything but a bore is the measure of Ernst Bacon's achievement in this special department of American song literature. Every musical Americanist writes at least one Emily Dickinson song. Bacon has written more than anybody, and his quietly eloquent, memorably tuneful style fits the poems to perfection. Miss Boatwright sings them well. The recording must have been made in a cave. A.F.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1 in C, Op. 15*

Christoph Eschenbach, piano; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON ⓓ SLPM 139023, $5.79 (stereo only).

I can't say that I much enjoy the sugary smoothness and insipid prettiness of the first movement as it is given here. The tempo is slow, accents are refined away, and the effect is anything but the roguish *Allegro con brio* that a defiant young Beethoven most assuredly had in mind. The violins at the very opening, in particular, tickle the ear like a blade of grass, and I find myself more annoyed than charmed. The remaining two movements, however, yield more satisfaction. The Largo, taken very gravely as on Schnabel's old recording, is long-breathed and appealingly introspective, while the final Rondo, for all its lack of bite, has sparkle and whimsey. Eschenbach is a remarkably fleet instrumentalist, and his command of dynamics at the *piano*-to-*pianissimo* end of the spectrum is unusually controlled. He adds a small roulade at the end of the third movement, and in the first plays the third and longest of the three cadenzas Beethoven wrote, albeit in a considerably revised version.

Incidentally, certain details in Karajan's handling of the orchestral score here tend to confirm my suspicion that he was the anonymous maestro who led the Philharmonia in Gieseking's 1950 Columbia LP of the work. Devotees of that long unavailable disc will probably find much to admire in the present slower, yet similar performance. My own preferences are better served by Fleisher (Epic), Schnabel (Angel COLH), Serkin (Columbia), and Arrau (Philips). I also like the *élan* of Glenn Gould's sometimes perverse account. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 61*

Christian Ferras, violin; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON ⓓ SLPM 139021, $5.79 (stereo only).

By coincidence, a few days before the present record arrived for review I had been listening to the historic 1926 performance of this work by Fritz Kreisler with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Leo Blech. Kreisler's tone quality and his intuitive way with the violin remain inimitable, of course, but Ferras —perhaps more than any other modern-day soloist I can think of—plays this Concerto in a style reminiscent of his great predecessor. The first movement, though very leisurely, has a golden-toned romantic breadth and a strain of philosophical poetry. Ferras utilizes a thick, rich vibrato and his phrasing has a freedom which only rarely seems excessive. I feel that the shimmering quality of his coloristic playing might have been even better served had he been placed a little farther from the microphone, but this is a relatively minor quibble.

I expect to hear a complaint (quite justifiable) from some listeners that there is insufficient tempo contrast between the first two movements. An exceptional performance, however, can quell such objections, and, for me at any rate, this Ferras/Karajan Beethoven is an altogether exceptional reading. I find

it hard to resist its lofty eloquence and spacious design. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Music for Mandolin and Harpsichord; Sonatinas: in C minor; in C; Adagio in E flat; Variations in D*
†Schlick, Johann Conrad: *Divertimento for Two Mandolins and Basso Continuo, in D*

Elfriede Kunschak, Vinzenz Hladky, mandolins; Maria Hinterleitner, harpsichord. TURNABOUT ⓓ TV 34110S, $2.50 (stereo only).

Mandolin fanciers—who, after all, don't get their licks in every day—can hardly fail to enjoy this disc, which features all Beethoven's extant works for the instrument and in addition introduces J. C. Schlick (a contemporary of Beethoven, and obviously a sporting and dutiful fellow) to the LP catalogue. Beethoven's Variations, skillful and thorough, take first place in my book; but the Adagio has a nice serenading quality and the other works aren't far behind. No surprises in the Schlick, but there is a goodly stir of sonority in his rather jolly Divertimento. Excellent performances. S.F.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata for Piano, No. 31, in A flat, Op. 110*
†Schumann: *Symphonic Etudes, Op. 13*

John Browning, piano. RCA VICTOR ⓓ LM 2963 or LSC 2963, $5.79.

A superb interpretation of the lovely, lyrical Op. 110 sonata is sorely needed, but this is not it. Browning shows that he has conscientiously studied this work and toiled to overcome its technical difficulties, but he just does not yet have the maturity to bring off the long-breathed phrases or moments of sheer vulgarity that Beethoven wrote into his penultimate sonata. Perhaps Browning will someday be able to play this work without the constricted rhythms and sameness of tone and phrasing characteristic of the present performance.

Schumann's *Symphonic Etudes* fare little better here. Browning completely neglects the touches of Romantic ornamentation that make Ashkenazy's recent London reading so memorable—and Browning just doesn't sing the way Ashkenazy does.

The sound of the disc is a bit diffuse, clangy at some points, and lacking in broad dynamic range. G.B.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Cello and Piano: No. 1, in F, Op. 5, No. 1; No. 3, in A, Op. 69*

Miklos Perenyi, cello; Carlo Zecchi, piano. QUALITON ⓓ LPX 1282 or SLPX 1282, $6.98.

Beethoven's *oeuvre*, we have repeatedly been told, may be neatly divided into three categories: early, middle, and late. But here we have the young lion confounding the learned professors with long introductions to his Opus 5 Cello Sonatas that contain all the cryptic seriousness and drama supposedly reserved for his "late" period!

The youthful Perenyi and the veteran Zecchi play this music for what it is, rather than for what it is *supposed* to be. They will have none of the *galante* superficiality which Rostropovich and Richter, for example, impose upon their otherwise memorable interpretations. Indeed, Perenyi and Zecchi are so intent upon reaching the rock-bottom of the music's depths that they seem to lean over backward to avoid any suggestion of more fluency or grace. The tempos they take in both performances here are prevailingly slow, the ungainly dynamic contrasts indicated by the composer are almost

A NEW SOUND FOR NEW LABELS AT NEW PRICES

TWO NEW LABELS are up for critical examination in this month's record review pages—Cardinal, from Vanguard Records, and Checkmate, the latest addition to the Elektra/Nonesuch family. They have some interesting points in common: all the recordings have been freshly taped in America or Europe by the parent companies; both lines utilize the Dolby noise reduction system of recording; and each disc will be available in stereo-only at a list price of $3.50.

The $3.50 tariff is especially noteworthy, for it marks a major step in what may establish a new pricing structure for classical recordings. Over the past two years the signal triumph of the $2.50 budget lines has seriously affected the sales potential of the high-priced labels. A Bernstein, a Horowitz, or a Sutherland disc can still successfully command a top price, but without such magic names records now selling at $5.79 can no longer compete with the proliferating budgeteers. So, in order to increase and expand their own classical recording programs, Elektra and Vanguard have introduced the $3.50 concept—the lowest possible list price compatible with today's costs of producing and processing a new recording.

You may be sure that the large major labels will be watching these new ventures with considerable interest—after all, both Elektra and Vanguard were among the first successful pioneers in the budget field. Our guess is that the basic economic sense behind the three-tiered price structure will eventually prove attractive to the majors too: their $2.50 labels will continue to consist of reissues and material garnered from the smaller European companies; the $3.50 category will allow them to experiment with artist and repertory ideas that would be impractical to implement at either budget or full-price levels; while the $5.79 discs will be reserved for the glamorous musical celebrities and costly operatic projects.

Hard business factors aside—what sort of a musical personality will Checkmate and Cardinal present to the record buyer? Most collectors will find numerous familiar and friendly names on both labels. Checkmate's initial offerings include such standard classical-romantic items as Beethoven's *Eroica* and Tchaikovsky's Fourth directed by Karl Ristenpart and Charles Mackerras, two conductors hitherto associated (on records at any rate) almost exclusively with music from the baroque. Later releases, Checkmate informs us, will broaden the repertory picture somewhat to include such works as the early Schubert symphonies. Cardinal's long list of first releases promises, among others, a Mahler Second from the Utah Symphony under Maurice Abravanel, Telemann's *Musique de Table* with Nikolaus Harnoncourt and his Concentus Musicus, a collection of short orchestral pieces by Ives played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Harold Farberman, Mahler's Fifth Symphony from the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra conducted by Vaclav Neumann, and a new version of Monteverdi's *Vespers* by Denis Stevens and the Ambrosian Singers.

How these two new "middle-priced" labels will ultimately affect the industry's current unsteady status quo is still a matter for speculation. Meanwhile, for HIGH FIDELITY's evaluation of the first records from Checkmate and Cardinal, please see this month's reviews in the following pages.

exaggeratedly jagged. Moreover, both players show a marked readiness to digress from the metronome in order to explore more fully the philosophical content of a given harmonic progression, or to savor the beauty of some luxurious turn of melody. In the first movement of the A major Sonata, each *fermata* is an invitation to linger and meditate.

Yet these readings do not seem perverse or distorted. For all their deliberation, Perenyi and Zecchi shape the music with awareness of its total design. Perenyi's tone is on the dark, stark side, with a Casals-like asceticism and very sparing use of vibrato. Zecchi's keyboard work is solid and weighty. He makes his points in the areas of accentuation and subdued tonal color. In many ways, his approach reminds me of that of the late Egon Petri—bronzelike rather than agile or slender. If you like Beethoven of Furtwänglerian persuasion, these performances ought to give you special pleasure.

All repeats are observed in the Op. 69, incidentally, though the first movement of Op. 5, No. 1 is given without them. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, No. 1, in D, Op. 12, No. 1*—See Brahms: *Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 102.*

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 3, in E flat, Op. 55 ("Eroica")*

South German Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Ristenpart, cond. CHECKMATE ⓓ C 76003, $3.50 (stereo only).

Ristenpart's *Eroica* is, like Klemperer's, one of monolithic weight rather than kinetic energy (Toscanini) or plastic experimentation (Walter, Jochum, Furtwängler). His tempos are moderate-to-deliberate, and the considerable impact thus generated comes from granitic blocks of sound instead of from feverish emotional intensity. The advantages are a kind of stark, monumental grandeur and a sense of incorruptible integrity of purpose; the disadvantages are some unpolished orchestral playing in the last two movements, a definite deficiency of true *pianissimo* throughout, and a *Marcia Funebre* split at mid-point between record sides. The credits are more considerable than the debits, and the disc is a strong entry in the *Eroica* sweepstakes. Nevertheless, until RCA is persuaded to reissue its stunning 1953 Toscanini broadcast (the one released on LM 2387, *not* the much inferior 1949 performance on the complete set of symphonies now on Victrola), my recommendation goes to the fine Schmidt-Isserstedt version for London. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1*—See Schumann: *Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, in F, Op. 80.*

BERLIOZ: *L'Enfance du Christ, Op. 25*

Victoria de los Angeles (s), Mary; Nicolai Gedda (t), Narrator; Rémy Corrazza (t), A Centurion; Roger Soyer (b), Joseph; Ernest Blanc (b), Herod; Xavier Depraz (bs), Ishmaelite Father; Bernard Cottret (bs), Polydorus; Choeurs René Duclos; Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, André Cluytens, cond. ANGEL ⓓ SBL 3680, $11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Having herewith achieved its fifth complete recording, *L'Enfance du Christ* should hardly be in need of introduction. In case anyone doesn't yet know it, let me reiterate that this is a work of typical Berliozian originality, imagination, delicacy, and restraint—and if you don't think restraint is a characteristic of this composer, you haven't been listening very carefully. By all means, hear *L'Enfance*, and then go on to *Roméo* and the Requiem (and to *Cellini* and *Les Troyens*, as soon as the record companies will let you); they share the same virtues.

I wish I could recommend a recording as confidently as I can the work, but this new version isn't yet the answer to our prayers. It does have some undoubted virtues, among them Victoria de los Angeles as the most satisfactory Mary to date; she combines the bright unmatronly timbre of a soprano with the strong low notes of a mezzo—all the individual virtues of previous exponents rolled into one. Gedda is never less than tolerable, but this isn't really the right voice for the part. He seems to have no dynamic middle ground between *piano* and a rather brassy *forte;* what's really wanted is one of those sweet, almost croony French tenors, the type that can take the high A's in *voix mixte*—like Jean Planel in a once celebrated 78 of the tenor scene from Part II.

Roger Soyer is a fine, sensitive Joseph, but the Herod, Ernest Blanc, sure of pitch and resonant of voice, seems never to have heard of dynamic markings—whether Berlioz asks for *piano* or *forte*, it all comes out in a splendid roar. Fortunately, Angel has departed from the conventional practice of asking the same singer also to take on the role of the Ishmaelite Father; Xavier Depraz in that part here is quite satisfactory.

Beyond this, there is an excellent orchestra and a reasonable chorus, whose weakness at the bottom shows up most noticeably in the bass-only section for the Soothsayers. The recording job is good and clear, with the off-stage choral bits exceptionally well handled; my only complaint has to do with the slightly overresonant bass (cf. the pizzicati in the *Marche Nocturne*).

As for Cluytens, he does very little that is exceptionable. I note with pleasure that he has amended his ridiculously fast tempo for the *Marche Nocturne* (in the old Vox recording), bringing it down to the merely amusingly fast one that everyone else uses—must we imagine Roman soldiers cantering through the streets of Jerusalem on night patrol, or is it really impossible to make this piece go at the tempo Berlioz indicates?

For all its competence, however, this is a prosaic performance, lacking a real sense of direction. To hear what is missing, one only has to compare the final chorus here with the really sustained reading, subdued yet full of line and tension, that it receives in the Davis recording for Oiseau-Lyre.

Indeed, if all of Davis' performance were up to the level of its last pages, I should have no trouble making a recommendation. But it takes a long time to reach those heights, and along the way we have to put up with some extremely sloppy orchestral execution, a Herod of real sensibility but ill-focused tone, some more under-par Soothsayers, and an *Adieu des Bergers* that almost goes to sleep. The other soloists are suitable, and Peter Pears is easily the most elegant musician among the various Narrators; some will find his vibrato trying, though.

One minor but curious point: the last four measures of Part I are omitted. When queried, Angel reported that these three cadential chords "are always omitted by tradition in performances in France, where they are considered to be somewhat out of place, unimportant, and unnecessarily long, lessening the ethereal effect of the women's and boys' chorus fading into the distance." The resulting "ethereal" effect is certainly more theatrical, but isn't the composer entitled to the merely musical effect he asked for? This strikes me as the kind of tradition for which Mahler had a word (and of a piece with the fine French tradition that has left the publication of Berlioz's complete works up to German publishers).

Over on the bargain counter, there is the Munch Victrola reissue, with a superb orchestra, soloists who average out as well as any of the other teams, and a chorus that shows up well everywhere except in the off-stage angel department. Munch's reading doesn't get any further off the ground than Cluytens', but it has no egregious flaws either, and the recording stands up surprisingly well for its early-stereo vintage.

On the face of it, Munch might seem to be the winner by default, because of the price advantage—but I urge you to try the Davis first; if you are not upset by some of what comes before, you will find that final chorus more to the point than almost anything in the other two recordings. D.H.

BRAHMS: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in B flat*

Rudolf Serkin, piano; Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. COLUMBIA ⓓ ML 6367 or MS 6967, $5.79.

This is the third time around for the elder Serkin with the Brahms Second—the other occasions were with Ormandy and the Philadelphia. From all standpoints this latest version is the best—Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra play

Christian Ferras: an expansive, refined romanticism for Brahms and Beethoven.

their hearts out, and Serkin seems even more intensely involved than ever.

The soloist's playing is marred only by the excessive banging he brings forth, especially at the lower end of the *fortissimo* runs and scale passages. I suppose he is trying to create huge sonorities, but he succeeds only in creating loud and harsh, even ugly, sounds. The rest is all one expects it to be—an idiomatic, committed, and satisfying account. If Serkin isn't capable of expanding the music to the pinnacle of breathtaking virtuosic fervor, what does it matter? His kind of tone—slightly percussive, hard and biting—has always seemed just right to me for the Brahms concertos.

For once, the orchestra and soloist are on equal footing in this "symphony for piano and orchestra." Neither Szell nor Serkin takes a leading role in this performance, but each supports the other.

The sound of the disc is clean and well balanced throughout. G.B.

BRAHMS: *Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 102*
†Beethoven: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, No. 1, in D, Op. 12, No. 1*

Christian Ferras, violin; Paul Tortelier, cello (in the Concerto); Pierre Barbizet, piano (in the Sonata); Philharmonia Orchestra, Paul Kletzki, cond. (in the Concerto). SERAPHIM Ⓓ 60048 or S 60048, $2.49.

This is an excellent compromise between the concerto grosso approach to Brahms's Double Concerto (where the conductor runs the show) and the typical soloists' reading (wherein the orchestral *ritornellos* are little more than musical bookends). The two soloists here are a well-integrated team, both tonally and interpretatively. Ferras and Tortelier share a certain pungency of sonority, and both view the music in terms of expansive, refined romanticism. Kletzki, moreover, is no mere cipher: his orchestral framework, leisurely as it is, has clarity of texture, precision, and rhythmic backbone. Unlike most slow-paced renditions of this composition, Kletzki's keeps a tight grip on tempos, and there is no slowing down of the basic pulse each time the two soloists take over. The excellence of the performance combined with luscious recorded tone makes this one of the finest editions of the Double Concerto at any price.

The Beethoven Sonata receives a thoroughly big interpretation. Ferras and Barbizet are responsive to every felicity of phrase and accent the music offers them. It is no small pleasure to find this music freed from the expressive limitations of the usual small-sealed, metronomic "classical" approach. Thoroughly creative music making, this. H.G.

BRAHMS: *Sextet for Strings, No. 1, in B flat, Op. 18*

Berlin Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble. WORLD SERIES Ⓓ PHC 9050, $2.49 (compatible disc).

The members of the Berlin Philharmonic Octet appearing in this release (Alfred Maleček and Emil Maas, violins; Ulrich Fritze and Rudolf Hartmann, violas; Heinrich Majewski and Peter Steiner, cellos) have done themselves proud. At the outset the cellos have a burnished, tawny eloquence which recalls the famous old monophonic Casals/Prades Columbia LP of this music; and as the composition unfolds, point after point reinforces one's initial impression that here is mellow, wise, idiomatic Brahms. Happily, these sterling musicians do not overlook the equally important fact that this should also be youthful, ardent, flexible Brahms. The first movement, played a trifle faster than usual, preserves a marvelous sense of continuity and flow, while the Variations are as impassioned as one could wish for—and impeccably polished as well. I was won over too by the rather surprising treatment of the brief scherzo. In place of the imperious view expounded by Casals and friends, the Berlin musicians opt for a delightfully pointed treatment of the (as they play it) Ländler-like opening section, reserving the hurtling brio for the contrasting trio. As for the finale, it sings with untroubled dignity and lyricism. The Angel edition of this work (Menuhin et al.) is also on the highest interpretative level, but for my taste it is just a bit too fussy and short of momentum at certain turns.

The sound provided by the Philips engineers for the World Series disc is the most resonant and veiled of the three versions mentioned. Angel's offers the most proximity and "toppiness"; the Casals Columbia is somewhere in between. In terms of value per dollar, the World Series set of course walks away with top honors. H.G.

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68*

Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra, Charles Mackerras, cond. CHECKMATE Ⓓ C 76001, $3.50 (stereo only).

There is something about Mackerras' way with this score that reminds me of the late Pierre Monteux's interpretation: one finds much the same combination of ruggedness and lucidity, the same sort of strong individualism operating within the bounds of perfect orthodoxy. Mackerras has finesse and authority, but he does not appear unduly concerned with obtaining orchestral playing of antiseptic smoothness. While he achieves all sorts of elucidating balances, his unflaggingly propulsive reading projects an aura of stark grandeur.

Conducting students could learn a great deal by observing how Mackerras copes with certain problems of tempo and accentuation. At the Symphony's very opening, for example, he makes the drumbeats sound very weighty and insistent but avoids all trace of ponderousness by getting the high strings to phrase with a slightly emphatic detachment. Even more instructive is the way Mackerras solves the problem posed by the brass chorale when it appears at the end of the finale. Toscanini used to add timpani rolls at that point, and most conductors of the day followed his example. Then the purists took over, and though I am with them in principle (why tamper with a composer's score?), I admit to being left with a distinctly flat feeling when I hear this climactic passage played without the added adrenaline. Mackerras leaves the original instrumentation alone, but maintains excitement by having the brass choir play a *subito* diminuendo-crescendo on their sustained note while the strings play normally. One experiences the same sort of mounting drama that Toscanini produced, though the letter of the law remains unviolated. It seems like such an easy, logical solution, yet no one has thought of it before!

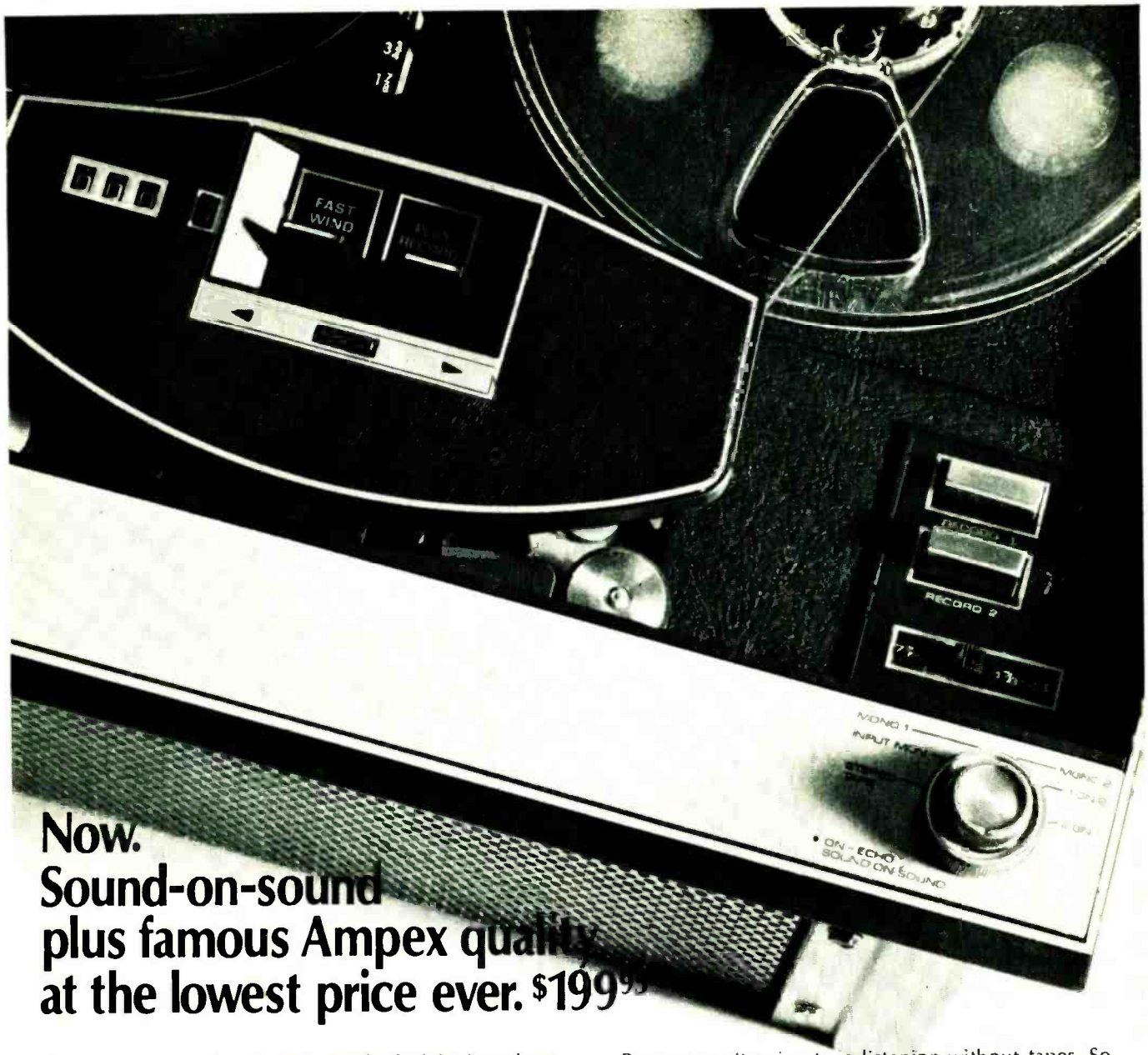
The Hamburg Philharmonic does all it can to realize Mackerras' thoroughly musical interpretation, and the recording is notably solid and clearly etched. H.G.

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 3, in D minor (1889 version)*

Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON Ⓓ SLPM 139133, $5.79 (stereo only).

Among stereo recordings of Bruckner's Third Symphony, this new version by Jochum comes into direct comparison with the Szell/Cleveland performance on Columbia, and into rather more indirect comparison with the Philips disc by the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Bernard Haitink. The distinction is a matter of the version used: Haitink plays the symphony in Bruckner's revision of 1878, whereas Szell and Jochum both use the third and final version of 1889, which, though sanctioned by Bruckner himself, probably owes much to the influence of Franz Schalk.

More than any other Bruckner symphony, the Third is an affair of sublime inspirations rather loosely strung together. But even if one is willing (and I am not sure that I am) to entertain in principle Szell's view that Bruckner was



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an inspired but maladroit composer who really *needed* his friend's assistance in formal matters, nevertheless, on purely empirical grounds, my own judgment tells me that the argument does not here apply. Apart from a number of detailed points, where Schalk's influence is on a par with the efforts of those lily-livered editors who bowdlerized some of the boldest harmonies out of early editions of Schubert's *Wanderer Fantasy*, the 1889 version of the symphony maims the Finale irreparably by cutting half of its recapitulation. I cannot simply say "Listen to the two versions and you are bound to agree," since a number of eminent conductors evidently do *not*; but really we come down here to a question of taste, and argument would be out of place.

The whole question of editions aside, Jochum's performance is a beautiful one. There are the usual almost melodramatic pianissimos, the usual plastic accelerandos and ritardandos, but they are not excessive. Jochum's reading has a more organic give-and-take than Szell's straighter, no-nonsense version, and he is clearly preferable at the imposing climax of the first movement, where Szell diminishes the grandeur by clipping the value of the whole notes. The Bavarian Radio Symphony plays splendidly, with some lovely horn and woodwind solos, and the recording is spacious and warm, though perhaps a shade reticent in the balance of the string section.

So if you want the 1889 version, Jochum's is the performance to have. My own choice, however, would still be the Philips. Haitink's is a virile, sensitive, and supremely natural performance of what is essentially a more natural work. Technically, I am not so sure about the Philips. The balance and color of the recording are excellent, but I have yet to find an approvably quiet pressing. I gather from what Deryck Cooke wrote in *The Gramophone* (reviewing a Schuricht recording of the 1889 score, so far unreleased here by Angel) that good copies of the Haitink *can* be unearthed, at least in England; if you find yourself in agreement with me on musical grounds, pester Philips until you get one. B.J.

CHOPIN: *Piano Works*

Mazurkas: in A minor, Op. 59, No. 1; in A flat, Op. 59, No. 2; in F sharp minor, Op. 59, No. 3; Polonaises: No. 6, in A flat, Op. 53; No. 7, in A flat, Op. 61 ("Polonaise Fantasie"); Sonata No. 3, in B minor, Op. 58.

Martha Argerich, piano. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON ⓓ SLPM 139317, $5.79 (stereo only).

Several years ago, Deutsche Grammophon issued a recital disc by a young South-American artist named Martha Argerich. It proclaimed a pianistic talent of the first magnitude. Miss Argerich's prowess has not been gathering dust in the intervening years: in addition to winning some important competitions, she has obviously grown as an interpreter since her first recording. One might describe her temperament here as "sanguine." The performances of the Sonata and *Fantasie-Polonaise* are particularly noteworthy for their structural thinking. True to the traditions of Ignaz Friedman and Artur Schnabel (who shared a certain rhythmic cogency for all their disparate qualities), Miss Argerich has a way of "telescoping" various phrase groups together so that the music's line of progress always presses forward. At times she is even a trifle violent in her energy, but in the main it is a pleasure to encounter genuine assuredness and musical direction (as opposed to the mere aggressive, superficial efficiency characteristic of many young virtuosos these days). The Sonata performance, moreover, is notable for another reason: it is, to my best knowledge, the first time on records—and only the second time in my life—that I have heard the first movement exposition repeated. (The other performance that did so was by Alexis—then Sigi—Weissenberg at a 1958 Carnegie Hall concert.) I find that for some reason the repeat here makes far more sense than the one in the B flat minor *Funeral March* Sonata.

Deutsche Grammophon has provided a realistic big-hall kind of sound which robs Miss Argerich's playing of some intimacy. As the pianist is clearly in quest of heroic breadth rather than lyric warmth, perhaps she wanted it this way. H.G.

CHOPIN: *Variations on a Theme of Rossini*
†Schumann: *Three Romances, Op. 94*
†Schubert: *Introduction and Variations on a Theme from schöne Müllerin, Op. 160*

Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Robert Veyron-Lacroix, piano. EVEREST ⓓ 6165 or 3165, $4.98.

A welcome change of pace from the usual cool, cool flute recital: Rampal and Veyron-Lacroix have chosen a Romantic repertory which achieves a degree Farenheit I would scarcely have thought possible. The warmest, longest (nineteen minutes), solidest of these works is the Schubert set of variations on *Trockne Blumen* from *Die schöne Müllerin*—wonderfully varied in mood, texture, and emotional implication, and building up to a climax of real intensity and harrowing virtuosity. It was the composer's only work for this pair of instruments, and it is good to have it introduced to records by so persuasive a duo.

Schumann's *Romances* were originally written for oboe, but they go beautifully on the flute; the three together, being quite unlike, add up to a fine example of nineteenth-century romanticism on a delicate scale. Chopin's Variations, composed at the end of his first year at the Warsaw conservatory, are short, spicy, and completely irresistible. S.F.

ELOY: *Equivalences*
†Pousseur: *Madrigal III*
†Schoenberg: *Verklärte Nacht, Op. 4*

Strasbourg Percussion Group (in the Eloy); Domaine Musical Ensembles, Pierre Boulez, cond. (in the Eloy and the Pousseur); Domaine Musical String Sextet (in the Schoenberg). EVEREST ⓓ 6170 or 3170, $4.98.

Schoenberg's venerable string sextet is in pretty fast company here, backing up works by two representatives of the European post-Webern generation. The American record industry has not so far done very much to keep us abreast of what has been happening in this area, but the coming season promises some improvement, and we may not have to wait until *all* of Telemann is on record before catching up with the music of our contemporaries. Perhaps we'll even get some of Boulez's music, even if only as a by-product of his new conductorial celebrity.

The 1962 *Madrigal III*, for six players, of the Belgian composer Henri Pousseur (b. 1929) is certainly the more accessible of the two "new" works on this record. It incorporates, we are told, nearly the whole of his *Madrigal I* (1958) for solo clarinet, and the clarinet is in fact the principal protagonist here, winding long unaccompanied lines that connect passages involving the other instruments—violin, cello, piano, vibraphone, marimba, and assorted unpitched percussion—in various combinations. Certain aspects of dynamics and duration are not definitely fixed by the composer, depending rather on the interaction of choices by the individual players. Although I note that some specified durational relationships are not exactly held to in this performance, it seems for the most part well within the limits set by the composer.

Jean-Claude Eloy (b. 1938) belongs to the next generation, and was in fact a pupil of Boulez (who not only conducts the recording of *Equivalences*, but gave the first performance at Darmstadt in 1963, and is also the dedicatee). This work, written for eighteen players, has fewer obviously traditional elements of continuity and articulation than the Pousseur. In all dimensions it is music of violent contrasts: sharp percussive sounds and sustained block chords, whispers at the threshhold of silence and bursting *fortissimos* alternate and combine in segments of varying length. A tremendous battery of percussion is employed, requiring six players, and it is deployed, along with piano, celesta, harp, and three groups of wind and brass, in a specified seating arrangement, so that spatial contrasts also play an important role. As in the Pousseur, there are certain variable elements, but the over-all succession of events remains the same in all performances.

Although I would not argue that either of these two very different pieces is a major masterpiece, each is a serious, well-crafted attempt to produce an integrated musical structure using the sound materials of the 1960s; as such, they are worth a sympathetic hearing.

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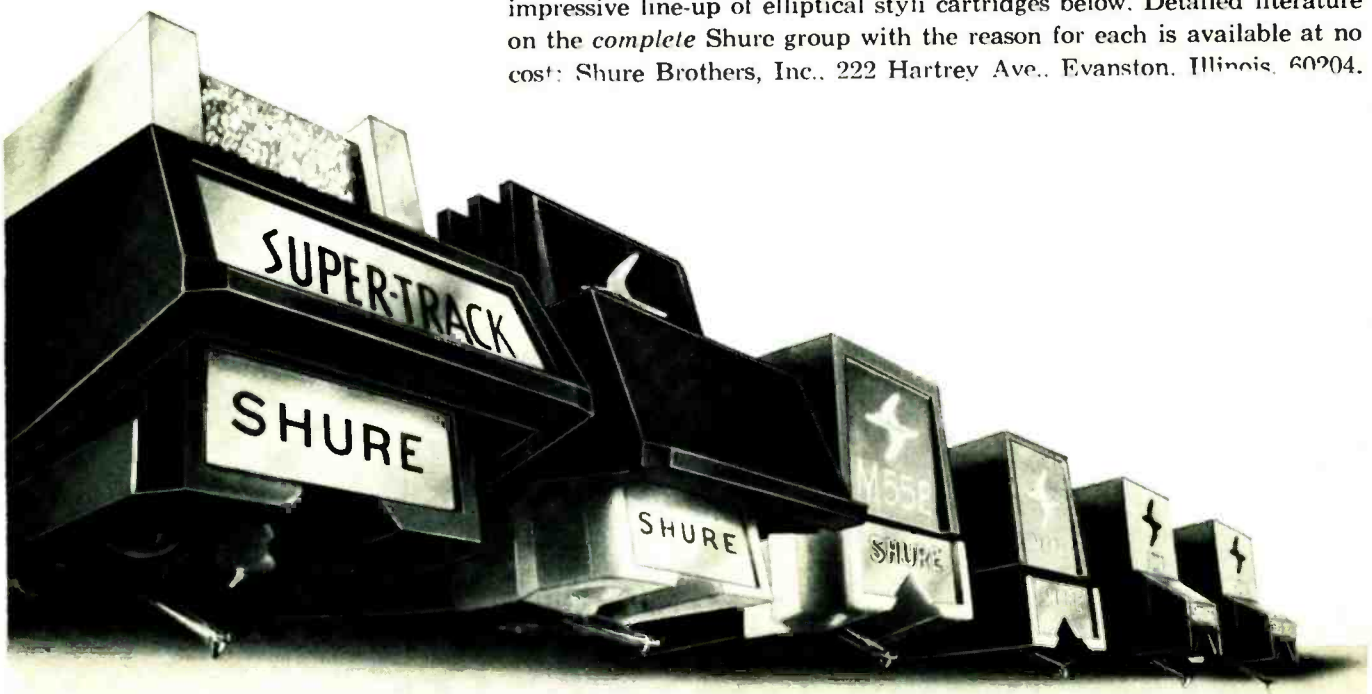

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reverse is an interesting effort to present this work primarily in linear, contrapuntal terms. Since it isn't really that kind of piece, this reading doesn't hang together nearly as well as the splendid Galimir-Marlboro version (Columbia), where the emphasis is on harmonic motion and the tonal blend of the ensemble. In practice, all those inner-voice motions make more sense played as elaborations of harmonic movement (Galimir) than as if they were freely moving lines (Domaine Musical). And however accurately the French group plays, it offers nothing like the timbral variety of the Americans: somehow that ascetic, reedy French string sound is all wrong here. Nevertheless, it's certainly preferable to the rough sound and incorrect phrasings offered by the Ramor Quartet and friends on Turnabout.

A few rather special awards are due to Everest for its processing of this recording, which originally appeared on the French Adès label. First, the Order of the Worn Head-Gap, in honor of the deterioration they have inflicted upon the excellent sound of the French pressing; this takes a good bit of gleam off the percussion sounds and adds some tracking problems on loud drum strokes. Additionally, I proffer the Rusty-Razor-Blade Cluster, to celebrate the loss of the first measure of the Eloy piece somewhere between the French and American pressings. And, finally, a lump of coal from Newcastle, for the statement that the Schoenberg piece is conducted by Boulez; the Adès label and jacket are quite clear on this point—no conductor is needed, and none is used. D.H.

HARRIS: *Epilogue to Profiles in Courage, JFK*
†Schuller: *Dramatic Overture*
†Mayazumi: *Samsara, Symphonic Poem*

Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, cond. LOUISVILLE ⓓ LOU 666, $7.95; LS 666, $8.45.

The Harris *Epilogue* is the kind of thing this composer seems to have on draught at all hours—low string sonorities, big pronouncements from the brass, vibraphone effects, the works. It was written for the Los Angeles Festival, not long after the President's death. As for Gunther Schuller's very early *Dramatic Overture* (1951), it suggests a paraphrase of a famous line of Dorothy Parker's: there is less here than meets the ear.

Toshiro Mayazumi's *Samsara* is really a bomb. This is one of those terribly earnest and hopelessly uncomprehending mishmashes of "effects" that the Japanese so often produce when they turn to Western idioms. In this case there is much from *Pétrouchka* and much from the percussion music of composers like Lou Harrison; there are also some reflections of Japanese court music but so Westernized that they sound like a Hollywood composer's Japonisms. It is shocking and saddening to discover that this work dates from 1962 and is therefore later than the same composer's great *Nirvana*, which I, for one, thought might be the opening chapter in a magnificent new artistic synthesis of East and West.

Recordings are quite good and so, I guess, are the performances. A.F.

HAYDN: *Symphonies: No. 100, in G ("Military"): No. 103, in E flat ("Drum Roll")*

Orchestra of London, Leslie Jones, cond. CHECKMATE ⓓ C 76002, $3.50 (stereo only).

It will be noted that here Leslie Jones's Orchestra of London is no longer qualified by the word "Little." The change in designation is particularly apt with the release of this disc: these are big symphonies and are, quite rightly, so treated in the present performance. This is not to say that the modest and musical Mr. Jones has suddenly dispensed with his stylishness and reserve. Those who look for a grand orchestra approach to Haydn—with ripe, romantic inflections, personal emphasis, and (chances are) corrupt texts—are apt to find the present lively performances a bit four-square and cut-and-dried. Jones, however, is far more than a mere *Kapellmeister*. He has taken great pains in getting committed, balanced execution from his players, and he sees to it that all ornaments are played with stylistic correctness. He even goes so far as to have a harpsichord continuo clearly audible at all times!

I have an occasional reservation, of course. I am not convinced, for instance, that the second movement of the *Military* should sound so swift as it does here. Jones obviously has his eye on the *Allegretto* tempo markings—which makes him technically, if not aesthetically correct. (Toscanini already showed us with his recording of the *Surprise* Symphony the dire consequences of taking Haydn's tempo markings too literally!) But aside from such very minor complaints I thoroughly enjoyed these crisply played, admirably recorded performances. H.G.

IVES: *Sonata for Piano, No. 1*

Noel Lee, piano. NONESUCH ⓓ H 71169, $2.50 (stereo only).

As Lou Harrison observes in his notes to the published score of this work, the two piano sonatas of Ives are the last great piano sonatas in the romantic tradition. As such, they impose a heavy load on their interpreters, but up to now only one interpreter has ventured into discs with the earlier piece. That is William Masselos, who collaborated with Harrison in preparing the First Sonata for publication, who was the first to play it in public, and who has recorded it twice; his Columbia version of 1952 is now available again on Odyssey, and his recent RCA Victor version is, of course, still current.

In his jacket notes for the Victor release, Masselos observes that he regards the work as an inspired improvisation and says he can never predict how he will play it on any given night. Liszt himself could not have spoken in more characteristically romantic vein about his own gigantic piano sonata. Nor could Liszt have departed much more freely from the printed text of his work. Masselos has his own way with the tempos, and if they defy the score, well, then the score stands defied; he also takes all manner of *accelerandos* and *ritardandos* as the spirit moves him, and, as one would expect, the spirit moves him quite differently in his two recordings. And yet one wonders how reprehensible all that may be in a sonata which contains directions like this one after a repeat sign: "Over 3 or 4 times. Get going."

Noel Lee adds a dash of Debussy to his interpretation of Ives's First Sonata.

At all events, Noel Lee competes with Masselos in the only possible way: he plays precisely what is written on the page. If after nine bars of Allegro the score says "*Più Allegro* (or more of an *Allegretto*)," he plays more of an *Allegretto*; and there is not a note of his interpretation in other respects that is not specifically sanctioned by what Harrison and Masselos published in 1954. Furthermore, Lee brings the work a very different spectrum of pianistic tone color from the one Masselos exploits. Lee has recorded all the piano music of Debussy; this experience comes through very clearly in his playing of the Ives, and it adds something very good, especially in the great, extended slow movement with which the work concludes. But Masselos has it all over him in the blood-curdling ragtime movements (of which there are two) and in the general warmth, drive, and excitement of his performance.

All three recordings are excellent, but the newer ones, not surprisingly, are better than the old. A.F.

KODALY: *Choral Works, Vol. 1*

Gábor Lehotka, organ; Zoltán Kodály Children's Chorus; Hungarian Radio Chorus, Zoltán Vásárhelyi, cond. QUALITON ⓓ LPX 1259 or SLPX 1259, $6.98.

The emphasis here is upon Kodály's set-

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tings of text in foreign languages—a Horatian ode, four Italian madrigals, some medieval Latin hymns, a bit of Shakespeare. The settings are, as always with Kodály, immaculately clean in voice-leading, with much color and subtlety in the handling of modal lines and harmonies, whether inspired by medieval music or by Hungarian folk song. Unfortunately, however, the performances are so pedestrian, so lifeless, so lacking in imagination or illumination that one cannot really take the set very seriously. It seems to be the first in a government-sponsored series wherein all of Kodály's choral music will be put on records. Unless there is a marked change in quality of performance, there are murky days ahead for this branch of the literature.

A.F.

LIPATTI: *Concertino in Classical Style, Op. 3; Rumanian Dances for Piano and Orchestra (1943)*

Felicja Blumenthal, piano; Milan Philharmonia Orchestra, Carlo Felice Cillario, cond. EVEREST (D) 6166 or 3166. $4.98.

Dinu Lipatti as a composer? Yes, indeed—the pianist studied composition with Paul Dukas and Nadia Boulanger (as well as conducting with Charles Munch). The *Concertino in Classical Style* suggested to me all sorts of things: Grieg's *Hollberg* Suite, Roussel's Sinfonietta for Strings, a mild tinge of Prokofiev perhaps, but mostly a dream J. S. Bach might have had after going to bed on a repast of pickles and ice cream. It's a piquant, though highly derivative little essay. The overside *Rumanian Dances* have a stronger profile. There the influences that come to mind are Skalkottas and Enesco. Lipatti's *modus operandi* in these dances is to take a fairly plain motif and to dress it up in all sorts of intricate rhythmic and tonal guises. One notes the frequent use here of piccolo and other higher woodwinds to simulate the plangent sound of the *Dudasok* or Bagpipe. It's a wonder that these charmers haven't long since been recognized as . . . well, charmers. They really communicate much more than mere craftsmanship.

Both performances are excellent, though Blumenthal is a more yielding, curvaceous sort of player than I suspect the composer himself was in this music. Spacious, bright-sounding recording.

H.G.

LISZT: *Operatic Fantasies and Late Piano Works*

Réminiscences de Don Juan; Réminiscences de Boccanegra; Csárdás Macabre; En Rêve; Trauer-Vorspiel und Trauer-Marsch; Mephisto Waltz, No. 3.

John Ogdon, piano. ODEON (D) ASD 2283, $5.79 (stereo only).

The second side of this well-recorded disc, comprising four works written between 1881 and 1885, is the more im-

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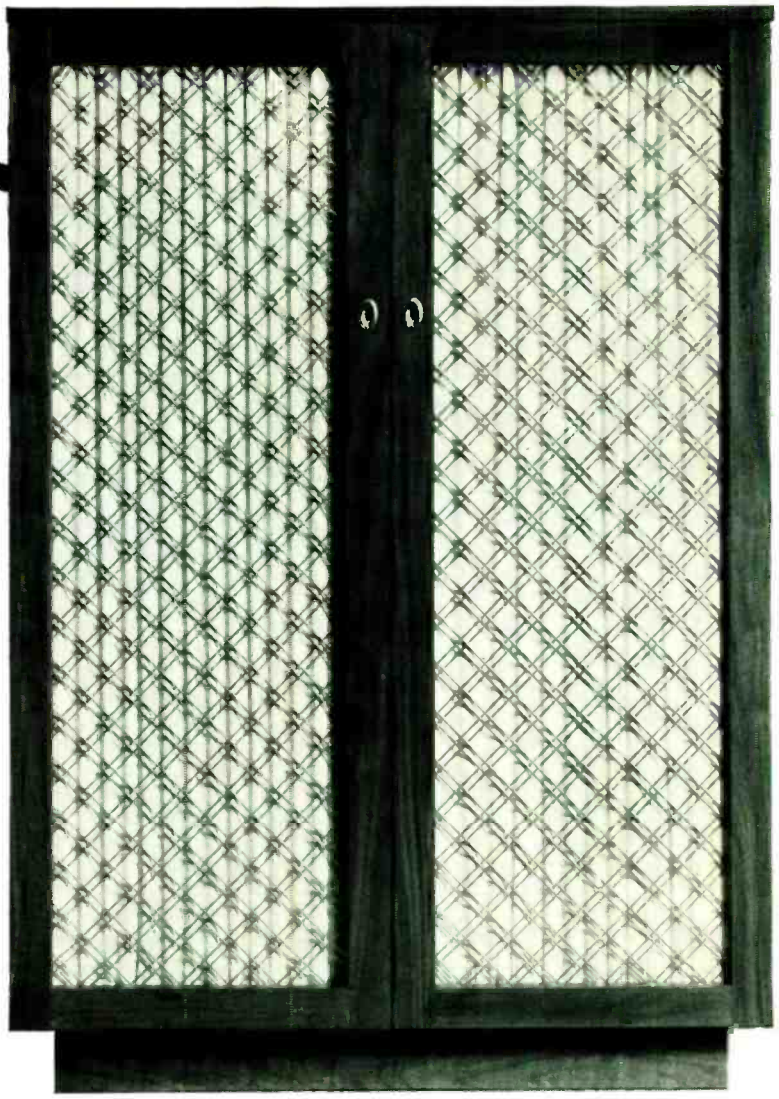

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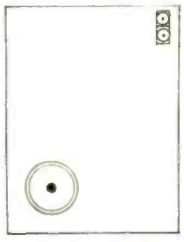

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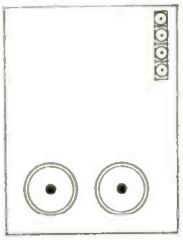

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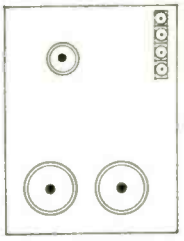

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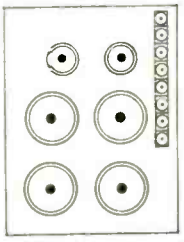

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pressive. The *Csárdás* and the *Trauer-Marsch*, in particular, are typical of Liszt's questing originality in his last years, the former for its startling chromatic chains of bare fifths, the latter for its combination of bold harmonies with a structurally obsessive four-note ostinato (F sharp, G, B flat, C sharp).

In these pieces, and in the 1882 fantasy on themes from *Simone Boccanegra*, John Ogdon displays an abundance of the qualities that have given him a high reputation as an interpreter of Liszt. There is a wonderful solidity of technique, a wide and imaginatively applied gradation of dynamics, and, where appropriate, a sense of demonic possession. But unfortunately the greatest work on the record, the brilliant and dramatic fantasy—really a full-scale tone poem—on themes from *Don Giovanni*, finds the pianist below his best form. The final rampage on *"Finch'han dal vino"* is seriously blurred in execution, and earlier passages suffer from a certain stolidity of approach. Tamás Vásáry on his Heliodor disc, though he uses an inferior alternative in one important passage, plays the work with greater conviction. But the version to have is Charles Rosen's dazzingly brilliant and powerfully shaped performance on Epic. For its second side, however, the new Odeon disc is worth investigating. B.J.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 2 ("Resurrection")*

Beverly Sills, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; University of Utah Civic Chorale; Utah Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel, cond. CARDINAL ⓓ VCS 10003/04, $7.00 (two discs, stereo only).

This release on Vanguard's new Cardinal label is truly an astonishing one. From the technical point of view alone it represents a substantial and exciting step forward. The use of the Dolby noise reduction system has no doubt contributed something to this result, by facilitating the achievement of a dynamic range embracing *pianissimos* like the whisper of a summer breeze and *fortissimos* that may make even your neighbors think the Day of Judgment has arrived. But even more impressive is the verisimilitude of balance and perspective that can only come from a really mature recording philosophy, which concentrates on musical effect rather than on mere brute sensationalism. In this recording instruments do not suddenly jump out at you. They are simply there, in their rightful place in the orchestra. The strings are captured with ideal warmth and clarity, the woodwinds are properly differentiated in timbre and weight, the horns are rich and resonant, the heavy brass and percussion have an almost frightening impact, and every note of the timpani tells as a note and not as a vague noise. In the chorale sections of the Finale a more vivid *fortissimo* could sometimes be desired—particularly at *"Bereite dich,"* where the tenors and basses sound a little weak—but even this is the defect of a virtue, because the chorus actually seems to be where it should be: behind the orchestra. In two or three usually problematical passages the balance between the soprano and alto soloists and the chorus has been perfectly judged, and the final peroration is overwhelming in its grandeur.

Maurice Abravanel scales the heights in his new recording of the Mahler Second.

I have spoken at length about the recorded sound because that is what first strikes one. But the performance too is a breathtaking one. Abravanel's previous Mahler releases (the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies) were powerful, sensitive, and musical without ever quite scaling the heights of sublimity. Now he has thrown caution to the winds and produced an interpretation of awesome, inspired magnificence. Discretion and a sense of proportion, however, have not deserted him, and it is these virtues—quite apart from the quality of the recording—that seem to me to give him the edge over Solti, whose performance on London was my previous recommendation and who indeed remains a strong competitor. In Solti's performance, isolated dramatic events are often more impressive in themselves, but the total effect of Abravanel's reading is greater, because, not feeling the need to play every detail for all it is worth, he subordinates the parts more convincingly to the whole. Yet when the shattering moments *do* come they are every bit as powerful as Solti's: the seemingly endless crescendo at Figure 14 in the Finale and the ensuing march (where, as Mahler once put it, "The earth quakes, the graves burst open, the dead arise and stream on in endless procession") . . . here Abravanel had me leaping out of my chair in veritable terror. At the *Kräftig* section four pages later and at one or two places in the first movement Solti may possibly be preferred, but in my view Abravanel's over-all effect completely justifies his playing-down of an occasional detail. And when the Last Trump itself is heard, with groups of horns and trumpets sounding and resounding in a limitless space that recalls the receding planes of Rubens' *Chateau of Steen*, conductor and engineers between them have achieved a moment so intense as for once to justify the use, in its fullest sense, of the word "sensational."

No praise could be too high for the work of the Utah Symphony, which on this occasion successfully challenges comparison with the London Symphony in top form. When I first played these records, there was a quality about the performance I couldn't exactly define. Subsequent listening has shown me what it is: here, for the first time, Mahler's Second Symphony sounds easy to play. There is a mastery of execution, a crispness of ensemble, that speaks of an entirely adequate rehearsal schedule. For these players, it would seem, the Symphony is a repertoire work. Apart from a minor point or two, Beverly Sills sings the solo soprano part beautifully, and Florence Kopleff achieves greater intensity than I have heard from her before: her rich contralto is ideally suited to the music.

As with the other releases in the Cardinal series, the jacket design leaves much to be desired, but when such riches are offered for so low a price the point seems marginal. Martin Bookspan has contributed a workmanlike set of notes, and texts and translations are provided for the vocal movements. With this performance, Abravanel has advanced from the ranks of the very good Mahler conductors into those of the great, and the continuation of his series must be looked forward to with the keenest interest. B.J.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 3*

Shirley Verrett, mezzo; New England Conservatory Chorus; Boston Boychoir; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA VICTOR ⓓ LM 7046 or LSC 7046, $11.58 (two discs).

The best thing in this set is Shirley Verrett's noble singing. She feels both music and words intensely, and she takes the trouble to hold the last notes of phrases for their full time value. Another advance over previous Leinsdorf Mahler issues is the splendid trumpet playing. Indeed, the brass section as a whole plays very much better than it did in the Carnegie Hall performance last season.

But when that much has been said, the tale of virtues is at an end. Leinsdorf's direction lacks firmness and conviction almost throughout. His inability to hold a tempo is especially destructive in the march sections of the first movement: several times the music puts on a sudden burst of speed like a train running downhill. I have listened to these passages repeatedly in an attempt to discern some interpretative point in the proceeding, but in the end I am convinced that it is merely a deficiency of technique. Even in Miss Verrett's movement the rhythms are not always surely delineated, and Leinsdorf fails to distinguish between quarter- and half-notes at the beginning of the *Knaben Wunderhorn* setting.

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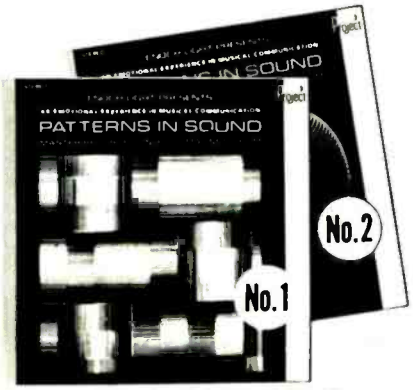

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competition is offered to either Bernstein on Columbia or Haitink on Philips. By a narrow margin, my personal preference is for Bernstein, for reasons outlined in my discography of the Mahler symphonies (HIGH FIDELITY, September 1967). Admirers of Sir Neville Cardus will presumably enjoy his annotations for the RCA Victor set, but I found them pretentious in expression and sometimes positively offensive in their content. B.J.

MAYAZUMI: *Samsara, Symphonic Poem*—See Harris: *Epilogue to Profiles in Courage, JFK.*

MOLTER: *Concertos for Clarinet and Orchestra: in D minor; in A*
†Pokorny: *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, in B flat*
†Stamitz: *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, in B flat*

Jacques Lancelot, clarinet; Rouen Chamber Orchestra, Albert Beauchamp, cond. WORLD SERIES Ⓓ PHC 9078, $2.50 (compatible disc).

Jacques Lancelot, as always, shows himself a pedigreed clarinet virtuoso here. His work has power and amplitude, with virtually flawless breath control, and a marked preference for brilliant, rather than nostalgic, sonority. As it happens, this disc's robust quality of recorded sound enhances that tone, which on some previous records had an almost oboish chill. The two concertos by Johann Melchior Molter suggest that there may well be musical lode contained in that prolific composer's one hundred and sixty-nine symphonies, sixty-six sonatas, fourteen cantatas, and ninety-three other concertos. These are lively, rhythmically vital, and technically demanding pieces. Molter's idiom might be described as Vivaldi with a dash of paprika.

The works by Karl Stamitz and Franz Xavier Pokorny are considerably less prepossessing: archaic four-bar phrases, purely decorative melodies, unadventurous rhythms, and conventional tonic-dominant harmonies abound in these dry-as-dust residuals from the historically important Mannheim School. H.G.

MONTEVERDI: *Vespro della Beata Vergine*

Ursula Connors and Shirley Sams, sopranos; Shirley Minty, contralto; Nigel Rogers and Leslie Fryson, tenors; John Noble, baritone; Christopher Keyte, bass; Franz Falter, organ; Ambrosian Singers; Orchestra of the Accademia Monteverdiana, Denis Stevens, cond. CARDINAL Ⓓ VCS 10001/2, $7.00 (two discs, stereo only).

Denis Stevens' performance of the Vespers uses his own edition and thus omits the motets and the *Sonata sopra Sancta Maria* which he considers to be foreign bodies. As to the controversy between his approach and those of Craft and Jürgens (whose versions I discussed in the July issue together with some of the Vespers' more problematical aspects), I shall limit myself here to three points: by comparison with Stevens' version, the inclusion of the motets in the other performances *does* seem to introduce an inappropriate chamber-musical element into the work; nevertheless a complete performance may have been exactly what Monteverdi intended; and in any case, since the first three sides in the Stevens performance total only about forty-nine minutes of music, it might have been a good idea to accommodate them on two sides, and to use the side thus saved to present some of the motets on their own—their absence may well be considered a disadvantage in crude terms of record-collecting economics (though, of course, the new set is less expensive).

In terms of performance and recording, Stevens on Cardinal is somewhat less polished than Craft on Columbia (whose version I prefer to the rather precious one by Jürgens). The ambience of the recording does not always allow contrapuntal detail to emerge with sufficient clarity. Ensemble is sometimes not as firm as it should be—the organ is late on the first chord of page 121 (Stevens' edition, published by Novello), and even more so at the beginning of page 97—and in the plainsong antiphon that prefaces *Laetatus sum* the choral entry is badly off pitch.

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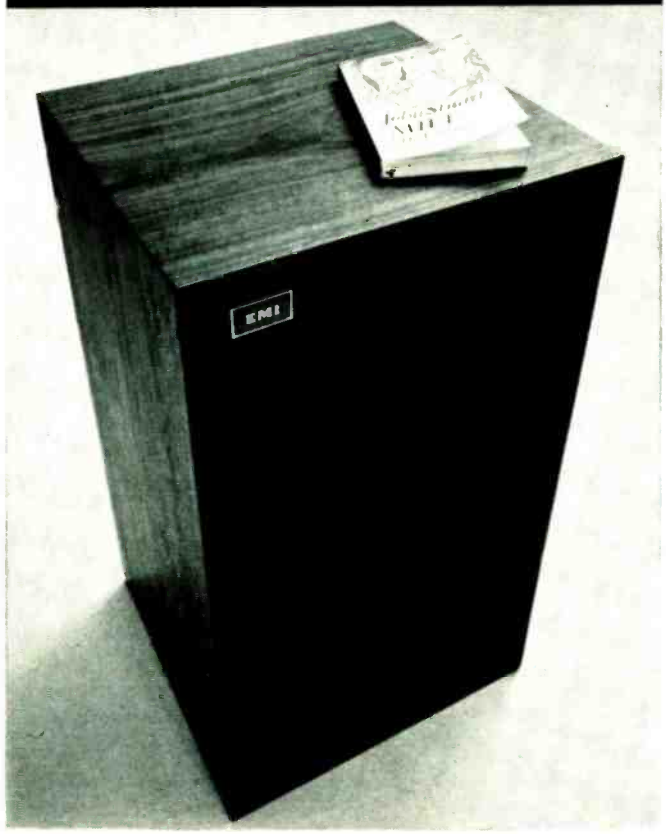

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On the other hand the performance as a whole is a strong and stirring one, and the sound makes up in warmth and impact for what it lacks in clarity. Most of the solo singing is good, and the sopranos in particular have better diction than the female soloists in the Columbia set. Some of Stevens' tempos are slower than Craft's, but the music never drags, and the rhythmic treatment is a shade more seventeenth century in conception. All in all, this is an intelligent and strongly competitive version—yet, whether the motets belong or not, I should hate to be without *Audi coelum* and *Duo Seraphim*, which draw ravishing singing from tenor Richard Levitt on the Columbia set. B.J.

MOZART: *Concertos for Violin and Orchestra: No. 5, in A, K. 219; No. 6, in D, K. 271a*

Henryk Szeryng, violin; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Alexander Gibson, cond. PHILIPS ⓓ PHM 500163 or PHS 900163, $5.79.

It should surprise no one that Henryk Szeryng's first Mozart entry in the domestic catalogue is a fine affair—light, bright, sophisticated but not too much so, never overworking the music yet never underestimating its potentialities. It is my impression that he takes certain phrases in all three movements of the A major (the Rondo motive, for one) more on the legato side than some, a practice which makes all the more noteworthy the resilience of the rhythm—which never fails. (A look at the score confirms that Szeryng knows what he is about: the Rondo motive is marked *amabile*, after all.) Perhaps he yields too much to sentiment in the famous Adagio interlude in the A major first movement, but the question is a minor one.

As for the D major (one of the two concertos of disputed origin), Szeryng makes the prevalent passagework in the first movement as interesting as it can be (the limits are built in), and the occasionally peculiar effects elsewhere (those "in and out" harmonica thirds, for instance) are brilliantly brought off. So too is the extremely courtly interplay between solo and tutti in the slow movement.

As for the orchestra's contribution, it is anything but perfunctory. Great care has obviously been taken with balances, both by conductor Gibson and the recording engineers, and as a result you will find yourself hearing some horn passages you may not normally be conscious of, and taking into account a certain cutting quality in the tone of the oboes. Only once, in the A major Allegro, did this seem to me overdone. A bravo for all. S.F.

MOZART: *Divertimento No. 15, in B flat, K. 287; Sinfonia in D, K. 136*

Yehudi Menuhin, violin (in the Divertimento); Bath Festival Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin, cond. ANGEL ⓓ 36429 or S 36429, $5.79.

Menuhin addresses himself once again to the double task of conducting and fiddling (in the K. 287) and shows that his more recently acquired métier is in a healthier state—vis-à-vis Mozart, at least—than his traditional one. Tempos are pretty much on the broad side in the Divertimento, somewhat snappier in the Sinfonia. In both cases they work.

The Divertimento is the far more intriguing work, and Menuhin's grandly elegant approach stresses the work's inherent nobility. Balances are excellently wrought throughout; a most sterling example occurs in one of the last variations of the *andante grazioso* movement where Mozart has pitted singing violins against delicate pizzicatos in the violas.

Menuhin's solos during the gloriously moving Adagio raise no doubt of his outright honesty and integrity, but he avails himself of a style of playing that is as ill conceived for Mozart as it might be fitting for Elgar (not sugary—that certainly wouldn't be appropriate for Elgar—but overbearing).

The Bath musicians play as always, which is to say that they are a mite ragged, especially on top, but otherwise well knit. The two unnamed horn players in the K. 287 deserve a special round of applause, particularly in light of the fact that the recording engineers did them dirt by allowing some unsettling moments of high distortion to get by. Aside from these few evidences of aural perversion, the sound is warm and resonant. S.L.

MOZART: *Symphonies: No. 39, in E flat, K. 543; No. 41, in C, K. 551 ("Jupiter")*

Japan Philharmonic Orchestra, Peter Maag, cond. CROSSROADS ⓓ 22 16 0125 or 22 16 0126, $2.49.

Maag's *Jupiter* sheds little new light on Mozart's last symphony. Intended, apparently, as a magisterial and noble testament, it achieves only a staid traversal. A large problem here is simply that the Japan Philharmonic plays quite badly throughout.

As for the K. 543, not only is the playing here even worse than in the *Jupiter*, but Maag indulges in all kinds of momentum-breaking retards, arrogant sforzandos, and overly insistent rhythmic accents (particularly in the Minuet) which fairly rip apart the flowing elegance of Mozart's archetypical classical symphony. The first movement—given a grave and moving introduction, by the way—boasts a healthy vibrance, but even that is vitiated by the orchestra's slovenliness and the rest is mawkish or worse. The effervescent finale is robbed of the sparkling *élan* by Maag's incomprehensible retards at the end of the initial phrase of the principal theme.

A sadly disappointing disc from a conductor who has shown on previous occasions what seemed to be a genuine affinity for Mozart. S.L.

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NIELSEN: *Quartet for Strings, No. 2, in F minor, Op. 5; Little Suite for String Orchestra, Op. 1*

Copenhagen String Quartet; Tivoli Concert Symphony Orchestra, Carl Garaguly, cond. TURNABOUT (D) TV 34149S, $2.50 (stereo only).

The symphonies are Carl Nielsen's greatest achievements, but on a less strenuous level of the cosmic drama his four string quartets contain much sensitive, stimulating, and polished music. No. 2, offered now in Turnabout's welcome continuing series and expertly played by the Copenhagen String Quartet, has an expressive slow movement and a lively scherzo. Its outer movements, unlike Topsy, could not be said to have "just growed" —the process of construction is a little too evident for that—but already the skill of the developing symphonist makes the structure a matter of vivid interest.

It should have been possible to cut the Quartet complete on one side, avoiding a turnover after the third movement, and to have coupled it with one of the other quartets. But Carl Garaguly's idiomatic performance of the *Little Suite* —no mere trifle in spite of its modest name—is in any case welcome back to the catalogue. (It used to be available together with the Second Symphony, but was lopped off when the Symphony was transferred from standard Vox to Turnabout.) Recording quality is clear if not outstandingly vivid. B.J.

PERGOLESI: *Magnificat*—See Vivaldi: *Gloria in D.*

POKORNY: *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, in B flat*—See Molter: *Concertos for Clarinet and Orchestra.*

POULENC: *Songs: Chansons villageoises; Calligrammes; Le Travail du peintre: La Fraicheur et le feu*

Gérard Souzay, baritone; Dalton Baldwin, piano. PHILIPS (D) 500148 or 900148, $5.79.

It may be that just a bit of the edge has been taken off the appearance of this disc by the releases, within the past year, of Poulenc songs by Bernard Kruysen and Jean-Christophe Benoit. The former includes *La Fraîcheur et le feu*, and the latter the *Chansons villageoises*, and the Kruysen record is almost essential for the collector interested in the Poulenc songs, both for the generous representation and for the presence of *Tel jour telle nuit*, which is not otherwise available. And elsewhere in this issue, Ned Rorem welcomes the reappearance of some Bernac/Poulenc collaborations—so that there is suddenly no dearth of recordings of the composer's song output.

As a satisfying whole, though, I think I would choose the Souzay. A choice among these artists does not rest on vocal grounds—they are all baritones of the same lyric type (so, for that matter, is Bernac—it is the only sort of voice you can hear in Poulenc songs on records, except for a few selections by Leontyne Price on a recital record), and their ranges and timbres differ only slightly in relation to this music. The distinguishing virtues here are in Souzay's knowledgeable and effective styling, rather more complete in most instances than that of the others; in the balance and consistently high level of the program, which presents some of the finest of Poulenc's songs; and not least in the splendid accompanying of Baldwin, fine as pianism in its own right and admirably integrated with the singer's work, with the result that the songs have real rhythmic bone, real interpretative unity.

They are interesting songs and they are difficult songs—no single artist, I think, could do them all well. The few that misfire here (for me, at least) are of the sort that often misfire, because they are not so well adapted to this particular kind of voice—the sustained, powerful songs like *Le Mendiant* or, to a lesser extent, *Le Retour du sergent*. Souzay does all the correct and intelligent things with them in terms of coloration and accentuation, but they still sound rather forced and "put on."

He is at his finest in the bouncy, quick-rhythmed songs or in the quieter, more introspective ones: in *Vers le sud* or *Voyage*, for example, he employs the

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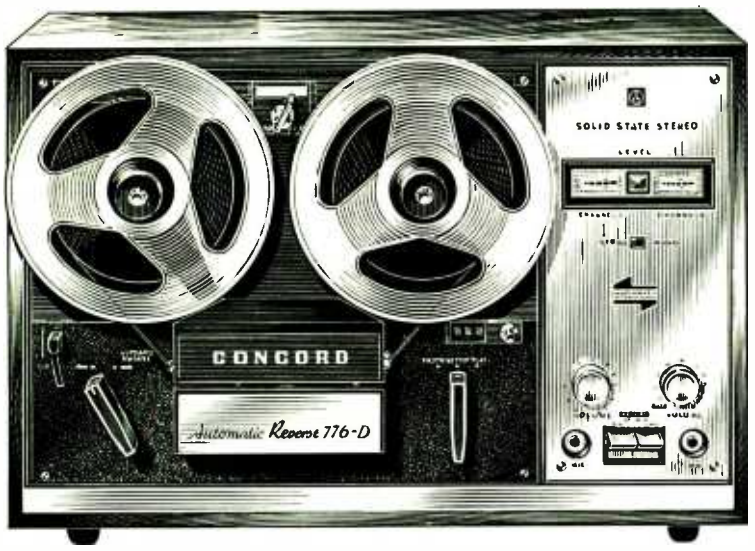

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CIRCLE 20 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

very light head voice (used by all these baritones) with better control and to better effect than his competitors. The Eluard side (*Le Travail du peintre* and *La Fraîcheur et le feu*) is very good throughout—the first cycle, particularly, is set forth with special clarity and shape. The sound is sometimes a little too much with us—a reverberant record still does not sound like a reverberant voice, however it tries.

The American release will include synopses of the songs, but, shamefully, neither texts nor translations. C.L.O.

POUSSEUR: *Madrigal III*—See Eloy: *Equivalences.*

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 5, in B flat, Op. 100*

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Ladislav Slovák, cond. CROSSROADS ⓓ 22 16 0115 or 22 16 0116, $2.49.

New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA ⓓ ML 6405 or MS 7005, $5.79.

The Czech Philharmonic under Ladislav Slovák gives a good, sensible account of this enjoyable Symphony. A few details are disturbing, among them the flute's and bassoon's disruptive break for breath in the third bar of the very first theme, and the conductor does not rival Ansermet's integrating genius in what remains the best version (on London). But the playing is lively, the recording clean, and the price extremely competitive.

Bernstein, it must be said, pummels the music unmercifully on the standard-price Columbia disc. There are perceptive touches in the quick movements, to be sure, but I was hardly in the mood to appreciate them after sitting through the grossly overblown account of the opening Andante, which also slows down at the slightest provocation. The effect is to turn a noble piece of lyricism into sheer bombast. An unusual amount of studio noise makes matters worse, and even the vivid quality of the recorded sound cannot justify a recommendation. B.J.

SCHLICK, JOHANN CONRAD: *Divertimento for Two Mandolins and Basso Continuo, in D*—See Beethoven: *Music for Mandolin and Harpsichord.*

SCHOENBERG: *Verklärte Nacht, Op. 4*—See Eloy: *Equivalences.*

SCHUBERT: *Introduction and Variations on a Theme from Die schöne Müllerin*—See Chopin: *Variations on a Theme of Rossini.*

SCHULLER: *Dramatic Overture*—See Harris: *Epilogue to Profiles in Courage, JFK.*

SCHUMANN: *Symphonic Etudes, Op. 13*—See Beethoven: *Sonata for Piano, No. 31, in A flat, Op. 110.*

SCHUMANN: *Three Romances, Op. 94*—See Chopin: *Variations on a Theme of Rossini.*

SCHUMANN: *Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, in F, Op. 80*
†Beethoven: *Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1*

Prague Trio. CROSSROADS ⓓ 22 16 0123 or 22 16 0124, $2.49.

Within the past months a void in the Schwann catalogue was filled when World Series released a Beaux Arts disc of Schumann's neglected (somewhat justifiably) Op. 80. That performance was not only the first in stereo but, more significantly, was a broadly flowing, lyrical, and thoroughly captivating account, graced by clean sound and finely finished musicianship.

The current Crossroads offering with the Prague Trio takes off in a different direction. The Czech musicians forsake lyricism—and precision too—in an impetuous gallop. What is gained in excitement scarcely justifies fits of coarseness where sentiment should reign—i.e., the pathos-drenched second movement.

Even where one would expect the more kinetic approach to work—the vivacious finale—the Beaux Arts have the edge. Both groups show themselves capable of imbuing the music with a turbulent air. The difference is that with the Prague Trio all is agitation; the New York players bring a winning enthusiasm to the fore, giving to the "turbulent" music a refreshing and genuine liveliness missing from their competitor's disc.

Almost ironically, the Prague Beethoven E flat Trio receives a graceful, elastic, and more smoothly executed performance (with plenty of *brio* in the finale, however). One still looks to the Alma Trio (Decca) for the near-ideal Op. 1, No. 1—a now vibrant, now tender, always singing statement.

Crossroads' sound is typically slightly edgy and bass-deficient. S.L.

SOLER: *Keyboard Works*

Sonatas for Keyboard: in F sharp; in C sharp minor; in D; in D flat; in D minor; in C minor. Fandango. Concerto for Two Keyboards, in G.

Rafael Puyana, harpsichord; Genoveva Gálvez, 2nd harpsichord (in the Concerto). MERCURY ⓓ MG 50459 or SR 90459, $5.79.

The Spanish composer Antonio Soler (1729-1783) is essentially a kind of minor Domenico Scarlatti. As Rafael Puyana suggests in his liner note, he is probably at his best when he stays closest to the Scarlatti influence, and some of his later music degenerates into mere rococo prettiness. But below that level he never drops, and at his best, though falling short of his Italian-born senior in memorable melodic invention, he occasionally rivals him in rhythmic and even harmonic interest.

The six single-movement binary sonatas on this disc all offer beguiling moments, and at least one of them—the D minor—sustains a high level of interest throughout. This is music as delicately wrought as it is powerful. Less subtle, but just as impressive in its insistent rhythmic drive, is the Fandango. This long piece has been slightly cut by Puyana for the present performance: I usually disapprove of cutting, but in this case the artist has a point when he refers to "the improvised nature of the dance, its popular character, and the fact that the piece does not appear to be through-composed," and the end result is certainly exciting.

The usual characteristics of Puyana's playing are in evidence: scrupulous phrasing, strong expressive impact coupled with an innate feeling for style, and a compelling sense of forward movement whose positive value more than compensates for the occasional excessive pressing of tempo. I am surprised, though, that the player makes no attempt to vary his registration in repeats. The recording is bright and rich (if a trifle too loud), and the stereo quality is just right in the charming Concerto in G major, originally for two organs but quite properly translatable to two harpsichords, where Puyana is worthily partnered by Genoveva Gálvez. B. J.

STAMITZ: *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, in B flat*—See Molter: *Concertos for Clarinet and Orchestra.*

STRAVINSKY: *Firebird Suite (1945); Pétrouchka Suite*

Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. COLUMBIA ⓓ ML 6411 or MS 7011, $5.79 [the *Pétrouchka* from Columbia ML 5732/MS 6332, 1961].

At first glance, this might seem to be a routine repackaging of previously issued Stravinsky material—and, in part, it is. The "suite" from *Pétrouchka* consists of Stravinsky's excellent complete recording, minus the Third Scene and with the concert ending instead of the episode of Pétrouchka's death. The reduced 1947 scoring is used.

In point of fact, there is no official *Pétrouchka* suite; each conductor makes his own abridgement from the complete score, and thus recordings labeled as "suite" vary considerably. Even the composer isn't consistent—his long deleted 1940 recording omitted the opening portions of the first and last scenes as well as all of the third.

This *Firebird* Suite is, however, a new recording, and a recorded "first," although not so described. There *is* an official *Firebird* Suite—in fact, there are three, and we might as well begin by getting that situation straight. The first

suite (1911) used the lavish scoring of the original ballet (quadruple winds and so forth); it included somewhat more of the opening scene than later abridgements, plus the Pas de Deux, Scherzo, Rondo, and the Infernal Dance, but has never been recorded. In 1919, a second compilation, for normal orchestra, was made, omitting the Pas de Deux and Scherzo but adding the Berceuse and Finale—this is what we usually hear. Finally, the 1945 "augmented suite," for the same normal orchestra, restores the Pas de Deux and Scherzo, and also adds some connective material—this is what we have on the new record, complete for the first time (Stravinsky's 1946 recording omitted most of the connective tissue). It also formed the musical basis of Balanchine's 1950 ballet.

(Somewhere in the background, I hear voices crying, "What about the Leinsdorf record? Isn't that the 1945 version?" Well . . . no; it was universally reviewed as such, but is in fact a suite compiled by Leinsdorf himself from the original ballet and corresponds to no other recording. In content, it roughly matches the 1945 suite, minus the connecting pantomime episodes, but the scoring is the luxuriant one of 1910, which Leinsdorf prefers to the reductions—as well he might, with the Boston Symphony to play it.)

So much for history: what about the new recording? As Stravinsky has remarked, this piece has been the mainstay of his conducting career, and he conducts it very well, however little interest it may have for him any more—even in this relatively ascetic orchestral garb, the nineteenth century is often more evident than the twentieth (the chromaticisms of the Firebird's Supplication always put me in mind of Kundry and her flowery retinue).

In fact, the only trouble with this record is that it's too short. If I needed recordings of these pieces, I'd certainly start with Stravinsky's complete ones—it's a shame to miss the episode of Pétrouchka's death, and some striking portions of the *Firebird* are omitted even in this longer suite.

As usual, Columbia's program notes are extracted from Stravinsky's reminiscences; brief plot summaries of the two ballets are added, but no indication of how the music in the suites relates to the story. D.H.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Pique Dame*

Soloists: Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Opera, Boris Khaikin, cond.

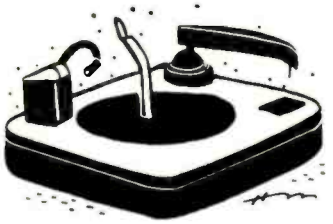
For a feature review of this recording, see page 87.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 4, in F minor, Op. 36*

Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra, Charles Mackerras, cond. CHECKMATE ⓓ C 76004, $3.50 (stereo only).

In terms of sound, this brilliantly scored work can perhaps show off the advantages of Checkmate's Dolby noise-reduction and half-speed mastering process better than the more austere orchestrations of Haydn, Brahms, and Beethoven. I must admit that I have never heard the high screech of the piccolo and the strident snarl of the trumpets and cymbal emerge from discs with greater clarity and verity.

Unfortunately, the performance, for all its unpretentious musicianship, leaves something to be desired. Mackerras allows some sections of the work to become lethargic (the balletic second subject of the first movement, for example), and the Hamburg orchestra has that rough, suety tone quality which seems to blemish so many Teutonic performances of Tchaikovsky. In the trio of the third movement, the wind instruments sound hard pressed to fit all their notes in, and the double basses throughout are distinctly scrawny. Compositions of this type need high virtuosity as well as high fidelity. H.G.



TELEMANN: *Musique de table, Production III*

Vol. 1—*The Concerted Works: Overture and Suite for Two Oboes, Strings, and Continuo, in B flat; Concerto for Two Horns, Strings, and Continuo, in E flat.*

Vol. 2—*The Chamber Works; Sonata for Oboe and Continuo, in G minor: Quartet for Flute, Violin, Cello, and Continuo, in E minor; Trio for Two Flutes and Continuo, in D.*

Concentus Musicus, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cond. CARDINAL Ⓓ VCS 10008/09, $3.50 each (two discs, stereo only).

In spite of their use of authentic seventeenth- and eighteenth-century instruments and in spite of colorful and well-balanced recorded sound, these two discs are a bit of a bore, and the fault does not lie in the music. On the contrary, the three Productions of *Musique de table*, published in 1733 and numbering Handel among their original subscribers, include some of Telemann's most delightful music. Handel himself got excellent value from his subscription in terms of ideas later appropriated for his own works.

Why, then, has Harnoncourt failed? Firstly, because he has reorganized the contents of the Third Production and thereby destroyed the carefully balanced variety of Telemann's scheme. Originally, each Production consisted of an orchestral Overture and Suite; a Quartet; a Concerto for two or three soloists with orchestral group; a Trio Sonata; a Solo Sonata with continuo; and a Conclusion scored for the same forces as the Overture. Harnoncourt's redistribution, bringing the Conclusion up to the end of the Suite and putting orchestral works on one disc and chamber works on the other, obliterates the pattern of progressively diminishing chamber groups framed by a constant 7-part orchestral texture at the beginning, middle, and end.

Nevertheless, the arbitrary nature of Telemann's key scheme makes it possible to argue that the constituent works may quite properly be treated as independent elements in a nonunified collection. In that case, Harnoncourt's arrangement is a perfectly valid way of organizing the material in a format such that the two records may be bought and enjoyed separately. But a further obstacle to enjoyment is the quality of the actual performances. The tempos are almost invariably too slow. The accentuation is heavy and inappropriately romantic. Ornamentation is liberally but not always intelligently applied: in particular, the idea of playing each of the two slow movements of the E minor Quartet twice, first as written and then with embellishments, is a totally unacceptable way of avoiding a firm decision—it may be instructive, but it certainly isn't entertaining, and it completely unbalances the piece as a whole.

Another shortcoming, especially noticeable in the chamber works, is the failure to provide the clear-cut dynamic contrasts essential to the liveliness of baroque forms. Most of the playing is at a steady mezzo-forte—a vice that seems to afflict even accomplished performers as soon as they put old instruments to their lips or shoulders. In any case, the interest of performances with "authentic" instruments preserves a pretty direct relationship with the skill that informs their playing. Here, the woodwinds and strings are handled well enough. But the natural horns, which ought to provide really exciting listening, merely burble rather tentatively, and this is the more disappointing since the Concerto is the finest work in the Third Production.

The Archive version under Wenzinger, though less vividly recorded and more expensive, must remain first choice for those who want to hear the music played on instruments of the period. But neither Wenzinger nor Harnoncourt—nor, for that matter, the pedestrian Dietfried Bernet on Musical Heritage Society—can begin to rival Frans Brüggen, who directs a really sparkling performance in Telefunken's *Das alte Werk* series. B.J.

VIVALDI: *Gloria in D*
†Pergolesi: *Magnificat*

Elizabeth Vaughan, soprano; Janet Baker, contralto; Ian Partridge, tenor; Christopher Keyte, bass; Choir of King's College, Cambridge; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, David Willcocks, cond. ARGO Ⓓ RG 505 or ZRG 505, $5.79.

Here is a Vivaldi Gloria to challenge the much admired version by Scherchen on Westminster which appeared several years ago. Two factors distinguish the new performance—a sense of youthfulness (the music fairly shouts for joy in the dotted-rhythm sections such as the *"Laudamus te"* and the *"Cum sancto Spiritu"*) and the quality of the soloists, who are more finished, more robust, more superbly in command of breath and phrasing than Scherchen's. I wouldn't for a moment suggest discarding the older recording if you have it; its beauty and authority are qualities to prize. You may, in fact, find the jauntiness of some of Willcocks' rhythms more secular than seems appropriate (in the *"Laudamus"* in particular—it is simply not the same piece of music as Scherchen's sober hymn). All the same, the brilliance of the new recording is irresistible, and the soloists can't be beat.

The Pergolesi (which, like almost everything else credited to him, may be by someone else—in this case, one Francesco Durante) is a lighter, more feminine, less assertive piece of church music than Vivaldi's. But it contains a lovely *"Et misericordia"* in the minor; a good, strong fugue; a big, slow-motion polyphonic climax; and a happy, trotting finale which moves with a fine propulsion under Willcocks' direction.

In both works, stereo is superbly put to use, and good diction makes the accompanying text sheet almost superfluous. S.F.

RECITALS & MISCELLANY

AMERICAN SINGERS: *Songs and Arias*

Thelma Votipka, soprano—Massenet: *Hérodiade: Il est doux, il est bon*; R. Strauss: *Ständchen*; Dvořák: *Rusalka: O, Lovely Moon*; *Songs My Mother Taught Me*; Smetana: *Hubička: Cradle Song*. Ruth Miller Chamlee, soprano—Debussy: *La Chevelure*. Marie Rappold, soprano—Puccini: *Manon Lescaut: In quelle trine morbide*. Florence Macbeth, soprano—Donizetti: *Linda di Chamounix: O luce di quest' anima*. Yvonne de Tréville, soprano—Dell'Acqua: *Chanson provençale*. Eleanora di Cisneros, mezzo—Saint-Saëns: *Samson et Dalila: Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix*. Ellen Beach Yaw, soprano—Yaw: *The Skylark*. Marion Telva, soprano—R. Strauss: *Zueignung*. Florence Easton, soprano—Wagner: *Tristan und Isolde: Love-Death*.

Various singers, listed above; piano and orchestral accompaniments [from private and commercial 78-rpm originals, 1913-54]. International Record Collector's Club Ⓓ IRCC L 7031, $5.00 (mono only) (available from P.O. Box 1811, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601).

William Seltsam's IRCC continues to perform the duty of preserving records that other companies, even in the historical field, do not bother with. In this case, several of the singers would be en-

Thelma Votipka in native garb for her role in Smetana's The Bartered Bride.

tirely unavailable on LP were it not for Mr. Seltsam.

Most of one side is devoted to some private recordings of Thelma Votipka, the American soprano whose Metropolitan career was one of the longest and most active (1935-62, 984 performances, plus the closing night gala) in the institution's history. She sang many major roles prior to her Metropolitan debut (including several with the Chicago Civic, with whom she appeared set for an important career before that company folded during the Depression), but it was as a singer of character roles that she made her mark at the Met. Though she seldom sang more than a few lines, she became one of those rare performers of small roles (the late Alessio de Paolis was another) whose qualities of personal projection and utter reliability place them among the most valuable of a company's artists. Her few minutes' time on the stage never had a neutral quality, and she became one of the Metropolitan's elements of continuity; her Alisa, for instance, nursed just about every Lucia from Pons to Sutherland through the nervousness of the first *"Regnava nel silenzio."* She is perhaps best remembered for her Marianne in *Rosenkavalier*, her Marthe in *Faust*, and, of course, for her Witch in *Hansel and Gretel*.

Since I had the good fortune to study with "Tippy" for two years, I cannot pretend any objectivity in commenting on her singing. Her voice was seldom heard to advantage in her last decade at the Met, for she was constantly cast in mezzo and contralto character parts, whereas she is actually a lyric soprano, with an especially lovely, sailing top. The best items here are the *Rusalka* and *Hubička* excerpts, happily sung in the original Czech. The voice turns into the arching top phrases of the *Rusalka* aria most attractively, and the *Hubička* lullaby is beautifully done. The Dvořák song is also excellent, and if the other selections are not quite so distinctive, they are certainly sung with pretty, fresh tone and good stylistic sense. The quality of the recordings is of course below professional standard but is perfectly listenable.

The other ladies get one selection apiece. The real voices among them are those of Eleanora di Cisneros (a true mezzo—that is, a soprano quality with a low extension), who sings one of the finest of all versions of *"Mon coeur,"* despite her inexpert French; Marion Telva, who in 1942 was still capable of a very solid-sounding *Zueignung* (supportively accompanied at the piano by none other than Geraldine Farrar); and Florence Easton, who in the same year, when she was fifty-eight, recorded a better *Liebestod* than one would hear from all but two or three contemporary sopranos. She sings it in her own English translation, and with orchestral accompaniment.

The remaining selections are more in the nature of curiosities. Ruth Miller Chamlee and Marie Rappold are both competent with their chosen selections; but as usual with acoustical recordings, the high sopranos are hard to listen to, unless one listens entirely for the technique and not for the tone. In the showpiece composed by herself for herself, Ellen Beach Yaw shows off the wide range and agility for which she was noted, including a remarkable assortment of even, beautiful trills in all parts of her range. Biographical notes are included.

C.L.O.

PIERRE BERNAC and FRANCIS POULENC: *Recitals*

Pierre Bernac, baritone; Francis Poulenc, piano.

For a feature review of two recital albums by these artists, see page 85.

JULIAN BREAM: *"Twentieth-Century Guitar"*

Julian Bream, guitar.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 89.

IGOR KIPNIS: *German Music for Harpsichord and Clavichord*

Telemann: *Overture No. 1, in G minor.* Buxtehude: *Variations on "More Palatino."* Kirnmair: *Variations on Themes from Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte."* Bach

(attrib.): *Fantasia in G minor, S. 920.* C. P. E. Bach: *Fantasia in C, Wq. 61, No. 6.* Pachelbel: *Chorale Partita, "Werde munter, mein Gemüte."* Kuhnau: *Biblical Sonata No. 1, "Der Streit zwischen David und Goliath."*

Igor Kipnis, harpsichord (in the first four pieces) and clavichord (in the last three). EPIC ⓓ LC 3963 or BC 1363, $5.79.

The Telemann overture or suite with which this recital begins immediately evokes the spirit of domesticated romance characteristic of the smaller forms of German keyboard music around the beginning of the eighteenth century. Igor Kipnis plays it—and everything else on the record—in fine style, and, as on his recent Bach disc, the juxtaposition of his two instruments adds to the charm and variety of the whole.

The program explores some fascinating byways. Buxtehude goes on a bit in his variations on a bibulous student song, but the tune itself is splendidly eupeptic. Pachelbel's chorale partita forms a more cogent whole, and the J. S. Bach, though probably not authentic, is enjoyably discursive. Kuhnau's little tone poem about the fight between David and Goliath draws remarkably on the tonal resources of the clavichord. Three instructive minutes are devoted to the variations on *Es klinget so herrlich* and *Könnte jeder brave Mann* by one Friedrich Joseph Kirmair, a clavier teacher and composer who died in 1814. He bedizens Mozart's heavenly tunes with a superficiality so stupefying that it would have shocked even Liszt at his most outrageous, and offers a cheering reminder that bad music is not the exclusive province of our own century. The C. P. E. Bach Fantasia was composed only about nine years earlier, but it inhabits an utterly different world. Basil Lam has described Emanuel Bach's harmonic paradoxes as "the too easy surprises of a style where anything may happen," and listening to him is often like playing chess with someone who deliberately flouts all the rules—exhilarating for a minute or two, but soon exasperating. About this particular piece, however, there is a ghostly logic which is equally well served by Mr. Kipnis' imaginative playing and by the elusive tones of his clavichord.

Excellent recording, and for once a sensible dynamic level. B.J.

The young Lotte Lehmann (pictured here as Tosca) sings on a disc from Rococo.

LOTTE LEHMANN: *Operatic Recital*

Mozart: *Le Nozze di Figaro: Heil'ge Quelle; So lang hab' ich geschmachtet; O säume länger nicht. Don Giovanni: Reich mir die Hand.* Bizet: *Carmen: Arie der Micaëla.* Thomas: *Mignon: Schwalben Duette.* Offenbach: *Les Contes d'Hoffmann: Sie entfloh.* Weber: *Der Freischütz: Und ob die Wolke.* Wagner: *Tannhäuser: Allmächt'ge Jungfrau. Lohengrin: Du Aermste kannst wohl. Die Meistersinger: Gut'n Abend, Meister; O Sachs, mein Freund.* D'Albert: *Die toten Augen: Psyche wandelt durch Säusenhallen.*

Lotte Lehmann, soprano; Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone (in the Mozart and Thomas); Michael Bohnen, baritone (in *Die Meistersinger*); orchestras. ROCOCO ⓓ 5257, $5.95 (mono only) [from 78-rpm acoustic recordings].

These are early Lehmanns, and while some of the material is duplicated on other LPs, this is the only record to concentrate on a picture of the young Lehmann.

It is Side 2 that is really worth one's interest. The *Toten Augen* recording is justly famous, and the *Freischütz* aria is given as lovely a reading as there is on records. Between these two selections are grouped the wonderful Wagner excerpts: an example of each of the "light" heroines. Both the *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* extracts are beautifully molded with that pure, full tone, those lovingly formed words, and the Eva/Sachs scene is filled with all the teasing, tender, apprehensive qualities it should have. Her Sachs, Bohnen, was an artist who could always be depended upon to do something *more*, if not necessarily better, than anyone else; in this instance his idea seems to be that Sachs finds almost everything in the conversation hilarious, for he is constantly sputtering and giggling a Wise Old Shoemaker sort of giggle, and when the scene ends, rather feebly just *before* Eva's big outburst, he throws in a couple of extra "ha's," just to make sure the needle doesn't run into the center groove. It's a bit much, and a bit wrong, but Lehmann gives it right back to him, and dull it's not. Vocally, of course, Bohnen makes all but two or three other Sachses on record sound downright effeminate.

The first side is a little more for the Lotte-can-do-no-wrong school. I belong to the Lotte-can-do-wrong-but-we-forgive-her-anyway crowd—but there is enough in the way of wandering intonation (the voice? the recording?) and of occasional vocal strain and unevenness (the *Hoffmann* song, of all places, for one instance) to keep these versions among the good ones, rather than the great ones. And curiously, she rather misses both Susanna and Zerlina—it's nice to hear them without coyness, but I don't hear anything particularly her own in them, either. The

Giovanni duet is strange in any case: a normal andante, followed by an awkward, galloping allegro—off to the castle in unseemly haste. Susanna's last-act aria is stylistically interesting for its unabashed, romantic portamenti and appoggiature what am—which is the fundamental pitch and which is the "leaning note"? Schlusnus is excellent, especially in the *Figaro* duet.

There is a fair amount of surface noise (the steel-needle hiss) on most of these bands, but Rococo has sensibly left most of the fiddling to the listener, and one can cut out most of the noise with roll-off if one is so inclined. C.L.O.

MUSIC AT THE COURTS: *Italy, Sweden, and France, 16th to 18th Centuries*

Palestrina: *8 Ricercari sopra li toni.* Frescobaldi: *Canzona "La Lanciona."* Giovanni Gabrieli: *Canzona "La Spiritata."* Vecchi: *Fantasia a 4.* Legrenzi: *Sonata.* Monteverdi: *Madrigals: Ardo sì ma non t'amo; Ardi o gela: Arsi e alsi.* Buxtehude: *Sonata for Four Viols and Continuo, in F.* Dueben: *Allemande; Courante: Sarabande.* Roman: *Six Movements from Drottningholmsmusik.* Hotteterre Le Romain: *Suite for Flute and Continuo, in C minor.* Couperin: *Ordre No. 21 for Harpsichord, in E minor: Concert Royal No. 4, in E minor.* Marais: *Suite for Flute and Continuo, in D.* Caix d'Hervelois: *Suite for Cello and Harpsichord, in G.*

Camerata Lutetiensis (in the Italian and Swedish works); Rondeau de Paris (in the French works). NONESUCH ® HC 3014 or HC 73014, $7.50 (three discs).

In his extensive annotations for this set, Robert Erich Wolf tries to make some coherent sense out of the extraordinary assemblage of works listed above. The attempt, though gallant, fails—the usual pattern resolves itself into half a page about one of the courts concerned, followed by an explanation that none of the pieces included has anything to do with it—but the essay remains a substantial attraction in its own right. It's full of fascinating little bits of social history, and it's very well written.

Even if the reason for putting the set together defies discovery, most of the music is enjoyable, and it is played with a fair degree of charm and style. The Italian and Swedish records are performed by an instrumental ensemble founded on viols but also including recorders and what sounds like an oboe—about both performing forces and sources of works, some of which I have been unable to trace. Nonesuch is uncharacteristically reticent. The Palestrina Ricercari, whose authenticity is questioned by some musicologists, are gravely beautiful, and if they *are* genuine, then they are the only instrumental music by the composer available on record. The Monteverdi madrigals are performed in instrumental transcription—a procedure about which Mr. Wolf seems to have more serious qualms than I have. The Buxtehude Sonata is an interesting transitional work, and the Dueben dances are attractively stylized, but the Roman movements have little beyond a certain generalized charm to recommend them.

The French record is distinguished by two contributions from François Couperin and one from Marin Marais, but the pieces by Jacques Hotteterre and Louis de Caix d'Hervelois are agreeable too. The Rondeau de Paris (Laurence Boulay, harpsichord; Marie-Thérèse Heurtier, cello; Geneviève Nouflard, flute), which performs here, has more sense of style than many French groups, and Mlle. Nouflard's flute playing, though breathy, is sensitive. One point about the fourth *Concert Royal* puzzles me: no doubt following the score in the Oiseau-Lyre complete edition, the performers play the Italian Courante with *pointé* phrasing—roughly speaking, with a dotted effect. But the whole point of this movement is its contrast with the preceding French Courante, and I should have thought that part of the effect would depend on the characteristic even rhythm of the Italian style. Is the italicized "*Pointé, coulé*" in the score an editorial interpolation? In any case, the performance is an enjoyable one: and if you happen to have been waiting for just this particular coupling of works by Palestrina, Louis de Caix d'Hervelois, et al., you need wait no longer. The recording is good.

B.J.

MICHEL PIGUET: *Music for Baroque Oboe*

Telemann: *Sonata in A minor.* De Lavigne: *Sonata "La Barsan."* Hotteterre: *Sonata in D.* Loeillet: *Sonata in E minor.* C. P. E. Bach: *Sonata in G minor.*

Michel Piguet, oboe; Hansjurg Lange, bassoon; Lionel Rogg, harpsichord. ODYSSEY ® 32 16 0049 or 32 16 0050, $2.49.

This attractive collection covers a wide range of style from the sturdy but sensitive tunefulness of Telemann, through the piquant grace of the three French composers, to the romantically inflected chromaticism of Emanuel Bach. Philibert de Lavigne could never have existed, since he is not listed in *Grove's*; nevertheless there are signs of his having lived in Paris about 1730, though he is believed not to have been the original of Debussy's eccentric General. The Hotteterre in question here is Jacques and the Loeillet, Jean-Baptiste—in each case the most eminent member of the family.

Formally, the five works are interesting in demonstrating the vagueness of the term "sonata" in the first half of the eighteenth century: the Hotteterre and the Loeillet are really suites, and the pieces by De Lavigne and Telemann have leanings that way too.

The performers use authentic eighteenth-century instruments. They play them well, and the sound of the oboe—blander and less pointed than that of its

modern counterpart—is agreeable. It is regrettable that the proportions of the pieces are blurred by the players' inconsistency in the matter of repeats, and some fine soft playing in the *Grave* of the Hotteterre shows up by contrast a lack of dynamic variation elsewhere—particularly in the Telemann, which is chugged through at an unrelenting mezzo-forte. With these reservations, and a warning to turn your volume control down to compensate for the high level of the recording, the performances can be recommended. In one or two movements, though again not consistently, the repeats are tastefully embellished, and *notes inégales* are effectively applied in the French pieces. Congratulations, by the way, to annotator Kay Jaffee for her quip about "the *inégalité* style favored in pre-Revolutionary France"; but once again a bad mark to Odyssey's labelers and jacketeers for not identifying the works properly. B.J.

MICHAEL SCHAEFFER: *French Lute Music*

Attaignant: *Chanson "Tant que vivray."* Mouton: *Suite; Le Sage de Richée: Ouverture.* De Visée: *Suite.* Bittner: *Suite.*

Michael Schäffer, lute. TURNABOUT ⓓ TV 34137S, $2.50 (stereo only).

It isn't every day that we're offered this repertory on the instrument for which it was intended, and lutanist Michael Schäffer has done us a service in recording this program. Unfortunately, he is not the most persuasive protagonist: the notes are all there, and a well-calculated use of color differentiates repeated sections. But there is a relentless, unyielding, unbreathing quality in his playing which robs the music of its potential grace and subtlety. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that by the close of Side 2 monotony sets in. But some of these pieces are lovely nonetheless: Charles Mouton's Allemande touches upon some exotic harmonies, the suite by Robert de Visée (who lived into the eighteenth century, the latest of the composers represented here) is perfect of its kind, and Jacques Bittner's suite closes with a quite fascinating passacaglia. S.F.

ROBERT STOLZ: *"The Musical Magic of Vienna"*

Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Robert Stolz, cond. RCA VICTOR ⓓ VCM 6804, $14.37; VCS 6804, $17.37 (six discs).

As an economy-size cornucopia brimful of Viennese tonal bonbons, this set must be unique. It includes twenty-one full-length symphonic waltzes, eight polkas, five marches, two overtures, and three other pieces—over half of which are by the Strausses (Johann, Johann II, and Josef), but there are also four by Lehár, three by Lanner, two each by Suppé, Ziehrer, and Stolz; and one each by Fall, Heuberger, Kálmán, Komzák, and Oskar Straus. Familiar works predominate, but

Stolz's *Spring Parade* Potpourri, Lehár's *Nechledil* March, and Ziehrer's *Der Zauber der Mantur* March are new to American records (to the best of my knowledge); and at least half a dozen other selections well may be novel to most nonspecialist American listeners.

Qualitatively, the set is considerably less remarkable. Stolz and his players are idiomatic and fervently if often rather coarsely expressive; the Eurodisc recording is rich and robust if also mighty thick and heavy (at least in the stereo edition, the only one I've heard). The real catches are that there is just too much of the same sort of thing to be heard in one or two listening sessions, and that for all his vigor the octogenarian conductor is interpretatively far too often prosaic and even heavy-handed. R.D.D.

NORMAN TREIGLE: *Operatic Arias*

Verdi: *Otello: Credo. Don Carlo: Ella giammai m'amò. Simone Boccanegra: Il lacerato spirito. Macbeth: Come dal ciel precipita.* Mozart: *Le Nozze di Figaro: Non più andrai. Die Zauberflöte: In diesen heil'gen Hallen. Don Giovanni: Deh, vieni alla finestra.* Gounod: *Faust: Vous qui faites l'endormie; Le veau d'or.* Halévy: *La Juive: Si la rigueur.* Ponchielli: *La Gioconda: Si, morir ella dè!*

Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; Vienna Radio Chorus and Orchestra, Jussi Jalas, cond. WESTMINSTER Ⓓ XWN 19135 or WST 17135, $4.79.

A major recording by Norman Treigle is overdue, for on the basis of his endowment he has long deserved a wider audience than that afforded him by American companies. And this recital has many satisfying and exciting moments, along with enough little failings, artistic and technical, to put some reserve into one's endorsement.

Basic sources of pleasure are the voice itself, with its good range, its thrust and "ping," and the marvelous theatricality of the temperament—he is one of the last of the unashamed "baddies," and would rather be hammy than dull, which is a refreshment in this time of stultifying musical respectability. And he is at his imposing best here when he is giving both his voice and his temperament full rein, as in a "*Credo*" full of bite and solidity or a "*Le veau d'or*" of splendid dash and full-throated ring. Indeed, any selection on the disc (save, possibly, the *Zauberflöte* and *Giovanni* items) will give ample evidence of a remarkable voice and a quick imagination.

Of the things that are wrong, there is one that is important, and a number that are not important individually but which agglomerate, as things wrong are wont to do. The important thing—the thing that detracts from the whole Verdi side, despite felicities—is that there is too seldom a real cantabile line, a real stream of sound that will define the music for us. The singer is so involved with capturing and projecting atmosphere that he sometimes forgets to sing through the piece. He obviously feels, and wants us to feel, the heartbreak and perplexity of King Philip; but of course the greater portion of the heartbreak is in the mournfulness of the vocal line itself, and constant reminders from the singer of the situation and mood really get in our way. Self-defeating: Treigle gives us a fine whisper at "*Dove son?*" (you can practically see Philip starting from his reverie), but since everything up to this point has been rendered in exactly the same sort of whisper, it does not make the effect it should. More than once, one wishes he would just let the music sail—where is the simple joy of lighting into a long, expanding line, like that of the *Macbeth* aria? That sort of joy is the heart of Verdi, and its absence is what keeps a listener from giving himself over entirely to these interpretations.

A crucial test of line, though of a somewhat different sort, is the *Zauberflöte* aria, and a miss with this is as good as a mile, though the miss puts Treigle in some most distinguished company—have there been a half-dozen basses since Mozart's own time who really pinned this piece down? In the *Juive* aria, he captures what is missing from some of the other pieces—this gets on a track and goes, and is must beautiful. The "*Non più andrai*" is for those who like it done with great vitality and bigness of tone, rather than those who like it light and, to use the customary adjective, "mercurial." It's fine of its sort, and hard to not go along with. The *Gioconda* aria is also firm and impressive, and makes a good effect despite some limp and rather sloppy accompanying.

A couple of nits just must be picked. One is a linguistic nit, which wafts hither and yon throughout the program, and alights at some embarrassing points. It is not just that "*lacerato*" emerges as "*laccerato*" or "*mesto*" as "*mehsto*" (opportunities missed, but livable), but that *Adoncino* (in the *Figaro* aria) is quite distinctly "*Andocino*"—six times. That's the sort of thing that can make a good performance suddenly provincial; and if the performer, the conductor, and the coach are all temporarily asleep at the switch, then it must surely be the business of someone connected with the enterprise to catch such errors. The chorus has to intone two words in the *Boccanegra* aria: "*pietà*" and "*Miserere*"—both flagrantly, insensitively incorrect. That shouldn't happen.

The sound is basically good and full, but again not handled terribly well—those same choral lines are supposed to be offstage, from within the "*palagio altero*," but they ain't, and the difference in perspective between the close-up for the low E at the end of the *Zauberflöte* aria (a good one, incidentally) and the distance for the *Giovanni* Serenade is disturbing. The accompaniments suffice, though the long, sustained line is not Mr. Jalas' strong point, either, at least here. C.L.O.

VARIOUS TENORS: *"Opera in Berlin in the 1930s"*

Paul Kötter, tenor (with Paul Schoeffler, baritone in the Verdi)—Wagner: *Die Walküre: Winterstürme; Siegmund heiss ich. Die Meistersinger: Am stillen Herd; Preislied.* Verdi: *Otello: Si, pel ciel.* Carl Martin Oehmann, tenor—Verdi: *Otello: Niun mi tema. Aida: Celeste Aida.* Giordano: *Andrea Chénier: Un di all'azzurro spazio: Come un bel dì.* Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci: Vesti la giubba.* Louis Graveure, tenor—Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci: Un tal gioco.* Puccini: *La Bohème: Che gelida manina.* Bizet: *Carmen: Flower Song.* Gounod: *Faust: Salut! demeure.* Wagner: *Lohengrin: Athmest du nicht.*

Various singers listed above; Berlin Staatsoper, and Berlin Städtischen Oper Orchestras, Selmar Meyrowitz, cond. [from originals recorded 1929-32]. TELEFUNKEN Ⓓ HT 46, $5.79 (Mono only).

VARIOUS BARITONES: *"Opera in Berlin in the 1930s"*

Michael Bohnen, baritone (with Josef Schmidt, tenor, in the Smetana)—Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci: Prologo.* Bizet: *Carmen: Votre toast.* Gounod: *Faust: Le veau d'or; Vous qui faites l'endormie.* Weber: *Der Freischütz: Hier im ird'schen Jammertal; Schweig, schweig, damit dich niemand warnt.* Smetana: *Bartered Bride. Weiss ich doch eine, die hat Dukaten.* Herbert Janssen, baritone—Wagner: *Tannhaüser: Wohl wüsst ich hier sie im Gebet zu finden; O, du mein holder Abendstern.* Wilhelm Rode, baritone (with Eva Hadrabova, soprano, in the *Aida*)—Boito: *Mefistofele: Son lo spirito.* Verdi: *Otello: Credo. Aida: A te grave cagion m'adduce, Aida.*

Various singers, listed above; Berlin Städtischen Oper and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestras, Selmar Meyrowitz, cond. [from originals recorded 1929–30]. FUNKEN Ⓓ HT 46, $5.79 (mono only). only).

With the exception of the "*Vesti la giubba*" on HT 46, everything on these discs is sung in German; I have used the original titles simply for the reader's convenience.

These are two volumes from what appears to be a series of records aimed at re-creating the busy operatic life of the German capital in the years before World War II. From the standpoint of pure listening interest, the baritone set is unquestionably the most interesting of the two, for both Bohnen and Janssen were singers of international stature and are heard here in prime condition. Bohnen is of course already represented on LP, notably with an entire disc in Odeon's *Goldene Stimme* series. Nonetheless, the Telefunken's representation is welcome, for even where selections are duplicated, they are reproduced here in different versions. No lover of great singing should be without a selection of Bohnen discs—his voice was large, beautiful, and very long-ranged (he is claimed to have sung both Marke *and* Kurwenal, both Mephis-

tophélès *and* Valentin, concurrently and well, and his recordings make this altogether believable). For all his theatrical flamboyance, he also handled this magnificent instrument with a classic command of line and shading; on records, at least, he never lets his interpretative ideas stand in the way of controlled, aristocratic vocalism.

Everything here is a joy to listen to, from a sunny, easy rendition of the *Pagliacci* prologue to dark, weighty versions of the *Freischütz* arias (complete with trills and high interpolations), and his rolling, insinuating interpretation of Kecal, with the wonderful Jenik (or, rather, Hans) of Schmidt. And while everything is of course highly theatrical, none of these interpretations is among his most exaggerated.

The exceptional beauty of the young Herbert Janssen's lyric baritone is demonstrated by the two *Tannhäuser* excerpts. These are not taken from the complete Bayreuth set (recorded in 1930 under Elmendorff), and my recollection is that the *"O du mein holder"* contained therein is somewhat firmer than the one heard here. The preceding scene, however, is sung with gorgeous tone and great sensitivity to the lyric line.

Wilhelm Rode was apparently a remarkable theatrical personage; one of my early teachers, who sang at the Kroll in those days, used to speak of him with near-reverence. His melodramatic performance of the *Mefistofele* aria comes out somewhere between Kaspar and Alberich, with a dash of Peter Lorre, but is exceptionally effective in its way. Unfortunately, though, he sounds like a lumbering vocalist, and the Verdi selections are so labored in sound, so lacking in any true singing quality, that they cannot be enjoyed. His *Aida* partner is well above the average, though clearly not an Italianate singer either by temperament or training.

The tenor disc satisfies one's curiosity more than one's hunger for good singing. Paul Kötter, for example, turns out to be somewhat better than the run of *Heldentenors* (today's run, anyway)—a dark, substantial voice with fairly typical top trouble. He also displays musicality and, in the *Otello* duet, considerable intensity. Yet, while it is interesting that Berlin had a tenor of this competence as a resident singer, there is not really much reason to acquire Kötter in preference to other easily available (and better recorded) interpreters.

Carl Martin Oehmann had a brief Metropolitan fling (1924–25) as Samson and Laca in *Jenufa*, and later attained some prominence as a teacher (Nicolai Gedda was one of his pupils). His persuasive *"Vesti la giubba,"* quite idiomatic as to style and language, and honestly intense in a manner similar to Edward Johnson's (one of the aria's finest recordings, by the way), is the best single piece of singing on the disc. Elsewhere, though, Oehmann sounds less impressive—he has a heady mezza-voce which he never quite coördinates with the rest of the voice, and the resultant slippage makes his singing sound tentative.

Louis Graveure is, to make Alice's comparative a superlative, the curiousest of all. An American who gave up an unsuccessful Broadway career for concert singing as a baritone, he discovered in the course of some teaching that he was able to negotiate the tenor range, and at the age of forty made an operatic debut, subsequently singing in Berlin in a variety of roles for about a decade, winning success in films, and finally returning to this country to teach just before World War II. According to a quotation in the liner notes, he "took [his] baritone voice up higher and higher until [he] found that [he] could get above top C"—which is just about what it sounds like; all the notes are there, and indeed the materials of a very good voice, but not the evidences of any real technical control: he is thus left simply negotiating the music a note or two at a time, with rather unmusical results. He is also the only tenor I have ever heard, or hope to hear, embellish the *"Salut! demeure."*

The sound is only moderately good—strangely, neither Odeon nor Telefunken seems to have done very well by historical transfers, except on some very ambitious sets. The tenor disc also perpetuates some really incompetent German translations (the Giordano and Gounod, especially), which do not merely alter a note value or two here and there but radically change the entire melodic contour and rhythmic scheme of the selections. C.L.O.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

reviewed by MORGAN AMES • O. B. BRUMMELL • GENE LEES • STEVEN LOWE • TOM PAISLEY • JOHN S. WILSON

SYMBOL ✻ DENOTES AN EXCEPTIONAL RECORDING

JOAN BAEZ: Joan. Joan Baez, vocals; orchestra, Peter Schickele, cond. *Be Not Too Hard; Turquoise; Eleanor Rigby;* nine more. Vanguard Ⓓ VRS 9240 or SD 2240, $5.79.

This album marks the debut of Joan Baez as a pop singer. On it she sings two songs by British rock-and-roller Donovan; two by American rocker Tim Hardin; one by the Beatles; and, for auld lang syne, a protest song.

All these pieces are fully scored, with orchestra conducted by Peter Schickele. Perhaps he did the arrangements too; it's hard to tell since the liner notes are devoted to some poetry about Japan written by Miss Baez's mother.

That Miss Baez has a lovely voice can't be denied. But here it is lost in a welter of strings and overarrangements. Her choice of material is odd. On four songs written with male lyrics, only the most rudimentary changes are made. The results are sometimes humorous. In Tim Hardin's song, retitled *If You Were a Carpenter*, she sings: "Would you marry me anyway, would you have my baby?" This gives rise to speculation: how does Miss Baez want you to have this baby? On a platter perhaps, with apple in mouth, or has she simply revamped the laws of human reproduction? Oh well, anyone who will take on the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue won't boggle at a little biology.

In all, this album seems to be an exercise in poor taste—arrangements, tempos, and material. We wish Miss Baez better luck in her future forays into pop music. T.P.

✻ **BOBBY BARE: A Bird Named Yesterday.** Bobby Bare, vocals; choral and instrumental accompaniment. *A Bird Named Yesterday; Somebody Bought My Old Hometown; The Air Conditioner Song; I've Got a Thing About Trains;* five more. RCA Victor Ⓓ LPM 3831 or LSP 3831, $4.79.

Lyndon Johnson should augment his poll-readings with a little listening to popular music. It is the most sensitive barometer of public mood that I know, and for a simple commercial reason: its makers have no hesitation about giving the public what they find the public wants to hear. Rock-and-roll indicates America's youth is profoundly discontented with the way the nation is drifting. Country-and-western music, which has a great many adult listeners, indicates that the kids aren't the only ones.

Bobby Bare files a complaint: "Progress —yes. But what are we progressing to?"

This album expresses with considerable effectiveness a widespread dissatisfaction with the gruesome depersonalization of life that is taking place. It claims to be a piece of nostalgia, and in a way it is, but it is also a protest. A mixture of narration and songs, it pillories the way big business and big unions are turning even the small towns of America into rat-mazes of ice-cold architecture, throwing out beauty and tradition and replacing them with nothing. Henry Miller called it the "air-conditioned nightmare," and it has come to pass. And people are becoming discontented with "progress"—as H. G. Wells predicted they would in *The Shape of Things To Come*. What are we progressing *to*? That's what this album seems to ask.

Jack Clement did most of the writing, and Bobby Bare, both in reading the narrative and in his singing, avoids the pitfall of sentimentality.

Curious. Interesting. And maybe quite significant. G.L.

BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY. Peter Albin, bass; David Getz, drums; James Gurley and Sam Andrew, guitars; Janis Joplin, vocals. *Bye, Bye Baby; Intruder; Women Is Losers; Caterpillar;* six more. Mainstream Ⓓ 56099 or S 6099, $4.79.

This group is to mid-Fifties rhythm and blues as the Lovin' Spoonful is to country picking, but with a few significant—and ultimately damaging—differences. In both cases, humor, gentle but ironic, plays a big role.

Remember *Earth Angel?* If you do, and if despite its obvious worthlessness you find yourself strangely attached to it—remembering, mind you, that it was a typical example of the junk you dug back then—you will appreciate the Holding Company's parodic evocations of that period. *Call on Me* is the most perfect good-humored imitation on the album. Even the lyric has been well thought out; can you really believe "I need you darlin' . . . like the fish need the sea." Or, in *Caterpillar*, they come up with "I'm just a pteroydactyl, dying for your love."

However, a problem presents itself with increasing forcefulness as the songs go by; all ten numbers are cast in the same mold. Unlike the Spoonful, who use Nashville as a starting point, the Holding Company seems content to go little beyond what was already incorporated into plain old-fashioned citified white commercial blues. They play their instruments cleanly, like the Spoonful, but unimaginatively. Janis Joplin, the group's lead singer, uses her gravelly piercing voice to good effect in emulating a sort of hybrid Ethel Waters/James Brown delivery; but it never

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varies, so by the second side you think that someone is cleaning your ears out with sandpaper Q-tips.

In limited doses, say a couple of songs at a shot, this is at least an amusing album—in fact quite clever at times. But ten clever parodies in a row, especially when cut from the same fabric, can become a drag. S. L.

ROBERT CAMERON: For the First Time. Robert Cameron, vocals; Frank Hunter, arr. and cond. *What'll I Do; Little White Lies; I'll Get By;* seven more. Epic ⓓ LN 24302 or BN 26302, $4.79.

This is the debut album of singer Robert Cameron. Its jacket photograph displays a conformingly tall/dark handsome man in a tux, striking what could be termed a Robert Goulet pose. His reported age is twenty-four, evidently a mature twenty-four.

The album contains ten undeviating standards, from Irving Berlin's *How Deep Is the Ocean* to Burke and Van Heusen's *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*. If the program's class is unquestionable, its concept is exhausted. ("Let's get the kid off to a good start, give him a bunch of standards to sing—you know, all the old safeys . . .") A more reliable rule for young singers would be: don't sing warhorse standards unless you have something new to bring to them.

Mr. Cameron's voice is a dark and pleasant baritone, a bit heavy on vibrato and unwieldly on intonation. His style is relentlessly proper—start small, end big, phrase long. The worst that can be said for him, really, is that he doesn't swing, and the painful proof is in his attempt on Victor Young's *Love Letters*, arranged by Frank Hunter at an uncomfortably fast-four. The best that can be said for this restrictive, unoriginal package is that Mr. Cameron sings as adequately as a hundred other interchangeable talents who never quite make it and never know why. M.A.

PETULA CLARK: These Are My Songs. Petula Clark, vocals; Ernie Freeman, arr. *Lover Man; Eternally; How Insensitive;* nine more. Warner Brothers ⓓ W 1698 or WS 1698, $4.79.

The success of Petula Clark is largely due to a rare blend of characteristics which make her the envy and ideal of a large portion of current society. She's the authentic grown-up little girl, admired by the young for her sophistication, by the old for her youthfulness. Miss Clark's singing is as appealing as her image, for the same reasons. While the voice sounds young, the emotion it sometimes conveys is not.

Miss Clark improves with age (forgive the word), settling with grace and good judgment into the several styles which make up her own style. In this set she's successful as a teeny in the recent rock hits *Groovin'* and *San Francisco*. She re-creates the flavor of *Downtown* in composer-arranger Tony Hatch's newest bid, *Don't Sleep in the Subway*. In *Lover Man*, Miss Clark manages to be both young and sensual. She plays the innocent romantic on the pretty *Imagine*, but there's little she can do to spruce up Charlie Chaplin's singularly dull *This Is My Song*. Miss Clark's most dramatic and mature singing occurs on a rather inappropriate—though accurate—war protest called *On the Path of Glory*. While youth may cherish the song for its blunt protest value, the elderly, past-twenty listener will find interest in the depth and fluency of her reading.

Ernie Freeman's arrangements are tailored to Miss Clark's needs and image, replete with heavy backbeats, harmonically sparse (with the exception of his imaginative ending on *Lover Man*), competent, and regimented. Freeman, it seems, is good at tailoring arrangements of this sort. He has orchestrated any number of hits, such as Sinatra's *Strangers in the Night*. While Freeman is top-of-the-heap in commercial arranging, one wonders how much deeper he runs, and if he will ever get off the winning horse long enough to show us.

For my tastes, Petula Clark wears well, and this is her best album so far. M. A.

BILL COSBY SINGS: Silver Throat. Bill Cosby, vocals; James Carmichael, arr. *I Got a Woman; Big Boss Man; Don'cha Know;* eight more. Warner Brothers ⓓ W 1709 or WS 1709, $4.79.

Bill Cosby is a man with a priceless gift: the knack of knowing how to present himself best. While other talents flounder, reaching only occasional heights, Cosby understands his own specialness, and works outward from its core. Thus, each of his comedy albums is an extension of the last, and never a disappointment.

In his first vocal album, Cosby once more presents only his best, and comes up winners. He's not a balladeer or a jazz singer or one of the great undiscovered vocalists of the age. But he sings blues with more than enough skill and pleasure to support this all-blues album. Cosby sings in the tradition of such fine blues artists as Jimmy Reed, who wrote several of the album's best tracks—*Bright Lights, Big City*; *Aw Shucks, Hush Your Mouth*; and others. Cosby's voice is warm, solidly rhythmic, his style unembellished except for the slurs and exclamations essential to good blues singing. Happily, the Cosby personality shines through, with its compelling blend of the sunny child and the urban sophisticate. How fitting that he should call himself Silver Throat.

James Carmichael's arrangements are tailor-made for Cosby—assured, inventive, and rocking. Emphasis is given to a fine earthy (and unfortunately unidentified) blues mouthharp player and a small female vocal group—one of whom occasionally duets with Cosby, in the style of Ray Charles's Raylettes.

Quality has always been a treacherous commodity to market. But somehow there are always a few keen, explosive talents around with the ability to make quality sell. Cosby is one of them, and this album deserves as much long-range success as his comedy albums. M.A.

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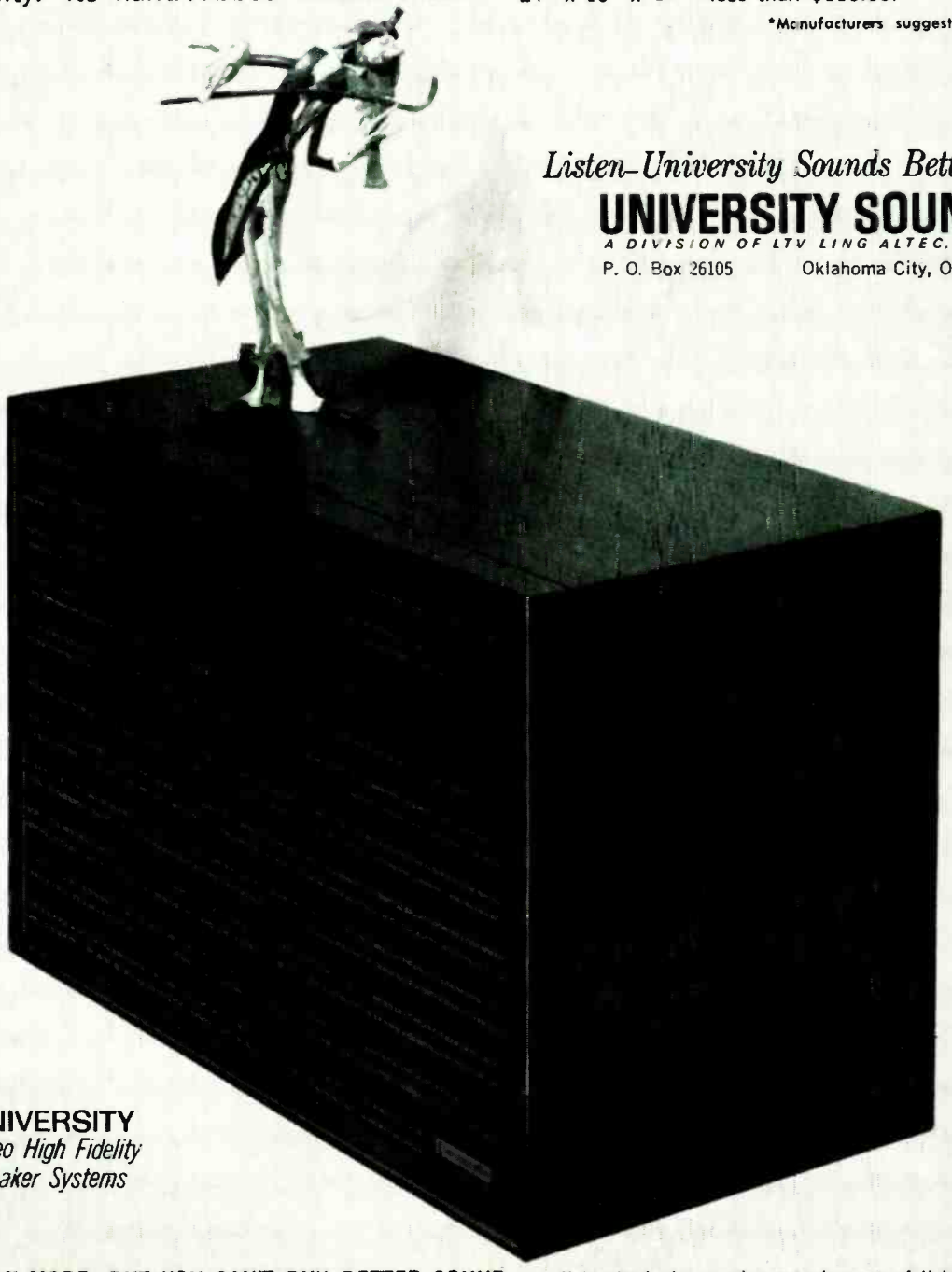

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DO-RE-MI CHILDREN'S CHORUS: Born Free. Do-Re-Mi Children's Chorus, vocals; Marty Gold, arr. and cond. *Edelweiss; Rose O'Day; Music! Music! Music!;* eight more. Kapp ® KL 1532 or KS 3532, $4.79.

Here we go again! Another Kool-Ade choir to curl your ears with cuteness. For me, all professional child singers are one. These tots, the Do-Re-Mi Children's Chorus, sing with predictable, aren't-we-darling gaiety. One almost sees their little faces breaking with paid joy. As always, there are the few stick-out voices, the children born to step on their pals, some of whom will be famous.

The program brings the usual thrills: that wonderful classic, *Chickery Chick*; the inspirational *Anyone Can Move a Mountain*; the adorable *Molicepan Song* (in which a child eats some "perry chy"); and *Just a Prayer Away*, to show that everyone's heart is in the right place.

The disc roars with its own importance. If I were you, I'd keep it away from the kids, lest they get distressing notions of significance. M.A.

EVERLY BROTHERS: Sing. Don and Phil Everly, vocals; Al Capps, Gene Page, and Billy Strange, arr. *A Voice Within; Mary Jane; I'm Finding It Rough;* nine more. Warner Brothers ® W 1708 or WS 1708, $4.79.

Winners are always followed by imitators. Before stating that the Everly Brothers bear some resemblance to the Beatles, it is critical to point out that the Everly Brothers came first. While today's rock groups are largely a result of the Beatles, the Beatles were in no small degree an offshoot of the Everly Brothers.

In his liner notes, Andy Wickham has indulged in windy, albeit pleasant, autobiography, instead of detailing the interesting story of the Everlys. The duo from Kentucky was hot in the Fifties with such songs as *Wake Up Little Suzie* and *Bye Bye Love*. With their high, hollow harmonies, clear voices, strong beat, southern accents, and country-flavored songs, the Everlys played an important role in forming what was to become rock. Since that early winning streak, they have appeared sporadically in the charts, devoting themselves only part-time to the music business.

Viewed historically, this is an interesting album. Forgetting history (and the young have a traditional aversion to it), it's still an exciting and well-executed album for rock fans. The Everlys have updated their Fifties sound and the several current hits included (*Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* and *A Whiter Shade of Pale*) are performed in better style than the original versions. While this album must be considered thoroughly rock, the Everlys' own earthy, personal charm has not been lost, only broadened. The old and new are pulsatingly clear in one of the best tracks, *Do You*.

The Everly Brothers are still an original edition, and as fine as they ever were. M.A.

GLORICELLA: Soy la Cancion. Gloricella, vocals; instrumental and vocal accompaniment directed by Dommy Acevedo. *Mas que nada; Soy la cancion; Risque;* seven more. United Artists ® UAL 3605 or UAS 6605, $4.79.

New York has become almost bilingual. So many people speak Spanish here that the city is one of the largest markets for Spanish-language records in the world. Add all the people in Florida, California, and even Chicago who speak Spanish as a native tongue, and you have a market record manufacturers can't afford to overlook.

Most of the albums made for this market are rather specialized. But every once in a while one comes along that deserves a wider hearing. This one does.

The girl named Gloricella comes from Puerto Rico, and that's about all the liner notes tell us. She sounds as if she's quite young. She has a voice of quite unusual sweetness and warmth. She sings effortlessly. And she has taste: she doesn't overemote, the way so many Spanish singers do. The tunes are good too, a cut above the saccharine material standard for such albums.

Who is this girl? She could be important. G.L.

BOBBY GOLDSBORO: The Romantic, Wacky, Soulful, Rockin', Country Bobby Goldsboro. Bobby Goldsboro, vocals; Bobby Goldsboro, Ray Stevens, Charles Blackwell, and Bill Justis, arr. United Artists ® UAL 3599 or UAS 6599, $4.79.

To judge from the album title, singer-songwriter Bobby Goldsboro must have a little something for everyone. To a large extent, he has. Goldsboro is one of those occasional, quick-footed talents who is able to straddle several lines of style without losing his balance. Buck Owen's *Waitin' in Your Welfare Line* ("I got the hungries for your love and I'm waitin' in your welfare line.") is strictly country and western. *Mojo Hand* and *Ruby Tuesday* are two different brands of ghetto music, the first Negro blues (by Lightnin' Hopkins), the second white hard rock (by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones).

The album opens with Goldsboro's *Trusty Little Herbert*, a quaint tale about a love-smitten bank teller who indulges in a bit of embezzlement. ("Trusty Little Herbert/He'd made just one mistake/And they gave him fifty years to get it straight.") Other originals are *Hard Luck Joe, Danny,* and *You're Entertainment for Me* (sung with a megaphone), all attractive songs combining elements of folk, country, rock, and the composer's individuality.

In all, Bobby Goldsboro is a personable and versatile talent, a likely subject for steady, long-range—if not superspectacular—success. M.A.

ANITA KERR SINGERS: Burt Kaempfert Turns Us On. Anita Kerr Singers, vocals; orchestra, Anita Kerr, arr. and cond. *Swingin' Safari; Love; Lady;* nine more. Warner Brothers ® W 1707 or WS 1707, $4.79.

It seems that every time I hear a flaw-

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less vocal group on the radio, it turns out to be one of Anita Kerr's groups. And every time I hear a song I hate instantly, it turns out to be by Burt Kaempfert. Here, distressingly enough, the two personalities are combined. Insipid songs sung to perfection. One can only hope that, despite the album's declarative title, it's only a bit of commercial shrewdness on Miss Kerr's part. For Kaempfert writes hits, one after the other, all interchangeable. His flock of collaborators always manage to come up with the same lyric. Only the clichés are changed.

Among this album's timeless classics are *Strangers in the Night, Spanish Eyes, Danke Schoen, Love,* and *Lady.* The song style is early crash. The performances are immaculate. Miss Kerr wrote both the vocal and orchestral arrangements in her distinctive style—simple, direct, and pretty.

The one good song on the album—and it's quite good—is *The World We Knew,* with a pleasant lyric by Carl Sigman. At one point the melody climbs fluidly through two octaves in two measures. Kaempfert had a very good day. I, for one, would be grateful if he had a lot more days just like it. M.A.

ANITA KERR AND ROD McKUEN: The Earth. Music composed, arranged, and conducted by Anita Kerr; text written and spoken by Rod McKuen. *My Mother Wanted Me To Play Mozart: Doorways I Haven't Found; The Mud Kids;* ten more. Warner Brothers Ⓓ W 1705 or WS 1705, $4.79.

In keeping with his predilection for dreaming up uncommercial ideas which proceed to sell, Rod McKuen, along with Miss Anita Kerr, released an album some months ago entitled "The Sea." The present set is a companion.

Both are absorbing, but perhaps because McKuen and Miss Kerr had the background of the first album behind them, "The Earth" is a bit more powerful. Or perhaps it's because McKuen reads his own poetry on the second album and not the first.

Miss Kerr has written sensitive music covering a panorama of moods, over which McKuen reads vignettes of emotional experience. The professionalism and sincerity of both give the work conviction and grace.

Earthquake tells of an ill-timed, off-balance moment of love with a promise of better times to come. The words are heightened by an earthy, sensual segment of music by Miss Kerr. *Underground Train* describes a man on a subway watching the minute dramas of those around him while remembering better train rides when once he had a love. *Capri in July* gently paints a love gone sour. "I've tried to stop pretending it will be all right again. It won't, you know. But just the same, we'll go to Capri in July."

McKuen is characteristically lonely here. And as always, there are moments in his moods with which one identifies. "People with flowers are always going somewhere . . . I like people with flowers because they're trying, they haven't given up." One is caught up in his sad happiness.

This is not music for dining. It must be sat down and listened to. That in itself makes the album for people of thoughtful, specialized tastes. Apparently there are quite a few such people, since "The Sea" sold well and "The Earth" already gives indications of doing even better. Photographer Joseph Muench and art director Ed Thrasher are to be complimented on their beautiful cover designs. M.A.

THE KINKS: The "Live" Kinks. The Kinks, vocals with rhythm group. *All Day and All of the Night; A Well-Respected Man; Sunny Afternoon; Dandy;* seven more. Reprise Ⓓ R 6260 or RS 6260, $4.79.

Most rock and roll groups are pretty bad when heard in concert. There are exceptions, of course: the Mothers of Invention are astonishingly good in person. But they don't play to throngs of sexually frustrated adolescents who have a tendency to make a lot of noise at rock concerts.

So here are the Kinks "live"—and under the circumstances it's just as well. The libidinous rantings of countless teen age Isoldes allow the listener little opportunity to hear what's going on, except to clue him in to the fact that even the Kinks can't really figure out who's playing what at any given time.

Past recordings led me to believe that the Kinks might make it if they expanded their musical vocabulary or put a little more grime into their prefab air-conditioned English furnishings (borrowed from the early Beatles and Herman's Hermits). What I hear on the current disc—aside from the continuous shriek—gives little cause for rejoicing. The Kinks sound as they did over a year ago, and that's not enough. S.L.

DEAN MARTIN: Welcome to My World. Dean Martin, vocals; Ernie Freeman, Billy Strange, Bill Justis, and H. B. Barnum, arr.; Ernie Freeman, cond. *Release Me; Wallpaper Roses; In the Chapel by the Moonlight;* seven more. Reprise Ⓓ R 6250 or RS 6250, $4.79.

It is often said by ignoramuses who need to feel like experts that Frank Sinatra isn't really a singer—he's a stylist. To make such a statement about Sinatra requires inside-out ears and an underwater I.Q. However, there's another side to the story. Certain people *are* stylists rather than singers. Foremost and most enjoyable among them is Dean Martin. Martin is selling Martin, not singing. It's evident in the material he chooses with such regularity—unchallenging, irrelevant little songs such as his television theme, *Everybody Loves Somebody,* or any tune in this album. Some say that Martin takes his singing very seriously. Who knows? But the fact is that it does little more than provide a frame for his solid-gold magnetism.

For my tastes, Martin can match or outdo any performer in the business today. Never miss a Dean Martin movie. No

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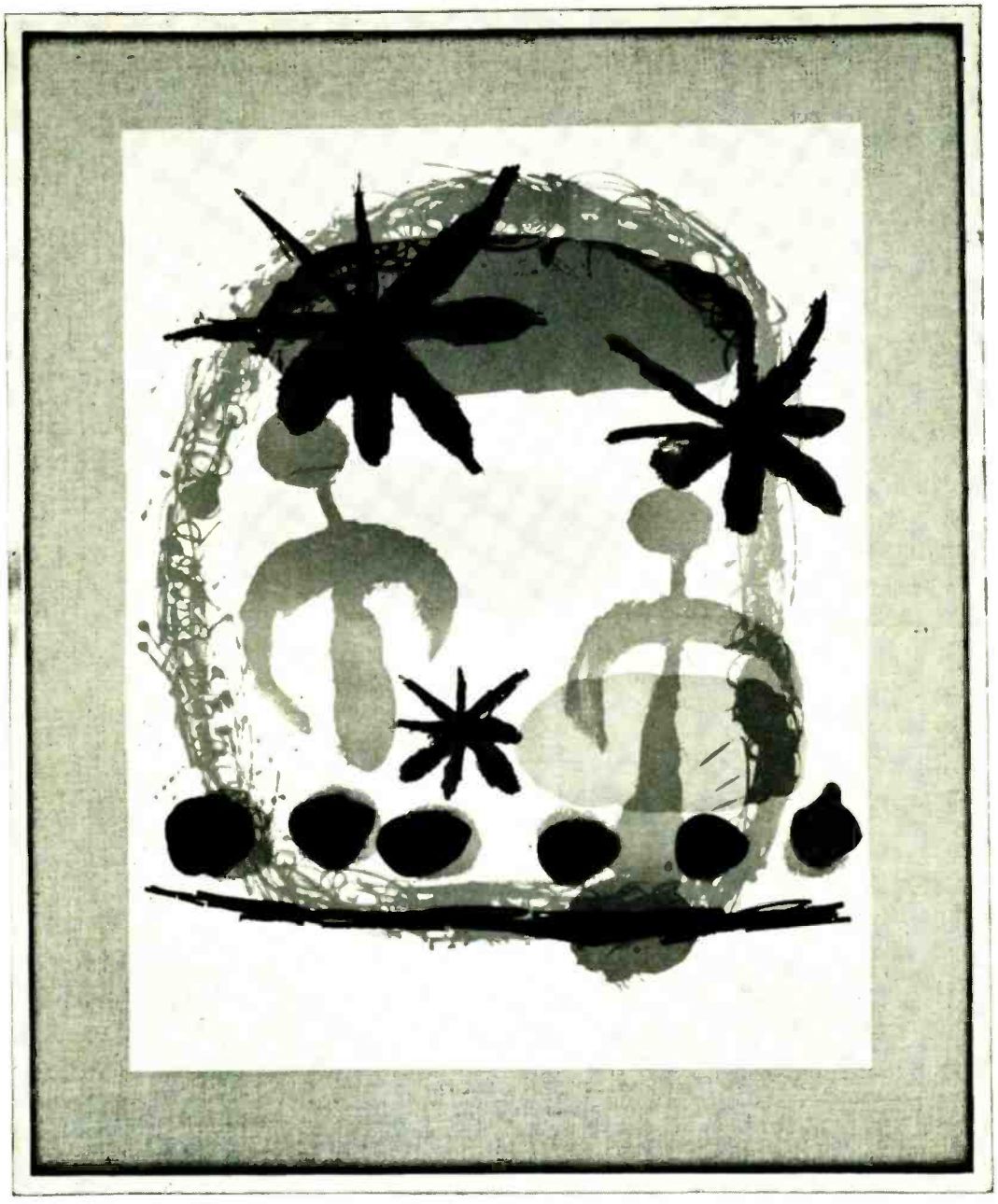

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matter how bad it may be, there's bound to be one scene or one moment in which he will be so funny that the whole thing is worthwhile.

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CHAD MITCHELL: Love, A Feeling Of. Chad Mitchell, vocals; Bob Dorough, Stuart Scharf, and Walter Raim, arr. *As Time Goes By; Jane, Jane; Love (Webster's Definition of);* eight more. Warner Brothers ® W 1706 or WS 1706, $4.79.

MITCHELL TRIO: Alive! John Denver, Paul Prestopino, and Bob Hefferan, vocals and rhythm accompaniment; Bill Lee, bass. *Leaving On a Jet Plane; God Is Dead; Alabama Mother;* eight more. Reprise ® R 6258 or RS 6258, $4.79.

One of the less fortunate traditions in popular music frequently occurs among successful vocal groups. The day arrives when the lead singer decides he must strike out on his own; the group which brought him success is now holding back his uniqueness. With a few exceptions, such as Ed Ames, formerly of the Ames Brothers, the group-to-soloist transition fails. Patti Andrews never made it without the Andrews Sisters; Dave Guard washed out when he left the Kingston Trio; and the future of the Supremes looks gloomy due to the star pretensions of leader Diana Ross. Ego is a poor perspective gauge.

Singer Chad Mitchell perpetuated this error-prone tradition a few years ago when he left the Chad Mitchell Trio, then one of the leading commercial folk groups. Predictably, neither the Mitchell Trio (which continues without its namesake) nor Chad Mitchell alone have been the same since the divorce. Perhaps Mitchell has too much to prove on his own. At any rate, his style tends to be pushed. In acting, the problem is called overindicating. In this album, it's particularly evident in David Wheat's and Bill Loughborough's song *Better Than Anything*, which ends up sounding precious and aggressive instead of simple and whimsical. Worse is *This Afternoon*, narrated in an affected and unconvincing old man's voice.

But all was not lost. Chad Mitchell is to be complimented on the inclusion of several splendid bits of material. Most arresting is Arkin's and Martin's *To a Daughter-In-Law Unknown*, the touching reflection of a parent upon his infant son. The piece inspires Mitchell's best singing, simple and sincere. Also interesting are Leonard Cohen's *Suzanne*, recently and dramatically recorded by Judy Collins; Will Holt's *The Life That We Lead*; Fran Landesman's and Bob Dorough's *Without Rhyme or Reason*; and Landesman's and Simon's *Poems to Eat*. Such a meaningful program somewhat vindicates Mitchell's position—for he could never have done such material

with the Chad Mitchell Trio. On the other hand, the spark that Mitchell generated as leader of the trio is not apparent in his work alone.

When Chad Mitchell separated from his trio, the group replaced him with folk singer John Denver and continued under the name The Mitchell Trio. At one point in this album, one of the members comments that in the group's eight-year history, the most common criticism leveled at them pertains to the amount of protest material they sing. Really? A more realistic criticism would be directed not at the content but the quality of the songs.

Social satire is a field which attracts some of the sharpest minds in entertainment. Anyone entering the arena graced by talents such as Tom Lehrer, Malvina Reynolds, the late Lenny Bruce, and others, had better be fresh clever. To those over the age of fifteen, the Mitchell Trio fails the test dismally. Political satire loses its currency even faster than a rock-and-roll hit. Nevertheless, the group sees fit, after all this time and all the existent comedy routines, to come up with *What This Country Really Needs Is Another Movie Star*, with such profundities as: "After all, George Murphy danced his way into Congress and Ronald Reagan acted his way into a governorship and George Hamilton, well, he's doin' the best he can." Is there anyone who has a laugh left for this trampled, not to mention troubled, territory?

It must be added that the Mitchell Trio's image of protest places them in a continual dilemma. While all singers have trouble finding good material, satirists have an even worse time. Few writers have the twist of mind required for good satire, and fewer possess the technique to turn their thoughts into songs. Nevertheless, this is the bed in which the Mitchell Trio finds itself lying, and it had better try harder at hunting down strong material. Then too, it wouldn't hurt if they began working out of all their gee-whiz high school mannerisms. Youth is only a temporary mask for lack of sophistication, and satire is no field for professional teenagers. M.A.

CYRIL ORNADEL: Forever Young. Orchestra, Cyril Ornadel, cond. *Golden Earrings; My Foolish Heart: Alone at Last; Where on Earth: Love Letters; Around the World; Beautiful Love; One Hundred Years from Today; When I Fall in Love; Stella by Starlight.* M-G-M ⓓ E 4432, $3.79 or SE 4432, $4.79.

Lest we forget how good a songwriter Victor Young was, this collection of his tunes serves as a reminder. It's too bad it isn't a more forceful one. The "symphonic" arrangements are a little saccharine and the sound is muddy. But the melodies are there, from the exquisite *When I Fall in Love* to the earthy *One Hundred Years from Today*—a song I hadn't realized was Young's.

Victor Young deserves a collection—but a better one than this. G.L.

✻ **TONY RANDALL: Warm and Wavery.** Tony Randall, vocals; Luchi De Jesus, arr. *Me and My Shadow; You Oughta Be In Pictures; Red Sails in the Sunset;* seven more. Mercury ⓓ MG 21128 or SR 61128, $4.79.

It's reassuring to see this second album of old-time songs by actor Tony Randall, in view of a similar project recently recorded—with disastrous results—by another established actor. Among actors, Randall has the raccoon coat scene all to himself. For one thing, while most actors think they can sing, Randall actually can sing—at least within the style which he has set for himself.

In 1967, anyone who sings songs such as *Me and My Shadow* with original 1927 stylistic inflections is automatically considered camp. Never mind his intentions. Camp is a touchy area. There's a certain set who will invariably find it amusing simply because it's there, my dear. Others are bored or irritated by it, and a large segment of people don't even know what it is. But a select few involved—intentionally or not—in camp have the brains to know that, in order to be worthwhile, it must be performed with the same presence and skill required of any other form of entertainment. Randall is among the foxes. His feeling and flair for singing, whistling, and talking the songs of the Twenties and Thirties is real. The material has provided a key through which he can express a rather off-beat talent. Randall's sense of humor is sharp, if not universally appreciated. When he

emceed this year's NARAS Grammy Awards dinner, some took offense at his asides. He broke me up.

The album's highlight, for me, is *You're Blasé*, the verse of which Randall narrates hilariously, later providing some glorious word mispronunciations. Randall bothered to dig up other interesting material, such as the sad-happy *Debutante's Ball* and *I Came Here To Talk for Joe* ("He's got the perfect alibi/He can't be here and in the sky. . .")

Most camp—with its sleek, high-flown advocates and precious, calculated motives—repels me. But one must admire a job well done. Randall's professionalism, thoughtfulness, and humor make him convincing. If you're a camp follower, of course you'll love the album. If you're not, you may be pleased anyway. M.A.

ANDY RUSSELL: Such a Pretty World Today. Andy Russell, vocals; orchestra, Mort Garson, Perry Botkin Jr., or Al de Lory, cond. *It's Such a Pretty World Today; This Is My Song; Send Me the Pillow You Dream On;* eight more. Capitol ⓓ T 2803 or ST 3803, $4.79.

When Andy Russell's career, which burst like a rocket in the middle Forties, began to fizzle, he shrugged and went to Mexico. Born in Los Angeles of Mexican parents, Russell spoke fluent Spanish and had no trouble building a new career.

Lately, he's been making a U.S. comeback of sorts, with an album called *More Amor* and nightclub appearances in Las Vegas and elsewhere. The problem is that he doesn't care that much: he dislikes the galloping idiocy of U.S. show biz, and has a good scene going for him elsewhere—he's a star throughout the Spanish-speaking countries.

Meantime, whether in Spanish or English, he is singing extraordinarily well. Not even the fundamentally trashy nature of this album—a collection of corny material intended to make it a "market" record—can conceal that fact. He has, indeed, one of the greatest voices in popular music—powerful, controlled, clean, effortless. I wish his easygoing tendencies didn't apply to his work: he seemingly will accept any kind of junk that a & r men and arrangers push at him.

Get *More Amor* in preference to this set. G.L.

NANCY SINATRA: Country, My Way. Nancy Sinatra, vocals; rhythm accompaniment. *It's Such a Pretty World Today; When It's Over; Oh Lonesome Me;* eight more. Reprise ⓓ R 6251 or RS 6251, $4.79.

When Nancy Sinatra achieved her first hit, *These Boots Were Made For Walkin'*, we were advised by pop-prophets that most of her talent was located in her last name. The successful record was due not to her singing but to the song's projected image of a dominant, threatening young woman—a concept currently considered sexy and cool among youth. ("One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you.") Indeed, since then Miss Sinatra has molded her image and her album photographs to fit the song: the smooth, sullen *femme fatale* (albeit more tarty than sensual).

Nevertheless, the critics have missed the fact that Miss Sinatra sings very well. And it cannot be easy to be the vocalist-daughter of Frank Sinatra. If one listens closely to the singing and not the songs, it becomes evident that Miss Sinatra has penetrated many of her father's secrets in terms of phrasing and directness. She's very much on the right track about the art, and point, of singing.

But there are problems. Miss Sinatra tends to sing flat. Apparently she knows it, because she's improving. She has not yet learned to ride on top of a rhythm section instead of trying to push it. Thus, her up-tempos are her weakest point. Finally, unlike her father, her range is limited.

Miss Sinatra is best on ballads, singing with a warm, round, relaxing tone, reading lyrics with a simple directness that evades the undiscerning, just as her father's subtleties perplex lovers of the obvious.

This country album was predictable. Country songs are technically easy to sing. The price she pays for that ease? Limited opportunity to display lyric depths. Miss Sinatra does a solid job within the restrictions of the style. The album's backing, provided by some of Nashville's finest players, is smooth and standard. So are the songs, embodying the simple, sentimental country tradition

best appreciated by those born into it. Viewed from the outside, the music is monotonous but palatable. The most animated track is *Jackson*, sung with producer-singer Lee Hazlewood, who has played a role in Miss Sinatra's career.

Miss Sinatra's future is a matter for speculation. If she proceeds on the less challenging levels of pop music, even after her career is fully launched, then her potential as a significant talent is as inconsequential as that of a man who writes books and buries them in the ground. If an artist does not expose his best, then in a very real sense the best does not exist..

Nancy Sinatra can be an important singer. It remains to be seen if she has the compulsion to meet the challenge.

M.A.

SOUNDS OF OUR TIMES: Music of the Flower Children. Sounds of Our Times orchestra. *Cherish; Don't Sleep in the Subway; Where Have All the Flowers Gone;* eight more. Capitol Ⓓ T 2817 or ST 2817, $4.79.

The Sounds of Our Times is a name that has been pasted on a studio orchestra playing fully scored versions of current hit tunes. All personnel credits are carefully omitted except for producers George Cates and Jack Pleis. Since Pleis sandwiched in a couple of his own tunes, it's possible he did the arranging too. The charts are good whoever may be responsible for them, and the orchestra's playing is very fine indeed.

Only the most tuneful of recent hits have been chosen—*Up, Up, and Away; Windy; Come to the Sunshine*, among others—and all have been thoughtfully handled. The best track is Janis Ian's little lament about integrated romance, *Society's Child*, in which the plaintive sound of a harmonica is featured—it was the perfect choice of instrument for this song. While the orchestra makes use of a string bass rather than electric, the drummer maintains a gentle feeling of polite rock.

This is Jackie Gleason-type romanticism for teen-agers. If you're an adult and you hate rock-and-roll, the album might not delight you, but at least it won't send you into a complete rage.

M. A.

NANCY WILSON: Lush Life. Nancy Wilson, vocals; Billy May, Oliver Nelson and Sid Feller, arr. and cond. *Midnight Sun; You've Changed; Over the Weekend;* eight more. Capitol Ⓓ T 2757 or ST 2757, $4.79.

Singer Nancy Wilson has a maddening combination of elements: a lovely, agile voice; a deservedly high-class image; a knowledge of how to sing well; and a blind insistence in using her splendid equipment poorly. With her free, clear voice, Miss Wilson sets up a beautiful mood with one note only to spoil it on the next with one of her pointless little yelps or swoons. The effect is jarring, frustrating, and silly. One finds oneself wanting to enjoy Miss Wilson for a whole song instead of only a few bars at a time, but unable to stay with her. Alas, we may as well get used to it, for Miss Wilson seems in love with her mannerisms and unwilling to give them up. In fact, they multiply through the years, like wire coat hangers in dark closets. Tricky Nancy will have to do, but how sad.

Miss Wilson chose a beautiful batch of songs this time out. While all the orchestrations are fine, those of Billy May are, as always, a special pleasure. At the close of *Have I Stayed Too Long at the Fair?*, May somehow creates the stunning illusion of a calliope running down.

Some of Miss Wilson's best singing occurs on one of the milder songs, André and Dory Previn's *River Shallow*, though the tempo is ponderous and should have been set twice as fast. Her other high points appear in various places within Bobby Hebb's *Sunny* and Gene Lees's and Lalo Schifrin's moving *The Right to Love*. On the album's title song, *Lush Life* (left out of the liner note listings by mistake), Miss Wilson sings, unfortunately, without restraint. For those familiar with the late Nat Cole's definitive version of this poignant Billy Strayhorn song, Miss Wilson's coy reading will cause distress.

As with all Miss Wilson's albums in recent years, this one is alternately brilliant and dreadful, depending upon which measure you're listening to. Its program and orchestrations make it a better bet than most.

M.A.

JAZZ

ALL STARS: Tribute to Charlie Parker. J. J. Johnson, trombone; Howard McGhee, trumpet; Sonny Stitt, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Arthur Harper, bass; Max Roach, drums. Alternate group: Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Lamont Johnson, piano; Scott Holt, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. RCA Victor Ⓓ LPM 3783 or LSP 3783, $4.79.

This album is a curious mixture of things. The tracks featuring Jackie McLean were studio-recorded in New York. They were added presumably to fill out the album, though producer George Wein says in his liner notes that it was because Parker's instrument, alto, was not represented in the main session—a concert tribute to Bird played at the 1964 Newport Festival. In addition to all that, there is five minutes and thirty-five seconds of talk, in which musicians from the Newport session discuss with the Rev. Norman O'Connor their first meetings with Parker. That could grow pretty wearing on repeated playing of the album.

But the music won't wear off. This is powerful stuff in a style that isn't often heard any more—not in its pure state, anyway. All the soloists, particularly J. J. Johnson, are in fine form, but the lyrical bebopism of Howard McGhee (who is heard on records all too seldom these days) provides an exceptional pleasure.

G.L.

✻ **BERKLEE STUDENTS: Jazz in the Classroom, Volume X.** Orchestra, Herb Pomeroy, ensemble coach and cond. Robert Share, recording supervisor. *Iberian Waltz; Miss Blue Eyes; Quebec;* nine more. Berklee Ⓓ 10 A, $4.95 (mono only). Available from Berklee Press, 1140 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

✻ **NORTH TEXAS STATE LAB BAND: Lab '67.** Orchestra, Leon Breeden, dir. *Concertino; Falling in Love with Love: Goodbye Pork Pie Hat;* five more. Century Ⓓ 27377 or S 27377, $5.00. Available from North Texas Lab Band, Box 4038, N.T. Station, Denton, Tex.

These two albums, available by mail from the above addresses, show off something that has been causing a good many people to pour out rivers of praise: the brilliant musicianship of an upcoming generation of young Americans. Not all the kids in America are playing rock-and-roll and the guitar. A good many are playing trumpet, piano, etc. and doing some remarkably advanced and complex orchestral writing.

Why is the best behaved speaker made to stand in the corner?

An interview with the man who put it there— Paul Klipsch, designer and builder of the world-renowned KLIPSCHORN.

Q. What about it, Mr. Klipsch?—Why the corner?

*A. Any speaker operates better in a corner. But the Klipschorn was designed to make maximum use of the mirror image effect of corner walls and floor. Also it provides the radiation angle of high frequency speaker elements which uniformly covers the entire room. There are many other advantages, covered in my technical paper "Corner Speaker Placement."**

Q. But in stereo, corner placement sometimes puts the flanking speakers so far apart.

*A. Yes, and that is good. At Bell Telephone Laboratories, the fountainhead of stereo knowledge, a spacing of 42 feet was used. With our wide stage stereo, we have used as much as 50' spacing and yet could pinpoint a soloist or small ensemble accurately in their original positions. In a typical room 14' x 17', for example, the 17' wall is apt to be best for a stereo array. See my technical paper "Wide Stage Stereo."**

Q. You mentioned your "Wide Stage Stereo." Is that different from regular stereo?

A. Yes. Ordinary stereo might typically comprise two speakers six feet apart. I never heard a symphony orchestra six feet wide. The reproduced stage width is only as wide as the speaker spacing. With speakers 20 feet apart, the listener may subtend 90° of angle, typical of what he'd hear at a concert. By bridging a center speaker across the two stereo channels, one creates a solid sound curtain (some people call this a phantom center channel), and one hears a string quartet or a soloist or a large musical group in proper geometry. This is covered in in technical papers: "Circuits for Three-Channel Stereophonic Playback Derived from Two Sound Tracks," "Stereophonic Localization" and "Stereophonic Geometry Tests." Also for reference, I recommend Bell Telephone Laboratories' "Symposium on Auditory Perspective," 1934.*

Q. You lean pretty heavily on Bell Laboratories, don't you?

A. It would be foolish not to. Their engineers have been doing serious research in the audio field for over fifty years.

Q. Back to the KLIPSCHORN, haven't better ways been found of reproducing sound than with a large corner horn?

A. I've kept a notebook through the years, and one of my favorite pages is titled "Graveyard of Major Breakthroughs in Speaker Design." The corner horn, of optimum size, is so fundamental in design that it is no more likely to change than the shape of a grand piano.

Q. I take it you foresee no major changes in the KLIPSCHORN.

A. Not until the immutable laws of physics are revoked.

Q. Why have you stuck to making speakers rather than expanding into amplifier manufacturing?

A. The audible difference between a $200 and a $500 amplifier is almost negligible. But the difference between speakers in those price brackets is startling. That's why speakers occupy most of my attention.

Q. We notice the KLIPSCHORN has a new mid-range horn. What happened to the old one?

*A. It was the standard of the industry for 18 years and is still widely copied. But the new K-400 has narrowed even further the gap between performance and perfect reproduction. It is described in the technical paper, "A New High Frequency Horn."**

Q. Mr. Klipsch, for answers to questions, you apparently are fond of quoting technical papers.

A. I like answers which are supported by solid research, not by editorial mumbo-jumbo.

***The technical papers listed above are among a set of 17 which we offer for $3.50. They include the Bell Laboratories' reprint.**

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CIRCLE 47 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

There is no point in making a comparison between these albums. The two bands are set up along different lines. The North Texas band is organized on a semipermanent basis: its personnel remains stable for comparatively long periods and members move out when they graduate. The Berklee band has a rotational personnel. It isn't really a band at all, in fact. Thirty-nine musicians took part in this recording, not all at the same time, obviously.

The Berklee disc is devoted to music by alto saxophonist Charlie Mariano, who has had a long association with the school. The writing, by seven "student" arrangers (the adjective has to be used lightly, because they're already professionally skilled) is adventurous, explorative, eager. The soloists, not surprisingly, show the influence of their idols among older jazzmen; this will fade, of course, as each of them finds his own identity. (For those who want to study the Berklee music in detail, a complete set of scores, together with the LP, costs $14.50.)

The North Texas State band is a polished precision instrument, as is revealed particularly in *Falling in Love with Love*, which roars. One track, *Clams, Anyone?* is an exercise in sight-reading. Despite the fact that they are seeing the arrangement for the first time, they do a clean, workmanlike job on it.

Both albums are worth hearing simply as music. But when you remind yourself that these are "student" performances, it becomes amazing. It gives you a glow of admiration, and a sort of pride. G.L.

✱ **GARY BURTON: Duster.** Gary Burton, vibraharp; Larry Coryell, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. *Ballet; Sweet Rain; General Mojo's Well Laid Plan;* five more. RCA Victor ⓓ LPM 3835 or LSP 3835, $4.79.

For about a year, there has been excited talk in jazz circles about Larry Coryell, a young guitarist who has come up from the ranks of rock-and-roll. The gist of it is that Coryell is the new boy wonder of the guitar. I have listened to him for some time, hoping to hear what several critics and some musicians claim is there. With this album I sat down and really studied Coryell's playing. Talented he is. A wonder? No.

Coryell is fast. In ensemble passages, he executes deftly, cleanly. But as soon as he is on his own, as soon as he has to improvise, his weaknesses show. He has tricks that become irksome. One is the use of tremolo. Sometimes, in a slow passage, he can be effective with it, like an Italian mandolin player. But at other times, it becomes a substitute for thought. It is as if he has come to the end of his musical resources and builds artificial tension with tremolo until he can think of something else to play. He gets going, gets going nicely, then bogs down, and tremolo fills the gap.

His other trick is hitting the note on the adjacent string, the note that falls most easily under the left hand. Coryell's playing sounds as if it is still heavily involved with what guitar players call grips; that would figure, considering his rock background—almost all the thinking is that way in rock. Once you learn to make a simple chord on the guitar, say a C-seven, you can then move it up a fret at a time, making D-flat-seven, D, E-flat-seven, and so forth. It is in the nature of the instrument. It is the reason just about anybody can learn to play *a little* guitar in an hour or two. Playing the guitar *well*, of course, takes long and arduous work.

Playing in "grips" is very limiting, it puts binders on a guitarist's thinking, and all the good ones escape it as soon as possible and start thinking harmony and melody in a more "pianistic" and freer way. They start thinking in notes and chord *contents* rather than automatic grips. Coryell, it sounds to me, hasn't reached that point. He has a great deal to learn about music and his instrument. A Jim Hall he isn't.

Finally, there's an emotional hollow spot in his playing. It is as if he doesn't understand himself that well yet—there's a part of him he simply doesn't know and it can be felt in the playing.

This isn't to dismiss him but to counterbalance an excess of praise and press agentry. If he continues to grow (and I'm told he's very earnest), the real virtues in his playing—he has a wonderfully strong bluesy feeling, and those fast fingers can't be overlooked—may coalesce into something important. Certainly he's associating himself with good people, including the brilliant Gary Burton.

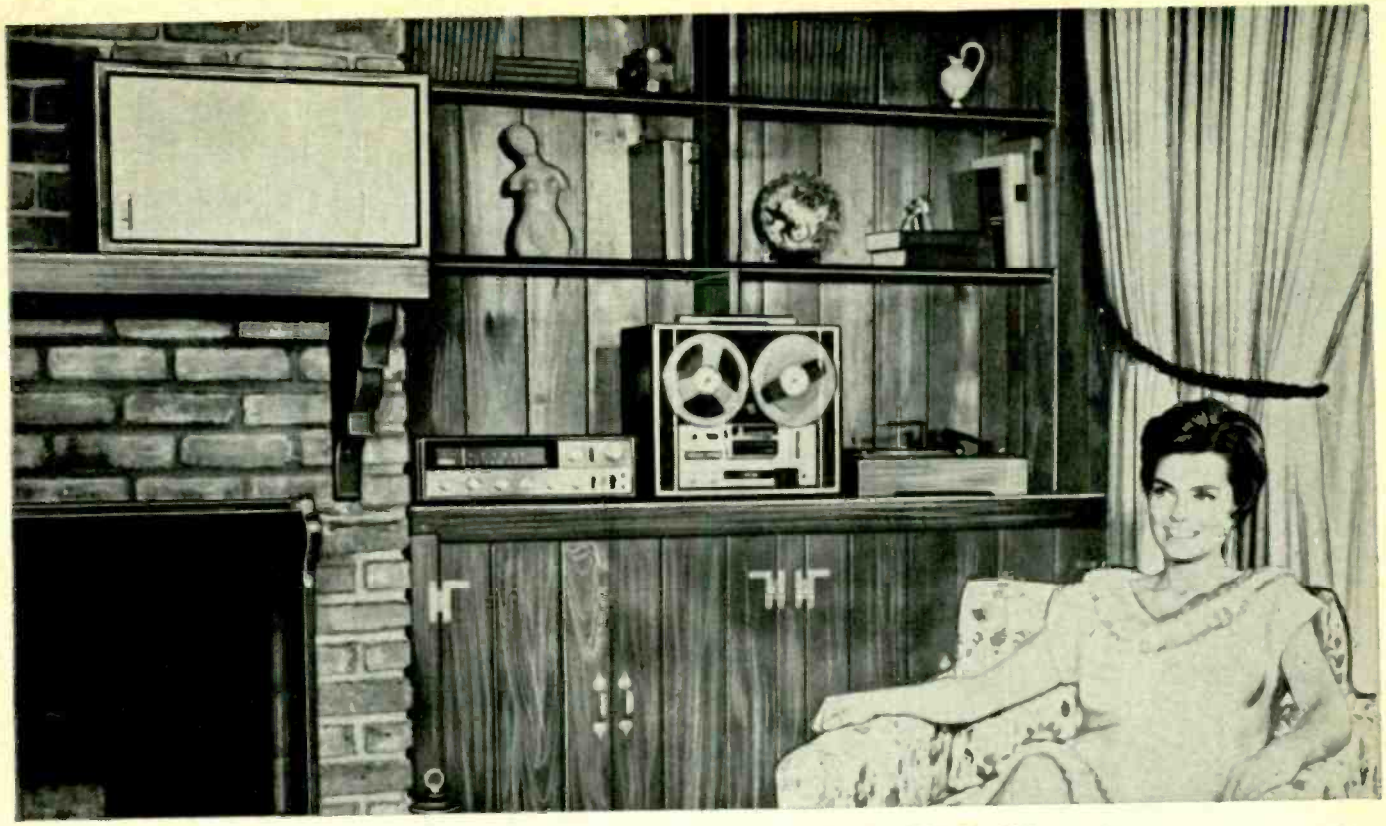
Burton is a superb vibraharpist. Only two young vibes players that I've heard (Mike Mainieri is the other) have really dug into the resources of the instrument. Like Mainieri, Burton thinks far beyond the single-note line. His skilled double mallet work opens up the instrument into something like a piano. His harmonic conception is beautiful, and so is his tone. He gets a warm soft sound; maybe his instrument is a Musser.

The bassist, Steve Swallow, is to my mind the finest player to grow out of the too brief school of the late Scott LaFaro. Swallow can play in *any* groove. Here he interweaves good lines through the work of Burton and Coryell. And, of course, drummer Roy Haynes is a model of taste. Playing as softly as he must in order not to break a fragile ensemble texture, it is a wonder that he can get so much propulsion going.

Finally, there's the tight mesh of the ensemble feeling these players get. They're playing *together*. The music (Steve Swallow made interesting contributions as a composer) is lyrical, beautiful, imaginative. This is an excellent album, highly recommended. G.L.

CLASSIC JAZZ PIANO STYLES. Albert Ammons, Earl Hines, Pete Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, and Jimmy Yancey, piano. *Rosetta; Body and Soul; Yancey Stomp; State Street Special;* twelve more. RCA Victor ⓓ LPV 543, $5.79 (mono only).

Victor's Vintage series continues to be one of the most valuable projects in the industry. This album, devoted to classic jazz piano, ranges in time from the 1929 session at which Morton recorded *Fat*



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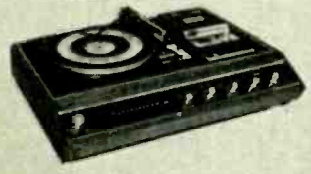

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CIRCLE 48 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Francis, Pep, and the harmonically adventurous (for the period) *Freakish*, through to a 1941 session wherein Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons did *Boogie-Woogie Man* and *Cuttin' the Boogie*. Morton represents New Orleans piano, Waller the "stride" or Harlem school. Earl Hines was (and still is) utterly individual, a development out of the stride school, a man with his own direction. At the Newport Festival this year, Hines showed that he's lost nothing since that 1939 version of *Rosetta* reissued here.

The Four Waller selections—*Handful of Keys, E-Flat Blues* (both from 1935), *Tea for Two* and *Russian Fantasy* (1939)—were taken from radio transcriptions. Because of the source, the sound is poor. Because they have never been available to the public before, they are of exceptional interest. Aside from that, they're fine Waller. He takes *Handful of Keys* at an astonishing tempo.

Producer Mike Lipskin's lucid liner notes are in keeping with this series' standard of communicative clarity. He even informs us that Waller was stoned the day he recorded *Tea for Two*. G.L.

DON ELLIS: Live in Three and Two-Thirds Quarter Time. Orchestra, Don Ellis, trumpet and cond. *Barnum's Revenge; Upstart; Thetis; Orientation; Angel Eyes; Freedom Dance*. Pacific Jazz Ⓓ PJ 10123 or ST 20123, $5.79.

The most interesting big band in years belongs to Don Ellis. This, its second album, comes closer than the first to capturing the excitement the band generates in person. But still something's missing. It's not simply a visual factor—though the band is highly interesting to watch. This album is well recorded by conventional standards, but it is difficult to condense all that power into microgrooves. How do you strike a balance between distortion in your equipment and the true flavor of this band?

Actually, the band is also more interesting now than it was when this disc was recorded. They began using electronics during their eastern tour last July, including a tape echo delay attached to Ellis' trumpet, and these produced some wild effects. They're not heard on this disc, however, though Ira Shulman's soprano saxophone sounds amplified on *Thetis*.

In case you haven't heard about this band, Ellis has been experimenting in unconventional time figures, and with Indian musical influences. That's the meaning of the album title: it is the rhythm of one of the pieces, *Upstart*. The band is much larger than normal, containing an eight-man rhythm section—four percussionists, three bassists, and the pianist. It has already produced some strikingly interesting music and is likely to produce more.

The most interesting piece the band does, to my mind, is *Thetis*, by Baltimore composer-arranger Hank Levy, who must be accounted an important new figure in jazz. *Thetis* is drawn on large lines. It is, as Ellis says, "part samba, part rock, and part jazz." And all power. It churns, roars, swings restlessly, and manages to have lyrical beauty at the same time. It is quite arresting on the record; heard in person, it will raise you out of your chair.

Producer Dick Bock has his work cut out for him in trying to capture the Ellis group on disc. But the effort will be worth it. This is a great band. G.L.

NEW YORK JAZZ: 1928-1933. Fourteen selections by Lou and His Gingersnaps, Earl Jackson's Musical Champions, Adrian Rollini's Orchestra, Carmichael's Collegians, Cliff Jackson and His Krazy Kats, The Moonlight Revelers, Connie's Inn Orchestra, and The Harlem Hot Chocolates. Historical Ⓓ 19, $4.98 (mono only).

The scramble to survive in the Depression years affected jazz just as much as it did almost every other phase of life. A musician whose instinct was to play hot usually had to do it in the context of a pop tune or he didn't play at all. So it was a reflection of the commercial stringencies of the time that led good bands such as Luis Russell's and Duke Ellington's to become involved in elementary, stock arrangements; for musicians such as Bunny Berigan, Benny Goodman, and Adrian Rollini to grind out routine tunes such as *Sweet Madness*, and for every selection to have space reserved for a banal vocalist.

What makes this collection particularly interesting is that it not only shows these bands and musicians engaged in such musical apple-peddling, but also shows them shining through all sorts of adversity.

The Ellington band (disguised as The Harlem Hot Chocolates for the cardboard Hit-of-the-Week discs that sold for fifteen cents in 1930) supports dreadful singing by Irving Mills, but *Sing You Sinners* has some fine Cootie Williams growl trumpet and *St. James Infirmary* offers a rare display of Tricky Sam Nanton playing both open and plunger muted trombone.

Adrian Rollini's orchestra (with Goodman, Berigan, Fidgy McGrath, Dick McDonough, and others) is a suave predecessor of the later smooth-but-hot style of the Goodman band. Lou and His Gingersnaps (Luis Russell) brighten plodding arrangements with eruptions from Red Allen, Charlie Holmes, and J. C. Higginbotham. There are fine undiluted pieces here too—Mills Blue Rhythm Band (Earl Jackson's Musical Champions) roars through *Futuristic Jungleism*, Fletcher Henderson's orchestra (Connie's Inn Orchestra) plays a crisp, rolling version of *Sugar Foot Stomp* led by Rex Stewart's tight, driving trumpet—and there are two wonderful examples of period (1928) hot style by Hoagy Carmichael's Collegians, one of whom, Ed Wolfe, scratches out some fascinatingly rowdy fiddle solos.

Salvaged fom such off-beat labels as Grey Gull, Crown, Banner, Perfect, and Madison in addition to Hit-of-the-Week, these are recordings that have not been easy to come by lately, and which combine good jazz with a view of the pop music temper of the times. J.S.W.

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CIRCLE 71 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

FOLK

BEEN IN THE STORM SO LONG: Spirituals and Shouts, Children's Game Songs and Folk Tales of the Sea Islands. Recorded by Guy Carawan at Johns Island, South Carolina. *Lay Down Body; Mr. Postman Die; Reborn Again;* fourteen more. Folkways Ⓓ FS 3842, $5.79 (mono only).

AFRO-HISPANIC MUSIC FROM WESTERN COLUMBIA AND ECUADOR. Recorded, edited, and notes by Norman E. Whitten. *La Presurosa; Este niño quiere; Torbellino;* fourteen more. Folkways Ⓓ FE 4376, $6.79 (mono only).

Cultural backwaters have long been a rich source for folk musicologists. Our own areas of this sort are rapidly disappearing, ironically enough, due to anti-poverty programs and improved communications. In our efforts to better the lot of our brother man, we have substituted country and western or rock-and-roll music for his own sometimes unique home-made music.

A handful of dedicated people have been collecting this music on tape, via field recordings, over the past years. Most of the work has been done by anthropologists in a rush to record this heritage before it evaporates, and often it is recorded without too much respect for its musicality.

In "Been In the Storm So Long" we have a gem. These songs, shouts, and spirituals of the Negroes on Johns Island off the coast of South Carolina were collected by Guy Carawan. Carawan is himself a talented singer-guitarist, and over a two-year period he has taped only the best, with a warm heart and sensitive ear.

In "Afro-Hispanic Music from Western Columbia and Ecuador," we have quite a different point of view in field recording. From its unwieldy title on, the scholarliness of the research intrudes itself. The liner notes abound in footnotes, some unintentionally humorous. For anyone who does not speak Spanish, and specifically the dialects in which these songs are sung, the notes are the only source of information about the music. If I had read only the notes, I would not have been interested in hearing the music. Happily, the music is there. It is by turns rapturous, humorous, and touching, possessed of a strength and simple beauty that transcend the stultifying printed matter which accompanies it.

The second set of material was collected by Norman E. Whitten, Jr., who also wrote the notes. It's a pity that Guy Carawan wasn't there. He might have told Mr. Whitten a few things about the hearts of people. T.P.

MISA FLAMENCA; MISA MOZARABE. Philips Ⓓ PCC 223 or PCCS 623. $5.79.

Philips has pioneered in recording the liturgy in various indigenous treatments, as the *Missa Luba, Missa Bantu,* and *Missa Criolla.* The present album, which I regard as the finest of this genre since the *Missa Luba,* focuses on Spain and offers two widely disparate Masses—one very old, one very new. The new one, a Mass sung and danced to classical flamenco patterns, is a natural; one wonders only why nobody did it sooner. Admittedly, the whole thing is contrived, but nonetheless it is dramatic, effective, and at times startlingly apt. And when have you ever heard a Mass sung by artists with names like *"Chocolate"* and *"El Culata"*?

The *Misa Flamenca* starts inauspiciously with tolling bells and a mixed chorus mouthing *um-um.* But before you can quite make it to the off switch at the preamp, the treacly prelude gives way to the grieving guitars that introduce the Kyrie. From that moment until the last notes of the Agnus Dei, the Mass is played out in terms of a tragedy seen through brooding gypsy eyes. Following the agonized sorrow of the Kyrie's *cante jondo,* or deep song, comes a blazing Gloria that settles into a *Malagueña,* one of the songs of Malaga that is as bright as the distilled golden sunshine of that gemlike city. The Credo opens with the staccato rhythm of a dancer's feet and climaxes in an austere, wrenchingly sad solo as an unaccompanied *cantaor* cries his faith.

The *Misa Mozarabe* on the flip side should come as an anticlimax after the emotional explosion of the flamenco Mass, but it doesn't. In fact, I came to prefer it after repeated auditions but the choice lies between one outstanding achievement and another. The *mozarabes* (from Arabic *musta'rib,* meaning one who followed Arab ways) were Christians who lived in Moorish Spain from the seventh to the fifteenth centuries. Although they guarded their Christian faith, they wore Arab garb, spoke Arabic, and bore arms under the banners of Islam. So firm, in fact, was their commitment to Arab culture that, long after Christian reconquest, the *mozarabes* of Toledo stubbornly wrote Spanish in Arabic characters. For their part, the tolerant Moors took a lively interest in the majestic *mozarabe* ritual, often attended church services, and even expressed their fascination in excellent and still extant verse.

In the end the Moors were defeated, the tolerance darkened into the horrors of the Holy Inquisition, and the *mozarabe* liturgy died. Now, however, research has made it possible to reconstruct the *mozarabe* chants and the Choir of the Seminary of Toledo and the Colegio de Infantes, acompanied by authentic,

ancient instruments, bring us a brilliant glimpse—both musical and devotional—of the distant past. The Mass, sung in Latin, is not radically dissimilar from Gregorian chant, but it possesses a kind of Iberian melancholy in addition to a profound and moving beauty.

Philips' sound is somewhat turgid, but this splendid record easily overrides its few sonic defects. O.B.B.

✱ **AMALIA RODRIGUES. Folk Songs of Portugal.** Amalia Rodrigues, vocals. Capitol ⓓ T 10438 or DT 10438, $4.79.

The voice of Amalia Rodrigues is not sweet; rather, it is edged with the same harshness that characterized Edith Piaf. Like Piaf, Rodrigues grew up in the slums and made her vocal debut on a street corner. And, like Piaf's, her voice envelops you in a musical flood of joy, sorrow, hope, despair. Amalia Rodrigues is justly famous as the finest *fadista* of our age—and perhaps of any age. But fado is not for everyone, and even the Portuguese themselves occasionally weary of its endless, neurotic grieving. This album, perhaps the finest ever released by Miss Rodrigues, enables any interested party to hear her quite literally on her home grounds, but unfettered by the unrelieved gloom of fado.

The Lisbon-born soprano has chosen a superb program of Portuguese traditional songs. For the most part they are quite old, and they convey in vivid vignettes the enormous variety and lengthy history of this tiny nation. From the Minho, in the north, comes a swinging, sunshot love song. *Tirana* (Tyrant), that evokes the autumn days of the olive harvest with its laughing girls, swirling skirts, and festive folk dances that predate Christianity. There is *Nós átras das moças*, a true medieval round with a wistful overtone uniquely Portuguese. And when you hear *Mane Chine* (Chinese Manuel), you may even recall that the Portuguese were the first Europeans to reach China by sea and that the title still applied to the Chinese governing class, mandarin, comes from the Portuguese verb for "to lead." But perhaps the loveliest song of this lovely recording is *Lá vai Serpa, lá vai moura* (There Goes Serpa, There Goes the Moorish Girl)—a stately, sinuous melody with a hint of flamenco that harks back to the distant past when the Moors ruled the southern provinces of Alentejo and Algarve.

Amalia sings magnificently, and these facets of her homeland refract with lyric perfection through the prism of her voice. Warmly recommended. O.B.B.

THEATRE & FILM

JOHN BARRY: Conducts his Greatest Movie Hits. Orchestra. John Barry, composer and cond. *The Girl with the Sun in Her Hair; Goldfinger; Born Free;* nine more. Columbia Ⓓ CL 2708 or CS 9508, $4.79.

Of all the people who have come to film scoring from pop music, the thirty-three-year-old Englishman John Barry (he used to have a rhythm-and-blues group) is just about the most successful, at least at the present. He seems to be mistrusted by his colleagues on both sides of the Atlantic: I've yet to hear another film composer speak well of him. This, of course, may indicate resentment—jealousy is as common among movie scorers as it is among actors.

After trying for a long time to find out exactly what it is they don't like about his music, I've given up. I *do* like it—like it very much, in fact. Barry is one of the most distinctive melodists around. The theme from *You Only Live Twice*, for one, is absolutely exquisite.

Despite the album's title, not all the material is by Barry. *From Russia with Love* is by Lionel Bart. And the James Bond theme, which is usually attributed to Barry, isn't his work. That's to his greater credit—it's a heavy-handed satire in the manner of early Mancini, and successful only in the commercial sense. Why were these two tunes included? To fill out the album? Surely not: one of Barry's best things, the theme from *The Knack*, is omitted. Silly. And puzzling.

Despite these oddities of programming, the disc is a good representation of Barry's abilities. He can set a sinister mood as well as anyone in the business—witness the theme from *Dutchman*, which is genuinely agitating. Then he wrote that charming waltz for *The Wrong Box*, with its nostalgic period flavor. *The Whisperers* is a duet between harpsichord and piano. *Born Free* is inevitably included: I don't think it's one of Barry's best pieces, its success notwithstanding.

The scoring is as interesting as the melodic material. This is a succinct compendium of a talented man's work.

G.L.

TWO FOR THE ROAD. Music from the film score; Henry Mancini, composer and cond. RCA Victor Ⓓ LPM 3802 or LSP 3802, $4.79.

A few years ago I worked with Mr. Mancini, typing the manuscript for his book on orchestration, *Sounds and Scores*. Ar-

riving each day with a neat stack of score paper and penciled notes to himself, he dictated the book nearly as a whole, within about two weeks—evidence of a rich and organized mind. The book, which includes 45-rpm recordings of his music, has since been in demand among arrangers, both beginners and professionals. Library copies, particularly in universities, are hard to come by.

A disc jockey recently remarked, "I like Mancini, but all his music sounds the same to me." Perhaps the Thomaskirche parishioners in Leipzig made similar remarks about Bach's music Sunday after Sunday. What the disc jockey mistook for sameness is something far more rare: high quality produced with astounding consistency. Mancini always sounds like Mancini. Formed and honed many years ago (he started young), his is a dependable talent, never off its track.

Mancini was ready when his chance came. He was not the first to employ jazz influences in film scores. Alex North had more than hinted at jazz in his brilliant score for *Streetcar Named Desire*. But while other Hollywood composers complained about being restricted in their use of jazz, Mancini, an ex-big band arranger, wrote the *Peter Gunn* TV series music, leaning heavily on jazz devices and jazz musicians. The result was so appealing and forceful that the doors were opened for other writers.

Within Mancini's consistency is enormous breadth of style and flavor, not to mention humor. With the possible exception of Billy May, no one in Hollywood writes funnier music than Mancini. In *Two for the Road*, he has written a hearts-and-flowers piece complete with swooning violin, dryly titled *Din-Din Music*. The title theme is one more lovely Mancini ballad (though Leslie Bricusse's lyric is drab).

This is not Mancini's all-time best music, but it's fine and full—and worthy of the attention of all except those who have not bothered to notice the profound musical importance of popular arranging. Be the first on your block to consider the gigantic talent of Henry Mancini. One day he'll be studied in schools. M.A.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN. Bob Hinnant, Reva Rose, Karen Johnson, Bob Balaban, Skip Hinnant, and Garry Burghoff, vocals; two pianos and rhythm section. M-G-M ⓓ IE 9 OC or SIE 9 OC, $5.79.

Here is one of those original cast albums in which enjoyment is dependent on having seen the show. Based on the comic strip *Peanuts*, this miniature musical is an off-Broadway smash. It received rave reviews from the New York critics. More significantly, *people* who have seen it seem to be unanimous in saying that it's a delight.

But as an album alone, it's bare. The songs are all humorous; thus their purpose is extramusical. And out of context, they don't provoke more than a smile, if that. I daresay the more ardent *Peanuts* fans will find undertones of meaning in it. For myself, I want to see the show. G.L.

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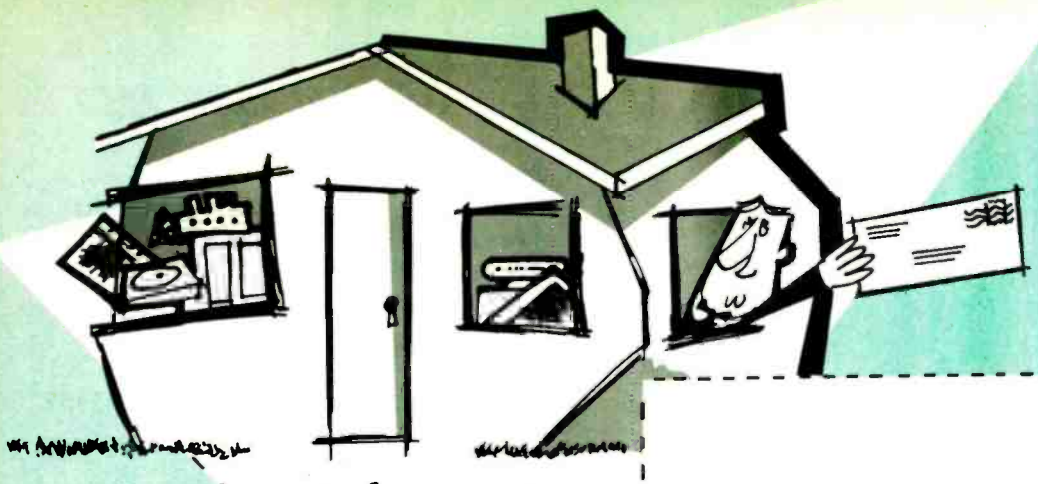

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