

# Stereo Review

OCTOBER 1974 • 75 CENTS

## RECORD MAKING: THE PRICE/QUALITY SQUEEZE



Hermetically sealed microcircuits,  
FET circuitry  
2.0  $\mu$ v FM sensitivity  
Solid-state ceramic FM IF filters

Front panel switching of  
4-channel decoder [doubles as  
second tape monitor]  
Built-in Dynaquad 4-channel  
matrix circuit

Front Panel switching of  
4-channel decoder [doubles as  
second tape monitor]  
Built-in Dynaquad 4-channel  
matrix circuit

### S-7210

RMS Power: 31 + 31 watts  
[8 chms] @ 1 KHz

Solid-state ceramic FM IF filters  
Hermetically sealed microcircuits  
& field effect transistors

1.9  $\mu$ v FM sensitivity [IHF]

### S-7310

RMS Power: 43 + 43 watts  
[8 chms] @ 1 KHz

Solid-State ceramic FM IF filters  
Hermetically sealed microcircuits  
& field effect transistors

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Chicago, Illinois 60618

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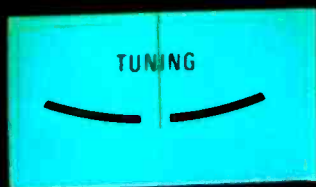
Front panel four-channel  
provision [doubles as second  
tape monitor]

Ceramic FM IF Filtering; FET's,  
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Built-in Dynaquad 4-channel  
matrix circuit

SHERWOOD | S-7900A STEREO/DYNAQUAD



STEREO

FM 88 90 92 94  
AM 55 60 70

STEREO  
LEFT REV  
RIGHT MONO

MODE

FM AM  
PH AUX

SELECTOR

BASS  
2 0 2  
4 4  
6 6  
8 8  
10 10

TONE

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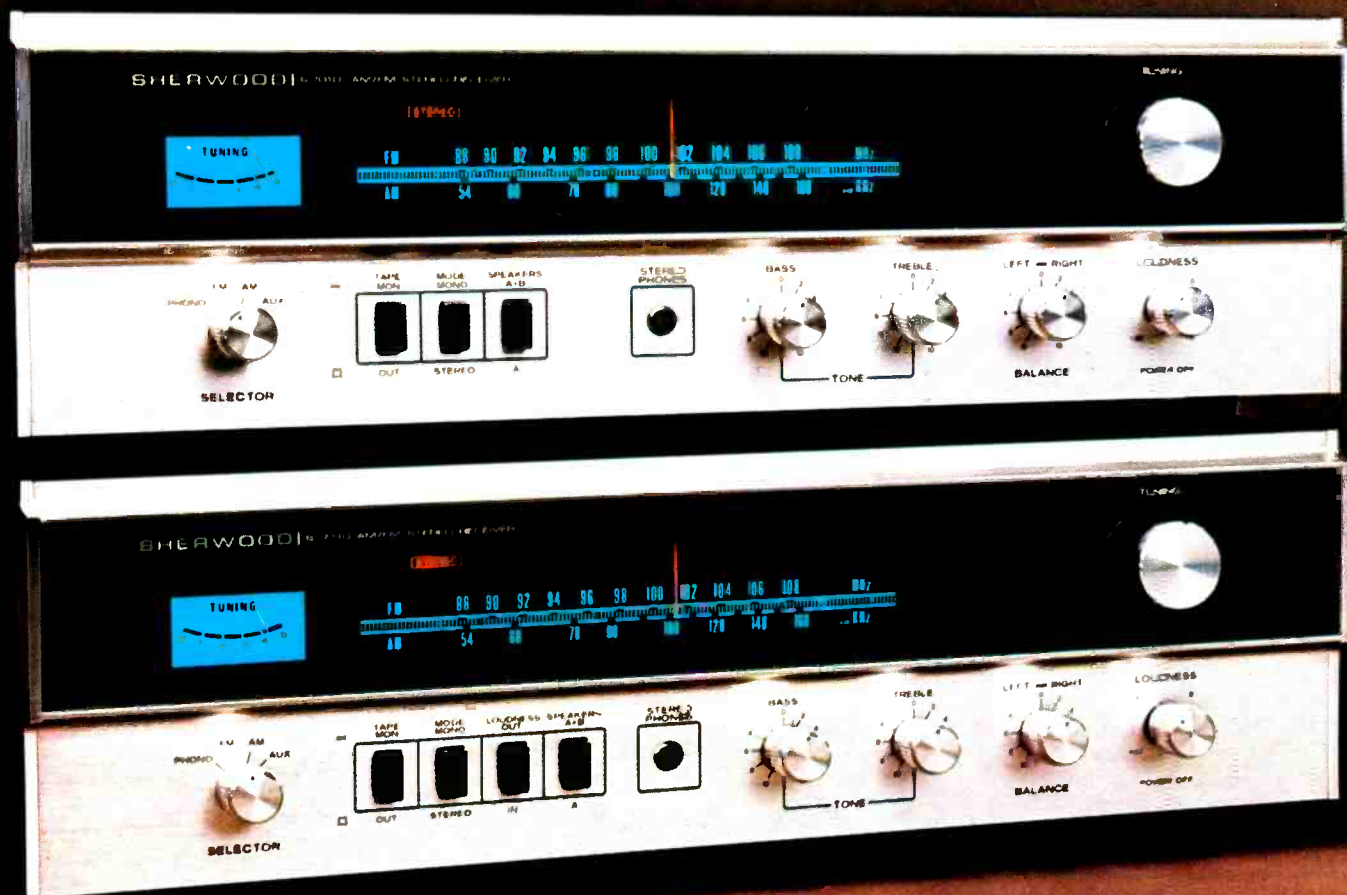
After all, you shouldn't have to sacrifice quality, just because you require a little less than the state-of-the-art.

## S-7010

RMS Power: 10 + 10 watts  
[8 ohms] @ 1 KHz  
Direct Coupled Amplifier  
2.8 uv FM Sensitivity [IHF]  
FET Front End

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RMS Power: 20 + 20 watts  
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Direct-coupled amplifier yields  
power bandwidth of 9-50 KHz



EVER

**TUNING**      **LOUDNESS**

98 100 102 104 106 108 MHz  
100 120 140 160 x10 KHz

20 0  
80 8  
POWER OFF

**LEFT - RIGHT**  
2 0 2  
4 4  
6 6  
8 8  
10 10  
**BALANCE**

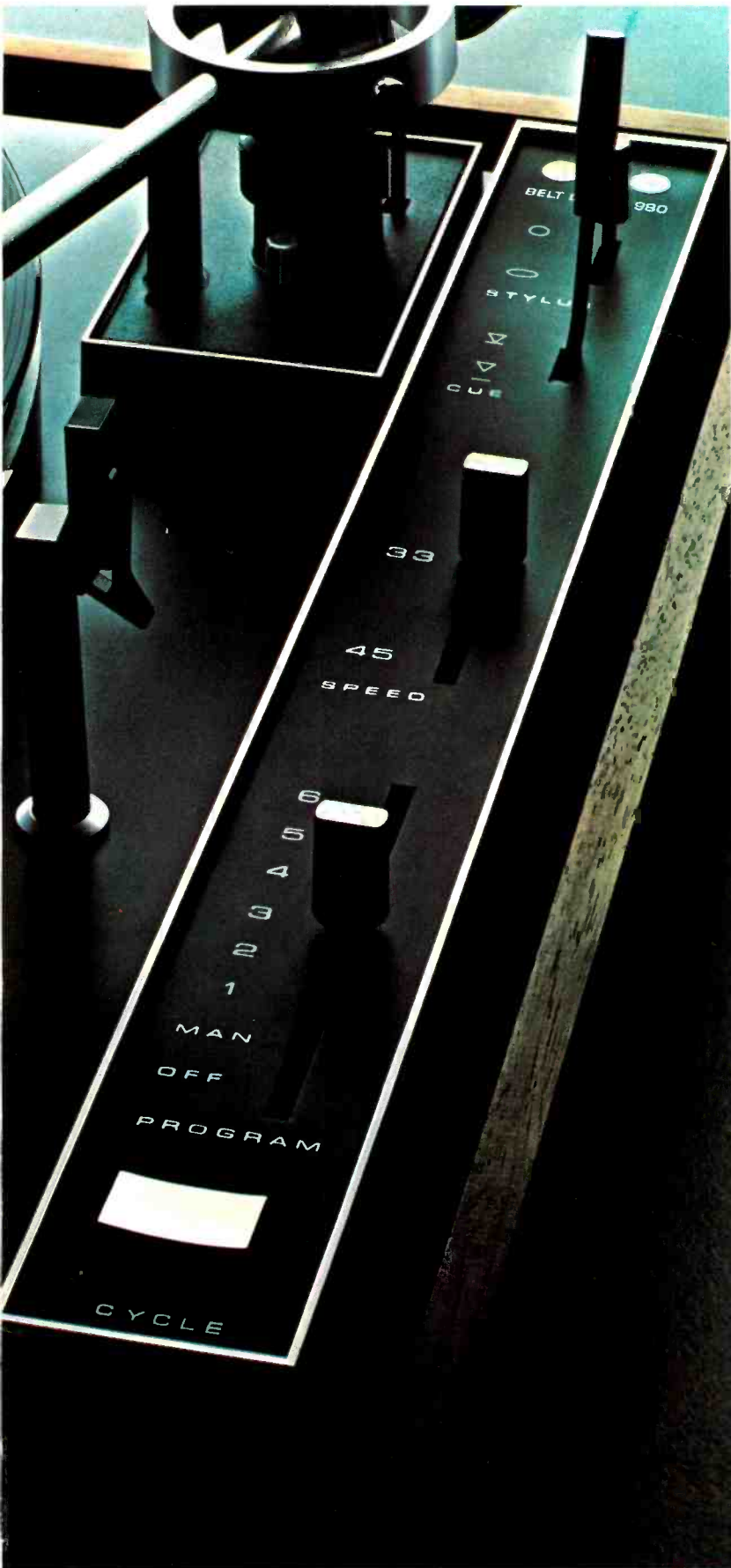
**TAPE DUBBING**      **STEREO PHONES**

**4-CH ADAPTER**      **TAPE MONTR**      **HIGH FILTER**      **FM HUSH**      **LOUD OFF**      **MAIN (FRONT)**      **REMOTE (REAR)**

**NORM**      **NORM**      **FLAT**      **OFF**      **ON**      **SPEAKERS (DYNAQUAD)**

**IN**      **OUT**

# THIS IS A PROGRAM PANEL. WITH IT YOU CAN MAKE B·I·C™ PROGRAMMED TURNTABLES DO THINGS NO TURNTABLE HAS EVER DONE BEFORE.



The B·I·C 980 and 960, like many fine turntables, use a belt drive system.

What's unusual, however, is that B·I·C turntables can be programmed to play a single side as many as 6 times... or to play as many as 6 records in series. 'Til now, no belt-drive turntable has been able to do that.

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The program lever (second from the bottom in the picture at left) gives you 22 possible ways to play your records in manual and automatic modes.

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This program system is news all by itself. But it's far from the whole story.

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This is the 980 with solid state speed control and strobe. About \$200.

The 960 is identical except for these two features.

About \$150.



# Stereo Review

OCTOBER 1974 • VOLUME 33 • NUMBER 4

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COVER: Design by Borys Patchowsky; photo by Bruce Pendleton



# The new Fisher 634 is the best receiver

## Stereo or 4-Channel.

It may seem strange to show our impressive new top-of-the-line receiver half in color and half in black-and-white. But we think you'll be quite impressed if you take a good look at *either* side of the photograph.

Which is our way of pointing out that whether you use the 634 in a basic "black-and-white" stereo system or an elaborate "full-color" 4-channel system, it's still the best receiver you can own.

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The 634 puts out 40 watts RMS per channel in the 4-channel mode. And a special power-boosting "strapping" technique gives you *90 watts* RMS per channel in stereo — more than some of the most highly-touted stereo-only receivers, and enough to handle even very inefficient speakers in very large rooms.

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# Stereo Review

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## EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

By WILLIAM ANDERSON



### COMPARISONS ARE INSTRUCTIVE

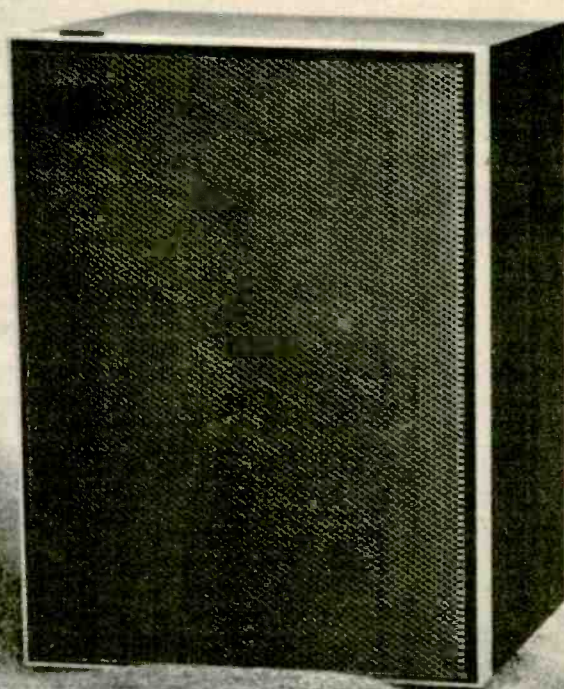
If anyone ever asks me, years from now, where I was the night former President Nixon hit the road, I will have a ready answer: I was present at another historic occasion, Spanish pianist Alicia de Larrocha's only solo appearance in the 1974 season's Mostly Mozart concert series. I will remember the event partly because the management of New York's Avery Fisher Hall sensibly played the President's resignation speech for the derisively ahistorical audience over the public-address system during intermission (apt timing!), but mostly because it was one of those faultlessly rare and perfectly incandescent musical evenings that deserve to be called historic. There is history *and* history, of course, and there is no reason, other than the coincidence of chronology and technology, why these two occurrences should even *seem* to be in competition, but there is no doubt in my mind which made the greater impression on me.

As befits the "mostly Mozart" theme of the series, Miss De Larrocha lifted the audience boldly and peremptorily into the empyrean at once with two of that composer's sonatas (K. 330, K. 311), and surprisingly raised us even further with Schubert's enormous and enormously difficult B-flat Sonata in the second half, completely wiping out, for the music's duration at least, any memory of the intermission—surely a tough act to follow. Since we could scarcely be set loose on the streets in that elevated condition, we were brought back to earth with three encores drawn from a less exalted repertoire: two Spanish dances by Granados plus the Falla *Ritual Fire-Dance*.

There is a remarkable difference in demeanor between Miss De Larrocha and her audiences, she straightforward and businesslike, a crack typist going about her chores with a coolly dignified efficiency, they quite beside themselves with unbuttoned enthusiasm. But she refuses to be impressed with herself, a most endearing trait in any great artist. And that is why standing ovations are the rule at De Larrocha concerts, an almost palpable surge of love and gratitude welling up out of the orchestra and spilling onto the stage in great billowing combers.

It is just that sense of heightened musical and emotional awareness, certainly, that makes the "live" concert experience so peculiarly memorable and so different from listening to recorded music. There are other differences too, both historical (a live performance is unique and unrepeatable) and practical (the dynamic range—in the present case, the Schubert—often defies adequate recording and/or reproduction). But recordings have their intense pleasures, their unique satisfactions as well, principal among them being that very repeatability the "historical" live performance denies us, a boon which brings with it the opportunity to make some revealing and instructive comparisons. For ready (and apropos) example, I have been listening of late to two recent recordings—Jorge Bolet's Carnegie Hall recital (reviewed last month) and Alicia de Larrocha's "Mostly Mozart" album (reviewed in this issue). Both contain performances of that stupendous piece of musical wonder, the Bach-Busoni *Chaconne*. Both are serenely beautiful, intelligently probing, greatly moving—and quite, quite different. Miss De Larrocha's approach is passionately Dionysian, and she finds in the work (as she does everywhere, even in the Schubert sonata mentioned above) the vital dance element, humidly Mediterranean, that lies beyond Bach in the chaconne's dim prehistory. Jorge Bolet, however, without sacrificing an iota of the piece's awful cosmological grandeur, is cooler, drier, aristocratic, and gracefully Apollonian—returning, perhaps, to Bach's great violin original. And what of Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, who plays the *Chaconne*, as he does everything else, with the stately finality of a Man from Mars, as if no other interpretations existed? Who is right? Why, everybody! The *Chaconne* is an infinitely faceted jewel with a new aspect for every light, and the variety of its reflections is inexhaustible. It would take us many a season to discover this for ourselves if all we had to rely on were rare live performances and fickle memory.

# MEET DAVID



## The Philips Motional Feedback™ System. It challenges the giants.

Don't be bullied into believing that size alone means quality. The Philips Motional Feedback System is only 11½ x 15 x 8½ inches small. Yet it stands up to speakers many more times its size.

The reason is a piezo electric transducer in the apex of the woofer. This enables the Philips unit to literally "listen" to itself...and electronically correct any distortion. You've got to hear it to believe it.

But the piezo electric "sensor" is only part of the story. There's also a 3-way speaker system (woofer, mid-range and tweeter); electronic and passive crossover networks. Plus integral bi-amplification...A 20 watt amp to

drive the tweeter and mid-range; Another 40 watt amp for the woofer...A total of 60 watts of continuous sine wave power.

The result is a powerful, high performance sound system in a walnut finished 0.764 cubic foot cabinet. At better audio dealers now. The size will speak for itself.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Electronic Debussy

● It is unfortunate that a critic of James Goodfriend's stature should pan Isao Tomita's new electronic Debussy album (August), but it was entirely predictable that he would do so. Mr. Goodfriend and his cohorts have consistently demonstrated their inability to judge a recorded work on its own merits, without resorting to comparisons right and left to the "original version" or the "definitive version." It would seem impossible for many a critic to listen to the electronic *Arabesque* without compulsively thinking of the piano version of the same piece—an unquestionably beautiful original version. And yet Mr. Tomita takes Debussy one step further—not better or worse, not on a different plane, but on the same level, and simply with different musical sensibilities.

Why is Debussy any worse merely because he is not played on the original instrument? Apparently to Mr. Goodfriend, the synthesizer, with all its attendant electronic servants, represents an encroachment upon the obvious musical purity of the piano or the symphony orchestra. Would he have been so eager to criticize Dame Myra Hess' transcription of *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* from Bach's "popular" Cantata 147? Dame Hess transcribed it for an instrument Bach never saw, probably never imagined, and totally changed the setting from its previous cantata stature. Nowadays, how many people listen to the cantata? But Mr. Goodfriend would not dare pan the good Dame Hess' work, because it has been universally accepted among even the musical cognoscenti (a group of which Mr. Goodfriend desperately hopes he is a member). Until the nature of such reviews changes, they will stand as classic examples of closed-mindedness.

DAVID FIRESTONE  
Kansas City, Mo.

*Mr. Goodfriend sadly replies: I hate it when people insist on making sitting ducks of themselves. But since the shot is obviously being demanded, okay. Let's begin by straightening out facts. First, it's "Dame Myra," not "Dame Hess." Second, Bach not only imagined a piano, he saw a piano, played on a piano, and very probably wrote music for the piano (see, for easily accessible example, Charles Rosen's notes for his recordings of The Art of Fugue, Goldberg Variations, and*

*Musical Offering, Odyssey 32360020). Third, nowadays, many people listen to Bach's Cantata 147, for there are at least four currently available recordings of it and live performances crop up all over. At the time Dame Myra Hess transcribed Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring, not many people did listen to the cantata because there were no recordings of it then and live performances were probably rare.*

*But there is something else about Dame Myra's transcription, apart from its contemporary functionality, that distinguishes it, and many other fine transcriptions, from Mr. Tomita's unnecessary transmogrifications: it is tasteful. I should not be required to forget every Debussy performance I have heard in order to properly evaluate Mr. Tomita's, but even if I could or would, what I hear from "Snowflakes Are Dancing" (even the title is a misnomer; Debussy's title was The Snow Is Dancing) is not merely tasteless in comparison with something else, but intrinsically tasteless.*

*The problem with all apologists for the Moog with whom I have so far come in contact is that they assume the instrument itself automatically assures the quality and importance of whatever is played upon it. It does not (see "The Simels Report" this month); it is merely another instrument, and its potentialities are only potentialities. Thus far I have heard no one exploit those potentialities to produce anything that is either of quality itself or preferable in any respect to the same music on another instrument. There may yet be such music, but there isn't now, and "Snowflakes" certainly is not it.*

### Met Mail

● The suggestion of your Canadian reader ("Editorially Speaking," August) that the Met tour these United States by doing a year in each major city is particularly amusing to me, for in the public relations aspect of my job as the Met's advertising coordinator it usually falls to me to answer letters that begin: "I have this great idea that will save the Met. . . ." Half of them are in the crackpot category (use piano instead of orchestra, do three shows a day, fill up the aisles with more seats), and half are somewhat sensible, though almost always unworkable for reasons I carefully explain. Sometimes I think all this mail is just a bother, but I force myself to remember

that these people wouldn't be writing if they didn't care deeply about the Met. At any rate, each and every one is answered—that is, unless I get latched onto by a genuine crazy like the man who writes me obscene letters because we don't do some obscure Gluck opera with Beverly Sills. Maybe I'll sick him on STEREO REVIEW—he even accuses me of being in conspiracy with the record industry that refuses to record this same opera!

PATRICK L. VEITCH  
Metropolitan Opera  
New York, N.Y.

### Still Waiting for the Seventies

● Steve Simels showed remarkable insight in his description of Seventies rock ("Waiting for the Seventies," August). Although a few groups have shown technical and theoretical advances since the Sixties, they remain few and far between. The exploratory thrusts of Emerson, Lake & Palmer (thanks to the genius of Keith Emerson) and of Uriah Heep are among the few recent works introducing any effective advances in the world of rock today. The inability of present rock to advance without falling back on the past reflects also the unwillingness of audiences to voice a desire for totally new concepts. To encourage the new and unique requires the flexibility found in the Sixties, not the apathy of the Seventies. The Seventies will arrive. But when?

J. DAVIS  
Frewsburg, N.Y.

● As if I weren't already worse than depressed by rock-and-roll's current sad state, I had to go and read Steve Simels' August column, which was no help at all. I, for one, am getting sick and tired of Waiting for the Seventies. I'm twenty-two, after all, and the way things are going, I'll be too old and senile to know or care if, when, or whether anything new finally comes along. Oh well, all things considered I guess we've had a pretty fair fifteen or twenty years, so I shouldn't complain. But if, God forbid, rock-and-roll really is as near death as it seems these days, I do wish someone would end its misery (and mine) and give it a decent burial.

LINDA FREDERICK  
Lebanon, Ohio

### Four-eyes

● In reference to Elliott Gorlin's August letter about renaming STEREO REVIEW "when the world goes quad," I have another suggestion. Since many a conversion to quad does not mean scrapping an entire stereo system but, rather, the *adding-on* of the back channels, an interim solution would be to send *two* copies of each issue to every subscriber! But, doubtless, you will find something wrong with that too.

E. D. HOAGLAN  
Omaha, Neb.

*Hmm. . . might be the answer for those who complain that they whiz right through each issue from cover to cover in one sitting.*

### The Original Candide

● I believe that the original recording of *Candide* is one of the first examples of real stereo, not "artificially induced stereo" as Paul Kresh stated in his otherwise splendid review of the two *Candides* (August). Also, it should be noted that the producer of the new *Candide* (and of Columbia's best shows of late),  
(Continued on page 10)



# The Nakamichi Revolution

An extravagant statement? Not at all. For the Nakamichi 700 Tri-Tracer cassette system is so completely different from anything that has gone before that it truly represents a quantum jump in cassette technology.

A brilliantly engineered instrument, the Nakamichi 700 is an extraordinary blend of electronic and mechanical sophistication.

To cite a few innovative examples, three separate heads—erase, record, playback—afford off the tape monitoring, but more importantly, extend flat frequency response to beyond 20,000 Hz. A closed-loop dual capstan system employs a servo-controlled d.c. motor to maintain rock-steady, constant speed and a second motor takes over in fast forward and rewind. IC logic and feather-touch solenoids control all tape functions. A built-in record head azimuth-alignment beacon insures perfect recordings every time.

But enough. An extended technical description goes far beyond the scope of this ad.

Far more persuasive, we think, are these comments from a Hirsch-Houck Laboratories Test Report that appeared in the December 1973 issue of Stereo Review.

"As our test data indicate, the Nakamichi 700 is an extraordinary cassette recorder... With Nakamichi CrO<sub>2</sub> tape, the performance was... an almost incredible  $\pm 1.5$  dB from 46 to 22,500 Hz... The noise level, referred to the 3 per cent distortion level, was very low... -57 dB without Dolby and -62.5 dB with Dolby."

They go on to say, "We could not measure the 700's combined wow and flutter because it was below the residual level of our test tape."

Summing up, the Report declares, "... we would rank it (the Nakamichi 700) as the best cassette recorder we've tested and one of the best tape recorders of any type we have ever used."

See and hear the Nakamichi 700 and the companion Model 1000 at your dealer now. Then go out and start your own little revolution.

For complete information and the name of your nearest dealer write: Nakamichi Research (U.S.A.), Inc., 220 Westbury Avenue, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514. In California: 1101 Colorado Avenue, Santa Monica 90404.



PERFECTION THROUGH PRECISION.

NAKAMICHI

Thomas Z. Shepard, has left Columbia for RCA. Let us hope that not only will Columbia keep recording shows, but that RCA will now record them as well.

ROGER GRODSKY  
Madison, Wis.

● There was indeed a real stereo issue of the original recording of *Candide* (August). In fact, if you listen to that stereo recording, you will find minor differences from the mono issue. They were obviously different "takes" in the still experimental stereo sound of the mid-Fifties, and slightly more words of spoken dialogue were included. The performances are virtually identical, of course—a tribute to the professional dependability of the talented cast.

EDWARD BUXBAUM  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

### Reincarnations

● I had planned to get the "new" Westminster recording of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq d'Or* until I read Eric Salzman's review in your August issue. I then realized that I already had it under the guise of MK 222-C. I suppose this again illustrates, if any reminder were needed, the caution one must exercise in dealing with the many reincarnations of Russian material.

Mr. Salzman is puzzled over the fact that two conductors are listed, but from the information given with the MK recording it seems that Kovalyov is in charge of the chorus, and Akulov the orchestra. It may also be of some interest to know that the conductor of the excerpts from *The Tale of the Invisible City of Kitezh* and the *Maiden Fevronia* (whose plot has been described as a cross between *Parsifal* and *Brigadoon*) is Svetlanov.

GREGG PRIVETTE  
Florence, S.C.

● Richard Freed's August review of the new Leopold Stokowski/New Philharmonia *New World* Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra recording of that same symphony is incorrect (as are the album liner notes) in stating that "Outline of Themes" is spoken and played on the piano by Leopold Stokowski in this recording. It was spoken by Leopold Stokowski, but it was played on the piano by Artur Rodzinski. The recording was made on October 6, 1927. On that same day the two artists also recorded the discussion of themes for the Franck Symphony in D.

In this same review Mr. Freed misinterprets the Edward Johnson notes when he states "but it was the first of the five that have been released to the public." In actual fact the 1925 early electrical recording was released in mid-1926 on records 6565-6569 without an album number. Then, when Stokowski re-recorded the symphony in 1927, Victor for some unknown reason used these same numbers, but put them in Album 1 of the new Musical Masterpiece series. That early 1925 recording is of great interest and reflects the vast differences which occurred in the recording art in just two years.

ROBERT L. GATEWOOD  
Warren, Ark.

### Exceptions to "Philadelphia Rule"

● In his recent article on the Asian travels of Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (July), Roy Hemming incorrectly observes that following "1936 all but one of Ormandy's recordings have been with the

Philadelphians." I assume that the exception to Ormandy's "Philadelphia Rule" that Hemming has in mind is the *New World* Symphony recording on Columbia—a disc that features Ormandy conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. However, there is also the recently reissued performance of Strauss' *Die Fledermaus* on the market. In the Strauss work Ormandy conducts the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera. Further, rumor has it that the unnamed conductor in the Prades Festival recording of the Schumann Cello Concerto with Pablo Casals as soloist (on *Odyssey*) is none other than Maestro Ormandy.

BRUCE ADAMS  
Lawrence, Kan.

*Mr. Hemming replies: The exception I was referring to—based on Mr. Ormandy's answer to an interview question—was indeed the Dvořák New World, recorded with the London Symphony Orchestra. In response to*



*Mr. Adams' query, however, Mr. Ormandy commented: "Mr. Adams is quite right. At the interview I was just thinking of my large-scale orchestral sessions. I did the Fledermaus as a special favor for Rudolf Bing, to show my admiration and respect for him and the Met. The Schumann recording I did at the request of Pablo Casals with great happiness and respect for the artist. The recording was made in a church in Perpignan, France. I had unfortunately forgotten about these recordings during the interview." [Mr. Ormandy has perhaps also forgotten certain recordings of rather evanescent repertoire he made for Columbia with a "salon orchestra" long ago, apparently prior to his recordings with the Minneapolis Symphony. — Mus. Ed.]*

### Small-town Bands

● I enjoyed Robert Offergeld's nostalgic review of the "Jack Daniel's Original Silver Cornet Band" in the August issue. However, I feel that some misinformation crept into his comments pertaining to the band itself. Although the band's instrumentation may well contain three cornets, two altos, a tenor, a baritone, and a helicon, it also contains one hell of a piccolo player and at least one very fine mallet-playing percussionist, as evidenced by the xylophone and bell playing on most of the selections. Finally, Mr. McRitchie's arrangements are by no means representative of the type of music performed on small-town bandstands early in this century. No self-respecting silver cornet player even owned (much less used) a mute, and several of the selections on this recording uti-

lize muted brass extensively. Also, at least one tune, *The Tennessee Waltz*, was written almost a half century after the demise of the town band.

There is often a disagreement between musicologists and performers concerning whether or not a particular work should be done "authentically" or made to sound "well," and I don't mean to get involved in that issue. Rather, I would compliment the Jack Daniels firm for underwriting and issuing a 1974 version of the town band. For those interested in hearing authentic band literature from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries performed on historic instruments by amateur players, fluffs and all, I would recommend an album entitled "The Golden Age of Bands," directed by Professor Arne Larson and available from him at the University of South Dakota. What is a concert in the park without such chestnuts as *American Patrol*?

CHARLES WINKING  
Quincy, Ill.

*Is not Mr. Winking's report of the "demise" of the town band somewhat exaggerated?*

### Vienna Orchestras

● David Hall's review of the Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 3 (August) is in error. The performance is by the Vienna Symphony, not the Vienna Philharmonic. Lorin Maazel's recording on London is with the latter orchestra. Thus the two versions are by different orchestras and not by the same one as stated by Mr. Hall. Incidentally, the Vienna Symphony is the organization fortunate enough to have Carlo Maria Giulini as its recently appointed music director.

EDWARD D. WLADAS  
Chicago, Ill.

### Younger Bing

● In "Bing Crosby: The Man Who Invented American Popular Singing" (August), Joel Vance did not mention the RCA album "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams" (LPV-584). These Crosby recordings also date from 1928-1932. Here Crosby teams up with Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra and Gus Arnheim and His Cocoanut Grove Orchestra. The recordings are good mono. An older Columbia release, "Bing Crosby in Hollywood, 1930-1934," is another "early" Crosby set.

WARREN D. FIGUEIREDO  
Baton Rouge, La.

● At the risk of being the five-hundredth person to tell you, Columbia's "The Bing Crosby Story," reviewed in August, is a reissue of Epic E2E 201. I bought my copy in early 1968, if memory serves. Also, if memory serves, the price was considerably less than the \$11.96 which Columbia is now asking for the set. I hope this somewhat astronomical price for a reissue is not a sign of things to come at Columbia.

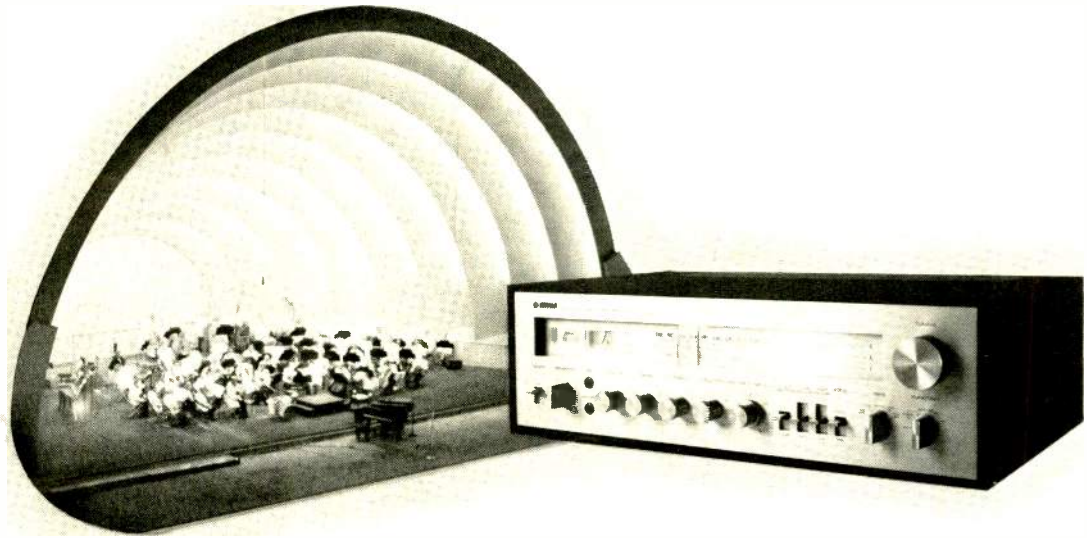
CHARLES J. HOWIE  
Kingston, N.J.

*It's OK, Charles; you're only the 499th.*

### Dangerously Loud

● In his August letter, Geoffrey Prankus warned about the dangers to good hearing from listening to very loud music. The editorial comment was that the jury is still out and that perhaps we will know the answer in a couple of decades.

(Continued on page 12)



## BEFORE WE MADE THE NEW YAMAHA RECEIVER, WE MADE THE ORCHESTRA.

The new Yamaha receiver and other stereo components emerged from a unique eighty-year involvement in music and sound.

Years ago Yamaha established new standards in wind instrument precision, piano sound, guitar craftsmanship, organ electronic technology.

Our engineers didn't just sit down and create those standards—they evolved them, and the same is true in their latest audio achievements.

To reach their goal of maximum truthful reproduction, they had Yamaha's three-quarters of a century sound experience to draw from.

And they developed new technology to match and exceed the kind of quality performance (low distortion) usually found on "separates" at the highest price levels.

### A New Engineering.

They developed a new kind of engineering philosophy, too.

Because they conceived this quality standard not for just the highest priced Yamaha components, but for the whole line!

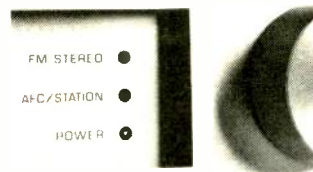
The result is low distortion performance, typically

at .08%, available to receiver and amplifier buyers in all competitive price ranges.

Compare the specs on the new Yamaha components to any of their competition.

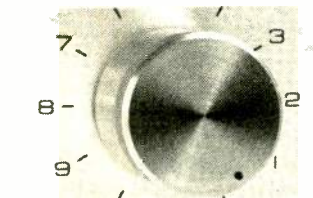
But don't stop there—compare them to your idea of an ultimate component selling for any price.

We're confident of the outcome.



### The Powerful Truth.

The new Yamaha CR-800 receiver, for example, packs a powerful 45 watts per channel RMS (both channels driven, 8 ohms, 20-20 kHz) to give you the full force of a big crescendo, or full audibility of a delicate piccolo solo.

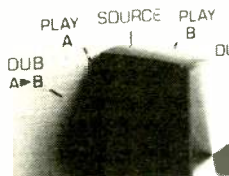


### Sophisticated Tuner.

The CR-800's FM tuner section is the first to utilize negative feedback around the multiplex demodulator. This achieves superb separation (45 dB) and reduces MPX distortion to 0.05%.

And Yamaha Auto Touch tuning allows the electronics to fine tune the station for minimum distortion (and keeps it there).

A ten-position stepped loudness control takes speaker efficiency, room acoustics, and other factors into consideration, to give you the tonal balance of lows, middles, and highs you like at all volume levels.



### Multiples and Mixes.

For the multiple tape deck owner, the 800 has a five-position tape monitor selector to easily control two stereo tape record/playback circuits for recording on one or both decks simultaneously, for copying from one recorder to another, or for reproducing or monitoring on either.

Other features include a

separate microphone pre-amp and volume control, a two-position low filter (20 Hz-70 Hz) and a two-position high filter (8 kHz-blend). And L E D's for critical indications.



### Homemade Philosophy.

The 800 fully incorporates all the years of electronics technology, metal working, machining and wood working pioneered by Yamaha in the music field.

Most of the various parts of Yamaha stereo equipment are made by Yamaha, in our own facilities, for stronger quality control.

And like Yamaha music products, Yamaha components are covered by an unusually long warranty—5 year parts, 3 year labor—and a national service and dealer network.

Audition the Yamaha CR-800, and all our new components, at your nearby Yamaha dealer.



I would like to testify to an example of what we have to look forward to in a couple of decades or less. My hearing deficiency was caused by the loud noises I experienced thirty years ago while flying in military aircraft during World War II. It did not take long for the symptoms to develop, and I have had to live with them for many years. One reason why there may be some confusion about the effect is that there is only a partial loss of hearing. This is known as "the notch," so that while I have full hearing at the lower frequencies, I have lost more than 75 per cent of my sensitivity at 3,500 Hz. The result is that I often have trouble understanding conversations, and some passages of music are quite inaudible.

The problem with loud music is real. It has

gotten to the point where all popular music must be amplified, even in a small room. My wife, who is a nurse in a junior high school, has commented on the large percentage of children with hearing problems. Your comment didn't help.

LOUIS H. PETERSON  
Woodbridge, N.J.

*The Editor replies: There are a lot of loose ends here. Is rock music really as loud as the racket that deafened Mr. Peterson in the war? Granted that his wife encounters many youngsters with hearing problems, can they all be traced to loud rock music? Have the percentages actually changed over, say, the last decade, or are the measurements simply more accurate, the testing more comprehen-*

*sive? Isn't the general noise level of our technological civilization higher these days? Could that be a strong contributor? And are these hearing difficulties, whether from rock or other sources, permanent? A definitive scientific study, under carefully controlled conditions, might answer these questions once and for all, but it is not likely to have any great effect on those who regard their ears and their hearing as their own business. Smokers will smoke, drinkers drink, and rockers rock, I'm afraid. If we were to embark on a Noble Legislative Experiment called "Decibel Prohibition," however, sound addicts would at the very least have trouble keeping their transgressions against tranquility a secret!*

#### Lightfoot's Magic

● We appreciated Noel Coppage's article on Gordon Lightfoot (August), and we agree that to really appreciate Mr. Lightfoot's talents one must see him in concert. On stage, the instruments and his voice create a spell of unsurpassed magic: never resorting to gimmicks, he always gives a superb performance. To call Lightfoot a musician's musician, a writer's writer, and a singer's singer would be an understatement.

BOB, MARLYS, AND SUSAN LANDEEN  
Paramount, Calif.

#### Ruth Etting's Admirers

● Please relieve a curiosity that has itched away at me for some time, but really became inflamed when I read Peter Reilly's review of Ruth Etting's "Hello, Baby" (July). Was the late Cass Elliot the "superstar" devotee of Ruth Etting that Mr. Reilly referred to in his review? As an ardent admirer of both ladies' singing, I've often wondered if Cass Elliot knew of or was influenced by Ruth Etting.

WINFORD S. DANIELS  
Washington, D.C.

*Mr. Reilly replies: Itch no more. It was Barbra Streisand that I meant. The specific album was the re-release on Columbia, issued to cash in on the success of Love Me or Leave Me, of Etting's classic performances. Streisand, with her unerring (and basically conservative) instincts, realized that Etting was part of the best of the past and so reworked the singer's sound to suit her own temperament.*

#### Carpentry

● I am writing in response to two August letters about Peter Reilly's great June review of the Carpenters. It's unjust for these two readers to take constructive criticism and manipulate it as ignorant insults. Somewhere down the line the main intention was lost. The sole purpose was for Mr. Reilly to write *his* evaluation. I, for one, credit him for giving an honest, truthful opinion. I was satisfied with the write-up and pity those who thrive on the childish music the Carpenters sell out.

EDWARD BRNA  
Somers Point, N.J.

#### Traveling Headphones

● I'm surprised headphones weren't considered in Paul Kresh's article "Traveling with Music" (July). For some time I have been traveling with an old Borg-Warner eight-track player-amplifier and Brown stereo phones. I have the same advantages as at home—and I don't bother other people!

ROBERT JENNINGS  
Vero Beach, Fla.



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other book shelf speaker will go down to 26 cycles as the lab monitor will. Because like most Magnum Opus speakers the lab monitor employs our patented "Dynamic Damping" system. The positioning of woofers in opposition to each other, eliminating cone break-up, frequency doubling and other types of distortion. Lab monitors are efficient too. They'll run on 5 watts and will take 200. What more could you ask for? Only the best guarantee in the business, 74 months on parts and labor. See and hear the difference.

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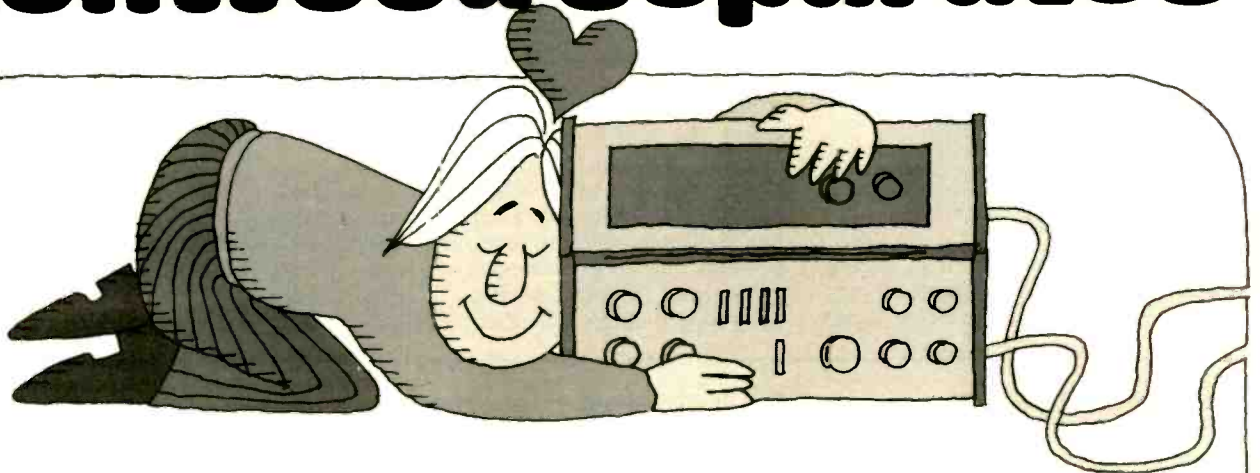
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KA-8006	70 watts x 2	73 watts x 2	200 watts
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Whether you choose the impressive KT-6007 or the luxurious KT-8007, dual-gate MOS-FET's in the front end, a double RF stage, a superb IF system, and KENWOOD's exclusive Double-Switching Demodulator with phase-lock-loop add up to crisp, clean FM-stereo. Imaginative new design concepts add up to new convenience, too. For example, the Signal Strength Meter is converted at the touch of a button to a Multipath Detector, then converted again to a unique Deviation Meter for cassette enthusiasts who enjoy taping off-the-air. For a glimpse of top performance, check the specs:

	KT-8007	KT-6007
FM Sensitivity	1.5 $\mu$ V	1.7 $\mu$ V
S/N Ratio	75 dB	70 dB
Capture Ratio	1.0 dB	1.3 dB
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# NEW PRODUCTS

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## Harman/Kardon 44+ CD-4 Demodulator



● AN add-on demodulator that, in combination with an appropriate phono cartridge, will give CD-4 capability to any

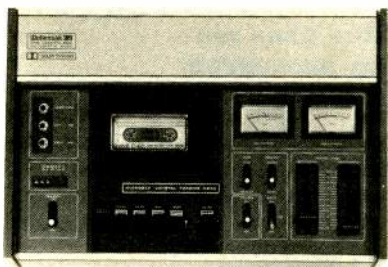
four-channel system is being marketed by Harman/Kardon as the Model 44+. The demodulation circuitry is automatically switched in by the presence of the CD-4 carrier on the record, which also illuminates a CD-4 pilot light on the front panel. A function selector chooses either the CD-4 mode or a STEREO/MATRIX position, in which the unit simply amplifies and equalizes the output of the cartridge just as do the phono inputs of an amplifier or receiver. A third position, labeled BYPASS, routes the unaltered signal from the cartridge to a pair of special outputs intended to be con-

nected directly to the phono inputs of an amplifier or receiver.

In CD-4 operation, the frequency response of the 44+ is 20 to 10,000 Hz  $\pm 1.5$  dB; response is down 5 dB at 15,000 Hz due to the action of the demodulator's filter. Signal-to-noise ratio is 60 dB, and separation between channels exceeds 20 dB. The sensitivity of the inputs is 2 millivolts, with an impedance of 100,000 ohms and less than 30 picofarads capacitance. The unit has dimensions of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  x  $4\frac{1}{8}$  x 14 inches overall. Price: \$119.95.

*Circle 115 on reader service card*

## Wollensak Model 4775 Stereo Cassette Deck



● THE new Model 4775 is the first stereo cassette deck from Wollensak to offer built-in Dolby noise reduction in the form of a single integrated circuit (IC) for each channel. The control facilities use push keys for transport operation and RECORD mode, and toggle switches for tape selector ("regular" or chromium-dioxide), mono/stereo recording, Dolby, power, and input selector. The deck also has a memory-rewind feature operating in conjunction with the three-digit index counter and an automatic end-of-tape shutoff. Microphone

and line input signals can be mixed.

Specifications for the 4775 include: frequency response, 40 to 17,000 Hz  $\pm 3$  dB with chromium-dioxide tape, 40 to 13,000 Hz  $\pm 3$  dB with regular tape; wow and flutter, 0.13 per cent; signal-to-noise ratio, 52 dB without Dolby (Dolby improves S/N by 10 dB above 5,000 Hz). The microphone inputs will accept low-impedance microphones. The Model 4775 measures approximately 16 x  $5\frac{1}{2}$  x 19 inches; it is supplied with wood base and Plexiglas dust cover. Price: \$285.95.

*Circle 116 on reader service card*

## Beyer M550S Omnidirectional Dynamic Microphone



● A relatively inexpensive moving-coil microphone is being offered by Beyer Dynamic. The Model M550S is an omnidirectional design with a frequency response of 50 to 16,000 Hz  $\pm 2.5$  dB. The sensitivity of the microphone, referred to the standard sound-pressure level of 0.0002 dyne per square centimeter, is  $-53$  dBm at 1,000 Hz. Overload does not take place even at sound-pressure levels in excess of 135 dB. The mi-

crophone is suitable for use with all load impedances.

Each M550S comes with its own individual calibration curve. The microphone is finished in black, with an on/off switch built into the case. An integral 15-foot cable is included, terminating in a standard phone plug. A small tripod stand and clamp assembly is also supplied. Price: \$37.50.

*Circle 117 on reader service card*

## Fisher 634 AM/FM Four-Channel Receiver



● THE Model 634 is Fisher's largest and most elaborate four-channel receiver, providing a continuous power output of 45 watts per channel, all four channels driven simultaneously into 8 ohms. Connecting the amplifiers together for stereo operation yields a continuous output of 110 watts per channel. Har-

monic distortion is 0.5 per cent and intermodulation distortion 0.8 per cent, both at rated output. The 634 has a built-in demodulator for CD-4 discs and an SQ decoder with several types of logic assistance (full wave-matching and variable blend) that can be individually switched in by the user. Discrete four-channel sources are also accepted through the tape and auxiliary inputs. Two sets of phono inputs are provided, one of which gives access to the CD-4 circuits. The CD-4 separation controls are located to the far left of the front panel. Signal-to-noise ratios are 65 dB for the phono inputs, and 70 dB for high-level inputs.

The principal controls of the 634 are a master volume knob, joystick balance

control, and four small individual-channel level controls for preliminary channel balance. Tone controls for bass, treble, and mid-range provide for separate adjustment of the front and rear channels (in the case of bass and treble) and left and right channels (in the case of the mid-range controls). The speaker selector chooses between two sets of speakers or silences all speakers for headphone listening (stereo headphone jacks for front and rear channels are located on the front panel). Three dual-pointer meters also appear on the front panel. Two of the meter movements indicate signal-strength (AM and FM) and channel-center (FM) tuning, and the other four register the levels of the four chan-

*(Continued on page 16)*

# As a British company we'd like to explain our 810 QX automatic turntable in plain English.

## How the 810 QX reproduces recorded music accurately.



The BSR 810 QX has a sophisticated synchronous motor, spinning a heavy 7-lb. platter for accurate speed (regardless of voltage supply or record load) and all-but-nonexistent wow and flutter. Anti-skating force



may be adjusted for optimum pressure with either conical or elliptical styli, so stylus sits perfectly centered in groove for precise stereo



separation without audible distortion or uneven groove wear. A strobe disc is integrated into the platter design and a variable speed control is

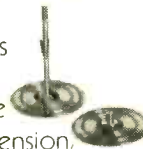


provided should you want to vary from, and later return to, the normal speeds. The tone arm will track as low as 0.25 grams to make use of finest light-weight, high-compliance cartridges for maximum fidelity and dynamic range.

## How the 810 QX protects records and cartridge stylus assembly.



Tone arm descent is viscous-damped in automatic operation and also when using the manual cue and pause control, for gentle contact with record surface. Platter rubber mat protects records during play and cushions discs during automatic drop. Automatic spindle uses umbrella-type suspension, without outboard balance arm. Stub spindle rotates with record to prevent distortion of center hole.



Stylus setdown adjustment prevents stylus damage if dropped outside of entry groove range. Tracking pressure adjustable down to 0.25 grams for newest lightweight cartridges for minimum record



wear. Stylus brush whisks dust off stylus between plays. Lock automatically secures tone arm to prevent damage to stylus from accidental movement. Stylus wear meter records accumulated stylus use in hours. Knowing



when to replace a worn stylus protects your records.

## How the 810 QX provides convenient operation in any desired mode.

After touching a single feather-weight button, the 810 QX can either: play a stack of records, shutting off after the last one; play a single record and shut off; or play a single record, and repeat it indefinitely until you stop it.



Manual operation uses a single button to start the motor, and the cue control to lower the stylus.

## How the 810 QX operates quietly, emitting no sound that can intrude on the music.

The 810 QX uses a unique sequential cam drive mechanism. It is a rigid



precision assembly that replaces the plumber's nightmare of rotating eccentric plates and interlocking gears that other changers use. Unlike other changers, there are no light metal stampings that can go out of alignment and make a lot of noise, from being carried, bumped, or just from use.

For literature write to BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.



# NEW PRODUCTS

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nels. The sensitivities of these meters can be reduced by means of a pushbutton switch. Other pushbuttons introduce high- and low-cut filters and FM interstation-noise muting, and select operating mode.

FM specifications for the Model 634

include an IHF sensitivity of 1.8 microvolts, capture ratio of 1.2 dB, 55-dB AM suppression, 90-dB spurious-response rejection, and 65-dB image rejection. Alternate-channel selectivity is 60 dB, and stereo separation is 38 dB at 1,000 Hz. Stereo FM harmonic distortion is

0.4 per cent. The receiver measures 23 $\frac{1}{8}$  x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 15 $\frac{7}{8}$  inches. A wood cabinet is supplied. Price: \$799.95. An optional cable-connected remote controller (\$29.95) plugs into the back of the receiver and adjusts volume and balance.

*Circle 118 on reader service card*

## Kenwood Automatic Single-Play Turntables



● A new line of turntables consisting of two automatic single-play models has been introduced by Kenwood. The top model, the KP-5022 (shown), employs a direct-drive motor that rotates at the actual platter speed, with illuminated

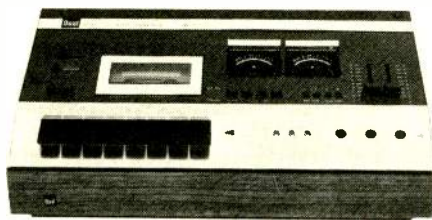
stroboscopic markings along the platter's circumference and fine-tuning speed adjustments with ranges of  $\pm 3$  per cent around either of the turntable's two speeds (33 $\frac{1}{3}$  and 45 rpm). The Model KP-3022 is similar, but a synchronous motor drives the platter through a belt linkage, and the strobe markings and speed adjustments are lacking. Both models have tubular aluminum tone arms of elliptical cross section. These are equipped with their own motors for the automatic functions (indexing to a preselected record diameter, and raising and returning to rest at the end of a record). The turntable can also be operated manually. Arm balance and tracking-force adjustment are accomplished through two counterweights. Anti-skating is applied separately by means of a calibrated knob control. Stylus overhang

and azimuth are adjustable right at the head shell, where the cartridge holder is clamped to the main body of the tone arm. The pilot lamp on the motorboard serves as an index for making the overhang adjustment.

Wow and flutter for the Model KP-5022 are less than 0.05 per cent, and rumble level is below  $-58$  dB. Corresponding specifications for the KP-3022 are 0.08 per cent and  $-48$  dB. The bases of both units are constructed of ABS resin with simulated wood finish, within which the turntable motorboards are floated on spring suspensions. Approximate overall dimensions, including the transparent hinged dust covers supplied: 19 x 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 13 $\frac{2}{3}$  inches (KP-5022); 17 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 14 $\frac{2}{3}$  inches (KP-3022). Prices: KP-5022, \$299.95; KP-3022, \$199.95.

*Circle 119 on reader service card*

## Dual 901 Auto-Reverse Stereo Cassette Deck



● THE new Model 901 stereo cassette deck from Dual provides automatic-reversing operation in both the playback and recording modes, as well as a continuous-play mode that repeats both sides of a cassette indefinitely. The transport employs twin capstans—one for either direction—and erase heads on both sides of the single permalloy record-playback head. When the deck is in motion, only the capstan and erase head for the direc-

tion selected come into contact with the tape. The 901 has built-in Dolby noise reduction with external calibration adjustments for standard and chromium-dioxide tapes. In addition, the newer chromium-dioxide cassettes with molded coding slots on their cases will automatically switch the deck's recording characteristics to suit this tape type (manual switching is also possible with cassettes lacking the slot).

The recording-level meters of the Dual 901 have true VU characteristics. They are supplemented by a peak-indicator light that glows to indicate brief signals that would exceed 0 VU on the meters. To prevent overload effects on such peaks, an automatic level control can be switched in to limit excessive signals. The dual recording-level controls are of the slider type. In addition, microphone inputs (for dynamic microphones

from 200 to 700 ohms impedance and for condenser microphones) and a stereo headphone jack suitable for low-impedance phones are provided. The cassette-eject mechanism is viscously damped.

Specifications for the Dual 901 include a frequency response of 20 to 14,000 Hz with standard tape, 20 to 15,500 Hz with chromium dioxide, both  $\pm 1.5$  dB. Wow and flutter are less than 0.09 per cent, and the signal-to-noise ratio exceeds 50 dB without Dolbyizing, 59 dB with Dolby processing. At a recording level of  $-2$  VU at 1,000 Hz, harmonic distortion is less than 1.5 per cent. The deck can be operated in any position, and hanging slots for wall installation are provided, as well as feet which make it possible to stand the deck on edge. Dimensions are 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 11 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Price: \$450.

*Circle 120 on reader service card*

## TDK "Audua" Open-Reel Tape

● THE "Audua" series of open-reel sound-recording tapes just introduced by TDK is reportedly the result of several improvements in magnetic-tape manufacture developed by the company. Exceptionally small iron-oxide particles are used (0.4 micron wide and roughly 4

microns long, for a length-to-width ratio of 10 to 1) in a dense coating with improved particle orientation. The result is an oxide coating with excellent overload characteristics at high audio frequencies. According to TDK, output is approximately 2 dB greater at 10,000 Hz than that of conventional tape (optimum bias assumed), with further improvements at

higher frequencies. The recommended bias for Audua tape is 25 per cent higher than standard. The tape employs a polyester base material and comes in lengths of 1,200 and 1,800 feet on 7-inch reels, 3,600 feet on 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch reels. Prices for the three lengths (L-1200, L-1800, L-3600): \$8, \$10.50, and \$31.50.

*Circle 121 on reader service card*



## EVEN A MILLIONAIRE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO BUY THE MIRACORD 50H MARK II.

Not because it cost so much. But because it might be a little bit difficult to locate.

We'll admit that trying to track down a Miracord can be a trifle trying. But it's well worth the search. Because the fact is, that feature for feature, there isn't a better automatic turntable in its price range than the Miracord 50H Mark II.

Here's why:

The Miracord Magic Wand spindle holds hours of music. Ten records at a time. And it lifts out of the way; you remove the record stack without pulling them up through the spindle.

Miracord and only Miracord in its price class has an incomparable hysteresis synchronous motor. Professional studios and broadcasters rely on this kind of motor for absolute long-term speed accuracy.

Our speed control varies 5% with lighted stroboscopic speed monitoring on 33 and 45 rpm.

Our operating cam is metal, not plastic.

We can repeat a record continuously. Or replay a record in the middle of a stack without dropping the next record.

With Miracord's simple cartridge installation, overhang problems are eliminated. All you do is mount the cartridge, then adjust a micrometer screw to the built-in overhang gauge. It's as fast as it is accurate.

The 50H Mark II has a feather-light viscous-damped arm descent to the record surface. And the light-touch push-button panel reduces the chance of the arm skittering across the grooves.

Those are just some of the reasons that make the Miracord 50H Mark II so popular. If you'd like the full story on our full line, just write to us at: Miracord Products, Benjamin Electronic Sound Co., 40 Smith Street, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

The Miracord 50H Mark II. When you find one, you don't have to be a millionaire to afford it.



## THE MIRACORD 50H MARK II.

Damn hard to find. Damn hard to beat.

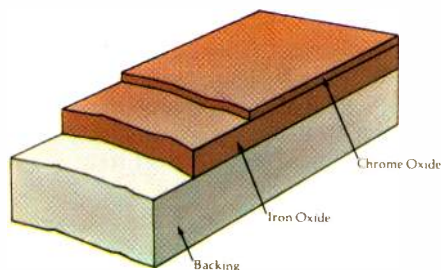
# Introducing the Classic Cassette with ferri-chrome.



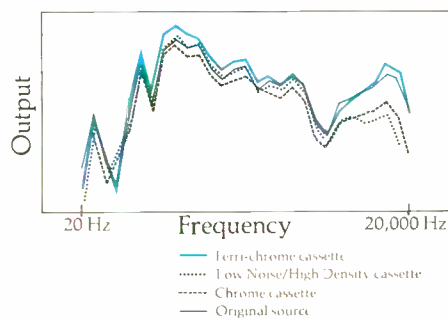
# Truer than chrome. Truer than iron oxide. Compatible with all cassette recorders.

Its secret is a tape double-layered with oxide. Through advanced 3M technology, ferri-chrome literally combines the best characteristics of two coating formulations into one. Its chromium dioxide coating delivers high output and brilliant high frequencies; its gamma ferric iron oxide provides superb mid-range and rich low frequencies and low noise levels. Together they give you full-range performance you've never heard before in any cassette.

This ferri-chrome combination gives "Scotch" brand Classic cassettes



fidelity that often deceives the sharpest ear. Included in a variety of test procedures was the use of a Brüel and Kjaer Model 3347 spectrum analyzer. We began with the original play (record) of a broad-spectrum piece of music, first measuring output levels versus frequency from the record, then the Classic cassette recording of the record, and finally, the record recorded on our low noise/high density cassette and on our chrome cassette. Our graph shows the results:



Compatibility is another ferri-chrome bonus. It means Classic cassettes will deliver optimum performance on any quality machine. (On machines with a chrome switch position use the HIGH or NORMAL switch position.)

Along with Classic cassettes, we've also developed an outstanding Classic 8-Track cartridge and Classic open-reel tape. Both with their own special oxide formulation which offers sound brilliance beyond previously unsurpassed "Scotch" brand standards. Super quiet. Utterly responsive.

The Classics — cassette, cartridge, and open-reel tape — are quite simply and clearly the best we've ever made.



**3M**  
COMPANY

## Scotch brand. The Master Tape.

# The new Micro-Acoustics QDC-1 Stereo Phono Cartridge:

## It will make any well recorded LP sound exactly like its master tape.

Recently at a trade show in Chicago, we invited audiophiles to compare a master tape with a stereo disc cut from the tape. The tape and the disc were played through the same electronics and the same loudspeakers. The only difference was that a tape deck was used to play the 15 IPS master and a turntable with our QDC-1 Stereo Cartridge (Pat. Pend.) was used to play the commercial pressing. Without fail, listeners could not hear a difference between the disc and its master.

Until the advent of the QDC-1, there really wasn't a cartridge on the market that could make a stereo record sound as good as its master tape. So cartridge manufacturers didn't have to deal with an absolute standard of measurement for their product. Customers were asked to choose between the "sound" of one cartridge or another. The fact is that a cartridge shouldn't have any sound of its own. Ideally it should just be a direct link between the record groove and the preamp input. And that's precisely what the new QDC-1 is—an ultra precision component that will radically change the way all cartridges are judged.

### Hearing is believing

Visit your Micro-Acoustics dealer and ask him to demonstrate our new QDC-1 cartridge (available in spherical, elliptical and Quadra-Point™/CD-4 configurations). Prices range from \$100 to \$120. Bring a record of your own and let him show you what the QDC-1 can do for your music. For technical information and a dealer list, write to:

**ma** MICRO-ACOUSTICS CORPORATION  
8 WESTCHESTER PLAZA  
ELMSFORD, NEW YORK 10523  
CIRCLE NO. 45 ON READER SERVICE CARD

# AUDIO QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

By LARRY KLEIN *Technical Editor*



### 15-ips Dolby Decks

**Q.** *Is there some technical reason why I can't find a 15-ips open-reel tape machine with built-in Dolby circuits?*

FLOYDE SARASOHN  
Queens, N. Y.

**A.** The "technical reason" was—until recently—that Dolby Laboratories simply refused to allow their licensees to put Dolby-B circuits into large-reel, 15-ips machines. Dolby had two reasons for this: (1) They wished to avoid potential confusion between the professional A-type four-band Dolby system and the consumer-oriented single-band B-type system. (In their view, a 15-ips, 10½-inch machine could be considered a professional rather than a consumer product.) (2) Since the B-type system reduces hiss only, it is not as useful for fast, wide-track professional machines because they are relatively less troubled by high-frequency noise. The four-band Dolby A system provides noise reduction over most of the audio band and hence can cope with low-frequency noise also. In any case, the Dolby people have now relaxed their stand and are willing to allow Dolby B to be used in 10½-inch-reel, 15-ips machines as long as they are clearly consumer-oriented—whatever that means. However, a separate Dolby adapter can be plugged into any machine you like, and this seems to make more sense than buying a deck with built-in Dolby circuits.

### Speaker Fusing

**Q.** *I'm about to buy a set of speakers and I'm interested in fusing them, having read a review that suggests such a move. Can you tell me how to go about this? In addition, I also intend to buy an amplifier that has meters calibrating power output and decibels. Just what do decibels indicate in this instance, and how do I interpret them in terms of output power per channel?*

DAN CURRY  
Normal, Ill.

**A.** To respond to your first question first, it is difficult to select the proper fuse for a speaker system without extensive trial-and-error testing. The problem is this: in a two- or three-way speaker system, one of the drivers may be more susceptible to overdrive damage than the others. Therefore, the current rating of the fuse should be chosen so as to protect the "weakest" unit. To complicate matters, the impedance of a speaker changes somewhat with frequency, and it is the speaker's impedance that determines the current flow from the amplifier for a given audio signal level. In other words, the amount of current flowing through the various drivers varies with the frequency of the signal. Without knowing what amount of current is "safe" for each driver throughout its frequency range, I don't have enough information to help you select the proper fuse. But the manufacturer of your speakers should be able to.

In regard to the significance of the meter readings on a power amplifier, there appears to be no standard. The meaning of the meter reading depends only on what the manufacturer has set it to be, and there's no fixed relationship between the decibel reading on the meter and the amplifier's moment-to-moment wattage output.

### Hi-Fi from Scratch

**Q.** *I am a ham radio operator and lately I've become interested in stereo. I have built all sorts of ham equipment "from scratch" and would like to know where I could find plans for tuners and amplifiers that I could build. I'm not talking about commercial kits.*

STEPHEN JENKINS  
Tampa, Fla.

**A.** Our sister publication *Popular Electronics* regularly publishes build-it-yourself projects in the hi-fi area. Such projects are also found in that magazine's *Electronic Experimenter's Handbook*. Back issues of both are available (Continued on page 24)



# The single-play turntables only a great changer company could have made.



## Garrard Zero 100SB, \$209.95

Garrard's new single-play turntables are so advanced in their solution of basic engineering problems that only a leading manufacturer of automatic changers (yes, *changers*) could have produced them.

This may sound paradoxical to the partisans of single play, but it's a perfectly realistic view of the situation. The truth is that it's easier to make a single-play turntable that works (never mind outstanding performance for the moment) than a record changer that works.

The very qualities that make the single-play turntable the preferred choice of certain users — straightforwardness of design, lots of room for relatively few parts, fewer critical functions, etc. — also permit an unsophisticated maker to come up more easily with an acceptable model. Take a heavy platter and a strong motor, connect them with a belt... you get the picture.

As a result, there are quite a few nice, big, shiny and expensive single-play turntables of respectable performance in the stores today.

A thoroughbred single-play automatic is another matter.

We're talking about a turntable that gives you not only state-of-the-art performance in terms of rumble, wow, flutter, tracking and so on, but also the utmost in convenience, childproof and guest-proof automation, pleasant handling, efficient use of space, balanced good looks and, above all, value per dollar.

Here we're back on the home grounds of the changer maker. He alone knows how to coordinate a lot of different

turntable functions and niggling little design problems without wasted motions, space and expenditures. The kind of thing Garrard is the acknowledged master of.

No other proof of this argument is needed than a close look at the new Garrard Zero 100SB and 86SB.

Yes, they have heavy, die-cast, dynamically balanced platters. Yes, they have belt drive. Yes, they have -64dB rumble (DIN B Standard). And the Zero 100SB has Garrard's unique Zero Tracking Error Tonearm, the first and only arm to eliminate even the slightest amount of tracking error in an automatic turntable.

But that's not the whole story.

What gives these turntables the final edge over other single-play designs is the way they're automated.

Both are fully automatic in the strictest sense of the term. Your hand need never touch the tonearm. The arm indexes at the beginning of the record, returns to the arm rest at the end of the record and shuts off the motor, all by itself. The stylus can't flop around in the lead-out groove.

There are also other subtle little features like the ingeniously hinged dust cover (it can be lifted and removed even on a narrow shelf), the integrated low-profile teak base, the exclusive automatic record counter (in the Zero 100SB only) and the finger-tab control panel. Plus one very unsubtle feature.



Garrard 86SB  
\$159.95



For your free copy of The Garrard Guide, a 16-page full-color reference booklet, write to Garrard, Dept. G-10, 100 Commercial Street, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

The price.  
**Garrard**  
Division of Plessey Consumer Products

CIRCLE NO. 26 ON READER SERVICE CARD

# Now, from JBL, something you've probably never heard before: the other half of the music.

(JBL has perfected an entirely new sound system. The most astonishing part is a new high frequency transducer that can fill a room with the high half of sound. It works – well, it works like a nozzle.)

We're going to talk about acoustics and harmonics and all sorts of heavy stuff for the next minute or two. We'll try to do it with merciful brevity. But at the end we're going to unveil a new \$396 loudspeaker called Jubal.



For that kind of money, you're entitled to know what you're getting into.

## First, music.

Half the music you hear is in the low and midrange of sound. "Fundamental tones," they're called: the human voice, a piano, a guitar, a violin, a trumpet, whatever. That's where you hear the basic shape and form of sound.

But the character of music, the music of music – overtones, onset tones, all the harmonic shading and texture and subtlety are hidden in the highs. (Without them you couldn't tell a flute from a trumpet from a piano.)

## Next, the hard stuff.

Any good sound system is designed to disperse sound throughout the room. What you hear and feel is direct and reflected sound. Together they create ambient sound, the sense of being in the middle of something.

Now, as long as the music is in the low and midrange, the

traditional tweeter will spread it around. But as the tones go higher, the tweeter narrows its range. There's a pea-shooter effect. You have to stand directly in front of the speaker to hear the high highs. They never get to the rest of the room.



## The Nozzle.™

It's formal name is the JBL 077 Ultra High Frequency Transducer.

It was developed because the world of recording and listening is still very square. Sound studios, auditoriums and living rooms are box-like.

But sound is conical, circular, radial – the pebble in the pond.

The Nozzle™ accepts enormous amounts of high frequency power and disperses it into a near-perfect horizontal pattern.

The result? Pure, bright, transparent, distortion-free high frequency tones throughout the room.

Nice.

Enough words. Go hear the music. Take a favorite tape or record – something you know by heart – and ask your JBL dealer to hook it up to Jubal.

If you think Jubal sounds like something special, friend, you don't know the half of it.



The Jubal is the smallest floor system we make. 24" x 18" x 13". It has a handsome smoked glass top and a unique three-dimensional grille in Midnight Blue, Rust Red or Earth Brown.



# The new Micro-Acoustics FRM-1 High Accuracy Speaker:

## It will put you at the center of the music no matter where you sit in the listening room.



Micro-Acoustics new FRM-1 speaker has five front-mounted, direct radiating high frequency drivers set in a semi-decahedron array (see illustration). This unique configuration causes the sound of the five drivers to overlap, resulting in a hemispheric pattern from the face of the speaker. This means you get virtually identical sound intensity anywhere in the listening room. Which also means that you can sit anywhere you want and still hear perfect high frequency sound. You can put an FRM-1 up high or down low, keep it upright or set it down on its side. No matter where you put it, or how you place it, the FRM-1 will deliver superb high frequency dispersion.

Plus an unusually smooth mid-range.

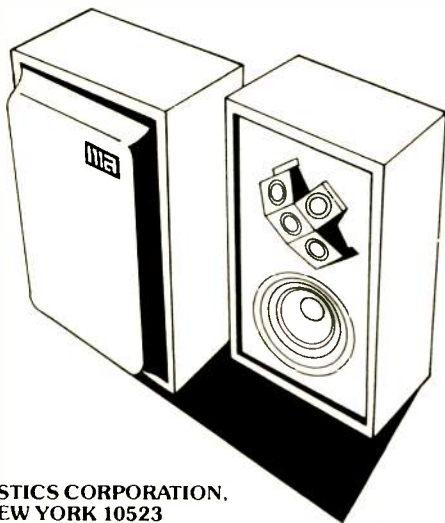
And bass response that literally has to be *felt* to be believed.

For the FRM-1 is a complete speaker in every way—priced at \$165.00 each, it is made with the highest quality components found in any bookshelf made today. A pair brings a new kind of joy to stereo. Four in quad will simply boggle your senses. For a complete demonstration, visit your Micro-Acoustics dealer. Sit where you want. With the FRM-1, you don't have to go to the music—the music will come to you.

And be sure to ask to hear our moderately priced FRM-2 and economy priced FRM-3—they both share the excellent dispersion characteristics of the FRM-1.

(A note to people who already own a pair of fine speakers such as ADVENT, AR, KLH,—we have a special high frequency dispersion system available as an accessory that sits neatly on top of each of your loudspeakers. It's called the Microstatic (MS-1), sells for \$117.00 a pair, and makes good loudspeakers sound a lot better.)

For more technical information and test reports on our loudspeaker line write to Micro-Acoustics Corp., 8 Westchester Plaza, Elmsford, New York 10523.



### ma

MICRO-ACOUSTICS CORPORATION,  
ELMSFORD, NEW YORK 10523

CIRCLE NO. 46 ON READER SERVICE CARD

from Ziff-Davis Service Division, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. In addition, there's a publication called *Audio Amateur* that is directed toward people such as yourself for whom a kit does not represent enough of a challenge. Write to *Audio Amateur* at P.O. Box 30, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081 for further information. A word to the beginner: unless you have some practical experience in electronics plus the test equipment needed to be able to check out your projects, I suggest that you are always better off building a kit rather than a complex project from scratch.

### Energy Crisis

**Q.** *I think that it is absurd, considering the energy crisis, that you people continue to advocate the use of high-power amplifiers. Have you no conscience?*

RONALD KRAUSNER  
Los Angeles, Calif.

**A.** I hope Mr. Krausner will be able to contain his indignation long enough to look at a few facts. The high-power amplifiers, by which I assume is meant 100 watts per channel continuous and above, almost all operate in what is known technically as Class-B condition. This means that when there is no signal going through the amplifier, very little a.c. line current is being drawn. Conversely, the louder the amplifier plays, the more current it is pulling from the a.c. wall outlet.

With no signal being fed to it, the average high-power amplifier draws about 30 or 40 watts of a.c. power, which is not a great deal more than a night light. Only on signal peaks will the amplifier come close to drawing its full power potential, but loud signal peaks are of very short duration—usually much less than a second. Since it is the *average* signal level that over any given time period is going to determine the amount of line current drawn, the total current consumption of a 40-watt-per-channel amplifier is not a great deal lower (in some designs, it might actually be higher!) than the current drawn by a 140-watt-per-channel amplifier. The reason that some people want "super" power is to be able to reproduce those brief peaks without incurring momentary "clipping" (overload) distortion. I suspect that the electric typewriter that was evidently used to compose Mr. Krausner's letter consumed as much current during the time it was switched on as a high-power amplifier would have if played at reasonable levels for the same time period.

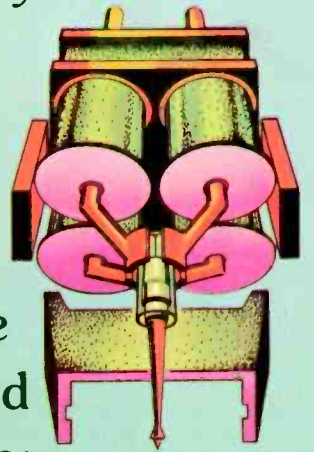
*Because the number of questions we receive each month is greater than we can reply to individually, only those letters selected for use in this column can be answered. Sorry!*

# Keep on trackin'

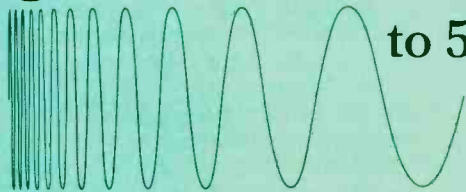
© 1974 Empire Scientific Corp.

Empire's new wide response 4000D\* series phono cartridge features our exclusive "4 Dimensional"™ diamond stylus tip.

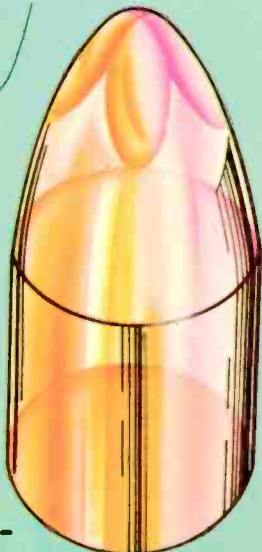
ing prevents any discernible record wear. Every Empire long-playing cartridge is fully shielded with 4 poles, 4 coils and 3 magnets (more than any other brand).



This phenomenal cartridge will track any record below 1 gram and trace all the way to 50,000 Hz.



Empire's "4 Dimensional"™ diamond has a 0.1 mil radius of engagement yet the very low force required for track-



For a free Guide to Sound Design write to:  
**EMPIRE SCIENTIFIC CORP.**  
Garden City,  
N.Y. 11530.



Mfd. U.S.A.

# EMPIRE

\* Plays any 4 channel system perfectly. Plays stereo even better than before.

CIRCLE NO. 21 ON READER SERVICE CARD

# Are you ready for a REAL



## CONTROL CENTER?

If you're a music lover looking for more enjoyment from your music collection, we have a pleasant surprise for you.

Up to now you've enjoyed the few control functions on your tape deck, amp or receiver. But think what you could do with a discrete control center! Not a lo-fi economy model, but the famous CROWN IC150, with a variety of versatile controls unavailable in any other model under \$300, and some models over \$500.

This is the control center praised by that dean of audio, Ed Canby: "This IC150 . . . is the finest and most versatile control unit I have ever used. For the first time I can hook all my equipment together at once. I find many semi-pro operations possible with it that I have never before been able to pull off, including a first-class equalization of old tapes via the smooth and distortionless tone controls. I have rescued some of my earliest broadcast tapes by this means, recopying them to sound better than they ever did before."

The IC150 will do the same for you. You could record from any of seven sources: tuners, turntables, guitars, tape players, microphones, etc. You could also tape with one recorder while listening to a second one. Even run two copies of the same source at once while monitoring each individually. How about using the IC150's exclusive panorama control to improve the stereo separation of poorly produced program material or to correct that ping-pong effect with headphone listening? It's all up to your creativity.

You'll feel perfectly free to copy and recopy through your IC150, since it creates practically no deterioration whatsoever. Cleaner phono and high-level circuits cannot be found anywhere. Harmonic distortion is practically unmeasurable and IM is less than 0.01% (typically 0.002%).

Of course, construction is traditional Crown quality, backed with a three-year warranty. The price is \$299. The enjoyment is unlimited. The opportunity is yours. Visit your local Crown dealer to discover if you are ready for a real control center, the IC150.



# CROWN

CIRCLE NO. 16 ON READER SERVICE CARD

# AUDIO BASICS

By RALPH HODGES



## GLOSSARY OF TECHNICAL TERMS—13

● **Feedback** is a technique for reducing some of the distortion or other "errors" that occur in electronic circuits by "feeding back" part of the output signal to an earlier part of the circuit. The circuit is arranged so that the fed-back signal is "negative"—that is, it is out of phase with the input signal. For example, say that there is 20 dB of signal feedback applied to the amplifier input. This negative signal cancels by 20 dB all areas of the signal where the input and the feedback output waveforms coincide. However, when there is a difference (other than in amplitude) between the two waveforms because of distortion in the output, the cancellation cannot take place. The difference between the output and input (in other words, the distortion) is added to the input as a "corrective" signal. The feedback reduces both the distortion and the amplifier gain by 20 dB. However, the lost gain is easily compensated for elsewhere in the system.

The feedback principle has also been applied to speaker systems ("correcting" the amplifier's output signal to compensate for certain types of speaker distortion inherent in the speaker).

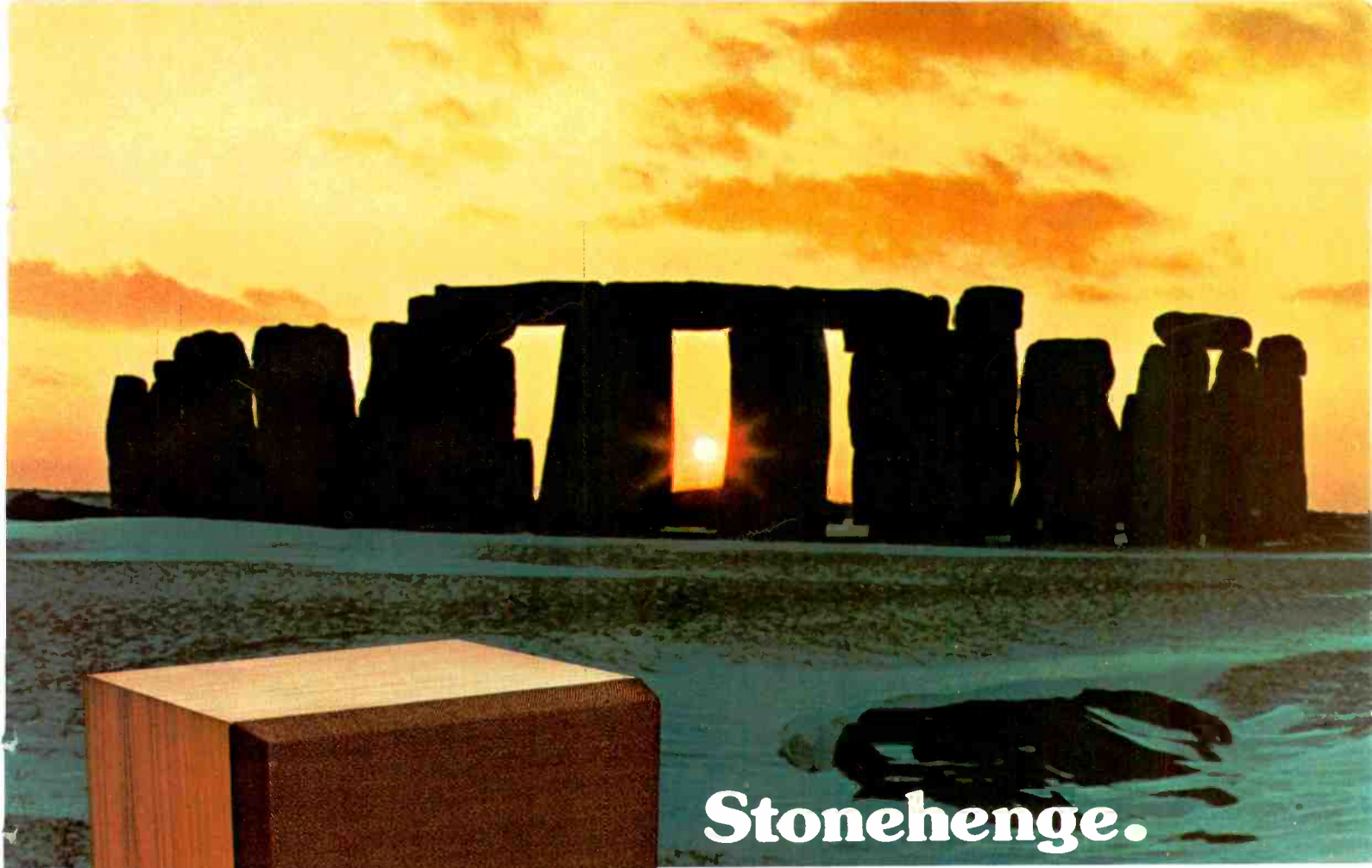
The feedback described above is of the negative variety; positive feedback is also found in audio equipment, sometimes purposefully, sometimes accidentally. The unwanted howling or roar that is heard when a microphone or phono gain is turned up too high for a particular setup is acoustic feedback (from the loudspeakers) of the positive type.

● **Field-effect transistors** (FET's) are usually described as semiconductor devices that share many of the desirable characteristics of both conventional transistors and vacuum tubes. These advantages include good linearity (and hence more freedom from spurious responses and other distortions), high input impedance, and low noise. FET's were first introduced into audio equipment in the input stages of FM tuners, where

they were beneficial in avoiding the overload effects from strong local stations that plagued conventional transistor circuits. Recently they have begun appearing in preamplifiers and the preamplifier sections of amplifiers and receivers. And the introduction of some power amplifiers employing special power FET's has been announced.

● **Filters** are circuits that selectively reduce the level of certain frequencies in an electrical signal. Audiophiles are most familiar with the high-cut ("scratch") and low-cut ("rumble") filters that can be switched in and out manually at the control panels of amplifiers and receivers. These are intended to reduce, respectively, the levels of the extreme high and extreme low frequencies in the program, in the hopes of eliminating unwanted noise at those frequencies without too much effect on the program material. Audio systems usually contain numerous other "fixed" filters (see *Equalization*) inaccessible to the user which process the program material to remove specific frequency areas of noise or interference.

Filters are usually characterized by the "turnover" frequencies at which they begin acting (the point at which the response is 3 db down from flat response) and the rate (slope) at which their effect takes place. A 6-dB-per-octave slope is rarely as desirable as one of 12 or 18 dB per octave, since the steeper slopes discriminate more sharply against the region of unwanted noise while affecting the music-containing frequencies much less. A special family of filters, the "dynamic" types, are controlled by the program, which is to say that the signal levels and frequencies themselves automatically regulate the filtering action. Noise filters can be relatively simple or quite complex, but they all attempt to achieve the greatest possible noise elimination together with the least audible effect on the musical material.



# Stonehenge.

**Britain's ageless Stonehenge. Eternal monument to man's quest for ultimate understanding of his world.**

Altec's Stonehenge I. Fulfilling the quest of another age — for the ultimate speaker system to reproduce today's dynamic sound. With all the power and precision originally captured by modern recording technology. From the driving, virile bass notes to the crisp, tingling highs, here is a speaker system that delivers the gusto, the romance, the sheer pleasure of your favorite music — from rock to ragtime, from Bach to Baez. A speaker system totally designed to achieve a new level of accuracy in sound reproduction.

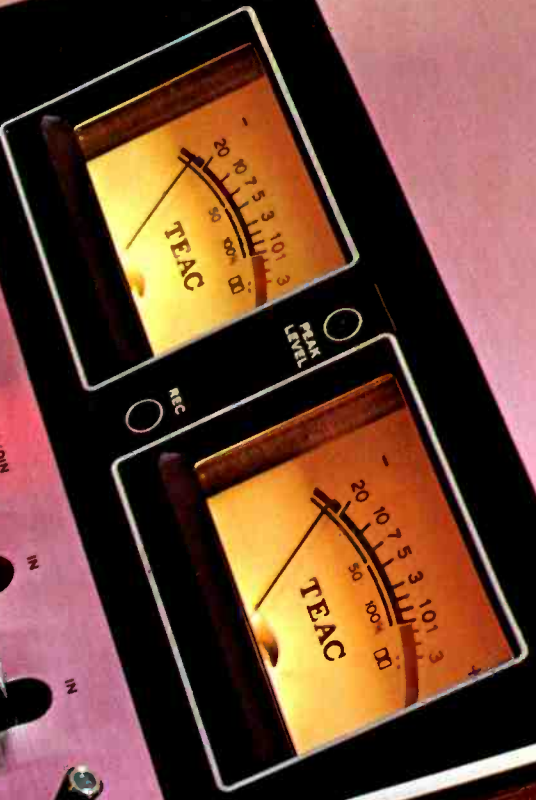
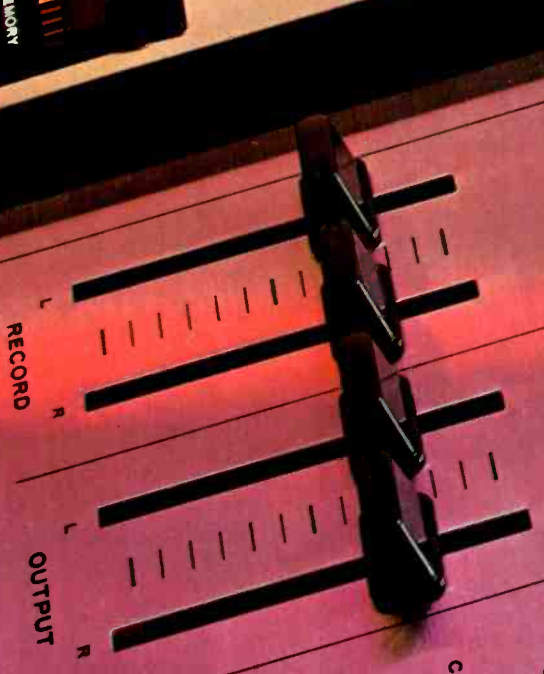
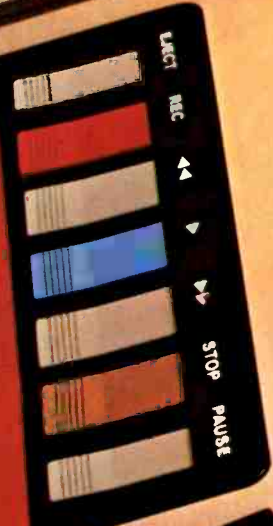
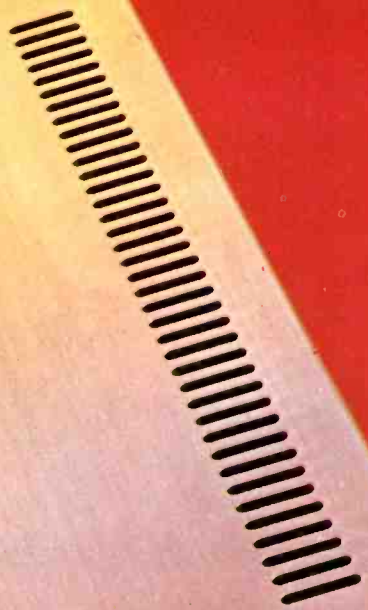
Altec's Stonehenge I. An ultimate in visual styling as well. A tall, slender column, elegant and graceful. Stunningly crafted on all four sides of luxurious hand-rubbed Afrosian Teak, accented by a rich Raw Cocoa grille. And it occupies less than 1.4 square feet of floor area. Perfect for the small space dweller and quad enthusiast.

Stonehenge I. A new look. A new sound. An ancient mystery inspiring a classic of contemporary technology. From Altec. Experience it soon.



**ALTEC**  
*the sound of experience.*

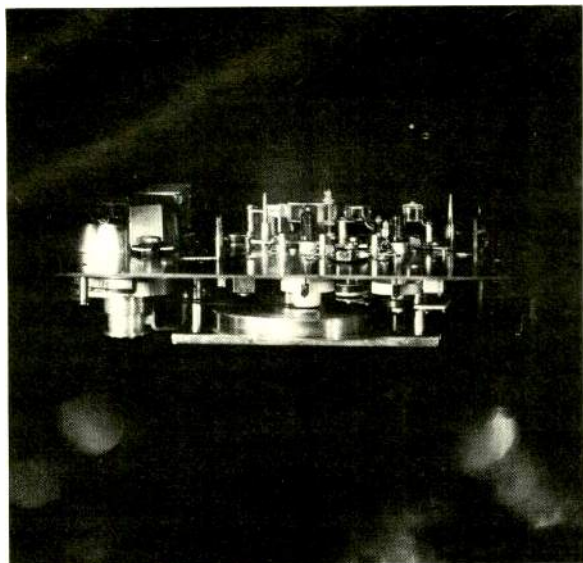
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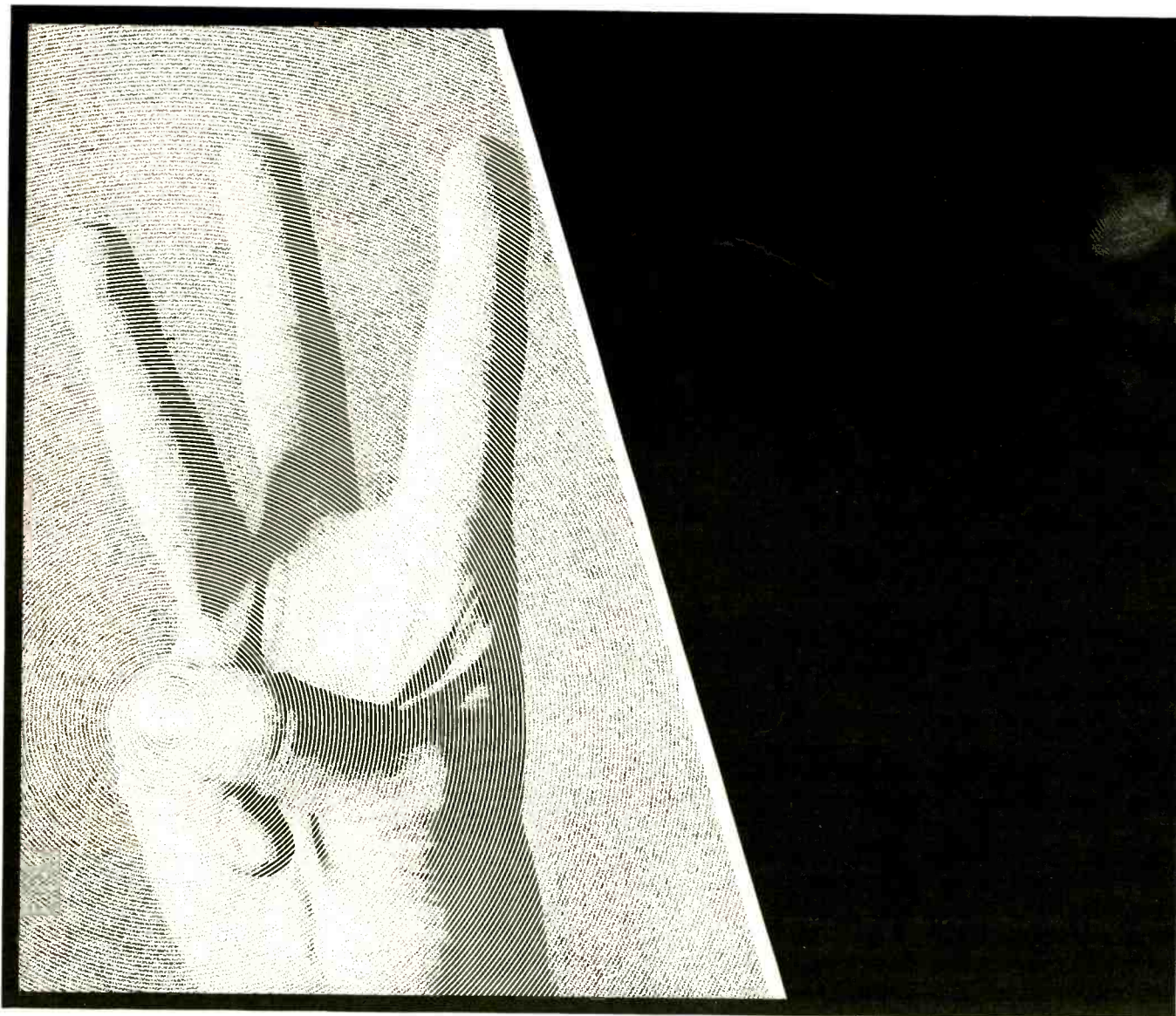
## The TEAC 360S.

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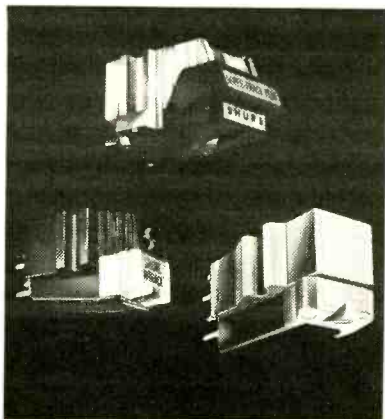
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CIRCLE NO. 64 ON READER SERVICE CARD



STEREO REVIEW



# TECHNICAL TALK

By JULIAN D. HIRSCH

● **TEST RECORDS AND PHONO CARTRIDGES:** Our test reports on phono cartridges refer to certain specific test records used for measurement of frequency response, channel separation, distortion, and other aspects of cartridge performance. To simplify comparisons between cartridges, we have tried to standardize our test records and procedures, but from time to time records must be deleted from or added to our active list. In many respects, measuring cartridge performance seems ridiculously easy—simply play a suitable test record and measure the electrical outputs at the cartridge's terminals. Unfortunately, it is not easy to separate the limitations of these two imperfect links in the measurement chain. Most frequency-response test records have a number of frequencies (or a continuous sweeping tone) recorded at a constant velocity over a major portion of the audio-frequency range. To limit the groove amplitude on the record to a reasonable value, it is customary to record with a constant amplitude characteristic below 500 Hz. Sometimes the lower limit of the record is put at 500 Hz and constant-velocity recording is used throughout. Since most cartridge aberrations occur at middle and high frequencies, this is not a serious limitation in testing.

Test records designed for professional use invariably have a sweep tone that is synchronized with the drive speed of the chart of a graphic-level recorder. It is possible to use spot frequency measurements as a rough indication of cartridge response, but they lack the detail necessary for a thorough evaluation. A comprehensive series of test records has been produced by CBS Laboratories, and we—along with many others—use the CBS STR100 disc for the measurement of frequency response, separation, and output level. The sweep bands of the STR100 are synchronized with the General Radio 1521B Graphic-Level Recorder. The Danish Bruel & Kjaer

test instruments are widely used throughout the world. B&K, and a number of other manufacturers, produce test records synchronized with *their* chart recorder. Unfortunately, however, the frequency calibration of their sweeps is not compatible with the General Radio recorder.

Since the introduction of CD-4 cartridges, there has been a need for test records useful to 50,000 Hz (50 kHz) instead of the mere 20-kHz limit of most stereo test records. The CBS STR120 has been available for some time, and we have used it for testing stereo cartridges whose response extended appreciably

can be calibrated independently of a phono cartridge by optical means, or with a variable-speed turntable, but these are somewhat involved procedures and are hardly justified except for a cartridge manufacturer. We must content ourselves with measuring the frequency response of various cartridges with the same test records, as much as possible, thus providing at least some basis for comparison if not a precise absolute measurement.

Determining the tracking ability of a cartridge also presents problems. Tracking is a function of the recorded velocity (or amplitude) as well as frequency, and we know of no test record suitable for a complete measurement of this important parameter. We have for years used two records to evaluate tracking requirements at low and middle frequencies (neither has been available for some time, however). The monophonic Cook Series 60 record has a number of low-frequency bands recorded with Fletcher-Munson compensation, so that the lowest frequency of 32.7 Hz has an extremely high amplitude of about 0.034 cm. (This level of groove modulation is easily visible with the naked eye at a distance of several feet!)

When playing this high-level band, the sound is often quite distorted, even when the stylus manages to stay in the groove. A few cartridges can reproduce it without serious distortion, and others simply jump out of the groove even when used at their maximum rated force. Between these limits, we judge the low-frequency tracking ability of a cartridge by how much vertical tracking force is required to play this record, and by the amount of audible distortion. This is essentially a test of the static compliance and peak amplitude limits of the stylus.

Another out-of-print record in our library is the Fairchild 101, which was made to demonstrate the effectiveness of anti-skating compensation when Fairchild introduced an arm with the feature

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## TESTED THIS MONTH



**Sequerra Model 1 FM Tuner**  
**Jensen Model 15 Serenata Speaker**  
**Suporex EP-5 Stereo Headphones**  
**Technics RS-676US Cassette Deck**

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above 20 kHz. However, its inherent performance is not adequate for testing today's CD-4 cartridges, and we now use the JVC TRS1005 for that purpose. The TRS1005 sweeps from 1 kHz to 50 kHz with constant recorded velocity, and it is synchronized with the B&K recorder, so we use a conversion scale with our General Radio charts to calibrate the frequency axis.

Any specifications of a cartridge's frequency response or channel separation *must* identify the test record used for the measurement if they are to have any meaning. No two brands of records we have used are alike, and there can even be significant differences between different pressings of the "same" record made a couple of years apart. A record

more than a decade ago. This record has short 1,000-Hz bursts (about one second long, to avoid overheating the recording cutter) at a level of 30 cm/sec. By watching the two outputs of a stereo cartridge on a dual-trace oscilloscope, the anti-skating compensation can easily be adjusted for symmetrical peak clipping of the waveform. As we use it for a tracking test, the vertical tracking force is increased (up to the cartridge's maximum rating) until the output waveforms show no further improvement. The higher of the tracking forces obtained with this and the Cook record is used for our subsequent tests and listening to the cartridge, and that is the force we recommend for its use.

Another record we sometimes use for a similar purpose is one of a series produced by the German Hi-Fi Industries Association. Among other things, it has 300-Hz bands recorded at increasing velocities up to about 20 cm/sec. By listening, one can immediately hear the beginning of mistracking and the effect of increasing the tracking force. When using these records to compare two cartridges (at the same tracking force), it is not uncommon to find one of them excelling in one or two of these tests, but almost never in all three. Despite its lack of rigor, we find this a quick and useful way to judge the tracking ability of a phono cartridge.

A more quantitative approach is to measure the distortion of the cartridge output as a function of recorded velocity. Bearing in mind that cartridge tracking ability is a function of frequency, it is obvious that more than one kind of test is needed for this evaluation. We have used the monophonic RCA 12-5-39 record as one indicator of lower-mid-range tracking and distortion at peak velocities from about 4 cm/sec to 27 cm/sec. This record has 400- and 4,000-Hz tones, in an amplitude ratio of 4 to 1, so that the intermodulation distortion generated can be read directly with a standard IM distortion analyzer.

But this RCA 12-5-39 is a 78-rpm record (!), and this has caused some problems in its application. Often we test integrated record players that do not have the 78-rpm speed. Also, slight record warp and eccentricity can cause severe meter fluctuations at 78 rpm. At one time we tried to use the Shure TTR102, a 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ -rpm record with the same recorded bands as the RCA record, but we found extremely poor correlation between the results with the two records.

Shure has developed a comprehensive tracking-test record, the TTR103, which we have been using for over a year. Unfortunately, most of the test data derived from it cannot be easily correlated with earlier tests, so that we are effectively

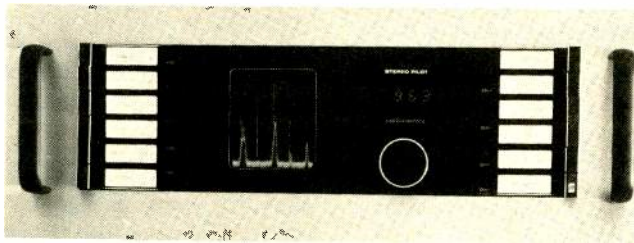
"starting from scratch" in our cartridge tracking tests. The TTR103 has three distinct sections, which require different instrumentation, for judging different aspects of cartridge tracking performance. It has the same 400- and 4,000-Hz IM test tones described above, at velocities from 15 to 30 cm/sec. Then there are 1,000- and 1,500-Hz tones at equal amplitude, with peak velocities from 15 cm/sec to 30 cm/sec. Finally, a unique test involving shaped 10.8-kHz tone bursts, evaluated with special filters, supplies quantitative data on high-frequency tracking at velocities from 15 to 30 cm/sec.

THE handful of records we have described are currently used for the bulk of our cartridge testing. However, we have about thirty *different* kinds of test records, many of which are used as circumstances warrant. As a result, our test data and curves will not always be directly comparable to the data on a cartridge we tested a year or two earlier. This is one price we must pay for progress, as cartridges continue to be improved and better test records are developed to measure them. However, our verbal evaluations can be considered comparable—except, of course, that "the best" in any aspect of performance three or four years ago may already be second-best today.

## EQUIPMENT TEST REPORTS

By Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

### Sequerra Model 1 Stereo FM Tuner



● AUDIO-EQUIPMENT buffs have been aware for some time of the development of a new FM tuner by the same design team that created the classic Marantz 10B tuner some years ago. The Sequerra Model 1 has been in prototype form for a couple of years but is now in production, and we have had the opportunity of evaluating one of the early units.

In addition to a technically advanced multiplex decoding section and Dolby noise-reduction circuits, the Sequerra Model 1 has a unique multifunction oscilloscope display. Probably the princi-

pal purpose of the scope display is as a tuning and multipath-distortion indicator. (Multipath distortion is instantly visible on the screen and can be minimized by antenna rotation.) Unlike most such FM oscilloscope indicators, this one is accurately calibrated in signal level over a range of more than 100 dB. In other words, it is now possible to estimate the actual number of microvolts of signal reaching the tuner's antenna terminals from any tuned-in station. This could be a useful feature for anyone trying to evaluate the performance of different

FM antenna systems in a difficult or remote receiving location.

The scope screen can also provide a vector audio display, showing the left and right audio signals from the received station. Mono or out-of-phase programs can be immediately identified. In the rear of the tuner are four input jacks intended for the audio outputs of a four-channel system. The Model 1's scope can then display the spatial distribution of a four-channel program, with the level of each channel appearing as a deflection along one of four axes on the scope screen.

The last special (and optional) function of the oscilloscope display is truly unique to this tuner. There is a high-performance spectrum analyzer that scans a 2-megahertz portion of the FM band, centered at the frequency to which the Model 1 is tuned. All received signals are shown as "pips" whose horizontal positions and heights indicate the rela-

(Continued on page 34)

# Malcolm Scholl, Audioanalyst, As Seen Through The Eyes Of His A-200X Speaker



## He can torture a tweeter out of its bird.

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his product "has an extremely good crescendo handling capability." It should, after bench testing every single driver before it goes into assembly and every single assembly before it goes into the box. \$94 to \$249.

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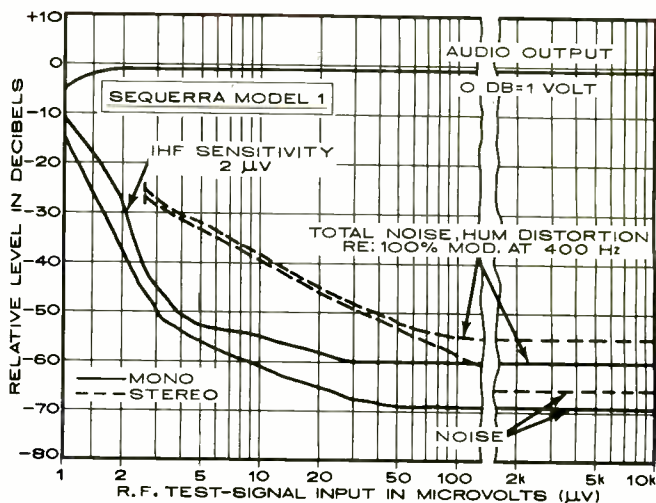
**audioanalyst**

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Among the features of the Model 1's rear panel are controls for the oscilloscope (focus, intensity, position), means of selecting the amount of de-emphasis, and scope inputs for external signal sources.

In the graph of FM performance, the levels of both random noise and noise plus distortion are compared with the audio-output level as signal strength increases. Both mono and stereo are shown.



tive frequencies and strengths of the signals. Not only does this display show the presence of signals before they are tuned in, but one can easily identify from the pip shape whether the station is transmitting in stereo or even whether it carries SCA (Subsidiary Communications Authorization—e.g., Muzak) programming. Interference signals from other radio stations or from electrical devices can also be spotted readily and often identified from visible characteristics.

The tuner circuits are highly sophisticated and complex; unfortunately, space limitations do not permit a detailed description of the design. Basically, the Sequerra Model 1 has a differential (push-pull) r.f. amplifier, electrically tuned by varactor diodes to track the voltage-controlled local oscillator. There are no mechanical tuning capacitors, and the single tuning device is a ten-turn precision potentiometer. A four-digit frequency counter with bright red light-emitting-diode numerals displays the tuned frequency to the nearest 0.1 megahertz. Selectivity in the i.f. section is provided by an eighteen-pole LC filter, followed by six limiter stages and the detector. The multiplex demodulator is designed for optimum phase characteristics, providing maximum separation across the entire audio-frequency range together with high rejection of ultrasonic subcarrier and SCA signals. There is provision for converting the FM de-emphasis from 75 to 25 microseconds when receiving Dolby broadcasts using the newly approved pre-emphasis characteristic for FM transmission.

The front panel of the Sequerra Model 1 is quite unconventional in appearance. The oscilloscope screen is its dominant feature, with the illuminated graticule (face-plate markings) changing to match the selected display function. The tuning control is the only knob on the tuner, and directly above it is the digital frequency display.

Along each side of the panel is a group of five pushbuttons. Next to each button is a large yellow illuminated identifier of

its function, with one or two small red arrows alongside that light up in accordance with the operation of the push-buttons to show the selected functions. For example, four of the buttons control the display, selecting PANORAMIC (spectrum analyzer), TUNING, TUNER VECTOR (audio), and EXTERNAL VECTOR (audio) modes. The SEPARATION button has MAXIMUM and HI BLEND positions (the blend mode sacrifices a bit of stereo separation at high frequencies to obtain a reduction of background noise). There are three MUTING buttons, labeled OFF, INTER-STATION, and INTER-STEREO (the last allows only stereo broadcasts to be heard). Other buttons control AUTOMATIC MONO/STEREO or full MONO operation, DOLBY operation, PANEL illumination level, and POWER.

At the rear of the tuner are separate fixed- and adjustable-level audio outputs, and inputs for external four-channel audio signals with a common level adjustment. Six screwdriver adjustments affect various aspects of the display section, and one sets the muting threshold level, from less than 3 microvolts ( $\mu\text{V}$ ) to more than 30  $\mu\text{V}$ . There is a detector output ahead of the de-emphasis, and a jack that converts the de-emphasis to the 25-microsecond characteristic when a shorting plug is inserted. Finally, an accessory socket will accommodate a remote-control pushbutton tuning assembly (approximately \$150) to be available some time this fall.

Though the Model 1 is not especially large (its dimensions are 16 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches wide, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep, and 6 inches high), its weight of about 32 pounds makes it the heaviest FM tuner we can recall encountering. This can be attributed to its generally robust construction (each of its functional r. f. "blocks" is constructed in a separate shielded module), and to its very large, well-shielded power transformer. To many people, the most impressive specification of the Sequerra Model 1 tuner will be its price: \$2,500, or \$2,000 without the panoramic spectrum-analyzer section.

● **Laboratory Measurements.** The design emphasis in the Sequerra Model 1 has been toward optimizing its audible characteristics—in respect to noise, distortion, and interfering signals of all kinds—rather than toward achieving more impressive but less useful "sensitivity" figures. In many respects, the performance of the Sequerra Model 1 approaches or exceeds the capabilities of the most advanced laboratory test equipment. Although we used the Sound Technology Model 1000A signal generator, acknowledged to be the finest commercial unit of its type, it was obvious that much of the time our readings reflected the limits of the generator's performance rather than those of the tuner.

The IHF sensitivity was 2  $\mu\text{V}$  in mono and 3.5  $\mu\text{V}$  in stereo. There is no automatic mono/stereo switching threshold as such, so that stereo signals are received in stereo down to the minimum level that will lock the tuner's multiplex circuits (about 1.6  $\mu\text{V}$ ). The sensitivity for 50-dB quieting was 2.9  $\mu\text{V}$  in mono and 33  $\mu\text{V}$  in stereo. The ultimate distortion, at 1,000  $\mu\text{V}$ , was about 0.1 per cent in mono and 0.15 per cent in stereo (we assume that both of these distortion levels reflect the limitations of our generator, rather than the performance of the tuner). The ultimate signal-to-noise ratio was 69 dB in mono and 65.5 dB in stereo.

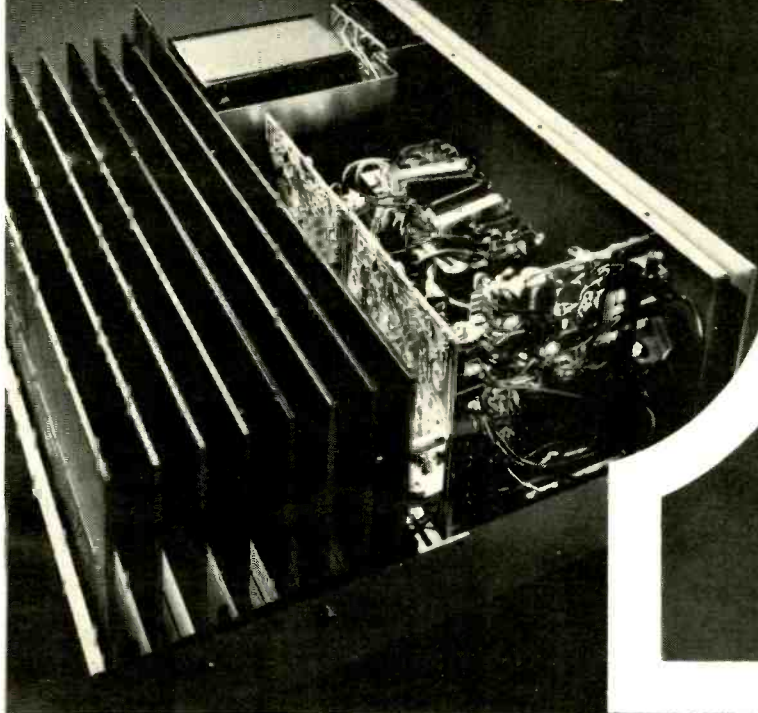
The frequency response of the Model 1 was obviously at least as good as that of our test instruments, measuring  $\pm 0.2$  dB from 20 to 15,000 Hz. The channel separation was about 48 dB or better from 30 to 7,000 Hz. Accurate measurements in the upper audio-frequency range were hampered by a phase-shift problem in the signal generator, which yielded apparent separation figures exceeding 60 dB! With most good tuners, whose separation rarely exceeds 40 dB, this effect is not apparent, but in the case of the Model 1 we must content ourselves with saying that its separation exceeds at least 42 dB, and is typically

(Continued on page 36)

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better than 48 dB, across the full audio-frequency range.

The capture ratio at 1,000  $\mu\text{V}$  was 1.1 dB, and it was still an excellent 1.4 dB at 10  $\mu\text{V}$ . The AM rejection measured 70 dB, which is apparently the limit of our test capability and surpasses that of any other tuner we have measured. Alternate-channel selectivity was a very good 86 dB. The image rejection of 62 dB was good, but not quite as outstanding as the tuner's other characteristics. The 19-kHz pilot-carrier suppression was a good 62 dB—a notable figure in view of the fact that the tuner's frequency response showed no signs of rolloff even at 15,000 Hz.

The fact that some of these numbers are not significantly different from those we have obtained from many tuners costing a fraction of the price of the Model 1 may seem rather strange. However, given the audible performance of the tuner (which we will get to in a moment), what this indicates is that tuner measurement standards are not as useful as they might be for delineating the characteristics of a tuner with such markedly superior qualities. For example, the IHF sensitivity measurement is based on the level of input signal (in microvolts) required to reduce the level of distortion plus noise (usually hiss) in the received signal to 3.2 per cent ( $-30$  dB). Practically, however, it matters little whether a tuner has an IHF sensitivity rating of 1.5 or 3  $\mu\text{V}$ , because a signal-to-noise ratio of 30 dB is simply not suitable for serious listening. The 50-dB "quieting sensitivity" rating proposed for the new IHF FM standard approaches acceptable listening quality at the rated sensitivity, but just barely.

The overall operation of the Model 1 was flawless, with accurate tuning assured by the scope display (the low distortion of the tuner was maintained even with visible mistuning), and there was a drift of less than 10 kHz from a cold start. Compared with most solid-state tuners, the Sequerra Model 1 generates considerable heat, but its temperature compensation appeared to be excellent.

The interstation muting was good, though at times we heard a slight noise burst when tuning on or off a station.

● *Comment.* One may fairly ask how a \$2,500 price tag can be justified for an FM tuner, no matter how good its performance. Certainly that question was in our minds when we evaluated the Sequerra Model 1. First of all, it must be conceded that the electrical performance of this tuner is, in every important respect, as advanced as the state of the art permits. Most good tuners we have seen cannot match its key performance specifications, and none can equal or even approach the *total* capability of the Model 1. Furthermore, anyone familiar with high-grade laboratory instruments or military electronic equipment will appreciate the quality of the construction and the excellence of the parts used. The Model 1 is quite unlike most consumer products, even the very best, and its price can be justified on the basis of the overall mechanical and electronic quality of the instrument.

But what about the Sequerra tuner's listening qualities? Does it *sound* better than other tuners, or offer other equally obvious audible advantages? Our answer must be somewhat equivocal. For casual listening to the vast bulk of ordinary FM programs, the Model 1 sounds no different from almost any good FM tuner costing a fraction of its price. However, when listening critically—with the best ancillary equipment—to the better-quality programs from "good-music" stations, and especially when comparing the sound of this tuner with that of another tuner in an A-B fashion, one can sometimes *hear* the slightly lower distortion and absence of obscuring "fuzz" in the sound of the Model 1. The differences are extremely subtle, and we still would find it hard to justify the cost of this tuner if that were the *only* advantage it offered.

The most obvious difference in the sound delivered by the Model 1 (yes, there *was* a difference) was in the level of background hiss and noise. Whether the

received signal was weak or strong, and no matter what other tuner it was compared with (we tried several, all good), the background noise level from the Model 1 was noticeably lower. This is due partially to its superior limiting, and partially (according to the designer) to the lack of spurious noise products caused by intermodulation between the various signals entering the tuner. The fact that the sensitivity rating test done according to IHF standards does not reveal any particular superiority on the part of this tuner is merely an indication of the limitations of even the best available test equipment and procedures.

Another obvious superiority of the Model 1 is in reception of weak signals, particularly those afflicted with severe aircraft flutter, fading, or multipath distortion. Under conditions where other tuners suffer from background-noise modulation, distortion, or excessive hiss, the Model 1 generally delivers listenable and often full-fidelity sound. We convinced ourselves of this by an A-B comparison with a highly regarded FM tuner whose basic sensitivity and quieting measurements were almost identical to those of the Sequerra Model 1, and with both tuners operating from the same antenna system. In another location, ignition noise that severely marred reception on another fine tuner was completely suppressed in the Model 1. In short, the major feature of the Sequerra Model 1 is that its outstanding performance is realizable down to very low signal levels—signal levels that, with other tuners, show a substantial increase in noise or distortion, or both.

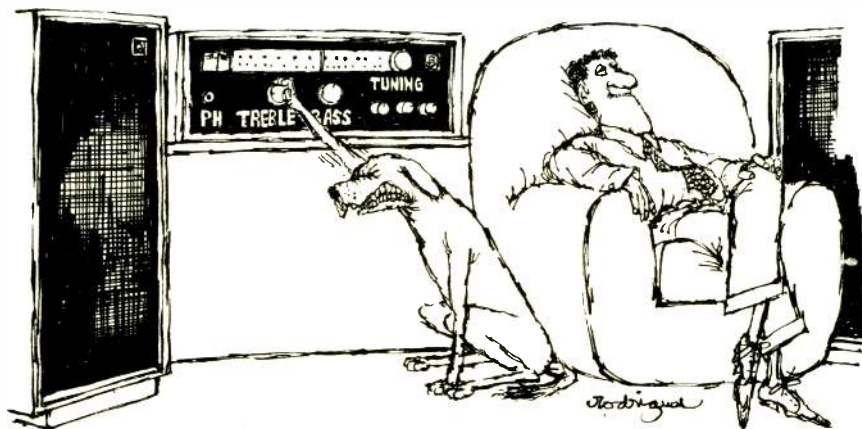
For fringe-area listeners, therefore, some of whom are unable to enjoy the benefits of FM with any previously available tuner, the Sequerra Model 1 may be a godsend, albeit an expensive one. If you can arrange to do so, it would probably be advisable to try it on a "money-back" basis. However, we are certain of one thing—if *it* won't do the job, nothing else will!

The panoramic display is an intriguing and informative feature, both for the "DX-er" and the concerned listener. One would probably not spend \$500 for it as an accessory (even if it could be made to sell as one for such a low price, which it probably couldn't), but we feel that anyone willing to invest \$2,000 in an FM tuner should go all the way and get the panoramic display.

Overall, the Sequerra Model 1 would seem to be the tuner that sets current standards in the same way that the Marantz 10B did in its time. Those who have had their orders in and have been waiting for production to start will find, we think, that their patience has been well rewarded.

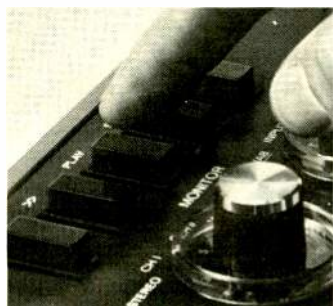
Circle 105 on reader service card

(Continued on page 38)





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Instantaneously, the logic is checked for permissibility. If acceptable, a relay is activated.

Within 15 milliseconds, power is supplied to the pinch roller solenoid, the brake solenoid, the back tension motor, a second relay and, at the same time, the photocell is checked for the presence of tape. If present, Relay One self-holds.

Elapsed time, 25 milliseconds.

At 30 milliseconds, Relay Two closes and puts accelerating tension on the take-up motor.

The logic checks are now complete and power is available to actuate all necessary functions.

From 30 milliseconds to 300 milliseconds, mechanical inertia is being overcome and the motors and solenoids are settling down.

By 300 milliseconds, the brakes have been released, the pinch roller is in contact with the capstan shaft, the tape lifter retracted, the playback muting removed and the motors have come up to operating speed.

At 350 milliseconds power is cut off from Relay Two, which changes over to another set of contacts, releasing the accelerating tension on the take-up motor and completing a circuit through Relay One that, in turn, restores normal tension to the take-up motor.

Total elapsed time, 400 milliseconds. The Revox is now in the play mode.

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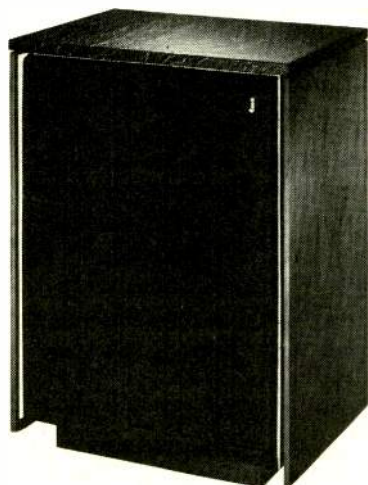
Revox  A77

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## Jensen Model 15 Serenata Speaker System



With speaker grille

● **HEADING** the new line of Jensen loudspeakers is the Model 15, a large, floor-standing four-way ducted-port system employing five drivers. The Model 15 Serenata is a handsome piece of furniture, finished on all sides in oiled walnut, with a stain-proof top surface that has the appearance of black slate.

The acoustically transparent black grille snaps off to reveal a white speaker panel on which are mounted a 15-inch woofer, an 8-inch lower-mid-range cone driver operating from 300 to 1,500 Hz, and a 5-inch upper-mid-range that handles the 1,500- to 4,000-Hz frequency range. Two 1-inch dome radiators operate together above 4,000 Hz. There are separate, continuously variable level controls on the speaker panel to adjust the output of the mid-range and higher-frequency radiators (as a group) for the desired frequency balance. The spring-loaded binding posts are located under the wooden base, which raises the cabinet a few inches from the floor.

The Jensen Serenata is nominally an 8-ohm system, rated to handle up to 100 watts of power. It is relatively efficient, and can be driven by any amplifier rated at 10 watts or more per channel. The cabinet is 31 inches high (including the base), 23 inches wide, and 17 inches deep. It weighs approximately 75 pounds. Jensen's comprehensive five-year warranty, which covers the entire system against manufacturing defects, includes parts, labor, and shipping costs both ways. Price: \$426.

● **Laboratory Measurements.** Preliminary listening tests indicated that the most uniform frequency response was obtained with the high-frequency control set to its maximum and the mid-range control set to the center of its range. As is our practice, we measured the integrated output of the speaker in a normally "live" room. A closely spaced microphone was used for our bass response and distortion measurements below about 300 Hz. After correcting for the response of the room and the test microphone, we combined the curves to obtain a composite frequency-response curve, which is roughly indicative of what can be expected from the speaker in a typical listening room.

The overall frequency response was smooth, varying only  $\pm 2.5$  dB from 85 to 15,000 Hz. At lower frequencies, speaker placement and room dimensions can be expected to have a considerable effect; under our test conditions the overall frequency response was within  $\pm 5$  dB from 42 to 17,000 Hz. Bass distortion was very low, typically about 0.5 per cent above 50 Hz. It rose to 5 per cent at 40 Hz and to 15 per cent at 30 Hz. These measurements were made at the woofer cone only, and hence do not reflect the contribution of the port radiation, which is predominant below about 40 Hz. Therefore, the effective distortion at the very low frequencies is somewhat lower than our figures indicate. The distortion remained quite low at all frequencies whether we drove the speaker with a constant 1-watt input or to a constant 90-dB sound-pressure level (SPL).

The mid-range level could be adjusted over a range of about 8 dB, principally between 200 and 1,500 Hz. The high-frequency level control had its major effect above 1,000 Hz, with an increase of up to 7 dB from its center position to maximum. At its minimum setting, the tweeters were effectively shut off, rolling off rapidly above 1,000 Hz. The electrical impedance of the system measured between 4 and 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, except for the bass-resonance rise to about 15 ohms at 58 Hz. The speaker efficiency was high. With a 1-watt signal input in the octave centered at 1,000 Hz, a 97-dB SPL was measured at a distance of 1 meter. The SPL in the reverberant field was 87 dB at a 1-watt level. The



Without speaker grille

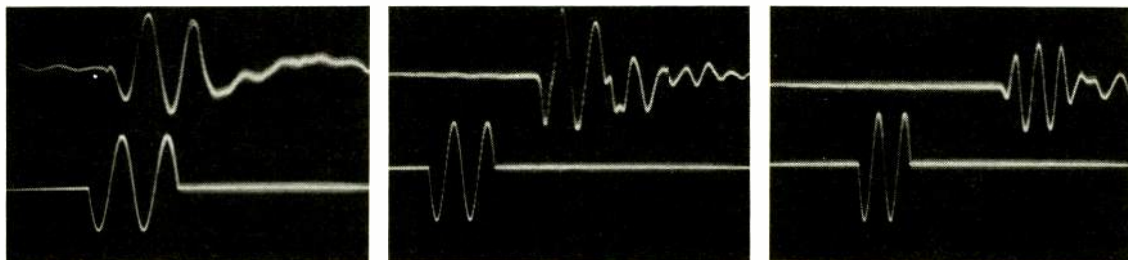
tone-burst response within the operating range of each driver was good, with no spurious outputs, although we observed some moderate ringing from the 5-inch driver after a 3,500-Hz burst.

● **Comment.** The Jensen Model 15 Serenata had a big, well-dispersed sound, with an excellent overall balance. In our simulated live-vs.-recorded tests, which operate from 200 Hz up, it proved to be an extremely accurate speaker at upper middle and high frequencies, with a slight added warmth in the lower mid-range. The bass was solid and powerful, though it did not extend quite as far down in frequency as the best acoustic-suspension speakers do. (In our listening room the generous-size Model 15's had to be located several feet from the nearest wall, which inevitably had some effect on their low-bass performance.)

The high efficiency of this Jensen system, typically 6 to 10 dB greater than that of most acoustic-suspension systems, makes it possible to achieve "live-performance" listening levels in average-size rooms without investing in a super-power amplifier. In fact, any good receiver with an output of 20 watts or so per channel can drive this speaker to the highest listening levels most people will ever require. By comparison, a high-quality acoustic-suspension system would need at least 200 watts per channel to achieve the same output levels. Furthermore, the Model

(Continued on page 40)

*Tone-burst response of the Model 15, shown here at (left to right) 275, 3,500, and 7,000 Hz, was generally good despite some mild "ringing" at 3,500 Hz.*



# is stereo obsolete?

**\$50 out of every \$100 you spend on a hi-fi system may be wasted on an obsolete stereo receiver!**

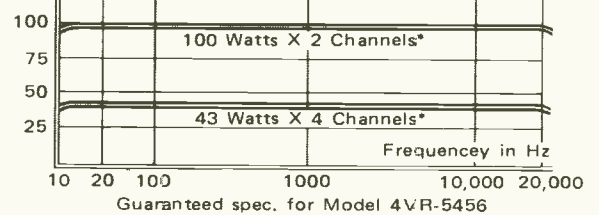
Four-channel receivers with built-in power strapping of the output amplifiers for stereo operation offer stereo output power comparable to the finest stereo receivers at almost the same cost and without any risk of becoming obsolete and robbing you of half the value you're paying for!

That can't happen with a JVC four-channel receiver with our Balanced Transformer-Less . . . BTL . . . circuitry which delivers over twice the output power to your speakers when used for 2-channel operation. Just look at the power output. Start out with a JVC state-of-the-art quad receiver and just two speakers. Later add two additional speakers and at a push of a front panel switch, go to four channel. All JVC four-channel receivers feature a CD-4 disc demodulator, a matrix 1 decoder for SQ and a matrix 2 decoder for RM, EV and QS discs. Plus automatic switching computer (4VR-5446 & 56) so you can play a mixed stack of CD-4 and matrix discs.

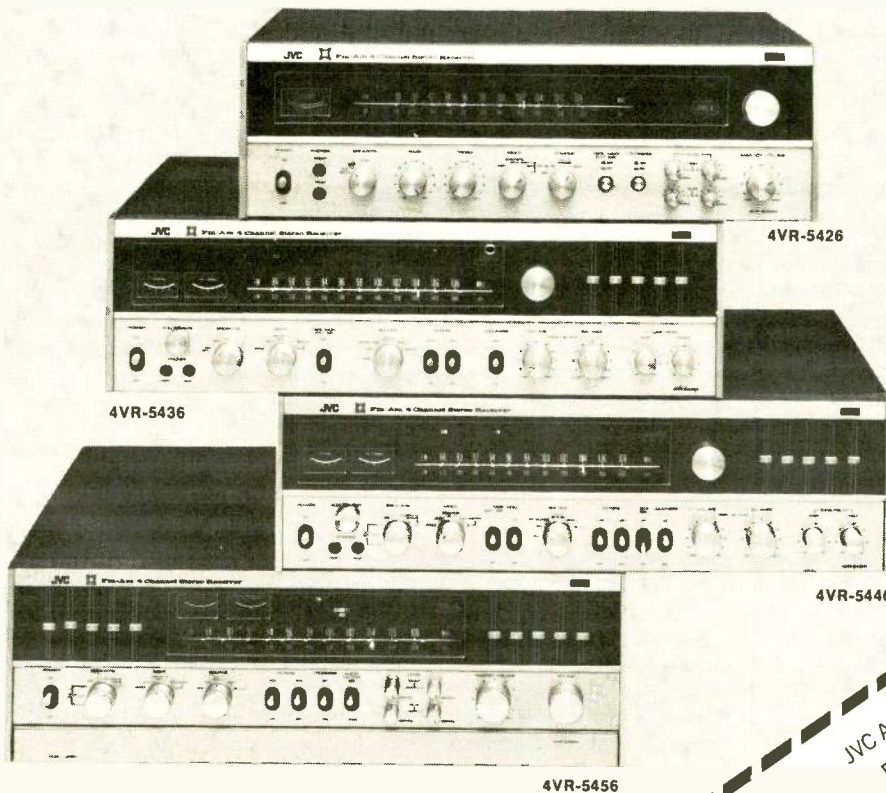
So don't pay for **wasted value** — consider a four channel receiver with BTL, from JVC, the inventor of **CD-4** — rather than an obsolete stereo receiver.

JVC HI-FI the best value your money can buy.

\*RMS continuous power, all channels driven at rated distortion 8 ohms



BTL 20 to 20,000 Hz $\pm 0$ dB		
Model	2 Channel Output	4 Channel Output
	RMS continuous power, all channels driven at rated distortion, 8 ohms.	
4VR-5426	30X2	13X4
4VR-5436	35X2	15X4
4VR-5446	55X2	21X4
4VR-5456	100X2	43X4



## JVC BTL

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# JVC

15 is rated for inputs as high as 100 watts per channel, which indicates that it should be able to play *much* louder than most home systems. Obviously, this

goes a long way toward justifying the cost of the Model 15. In addition, its fully finished back makes it adaptable to installations where the rear of the

cabinet must be exposed. All this makes the Jensen Model 15 Serenata attractive both aesthetically and sonically.

Circle 106 on reader service card

## Superex EP-5 Stereo Headphones



● **SUPEREX ELECTRONICS**, whose broad line of stereo headphones includes both dynamic and electrostatic types, has announced a hybrid model, the EP-5 Electro-PRO, employing both electrostatic and dynamic driver elements. Electrostatic phones are well known for their wide frequency range and smooth response, but they tend to be restricted, particularly at low frequencies, in the maximum volume levels they can produce without excessive distortion. Most of them also require an external coupler/power supply that usually must be plugged into the a.c. line. Dynamic phones, on the other hand, can deliver extremely high acoustic outputs approaching the threshold of pain, but often have a relatively irregular upper mid-frequency and high-frequency response.

In the Superex EP-5, many of the best features of both types are combined. A 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch Mylar-diaphragm dynamic "woofer" handles the low and mid frequencies. Mounted coaxially with it is a 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch permanently charged electret electrostatic diaphragm. The crossover, in the 3,000- to 4,000-Hz region, is accomplished acoustically through back-loading the tweeter and by tailoring the acoustic design of the woofer cavity.

Electrostatic elements, by their nature, require a high-voltage audio signal, and this is provided by a step-up transformer in the control "console" supplied with the EP-5 system. The console must be connected to the speaker outputs of a stereo amplifier (the usual headphone jacks cannot drive the transformer and phones), and the headset plugs into a five-pin socket on the console panel. Terminals are provided in the rear of the console for the displaced speaker

connections, and a rocker switch on the panel selects either speaker or headphone listening.

Unlike full-range electrostatic headphones (including those made by Superex), the EP-5 tweeters operate as single-ended (non-push-pull) drivers. Apparently the small diaphragm excursions needed for high-frequency operation also make it possible to use permanently polarized electret elements and eliminate the inconvenience and expense of a.c. line connections or polarizing supplies without incurring excessive distortion. The left and right inputs are electrically separate, except for a 440-ohm resistance between their grounded sides. Most amplifiers share a common ground between channels and present no connection problems, but Superex suggests caution in connecting the EP-5 console to any amplifier which does not have one side of each speaker output grounded.

The headset of the EP-5 is similar in styling to other current Superex models, with relatively large, but light, square-shaped earpieces and a padded headband. The cushioned ear seals do not exert an uncomfortable pressure on the wearer's head, yet are quite effective in excluding ambient noise. The headset weighs 16 ounces, and it has a 15-foot coiled cord. The console measures 7 x 4 x 2 inches. Price: \$80.

● **Laboratory Measurements.** The frequency response of the Superex EP-5 phones was measured on a Koss-designed test coupler, with the phones driven at a constant 3-volt input. The output of the dynamic woofer was unusually smooth down to the lower test limit of 20 Hz. There was a broad dip in

the 1,000- to 3,000-Hz region that was about 8 dB below the 100-Hz level. The tweeter output above the crossover frequency was almost as great as the average woofer output, and it remained strong all the way to the upper test limit of 20,000 Hz. The impedance of the EP-5 phones reached a maximum of about 90 ohms in the 500- to 2,000-Hz range, falling off to 15 ohms at 20 Hz and to 8 ohms at 20,000 Hz.

Tone-burst measurements of headphones are difficult to interpret, since the dimensions of the coupler and the inside of the earpieces interact in a somewhat unpredictable manner to modify the burst response, particularly at the higher frequencies. Our measurements at 100, 1,000, and 5,000 Hz showed generally good response, with some evidence of ringing at the higher frequencies. A 3-volt test-signal input produced a sound-pressure level (SPL) of 105 to 107 dB at frequencies from 20 to 400 Hz, and between 100 and 105 dB at frequencies from 3,000 to 18,000 Hz. These are all fairly high listening levels (they would rarely be used in loudspeaker listening), and the EP-5 phones can produce them with any amplifier rated at 10 watts per channel or more. The EP-5 has internal overload protection circuits to prevent excessive drive signals from reaching the phones. We verified their effectiveness by driving the phones at high levels from a 200-watt-per-channel amplifier with no ill effects.

● **Comment.** We judged the listening quality of the Superex EP-5 phones with a variety of amplifiers and receivers and in a side-by-side comparison with a rather expensive and highly regarded full-range electrostatic headphone. Superex states that the EP-5 was developed to provide high-quality listening for rock, modern, and synthesized music. A slight bass boost was incorporated in the phones to appeal to the taste of contemporary listeners and to compensate for possible air leaks between the ear cushions and the wearer's head. Our subjective reaction conformed in every detail to Superex's own appraisal of their phones. The EP-5 had a slightly "heavy" sound by comparison with the reference phones, although the high-frequency responses of the two phones seemed to

(Continued on page 42)

# Introducing the only way to get accurate and continuous CD-4 separation.

Until now you had to depend upon your hands, your eyes and your ears to bring you accurate 4-channel separation of CD-4 records. When they missed, so did you.

But now you can sit back and relax. With Technics SA-8500X. Instead of trial and error, the SA-8500X brings you optimum separation automatically. Because it's the first 4-channel receiver with automatic CD-4 separation. And it's continuous separation. Across the entire frequency range.

The SA-8500X also has just about everything else you need for total command of 4-channel. Automatic carrier level controls. A CD-4 demodulator with LSI IC's for discrete 4-channel records. A decoder for both types of matrix. And an MPX output ready for discrete FM broadcasts.

There's also an abundance of power: 34 watts RMS per channel pumped into 8Ω, all channels driven (4x34w = 136w. At 1 kHz, THD 0.5% Max.).

Because we know the intricacies of 4-channel, we've given you the features to substantially minimize them. Like 4 VU meters for visual

control of 4-channel balance. And a Hi-Blend switch for clear demodulation of CD-4 discs.

We've also put a 4-pole dual-gate MOS FET and 3 ceramic IF filters into the FM section. So you get a sensitivity of 1.9μv (IHF). S/N ratio of 65dB. And an excellent capture ratio of 1.5dB.

For stereo, a simple flick of the BTL switch on the front panel straps the amplifiers together. And produces 85 watts RMS per channel into 8Ω, both channels driven (2x85w = 170w. At 1 kHz, THD 0.5% Max.).

The SA-8500X. It's the only way to hear everything in 4-channel the way it should be heard. Because it's the only 4-channel receiver with both automatic carrier level control and automatic CD-4 separation.

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

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# Technics

by Panasonic



be quite similar. For those users who prefer a more conventional sound balance, most amplifier tone controls are capable of flattening the bass response to match the mid-range level.

We could not hear any distortion or similar effects that might have resulted from the use of single-ended drivers. This is not surprising in view of the high crossover frequency, since harmonics

generated by the electrostatic tweeters would probably fall above the range of human hearing, and many intermodulation products would fall below the crossover frequency.

To summarize, we feel that the Superex EP-5 phones do provide the extended, smooth high-frequency response of an electrostatic phone together with the powerful bass of a dynamic phone, and

at a price well below that of other electrostatic phones currently on the market. For the listener who favors the low bass, the EP-5 phones are among the most potent that we have heard in the lowest octaves, yet when desired they can easily be equalized with amplifier tone controls to suit more conventional listening tastes.

*Circle 107 on reader service card*

## Technics RS-676US Stereo Cassette Deck



● UNTIL recently, most cassette decks have followed a standard external format, with the tape-loading well, meters, and controls all mounted on the top surface. However, a recent trend in cassette-deck design, exemplified by the new Technics RS-676US, is the front-loading deck. External dimensions, styling, and general appearance of a front-loading deck generally match those of the amplifiers and tuners in the same manufacturer's product line, so that the tape deck can be stacked on, or placed next to, the other components—even be panel-mounted—without creating aesthetic problems. The tape is loaded (in a more or less horizontal plane) through a hinged front door, and is visible through a window in the door. In the case of the RS-676US, the cassette is tilted slightly forward in the lighted compartment and can be viewed either directly or via a built-in mirror. An EJECT button opens the door partially and, if the transport is disengaged, ejects the cassette.

The Technics RS-676US is a two-motor machine with a solenoid-activated transport mechanism controlled by light-touch pushbuttons in the center of the front panel. Symbols on the PLAY, REC, and PAUSE buttons light up when engaged. The PLAY and STOP buttons are long bars, easily distinguished from the other smaller controls. Pressing the REC button turns on the recording circuits (for setting levels) and lights a red dot on the button, but does not start the tape. Recording begins when the PLAY button is touched, but if one wishes to disengage the recording mode after setting the

levels, it is only necessary to touch the STOP button. The PAUSE control latches when pressed, and is released by a second touch.

Above the transport controls are a three-digit index counter and its reset button, plus a button to engage the MEMORY PLAY, a feature exclusive to this machine. Several other deluxe recorders have a memory stop, which means that the counter can be set to zero at any part of a tape and the machine will rewind to that point and stop. The Technics system goes one step beyond this—the tape stops at the preset point, then automatically goes into the play mode. If you wish, it can also be used as a memory stop by pressing both the PAUSE and REWIND buttons.

The Dolby-system switch includes a third position for a filter that removes the pilot carrier and other ultrasonic signals from stereo FM programs so that they do not affect the operation of the Dolby circuits. A second DOLBY FM switch connects the recorder's Dolby circuits to decode a Dolbyized FM broadcast for listening. The circuits are so arranged that the program may also be simultaneously recorded in encoded form. The recording can then be played back later through the recorder's Dolby system and heard with full noise reduction and proper frequency balance. Recessed screwdriver controls on the panel set the Dolby-FM levels with the aid of test tones transmitted by the FM stations.

A two-position TAPE SELECTOR optimizes recording and playback equalization and recording bias for normal

ferric-oxide or chromium-dioxide (CrO<sub>2</sub>) tapes. The now-standard 70-microsecond playback equalization is used for the CrO<sub>2</sub> tape. Some brands of CrO<sub>2</sub> cassettes are manufactured with a special notch next to the recording interlock tab, and when such a cassette is loaded into the RS-676US, the recorder automatically switches to the CrO<sub>2</sub> operating mode for recording and playback.

A single large knob adjusts recording level for both channels, and a smaller BALANCE control provides gain adjustment between channels. Two small concentric knobs adjust the microphone-input gain, which is independent of the setting of the master recording-level control and can be mixed with the high-level inputs. The INPUT SELECTOR connects either the TUNER or the LINE inputs, or disconnects both for microphone recording alone. The two quarter-inch microphone jacks and a stereo headphone jack are located on the front panel.

The two illuminated VU meters read both recording and playback levels. Normally, they have the ballistic characteristics of a standard VU meter, with a fast attack and decay and no significant overshoot. Pressing the PEAK CHECK button below the meters converts them to very fast-responding peak indicators, with a much slower decay time.

In the rear of the recorder are the input and output jacks, left- and right-channel playback-level screwdriver adjustments, and a Dolby FM de-emphasis switch. Dolby FM programs are now being transmitted with a 25-microsecond ( $\mu$ s) pre-emphasis, instead of the normal 75  $\mu$ s, for better compatibility with non-Dolby FM reception. When a 25- $\mu$ s transmission is received, the switch on the RS-676US can convert the output of a standard FM tuner to a 25- $\mu$ s characteristic for optimum frequency response and noise reduction. There is also a REMOTE CONTROL socket for use with an optional accessory (\$34.95). The Technics RS-676US is 16 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide, 11 $\frac{7}{8}$  inches deep, and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches high; it weighs 23 pounds. Price: \$459.95.

*(Continued on page 46)*

# The finest stereo receiver the world has ever known.

We recognize the awesome responsibility of making such a statement. Nevertheless, as the leader in high fidelity, we have fulfilled this responsibility in every way.

Pioneer's new SX-1010 AM-FM stereo receiver eclipses any unit that has come before it. It has an unprecedented power output of 100+100 watts RMS (8 ohms, both channels driven) at incredibly low 0.1% distortion, throughout the entire audible spectrum from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz. Power is maintained smoothly and continuously with direct-coupled circuitry driven by dual power supplies.

To bring in stations effortlessly, clearly and with maximum channel separation, the SX-1010 incorporates an FM tuner section with overwhelming capabilities. The combination of MOS FETs, ceramic filters

and phase lock loop IC circuitry produces remarkable specifications like 90dB selectivity, 1.7uV sensitivity and 1 dB capture ratio.

Versatility is the hallmark of every Pioneer component. The SX-1010 accommodates 2 turntables, 2 tape decks, 2 headsets, 3 pairs of speakers, a stereo mic and an auxiliary. It also has Dolby and 4-channel connectors. There's even tape-to-tape duplication while listening simultaneously to another program source. This is another innovative Pioneer exclusive.

The SX-1010 is actually a master control system with its fantastic array of controls and features. It includes pushbuttons that simplify function selection and make them easy to see with illuminated readouts on the super wide tuning dial. FM and audio

muting, hi/low filters, dual tuning meters, loudness contour, a dial dimmer control and a fail-safe speaker protector circuit. Never before used on a receiver are the twin stepped bass and treble tone controls that custom tailor listening to more than 3,000 variations. A tone defeat switch provides flat response instantly throughout the audio spectrum.

By now it's evident why the SX-1010 is the finest stereo receiver the world has ever known. Visit your Pioneer dealer and audition its uniqueness. \$699.95, including a walnut cabinet.

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**PIONEER**  
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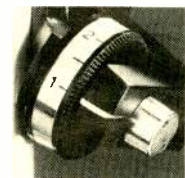
**The lowest-priced Dual  
may well be all the turntable  
you're ever likely to need.**



Dual 1225, \$129.95

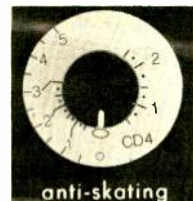


The least you should require of a turntable is the assurance that its tonearm can track flawlessly with the most sensitive cartridges available, and that its drive system will introduce no audible rumble, wow, or flutter. To accept less means risking damage to your precious record collection and producing sounds from your system which were never recorded.



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

Happily, the lowest-priced Dual, the 1225, provides this assurance and much more at just \$129.95. For it is the perfect example of Dual's basic design concept: to build every Dual turntable with more precision than you are ever likely to need.

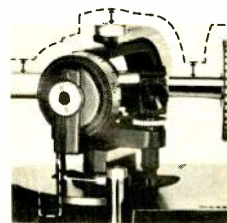


Separate anti-skating calibrations for conical, elliptical and CD-4 styli are provided on every Dual turntable.

In the case of the 1225, this means a vernier-adjust, counter-balanced tonearm capable of flawless tracking at as low as one gram. Stylus pressure is applied exactly as in costlier Duals: around the vertical pivot, maintaining perfect balance in all planes. Anti-skating force is also applied exactly as in the highest-priced Dual: with separate calibrations for conical, elliptical and CD-4 styli.

Other features the 1225 shares with the more costly Duals include pitch control, viscous-damped cueing and a precision drive system. The 1225's hi-torque motor maintains speed within 0.1%, even when line voltage varies as much as 20%, and its hefty 3-3/4 lb. platter provides effective flywheel action that minimizes the audible effect of any possible speed variations.

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



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

All of this explains why even Dual's lowest-priced models have been so



Dual 1226, \$159.95

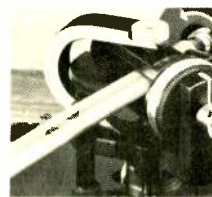
Dual 1228, \$189.95

Dual 1229Q, \$259.95

well accepted by audio experts. (Many tell us their original Duals which were bought early in their careers are still in service.)

Considering all this, why do so many serious music lovers spend as much as \$259.95 for the 1229Q? (Readers of the leading music/audio magazines own more Duals—at every price level—than any other quality turntable.)

Although the 1225 has all the precision your records need, the 1229Q has refinements that you may well want. For example, the 1229Q is a full-sized turntable with a 12" dynamically-balanced platter, driven by the powerful Continuous-Pole/Synchronous motor. Its gimbal-mounted 8-3/4" long tonearm can track at as low as 0.25 gram, and has provision for adjusting its vertical tracking angle. It also has an illuminated strobe, and cueing is damped in both directions to prevent bounce.

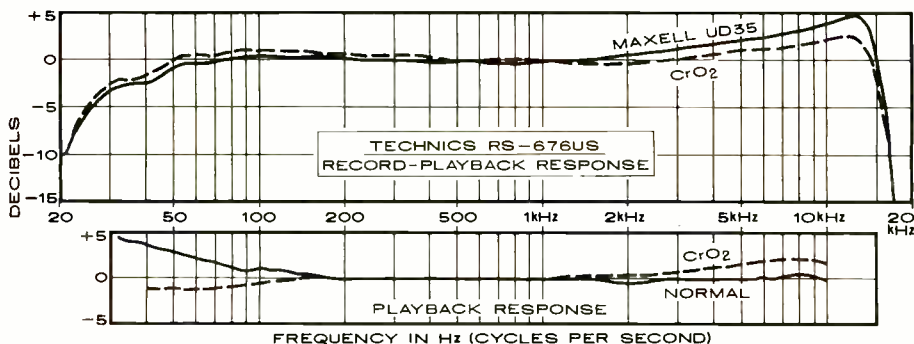


Tonearms of the 1228 and 1229Q are suspended in a true four-point gyroscopic gimbal.

Dual's other two multi-play turntables, the 1226 at \$159.95 and the 1228 at \$189.95, offer one or more of these refinements. Which may bring you to this question: having decided that you and your records deserve a Dual, which one should you buy?

For the answer, we suggest you visit your franchised United Audio dealer where the new generation of Dual turntables is now on display.

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



● **Laboratory Measurements.** The playback-frequency response, tested with the Nortronics AT-200 tape (standard 120- $\mu$ s equalization), was  $\pm 0.5$  dB from 125 to 10,000 Hz, rising to +4.5 dB at 31.5 Hz. The response with the Teac MT-116SP test tape (employing the 70- $\mu$ s equalization used with CrO<sub>2</sub>) was within  $\pm 1.5$  dB from 40 to 10,000 Hz.

We measured the overall record-playback frequency response with Maxell UD and TDK Krom-O<sub>2</sub> (CrO<sub>2</sub>) tapes at a -20-dB recording level. The former had a slightly rising high end, and was within  $\pm 4$  dB from 30 to 16,000 Hz. The CrO<sub>2</sub> response was somewhat flatter—within  $\pm 3$  dB from 27 to 16,800 Hz. We also checked the RS-676US with the new Sony Ferri-Chrome tape, using the NORMAL bias setting recommended for this tape. As expected, the high end was strongly accentuated, with a smooth rise to +10 dB at 13,500 Hz. When we played the tape back with the 70- $\mu$ s equalization used for CrO<sub>2</sub>, the overall response was  $\pm 4$  dB from 30 to 16,300 Hz. Using the same tapes, we also checked record-playback response at 0 dB to determine the machine's freedom from the effects of magnetic saturation. With the standard and CrO<sub>2</sub> tapes, response at 10,000 Hz was 2 to 3½ dB below the mid-range level. With Ferri-Chrome tape, the 10,000-Hz level was actually 1½ dB above the 1,000-Hz level.

With the Dolby system on, the overall

record-playback response at a -25-dB level was accentuated slightly, by about 3 dB, above 1,000 Hz. This tended to dilute the effectiveness of the noise reduction, although the Dolby system still achieved a very good 7- to 8-dB improvement in signal-to-noise ratio (S/N). The reference 3 per cent distortion level was reached with a recording input of +4 dB (Maxell UD), +2 dB (TDK Krom-O<sub>2</sub>), and +3 dB (Sony Ferri-Chrome). The differences in the S/N numbers among the three tapes were insignificant. The unweighted S/N was about 50 dB, improving with IEC weighting to about 54 dB. Adding the Dolby system resulted in a 61.5-dB S/N with all tapes. When we used the Ferri-Chrome tape with normal recording bias and the 70- $\mu$ s playback equalization, the S/N was about 1 to 2 dB better than with the other tapes.

The input sensitivity for a 0-dB recording level was 62 millivolts (mV) for LINE, 85 mV for TUNER, and 0.24 mV for MIC. The MIC input added about 11 dB of noise at maximum gain, but at any normal input-gain setting the noise increase was small enough to be inaudible. The playback output level from a 0-dB recording-level input was about 0.5 volt, varying somewhat with the tape used. A standard Dolby-level test tape gave a +6-dB meter reading, although the Dolby marks on the meter scale were at +3 dB. The headphone volume was good with 8-ohm phones, but rather low with higher-impedance (200-ohm) phones.

The performance of the tape transport was excellent, with a speed error of less than 0.1 per cent, and only 0.1 per cent unweighted rms flutter. In fast-forward or rewind, a C-60 cassette was wound in 64 to 65 seconds. The meters had an exceptionally fast and well-damped response, even in their normal mode of operation. Tone bursts of a 0.3-second duration gave exactly the same reading as a steady test signal, and the response of the meters was down only 3 dB with 0.1-second bursts. When we pushed the PEAK CHECK button, a 0.05-second burst gave a reading 3 dB below a steady signal.

● **Comment.** While there are probably some installations that require a top-loading cassette deck, we found the de-

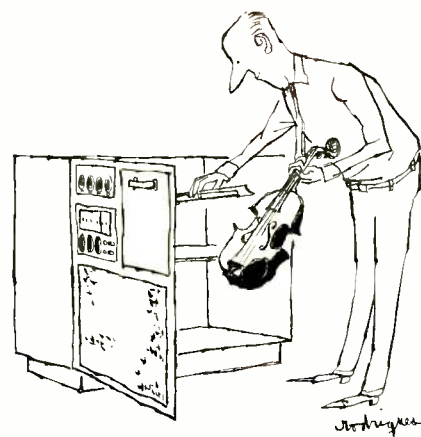
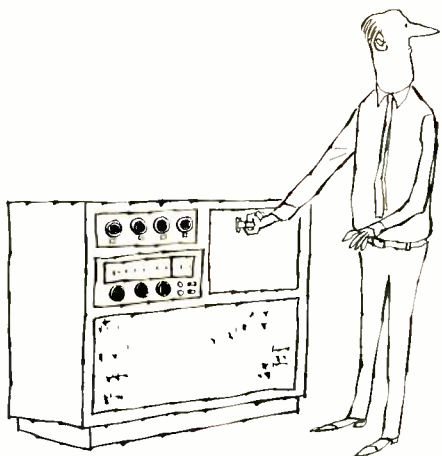
sign of the Technics RS-676US exceptionally convenient to use, and we suspect that many others will have the same reaction. The positive, light-touch controls give it the feel of a fine open-reel deck, and add much to the enjoyment of the unit.

In respect to sound quality, the RS-676US is as good as any cassette recorder we have used (and that includes some very fine units). Its Dolby FM-decoding system worked perfectly, although we could not evaluate the 25- $\mu$ s FM de-emphasis feature since that characteristic was not yet in use by broadcasters at the time of writing.

We encountered a potential problem with recorded Dolbyized FM broadcasts while listening to them in decoded form. It should be noted, however, that this problem exists with all recorders having this feature, and is not peculiar to the RS-676US. With the DOLBY FM CAL controls set so that a 50 per cent modulation level in the broadcast produced a Dolby calibration-level meter reading (+3 dB), high-level program passages regularly drove the meters to their limit (+6 dB) or beyond. This is apparently not enough to cause distortion in the recorder's electronic circuits, but is almost certain to cause tape saturation. One can switch to the normal TUNER INPUT mode, so that the proper recording level can be set, but this sacrifices the ability to listen to the decoded program while recording.

Having lived with the Technics RS-676US, we can say that anyone who has a chance to become accustomed to the conveniences of a high-quality solenoid-operated cassette deck such as this one will find it difficult to go back to an old-fashioned "piano-key" design. The front-loading feature should make this machine a natural choice for rack or panel mounting or for shelf installations at or near eye level. Best of all, the Technics RS-676US sounds quite as good as it looks.

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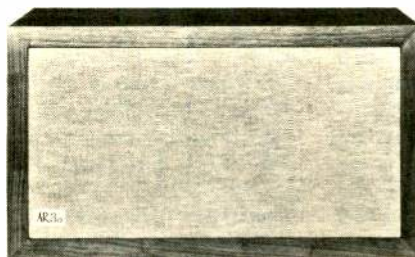
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Betty Comden, Howard Dietz, and Arthur Schwartz rehearsing for MGM's *The Band Wagon*

## HOWARD DIETZ'S *DANCING IN THE DARK*

A book review by Robert Kimball

WHEN Howard Dietz was a student at the Columbia University School of Journalism, he won the \$500 first prize in a contest for the college man who wrote the best advertisement for Fatima cigarettes. The winning Fatima ad brought Dietz several job offers, and the one he accepted—as a copywriter with the Philip Goodman Company—changed his life. One of Goodman's clients happened to be a rising movie producer named Samuel Goldwyn. When Goldwyn needed a logo for his film company, Dietz was the man who conceived the now legendary Leo the Lion roaring in a friendly way out of a frame bearing the legend “Ars Gratia Artis”—Art for Art's Sake (*Roar*, *Lion*, *Roar* is, of course, the Columbia school song, and the lion is its mascot).

After World War I, the ever-resourceful Dietz parlayed a phony letter campaign in a New York newspaper (the letters blatantly hymned Goldwyn's praises) into a job with Goldwyn's publicity department. When the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation became part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Dietz was put in charge of the new entity's advertising and publicity.

Dietz's long, eventful association with MGM is the source of some of the liveliest of the tales that adorn his sprightly, deftly paced book of recollections, *Dancing in the Dark*. Throughout his evocative reminiscences names and anecdotes drop as gently and frequently as petals from a rose. Within the space of two pages, for example, we can read about Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr, Louis B. Mayer, Tallulah Bankhead (it was Dietz who said, “A day away from Tallulah is like a month in the country”), Leland Hayward, Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Sullavan, George Cukor, and others, and not simply as names in an “among those present” list but as dis-

tinctive figures in the carpet of Dietz's memory. Dietz's brightly etched portraits of stars and celebrities never linger too long on the screen and are always as carefully drawn and fastidiously framed as his best lyrics for the music of his longtime collaborator, master-composer Arthur Schwartz.

*Dancing in the Dark* presents no less than thirty Dietz lyrics, and these remind us that it is as a lyricist—not as a publicist—that he will be best remembered. The road to his career as a lyric writer was paved by Philip Goodman (playing a pivotal role in Dietz's life for the second time), who arranged for the unseasoned Dietz to collaborate on the score for a musical comedy with the celebrated composer Jerome Kern in 1924. Five years later, an established lyric writer, Dietz joined forces with Arthur Schwartz to create a score for the first edition of *The Little Show*.

The impressive list of Dietz-Schwartz theater scores and songs includes 1929's *The Little Show (I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan)*, 1930's *Three's a Crowd (Something to Remember You By)*, 1931's *The Band Wagon (Dancing in the Dark)*, 1932's *Flying Colors (Louisiana Hayride)*, 1934's musical play *Revenge with Music (You and the Night and the Music, If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You)*, 1935's *At Home Abroad (Farewell, My Lovely)*, 1937's *Between the Devil (I See Your Face Before Me)*, 1948's *Haunted Heart*, 1961's *The Gay Life*, 1963's *Jennie*, and, of course, the title song for the film *That's Entertainment* (1974), originally written for the 1953 film version of *The Band Wagon*. All in all, these are dandy scores with luscious melodies and urbane lyrics. And they were introduced by the likes of Fred and Adele Astaire, Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, Tamara Geva, Ethel Waters, and Mary Martin. It would be superfluous perhaps to add that songwriters not only do not write songs of

that caliber any more but they haven't, by and large, for the past decade. But culture reflects its own times, and I think it is fair to say that our graceless age is receiving the music and the lyrics it deserves.

BEYOND the light, lively effervescence of Dietz's book, beyond the names, the anecdotes, and the vignettes that often threaten to make the book episodic and fragmented, beyond even Garbo, Gable, and Goldwyn, one yearns for more information about Dietz's work for the theater and, especially, about his collaboration with Arthur Schwartz. Here, in the most important area of Dietz's creative life, his recollections are frustratingly laconic and reticent.

A few other cavils: the book's hundred-forty-odd photos could have been more clearly reproduced, and the book itself more attractively designed. And I would have been a lot happier if the list of shows at the back of the book had been more complete and accurate. There are also several mistakes in the text as well that should have been caught by careful editing or proofreading. No, Ethel Merman did not sing *Embraceable You* in *Girl Crazy* (1930); Ginger Rogers and Allen Kearns did. The obstreperous Shubert brother Dietz mentions on page 229 should be Jake (J. J.), since Sam had died thirty years before. And there are others. On page 72, Dietz notes that *Dear Sir* opened in September 1924 (this was the show he wrote with Kern). He then states that six months after the opening he received a letter of introduction from Arthur Schwartz. But he gives the date of Schwartz's letter as February 24, 1924, and dates his reply March 8, 1924. These letters would have to have been written in 1925 or 1926.

The year 1926 is supported by the dates on these same letters which appear, along with Stanley Green's informative notes, in the booklet that accompanies “Alone Together” (Monmouth/Evergreen 6604/5), a totally delectable two-record tribute to Dietz and Schwartz. Here thirty-two of their best songs—some familiar, some obscure—are sung sensitively and delightfully by a quartet of pros, Nancy Dussault, Karen Morrow, Clifford David, and Neal Kenyon. Paul Trueblood's musical direction and arrangements are classy. This album is a perfect introduction to the wonderful world of Dietz and Schwartz.

In the opening lyric for *The Band Wagon*, Dietz admonished, “It better be good/It better be good and funny.” Following his own advice, he has given us a book that is both good and funny—an especially notable accomplishment since it was written while Dietz was engaged in a (continuing) gallant fight against Parkinson's disease. The book is a fine souvenir of the unique talent of one of our finest lyricists.

*Dancing in the Dark*, words by Howard Dietz. Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co. (1974), 370 pp., \$10.

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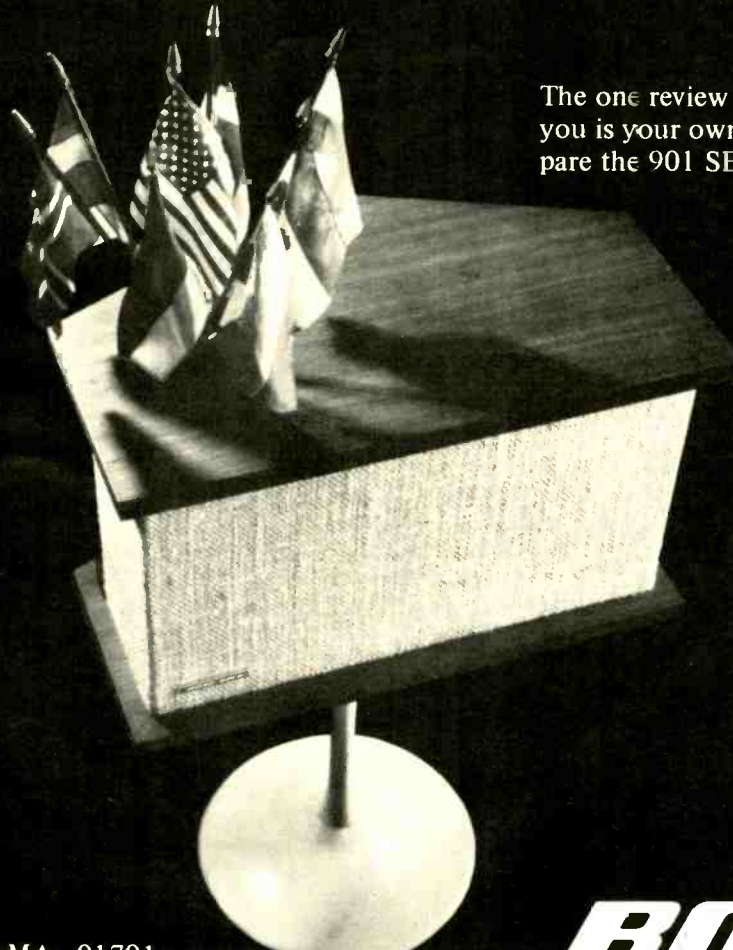
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*Carmen according to the Victor Book of the Opera, 1910 Edition*

## PICKING A WINNER IN MOSCOW

William Seward reports on the Tchaikovsky Vocal Competition

To spend three weeks in Moscow as a guest of the Committee of the Tchaikovsky Competition is about as exotic an invitation as I'll ever get, so when the soprano Bidú Sayão asked me to travel with her to that city as her escort, I eagerly accepted. Last November, I had been in Rio de Janeiro with Bidú for the Villa-Lobos Festival. It was the first time she had returned to Brazil, the country of her birth, for more than twenty years, and if the press paid more attention to her than to the festival, it was, I suppose, to be expected, for she is the most famous opera star Brazil has ever produced. It came as a shock to South American pride when Bidú, as judge in the Villa-Lobos singing competition, insisted that the gold medal and cash prize be awarded to Nina Lebedeva, the Russian contestant. So when a letter arrived in March inviting Miss Sayão to be a judge in the vocal division of the Fifth International Tchaikovsky Competition this past June, she understood what had motivated the Russians.

We were told by the cultural attaché of the Embassy of the USSR in Washington that the necessary visas and tickets would arrive in plenty of time, and he advised us to leave New York for Moscow on the Aeroflot flight of June 12. We were somewhat surprised to learn that the government airline of a "classless" society could provide either first- or second-class accommodations.

We actually arrived in the Soviet capital on June 17 (the visas were *not* ready for the 12th) and were met at the airport by a couple of reporters from *Pravda*, a charming interpreter who took great pains to disguise her identity (we learned later that she was the granddaughter of the grand old man of Soviet politics, Anastas Mikoyan), and a man wearing the official pin of the Competition (the Russians are big on wearing pins) who looked like an agent of the secret police. He was. We passed through customs so

easily that I regretted not bringing along anything in the way of bottles or books to relieve those days of music ahead. We were taken to the country's biggest hotel, the *Rossia*, a sort of Moscow Hilton. The view from the hotel, across from the south end of Red Square, with St. Basil's Cathedral on one side and the house where the first Romanoff was born on the other, was spectacular.

The vocal competition was held in the Hall of Columns, one of those huge ballrooms of pre-Revolutionary days. It's quite a concert hall, with more chandeliers than an MGM musical. The contest was divided into three parts, and in the first round fifty-three singers were heard. Most of them were either Russian or from Communist Bloc countries such as Bulgaria and Poland. Four came from the United States and shouldn't have. France, Egypt, Japan, and Cuba were also represented. Among her fellow judges Bidú met again composer Georges Auric of the group "Les Six," a friend from days at the Paris Opera.

There were eight points for judging the contestants, and Miss Sayão expanded these to include such things as musicality, intonation, phrasing, agility, and style. Most of the singers resorted to a rather refined kind of screaming that I hope will not penetrate the Iron Curtain. At the end of the first round the screams came not from the stage but from various jury members. The Rumanians and Poles were furious that their countries' singers did not receive enough votes to qualify them to continue, and certain "concessions" were therefore made in their favor. Our interpreter, obviously following instructions, asked Bidú to give higher marks than the singers deserved. Miss Sayão refused and asked why they even bothered to have a jury.

So twenty-eight singers went into the second round. I was bored with the idea of listening to them all (with a few exceptions) for another week and looked for

other things to do. In Russia that's not easy. By this time we were aware that we were under constant surveillance. During our first days in Moscow some of Bidú's fans who spoke English had introduced themselves and offered gestures of that famous Russian hospitality which we were happy to accept. We knew enough never to telephone them from the hotel because the rooms and phones were monitored, and it could be dangerous for them. When they called the hotel, I would turn on the television and speak under the flow of the heavy program fare. It must have worked, because the TV set suddenly disappeared one day. I noticed that most Russians made heavy use of the street phones and understood why.

With the help of our new friends, I found some real treasures, such as the magnificent Art Nouveau home of Maxim Gorky, a masterpiece of the style. Scriabin's house is now a museum and of such interest that I wondered why the Tchaikovsky Committee had not encouraged me to see it. Everything is preserved as if the composer were living in it today. And I suppose it was some impulse of impudence that led me to the building where Alexander Solzhenitsyn had formerly lived. The secret police agent who followed me there was not amused.

I checked the record stores and saw no imported American pop or classical releases, but I was told that a few American discs leak through to Russian collectors via East Germany. However, the Soviet authorities are just as cavalier about pirating American recordings as American books. The latest—if somewhat belated—American recordings issued on Russian labels were Toscanini's *Otello* with Ramón Vinay and Herva Nelli and a recital by Lily Pons.

At the time of our arrival, La Scala was playing a guest season at the Bolshoi Theater, so the resident company was performing in Congress Hall, an enormous auditorium within the Kremlin walls, which was certainly not designed with music in mind. The performances I heard there of standard Russian operas were long and loud, the singing pretty dismal. After the Italians left—Montserrat Caballé had created a sensation with Bellini's *Norma*, apparently the first time in history that the opera had been performed there—the Russian company moved back to the magnificent Bolshoi with its red curtain of wheat fields filled with the hammer-and-sickle symbol.

I had tickets for *Pique Dame*, but the performance was canceled because a gala had been arranged for then-President Nixon. Would he had had one the following night too; it would have spared me a performance of *Carmen* sung by the mezzo and tenor who had won the

(Continued on page 52)

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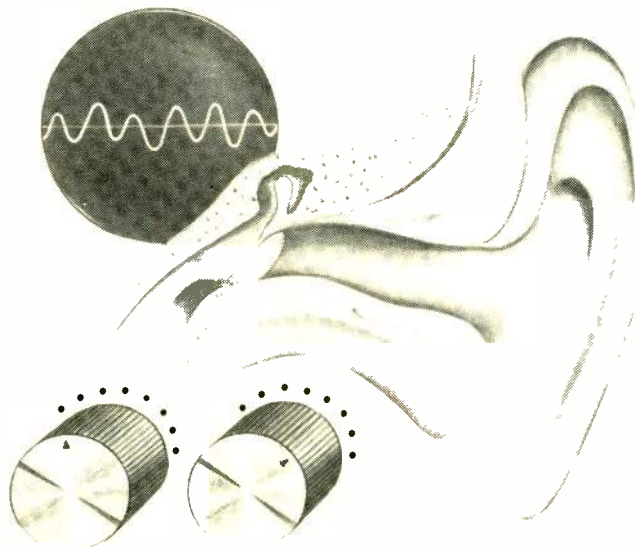


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Tchaikovsky contest four years ago. Elena Obraztsova is a beautiful woman with exceptional vocal talent, but she is not guilty of the slightest insight into the character of Bizet's colorful gypsy. Her main interest that evening seemed to be in not soiling her beautiful and apparently new costumes. Micaëla appeared like a Russian peasant, boots and all. The sets looked like something out of the *Victor Book of the Opera*, 1910 edition. Vladisau Pyavko sang José, and there was so much conversation in the house when he first appeared that I asked why. It seems he won the contest four years ago because he was then enjoying the interest of the Bolshoi's leading soprano, a fine singer of international reputation, whom he then abandoned to marry an equally celebrated mezzo. The season ended the next night with Nina Lebedeva in *Eugen Onegin*. She covered herself with glory and fulfilled the promise Bidú had seen in her last November in Rio.

I had just about OD'd on icons, museums, and the incredible wealth of the Kremlin when it was time to audition the last round of the contest. The nineteen singers were backed by an orchestra instead of the piano, and they were at the mercy of a conductor who jumped around a lot but couldn't get through the allegro section of a Verdi aria. The real trouble started when the chairman of the jury announced that there was "no need to count the votes to decide who the winners are." Since only Soviet-bloc contestants were involved, it was infighting among jurors from the countries represented. Some members of the jury hurled a few well-chosen phrases and walked out. There was a lot of screaming while Miss Mikoyan urged Bidú into a battle she didn't want to fight. We were tired and hungry—the Russian diet consists primarily of sturgeon and cucumbers—and wanted to go home.

The outstanding female voice among the contestants was clearly that of Tatiána Yearkestova, a contralto in the old tradition who sang "*O mio Fernando*" with the cabaletta magnificently, and Bidú felt she should have the gold medal. But the first prize in the men's division had already been given to Ivan Donomarenko, a Verdi baritone better than any we have at the Metropolitan, and rather than turn the contest into an all-Soviet affair, the chairman of the jury simply decided not to give a first prize to any of the ladies. We didn't understand what was going on, but we did the next day when we saw records of the prize winners of the Fifth International Tchaikovsky Competition already in the stores!

William Seward, a free-lance writer and an authority on singers and singing, is the director of Operatic Archives in New York.

STEREO REVIEW



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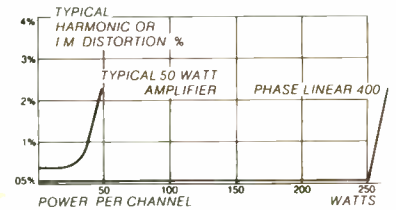


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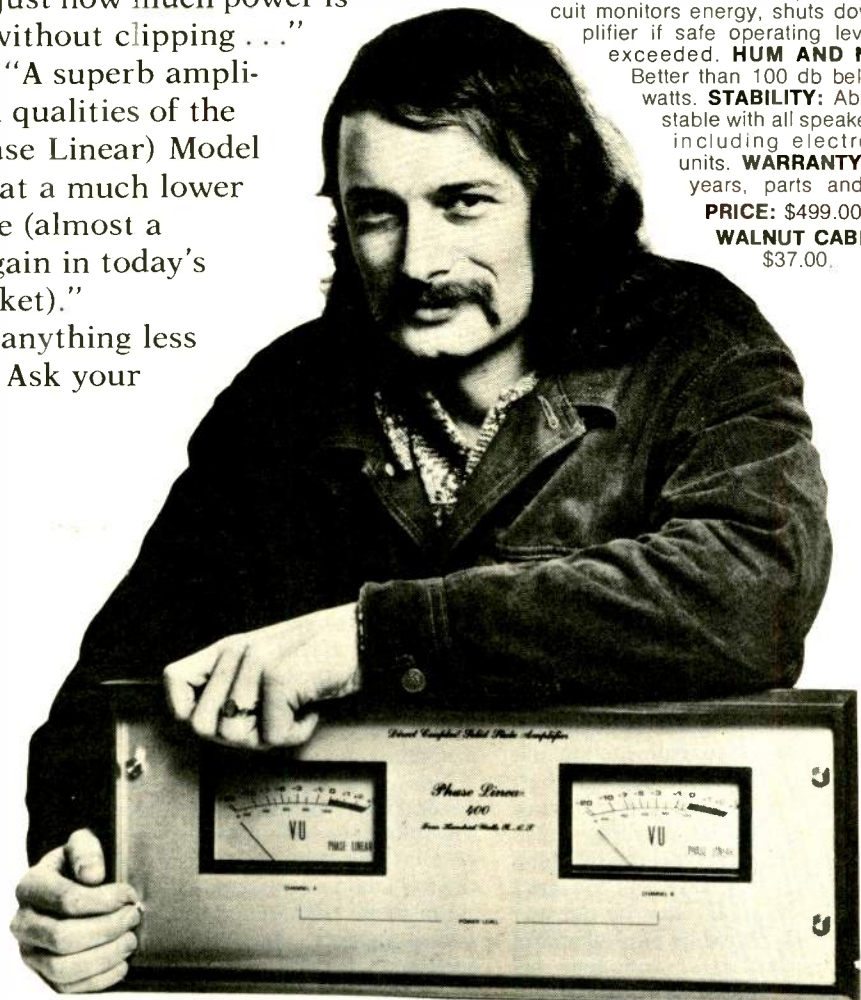
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# GOING ON RECORD

By JAMES GOODFRIEND  
*Music Editor*



## ARTS AND CRAFTS

ANY art—music, painting, sculpture, fiction, what have you—exhibits, in any of its manifestations, two facets: the *art* of it and the *craft* of it. Craft is the technique of putting the thing—whatever it is—together. Given some intelligence, and a bent in that direction, one can learn a craft. It takes a little time and it involves a certain amount of patient plodding (what seems electrifyingly quick to us may still be patient plodding to a Mozart or a Michelangelo), but gradually one acquires the technique to make the stone, the notes, the words, or the paint follow one's will rather than resisting it. The appreciation of craft is also something that can be learned. We catch on quickly to the technical expertise of a pianist or violinist, and we can be overwhelmed at the sheer physical accomplishment of Michelangelo's decoration of the Sistine Chapel ceiling without having any real idea at all of its true artistic stature.

The *art* of art lies in the conception. Conception is first of all a general thing, an overview, a vision of the whole. But it is also what determines how the details go and how they go together. Craft, for example, provides the musical technique needed to modulate from G Minor to F Major, but not the impetus to do so. The where, when, how, and why of it are matters of artistic conception.

It may be a debatable point, but the probability is that the art of art is not something that can be learned to any degree. One is born with a certain capacity for it and, training or no, one is limited by that capacity. Years of mastering craft will enable one to realize to the fullest whatever artistic abilities one has, but that is all. *Understanding* the art of art (as opposed to the craft of it) is also probably something the degree of which is an accident of birth. It was Mozart's tragedy that the art of what he did was thoroughly understood by only a handful of his contemporaries, and that his craftsmanship, though unquestionably of

the highest order, was not *so* superior to that of other composers of his time and place that the general musical public could accurately perceive his stature through it. Among their contemporaries, great artists are *best* understood by other great artists, though one still does not have to write a symphony in order to understand a symphony. We all comprehend a far larger vocabulary of words than we actually use in speech, and our ability to understand art is correspondingly greater than our ability to create it. Were that not the case, everything would be art and everyone an artist—or nothing and nobody.

Through history, the art of art and the craft of it have been fused in varying degrees. Though every age produces artists whose craft is greater than their artistic vision, or vice versa, there has been a definite change in attitude across the centuries. In the Middle Ages, artists thought of *themselves* as mere craftsmen. We have no idea who composed various Gregorian or Ambrosian chants, for artistic paternity was not something composers then claimed for themselves. The Renaissance brought with it a certain personal pride in workmanship (still craft), but also perhaps the first recognition of the importance of artistic conception rather than execution. Nevertheless, artists still filled a function: portraits were painted on commission, music written for specific occasions, buildings designed for particular uses, all specified by those who paid the bills. Craftsmanship was vital; if a man couldn't draw, he had no business being a painter.

One does not have to go through a whole history of the arts (a mere glance will suffice) to see a movement of ascendancy in the importance of artistic *conception* and a corresponding downgrading of mere *craftsmanship*. The change was so apparent that, by the end of the nineteenth century, craftsmanship could no longer be taken for granted in artistic

creation, and it came to be prized in itself—as a completely separate thing—whenever and wherever it came to light. Museums today collect examples of commercial art and industrial design not because there is any aesthetic message to be found in them, but for the evident craftsmanship.

In our time a few strange phenomena (in addition to the above) have resulted from this centuries-old swing in relative importance. In the visual arts particularly, it has gotten increasingly difficult to distinguish among the profound artist, the ordinary talent, the incompetent, and the charlatan. For the level of *craft* in a pop art or abstract expressionist painting is not high, and whether or not the conception is great is something exceedingly hard to be sure of at first, second, or even third look. And much of the work of op art seems to be *only* craft, decorated space with only a frame to distinguish it from the pure and explicitly stated craft of wallpaper design.

THE repercussions in music have been many, but one in particular I find fascinating. It is that those works that may ultimately be considered masterpieces of the century are not produced exclusively by those we consider to be the great composers of the century. In other words, a lesser composer may produce in a lifetime a single work that embodies an overwhelmingly great conception, and though his craftsmanship may not be equal to the task, the overall vision (in our view) is sufficient to carry everything else before it. I think of a friend's description of Peter Warlock as "probably the best composer for voice and piano who didn't know anything about composing for voice—or for piano." After many years of reflecting on it, I still consider Warlock's *The Curlew* to be one of the masterpieces of our time. Perhaps (as explanation) he had the soul of a great artist but only in this single work was he able to muster sufficient craft to approximate his conception. Then again, perhaps he simply had only a single great work in him. That is something one could probably never say of a composer of any earlier time. I feel similarly about Maurice Duruflé's *Requiem*, a "great" work from a composer one would hardly dare crown with the same adjective.

I find the converse to be equally true: Bartók and Stravinsky are (once mature) wonderfully consistent in craftsmanship, but not every work is a masterpiece—in the sense that one could say about Mozart and Beethoven that once a certain technical and aesthetic maturity had been reached, virtually everything that followed *was* a masterpiece, wonderfully varied though they might be. But that was in an age when things were more in balance. Will the pendulum swing the other way now, or have we reached the end of art as we have known it?



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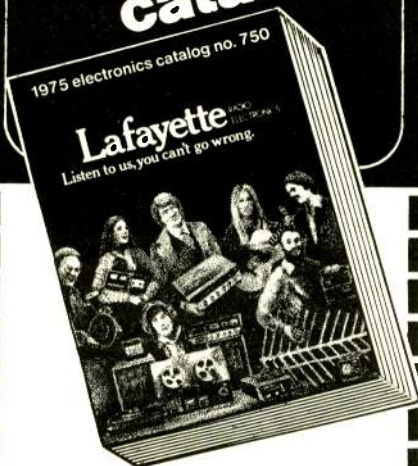


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# THE SIMELS REPORT

By STEVE SIMELS



## MY LIFE AS A MOOG

I HAD lunch the other day with Rick Wakeman (just prior to the announcement of his departure from Yes, as it turned out), and I found him to be somewhat different from what I had expected. Yes are so damned serious about what they do, and Wakeman wears his classical training so prominently on his sleeve, that I had pictured him as being a more or less typically boring musical pedant, a Horatio Parker in pop drag. In fact, I approached the interview disposed to confront him with a wise-ass critical trashing of his music, quoting (as I recall) Langdon Winner to the effect that any attempt at fusing the European classical tradition with heavy rock was bound to make you realize just how great the real Beethoven and the real Yardbirds were. But, to my chagrin, Rick turned out to be such an amiable, unpretentious English boozier and all-around nice guy that I simply didn't have the heart. (The closest I got was telling him at one point that I couldn't see why anybody would want to hear him play the Brahms Fourth on a synthesizer when they could just as easily listen to the real thing.)

Instead, we just chatted about music in general; he mentioned that his current favorite singles were Sparks' *This Town Ain't Big Enough for Both of Us* and (gasp!) Ray Stevens' *The Streak*, and he regaled me with some stories about his session days. Collectors take note: he appears on all of the White Plains bubblegum hits, and even, if you can believe it, on the Pipkins' album, although not on their immortal *Gimme Dat Ding*. He also cleared up what for me is one of the Major Mysteries of the Age — to wit, why the London Symphony Orchestra is so eager, of late, to guest-star with rockers. The answer, of course, is that the LSO members are their own bosses, many of them are quite young, and Rick went to college with them. So, progressive rock fans, what you're listening to is not a daring musical synthesis but an old-school reunion. Hah!

I bring all of this up, I should mention, because lately I've been getting an increasing number of letters from readers who can't understand why we — meaning me and my colleagues at STEREO REVIEW — aren't turning handsprings over the recorded efforts of such synthesizer cut-ups as Wakeman and Keith Emerson. Most of them, I suspect, are from kids who have only recently graduated from listening to (and writing us letters about) Grand Funk, and are now over-compensating with their devotion to "good" music, but one letter in particular intrigued me. Reader Tom McGee, a synthesizer technician from Massachusetts, took special umbrage at some remarks I made in the August issue to the effect that there was little difference between the random noises Emerson makes and the electric organ sounds you can find on old surfing records. He pointed out that while the synthesizer can indeed do that number ("and sound obviously synthesized"), it is also capable of a much wider variety of expression. He concluded by observing that ultimately "it is up to the performer," and I couldn't agree more. The point is that a Moog is not *in itself* the kind of titanic breakthrough that it has been proclaimed. Any new instrument, no matter what sounds it produces, simply presents you with the traditional compositional problems you have with older instruments; in other words, where do you put the notes? The reason I'm not knocked out by what Wakeman does ("Journey to the Centre of the Earth" is reviewed on page 110), or by what Emerson accomplishes with that pointlessly elaborate equipment of his, is that I don't think that either of them has a particularly impressive head for composition. Fast fingers and a flair for technological fooling around, yes. A talent for melody, or a sense of how a piece is put together, I'm afraid not.

By way of simple comparison, if you  
*(Continued on page 58)*

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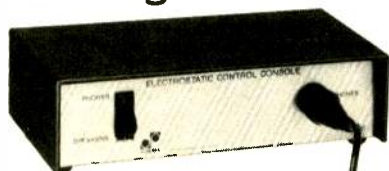


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want to hear what *can* be done with a synthesizer in the hands of a composer who knows what he's doing, I suggest you listen to "Who's Next" or "Quadrophenia," wherein Pete Townshend employs it as an integral part of his overall compositional scheme: you're rarely conscious of the instrument per se, but you'd miss it if it wasn't there. That, it seems to me, is the only sensible way to approach this sort of thing, not merely to use it as a vehicle for virtuoso display.

IT's been a pretty good summer for rock-and-roll, in New York at least (I'm writing this in late July); the fact that there's finally a Stones single (and a killer at that) on the radio has had a lot to do with it, but there's been a healthy number of interesting acts to check out lately, both known and unknown. (In the latter category, I must make mention of a band called the Miamis, whom I caught at a club on the Bowery doing a rendition of Elvis' *Viva Las Vegas* that suggested the Surfaris with all their fingers amputated: needless to say, I adored it.

More important, Bruce Springsteen did a weekend at the Bottom Line, and he was absolutely superb, reaffirming my belief that he's the only important newcomer in about three years; Clapton did a night at the Garden, and was pleasantly laid back; and Steeleye Span did a marvelous few days (again at the Bottom Line) featuring their inimitable brand of Elizabethan hard rock. Bowie was in town too, and I missed him, but then again I've never much cared for musical comedy anyway. Interestingly, one trend seems quite clearly to have taken shape (and remember you read it here first): glitter is now *nostalgia*.

What brought this home most forcefully was the American debut of Elektra's \$300,000 bonus baby, Jobriath. You'll recall that when his hype began last year, the implication was that he was going to out-Bowie Bowie; a self-billed "true fairy," the word was that his stage show featured giant lucite cubes and a finale in which he was shot off a model Empire State Building by a bunch of World War I biplanes.

In New York, however, he came off as just another rock singer. His group was okay, but their space-age costuming could not conceal what was essentially a bunch of guys from Long Island bar bands dressed up for the occasion. The star himself just stood there and sang. Vocally he reminded me of old soul belt-ers like Billy Stewart (which is fine), and he was given to dashing to the piano and displaying some very capable Little Richard-style pounding. There was little or no gay posturing, and the overall effect was almost like a short-haired Leon Russell. From a man whom a friend had dubbed "The Great Lavender Hope" it was, to say the least, a surprise. *Sic transit* Max Factor.

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# THE BASIC REPERTOIRE • 174

By MARTIN BOOKSPAN

## COPLAND'S APPALACHIAN SPRING

IN her engrossing and entertaining book *Dance to the Piper*, Agnes de Mille tells the story of how she first conceived the idea for a cowboy ballet in the early 1940's, how she immediately thought of Aaron Copland (and no one else) as the composer of the music for it, and how she was encouraged in her thinking and planning by her friend Martha Graham. Copland quickly agreed to Miss De Mille's plans: the set was to be a nondescript country barn, the male dancers were to move around on stage like rugged men and not "wind-blown petals," and the hero was to court his girl without "jumps and turns." The result of the De Mille-Copland collaboration was *Rodeo*, a milestone in the history of American dance; a new and thoroughly American style of dance came to vivid, triumphant life on that October evening in 1942 when *Rodeo* was first performed. Very soon thereafter Miss De Mille began her choreographic assignment for *Oklahoma!*, and her transformational powers stamped themselves upon the Broadway stage as well.

The part Martha Graham played in the planning of *Rodeo* reawakened thoughts of an artistic collaboration between her and Copland. As far back as 1931 she had used the music of Copland's rather austere Piano Variations as background for a dance piece titled *Dithyramb*. In Copland's own words, "Surely only an artist with a close affinity for my work could have visualized dance material in so rhythmically complex and aesthetically abstruse a composition."

The opportunity for Copland and Graham to collaborate on a new work came by way of that extraordinary patron of the arts, Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. Attending a Graham performance for the first time early in 1942, Mrs. Coolidge invited Miss Graham to create three new ballets for the 1943 annual fall festival of the Coolidge Foundation in Washington, D.C. Miss Graham, in

turn, commissioned music for the occasion from three different composers: Paul Hindemith (whose score became the underpinning for the Graham ballet *Hérodiade*, a title later changed to *The Mirror Before Me*); Darius Milhaud (*Imagined Wing* was the title given to the Graham-Milhaud ballet, listed among his works as *Jeux de Printemps*); and Aaron Copland.

"After considerable delay," wrote Copland, "Miss Graham sent me an untitled script. I suggested certain changes to which she made no serious objections. The premiere performance took place in Washington a year later than originally planned—in October, 1944." The works by Hindemith and Milhaud appeared the same year. Miss Graham called the Copland ballet *Appalachian Spring*, borrowing the title from a poem by Hart Crane.

Dance historian and critic Edwin Denby described the action of *Appalachian Spring* in the *New York Herald Tribune* in May 1945 as concerned with "a pioneer celebration in the spring around a newly-built farmhouse in the Pennsylvania hills in the early part of the last century. The bride-to-be and the young farmer-husband enact the emotions, joyful and apprehensive, their new domestic partnership invites. An older neighbor suggests now and then the rocky confidence of experience. A revivalist and his followers remind the new householders of the strange and terrible aspects of human fate. At the end the couple are left quiet and strong in their new house."

Copland's original score was for a chamber ensemble of thirteen instruments: flute, clarinet, bassoon, piano, and strings. In 1945 he arranged a suite from the ballet music for full symphony orchestra, requiring woodwinds, horns, trumpets and trombones in pairs, piano, harp, percussion, and strings. Copland subtitled the score "Ballet for Martha," and in 1945 *Appalachian Spring* received the Pulitzer Prize for music, as well as the award of the Music Critics'

Circle of New York for the outstanding theatrical work of the 1944-1945 season. During the first weekend in October 1945, the suite drawn by the composer from his complete ballet score was included in the opening programs of the season by the conductors of three great orchestras—Serge Koussevitzky in Boston, Artur Rodzinski in New York, and George Szell in Cleveland.

THERE are eleven entries in the current Schwann Catalog under the heading *Appalachian Spring*; four of them are conducted by Leonard Bernstein, three by Copland himself, and two by Eugene Ormandy. All four of the Bernstein listings are of the same performance but coupled differently, and the two Ormandy listings are also of the same performance with different couplings. But the three Copland-conducted recordings are of three different performances. The first of them, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA LSC 2401), was made in April 1958—rather early in Copland's now-flourishing international conducting career. The second (Columbia disc M 30649, cassette MT 30649) was made just a few years ago with the London Symphony Orchestra. Both are of the suite from the ballet in its full-orchestra version. The third Copland recording (Columbia disc M 32736, cassette MT 32736) is a very recent account of the complete ballet score in its original chamber-ensemble version, but slightly beefed up: fifteen (rather than thirteen) players are listed on the jacket cover. There is a quality of gentle warmth and intimacy to this performance that immediately places it in the front rank—particularly since the playing and reproduction are outstanding and the packaging includes a bonus seven-inch disc containing portions of the rehearsal that preceded the recording. The complete score contains about ten minutes more music than the suite. Of the composer's two recordings of the suite, I find I prefer the earlier one, on RCA, because of its greater spontaneity and pep—and because it is coupled with the only available recording of a suite from Copland's opera, *The Tender Land*.

Bernstein's seems to be the only available reel-to-reel performance (Columbia MQ 559, MGR 30071, and MQ 1265, with different couplings). He has long had a special affinity for Copland's music, and his performance of the *Appalachian Spring* Suite is authoritative and deeply felt, well played and richly recorded. Whether you select one of the Copland-conducted performances or the one by Bernstein is a matter of personal choice. In all of them the music is well served.

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

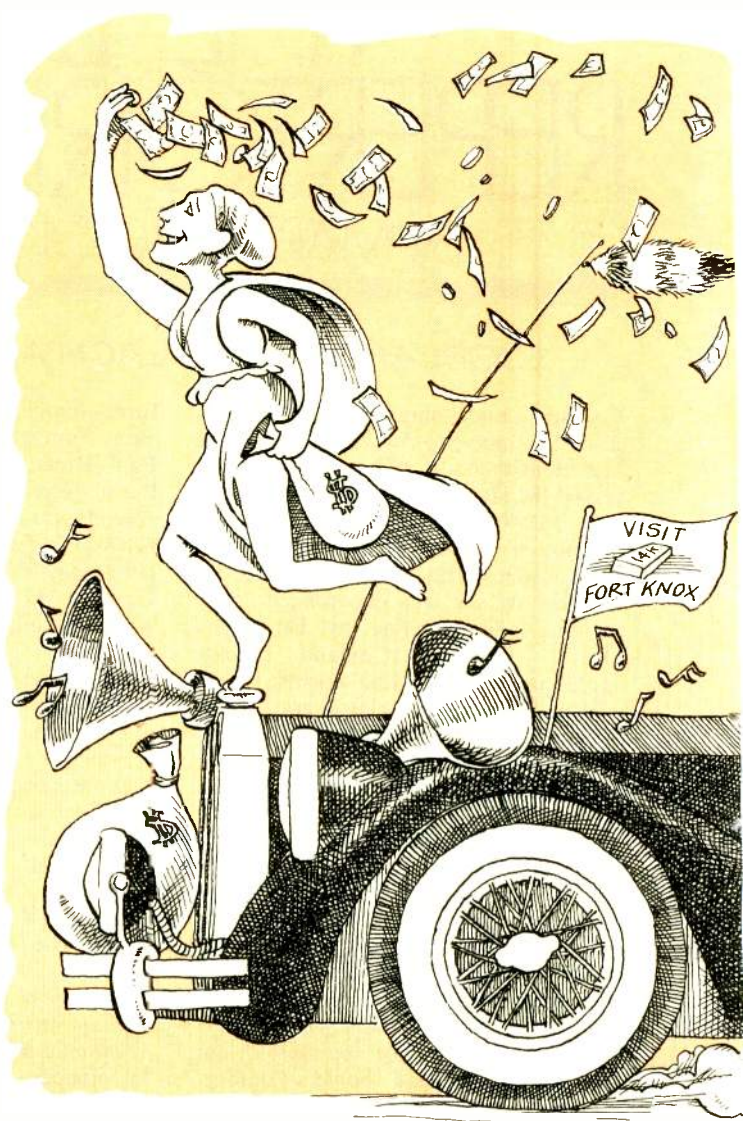
# Rock & Riches

Those kids are all making a bundle, right?

By Allan Parachini

THE houselights dim; the clamor of the crowd falls to a low buzz—low enough that the anticipatory coughing can be heard amid the hum of the PA system. In a moment the show will begin. It makes no difference what band is about to play, and it doesn't matter where. What is about to be unleashed, like a genie out of a bottle, is an IMAGE—magical, mysterious, and glamorous—one of many raised up by that energetic cultural force known as Rock, swathed in clouds of sumptuous glory, lauded in hymns of hyperbolic praise, and flattered by the proliferation of those smaller-scale imitations known as Lifestyle. This pantheon of heros and heroines has no parallel in contemporary culture, and we must go back to the early days of the silver screen—of Valentino, Pickford, and Garbo—to find anything like it. What it is is *myth*, a highly selective metaphor about life, of which both performers and their audiences, romanticized and

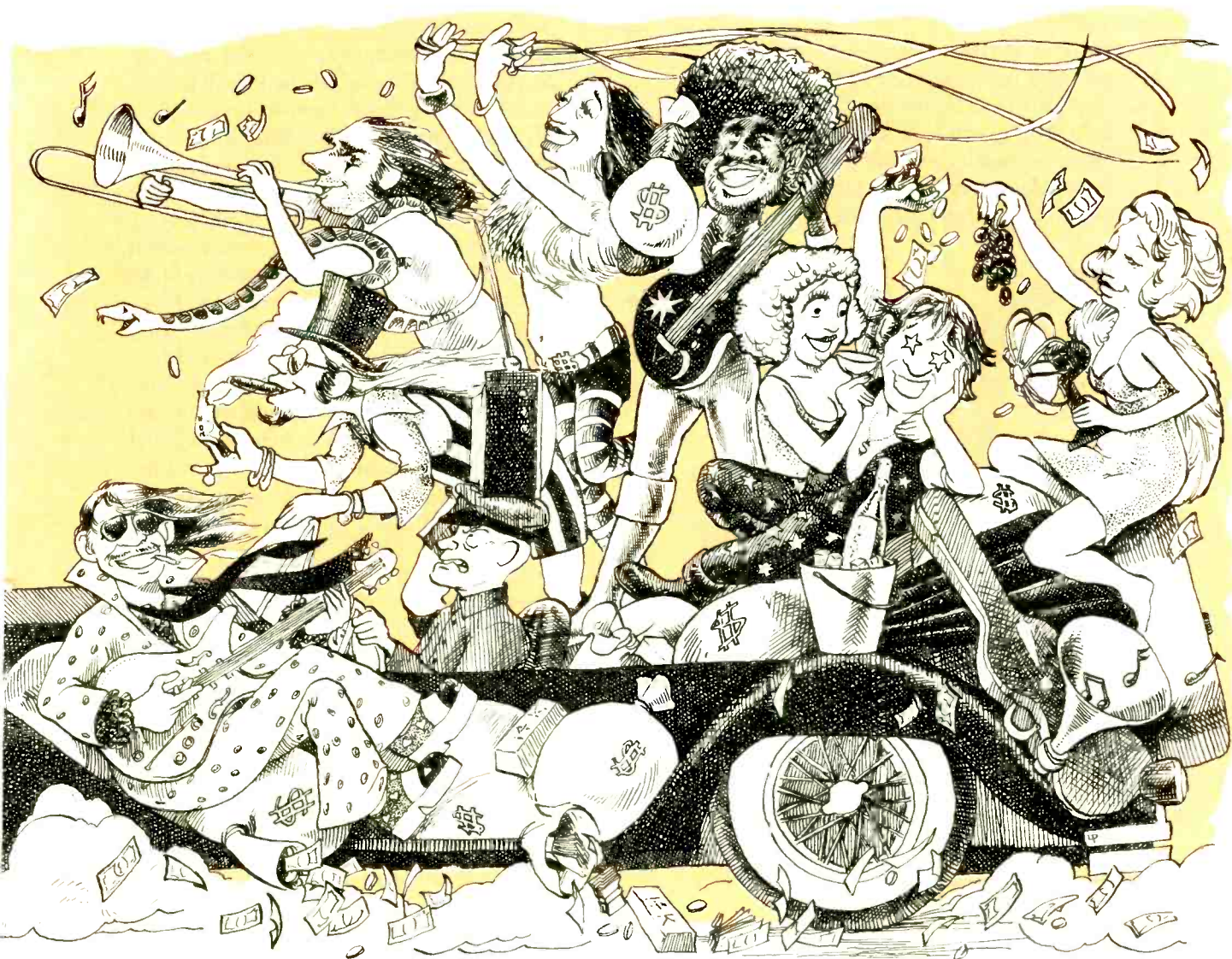
Lincoln Perry



romanticizing, are at once creators and consumers.

But myths are like Chinese boxes, one nestling inside the other on into infinity. The myth immediately inside the myth of the Rock Star is that of Untold Riches, and there is just enough truth (though not much) to it to make it an effective magnet, drawing young people to New York, Los Angeles, Nashville, or wherever else music is made and recorded to declare themselves in on a piece of the action, a slice of the fabulous take.

They arrive in Los Angeles, for instance, by battered car or bus, check into the YMCA, and hit the street. They walk up to Yucca Street, or Vine near Hollywood Boulevard, look in the Yellow Pages under "Records," and start feeding change into a payphone. Then they wait, lounging on the sidewalk outside a liquor store, having given the payphone as "a number where I can be reached," for the return call that never comes. They have a common de-



sire—a career in the music business—and a host of very uncommon, often highly original, misconceptions about just what that business is. They are, in short, as much prisoners or victims of their myth as any Forty-niner ever was, feeding their hopes on the good news of occasional rich strikes and ignoring the multitudinous evidence of failure all around them.

The J. Geils Band, they will tell you, slaved away, first as two separate groups and then together under the Geils name, for five years in Boston bar-rooms before managing to land a record contract: they now average \$10,000 to \$15,000 a night. Black Oak Arkansas played insignificant dates throughout the South for four years waiting for what they finally got—a luscious contract with Atlantic Records. Dr. John was an obscure New Orleans studio musician for ten years before a chance hit single miraculously transformed his career in 1973. Rod Stewart,

who once slept on a Spanish beach because he couldn't afford a hotel room, who used to play professional soccer to support his music habit, now earns, by reliable estimate, between \$750,000 and \$1,000,000 annually. At the top, the money piles up like winter snow in Donner Pass, and the bulldog tenacity that keeps so many musicians struggling up the lower slopes is fueled by the expectation that they too will eventually, if only they hang on, get to frolic in it. What are their chances?

**R**ECORD companies sold 1,436,000,000 (that's one and one-half billion) seven- and twelve-inch discs in the United States in 1973. There were 196 releases certified "gold" (meaning they sold 500,000 copies for an album, 1,000,000 copies for a single). Such figures translate very readily into Big Money, of course, and the myth has it that the musician is first in line to collect. And myth it is, for

there are very few performers indeed in the most favored position.

The performer derives revenue primarily from two sources: live performances and record royalties. He may also earn something from song-publishing royalties (if he writes his own material), since there will then be royalty income from others who perform his songs and from radio stations that play them on the air as well. But before the musician real-



izes any income whatsoever, he must normally commit a percentage of all his earnings "up front" to a manager, unless he is clever enough to handle his own business affairs—including negotiating complicated contracts with record companies and booking agents; insuring that the provisions of those contracts are fulfilled; securing the most favorable possible terms for such seemingly incidental arrangements as production, promotion, and marketing of records, travel provisions for performance tours, and even the reservation of recording-studio time.

A few musicians are just adept enough at business to have come to the unwise conclusion that self-management is a realizable goal. Few reach it, and many budding careers are ruined each year because some overconfident youngster insisted he knew enough about the music business to fend for himself in the jungle of accountants, lawyers, and systems analysts who run modern record com-

panies. Creedence Clearwater Revival was probably the most successful group in recent history that was actually self-managed, but John Fogerty, Creedence's leading light, had the benefit of powerful good advice from Saul Zaentz, president of Fantasy Records, the small Oakland, California, label on which Creedence appeared for the duration of its professional life and for which some of its individual members, including Fogerty, still record.

Poco's manager, John Hartman, put management in this capsule: "Management is not a person, it's a force that exists in the artist's consciousness. If the guy's manager tells him one thing and his old lady tells him another—and he listens to his old lady—then the old lady is that force." For most musicians, a professional personal manager is an absolute necessity. Managers normally retain between 10 and 15 per cent of the musician's entire gross income and can in some cases get as much as 20 or even 50 per cent. Accountants (more and more indispensable the higher the sales figures get) are another accoutrement, and they get \$200 to \$500 a month. Such people are necessary not only to help the performer retain a reasonable part of his initial gross, but also to interpret the complex financial systems that appear to be peculiar to record companies: they are needed to make certain the musician does not, plainly and simply, get screwed.

Managers are usually blamed for the failures, but they are seldom credited for the successes of the musicians they handle: they generally find themselves in the position of gamblers at a high stakes game—lose once and you're out. Peter Casperson, who owns Castle Music Productions, a small management firm in Boston, employs ten people to minister to the needs of four active acts, in which Casperson estimates he has about \$50,000 invested. One of the acts is Jonathan Edwards, whose top-selling single *Sunshine* failed to reach first position in the *Billboard* sales charts two years ago only because *American Pie* got there first. The Edwards windfall from that single alone was sufficient reward for Casperson, who has stayed with Edwards (who frequently falls victim to a strong desire to move to the country and who dislikes the grueling pace of live performing anyway) since *Sunshine* was a hit. But Casperson's operation is small potatoes in every respect when measured against such management "giants" as Los Angeles' David Geffen, whose stable includes more than twenty performers, from the Eagles to Linda Ronstadt.

Managers are not a race of white knights, of course. Their ranks are heavily populated by the shady and by the inept, either of whom can leave a client musician, in the manner of one of those

bilked innocents in an old prize-fight movie, with no return whatever for his efforts, gold-record sales or no. Selection of a good (honest, capable) manager is therefore one of the music business' biggest risks.

**B**UT to return to the question of income. Record royalties, unlike the fees paid for live performances, are established contractually between record companies and musicians for periods of between one and five years. Gross royalties are computed on a base of 90 per cent of the wholesale (just over \$2.00 for albums) or the retail (\$5.98 average) prices of each record actually sold. Retail discount prices do not bear on royalties. The performer gets between 5 and 18 per cent of 90 per cent of retail, say (depending on the terms of his contract), and though there are several ways to compute the amount, they generally work out to about 42 cents per album. The record producer gets a 2 or 3 per cent royalty, which may in some cases be deducted from the musician's share, and the a-&-r (for "artists and repertoire") man who signed the artist to a record contract in the first place frequently gets 2 or 3 per cent, normally from the record company's gross.

Under the royalty system, the *potential* for income from a record that sells well is actually not bad (more than \$200,000 for a gold album, for example), and if a musician has written his own songs, he receives an additional gross of 1½ cents per song, per record, in song-publishing royalties. Normally, the manager has unobtrusively procured for himself some of the publishing proceeds; if he is honest, he has also done as much for his client. Otherwise, the naïve musician may likely find that he has unknowingly signed away some or even all of the potential publishing income as part of a cash "advance" in an innocent-looking contract with a music-publishing firm or even his own record company.

Record companies have established what seems to be a unique sort of company-store relationship with their artists, one that tends to cut handsomely into the income potential of royalties. First, the record companies normally try to charge back to the artist as much of the actual cost of recording and marketing a record as possible. Such costs can amount to \$15,000 or \$20,000 (for the most modestly produced album) to as much as \$100,000 (for an overproduced spectacular). They include studio time, union pay for extra musicians, and other expenses too numerous and too unimaginable to mention—even the cost of the recording tape is levied against royalties. The record com-

panies also charge their artists for some of the expenses of promoting and publicizing the resulting recording, including, for example, press parties and the cost (from \$750 to \$1,500 per month) of retaining a private publicist. A modest tour may also be underwritten by the record company—and charged against the royalty gross; even a short introductory series of engagements in small clubs can run to as much as \$50,000.



What results is in many cases an arrangement that would be bitterly familiar to any old-time Appalachian coal miner. Some recording acts owe so much of their soul to the company store that they never overcome their indebtedness; they can only watch helplessly as the royalties of their successful later records are eaten up in mid-career by early advances. Then too, determining the number of copies of a record actually sold is a task of no little difficulty. Records are distributed on consignment, meaning that unsold goods may be returned—for full credit—by individual record stores to small distributors, by small distributors to large, and large distributors to the original record company. The consignment arrangement is a necessary one, since without it distributors and their clients would probably never gamble on a first release by an artist they had never heard of, or even on a great second release by someone who had bombed with his first. The problem with this system is that it can take at

least several months, and at times as much as several years, to determine accurately the exact number of copies of a recording sold. Record companies manage this situation to their advantage, often withholding a portion of royalties against the possibility of such returns.

Most record contracts stipulate that sales records may be audited, but the auditing process itself is one comprehensible only to an accountant with extensive experience in the business. "I always audit," says Casperson. "It's just part of the game with big record companies." Poco's Hartman agrees. "You find that if you audit, you turn up discrepancies. I don't think it's so much the result of blatant, intentional stealing as it is that the bookkeeping system is so complicated and the price structure so complex."

Royalties are usually paid out only once every six months. For a group as battle-scarred and successfully established as Poco, whose albums regularly sell between 200,000 and 250,000 copies, the royalty hassle is little more than that, and one that will ultimately be amicably resolved. But for a struggling new act whose first album sold only 50,000 copies (or even 1,000 copies) the shock of meager royalty return (or none at all)—with the inevitable appropriate deductions—can be devastating, even mortal.

Special arrangements are frequently negotiated under which a manager or record company pays a weekly salary or underwrites the rent of musicians. But what the performers usually seem to forget is that there must ultimately come a day of reckoning. Scrupulous managers try to avoid the certain shock of the bottom line by establishing trust savings accounts for client musicians. One semi-prominent English blues band's management, seeking to avoid the budgetary trauma that comes with the eventual end of the short earning life of his clients (it is, after all, somewhat shorter than that of professional athletes), has put \$10,000 in a bank account for each of the four members of the group without their knowledge. Other managers, however, are content simply to break the news that there is no money, that advances have eaten up every cent.

**T**o be successful, a group or solo performer must, of necessity, be caught up in a vicious circle formed and controlled by the whims of the fickle popular music market. Live performances are most profitable when they are booked simultaneously with the appearance (and the promotion) of a relatively new piece of recorded product. Conversely, it is difficult to develop an ongoing, steady market for the purchase of records without spending a great deal of time On The Road (thus capitalized because of its



rigors). The road's merciless, cold reality is of such awesome proportions that few performers who have been moving around the circuit for any length of time can resist writing a song or two about it, thus adding to its lore. (In this it is not unlike the musical theater, which is simply filled with works telling us there's no lifestyle like show business.) Janis Joplin, of course, died on the road; so did Jimi Hendrix and Cass Elliot. The road killed Jim Croce—and Buddy Holly, Patsy Cline, and many others. Poco's Tim Schmit has been saving his motel-room keys from the last two of his five years on the road, and they now half fill an enormous carton he keeps in a closet at home.

Live performances are usually arranged by a professional booking agent or by someone in the musician's management who fills the function of a booking agent. Agency work is dominated by about a dozen big firms with offices around the country. Agents retain between 10 and 20 per cent of the gross proceeds of live performances they arrange. The fees paid for such performances is an area in which there simply are no norms. Rates are set either on a flat basis (so many dollars per performance, regardless of eventual audience size), or they are based on a combination of a cash guarantee and a percentage of the gross proceeds. Under the system, a group such as New Riders of the Purple Sage probably averages about \$7,000 a night; the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, which plays a murderous schedule of more than 200 one-nighters a year—most of them before college audiences—between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a night. Only a tiny number of groups consistently earns more—and it is hard not to know just who *they* are.

Such sums may look rather impressive to the average struggling wage-earner, but gross figures are misleading—they do not take into account the expenses, the short earning lives of the musicians, or the years of near-starvation they put in before anyone paid attention to them. Poco, for instance, has been a working, self-supporting, comparatively well-to-do group for only five years, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band for seven. That makes both of them fairly *senior* in a business in which five to ten years is often required just to get established. The Dirt Band was playing high schools in the San Fernando Valley for \$300 a night as late as 1966—and one must remember that that is not \$300 *every* night. The reasonably good money lasts, in most cases, only two or three years. Groups as big as Creedence can, in those two or three years, amass a

fortune. But members of a group of the stature of Blue Cheer, for example, which enjoyed a brief fling at the height of the San Francisco acid-rock movement, have long since faded into obscurity and (perhaps) poverty.

Even assuming a respectable pay scale, the tricks of survival on the road are learned only after bitter experience and (usually) the squandering of a great deal of money. For instance, a band must, of necessity, invest heavily in electronic equipment. The Dirt Band, which could not be said to carry an extraordinary amplification system, travels with 8,000 pounds of equipment valued at more than \$50,000. Even the least elaborate array of equipment sufficient to produce a respectable stage sound these days requires an initial investment of more than \$20,000. Sometimes this money comes from the record company or management—another advance against royalties.

But the biggest hazard of the road (except for the constant problem of awakening in a strange Holiday Inn with no idea of the name of the city in which it is located) is that inexperience, incompetence, or both will result in most of the proceeds being spent even before the tour has been concluded. Managers and booking agents have varied theories about how much it should cost to live and travel on the road. Poco's Hartman, for instance, figures costs of transportation, lodging, equipment shipping, insurance, and the like at about 25 per cent of the gross from the tour. In the case of one Poco expedition a couple of years ago to a relatively "tight" cluster of 39 cities in 45 days, the 25 per cent amounted to between \$50,000 and \$60,000.

Steve Miller, an established, almost universally respected musician who waited about ten years for the public to become aware of his prowess, frugally manages and books himself, holding costs to a bare-bones minimum in the five months a year he's on the road. He figures the percentage at less than 10—with costs amounting to only about \$21,000 for a recent tour that grossed \$300,000. Miller travels modestly with a small party of eight, two of whom are equipment managers who normally drive trucks (which must be bought, gassed, repaired, and insured, by the way) laden with equipment while the rest of the entourage flies from city to city. Many groups, frustrated by the loneliness of the road, take friends and/or wives along on tour with them—a comforting touch of home, but it eats very quickly into the gross.

Bruce Nichols, a booking agent with Agency for the Performing Arts (APA) in New York City, sees Hartman's 25 per cent figure as realistic and desirable as a norm, but he believes that, for many

## Croesus

A group's first couple of years at the threshold of the Big Time are the most critical simply because they are most often fatal. The figures below represent an attempt to estimate, by the most liberal and optimistic of standards, what a "new" group might earn that first or second year out. It should be noted, however, that this optimistic reckoning, which is based on a realistic assessment of potential, does not necessarily bear any relation to the experiences of an actual group—averages seldom do. It should be noted too that the hypothetical group Croesus, for whom these figures were run up, would be—if it existed—a lot better off than some real groups. Croesus' income, meager though it is, is substantially higher, for instance, than what the Kinks earned in their first twelve months as an entity in the United States.

### ● Income

One album, selling 75,000 copies; royalties established at a rate to yield 42 cents per copy . . . . .	\$31,500
One tour of forty-five engagements, at an average fee of \$1,000 per performance . . . . .	\$45,000
Total \$76,500	

### ● Outgo

Advance on royalties from record company at signing of contracts (spent to purchase amplifying equipment, pay union dues, settle old debts, etc.) . . . . .	\$ 5,000
Cost of recording first album . . . . .	19,000
Manager's 15 per cent of record royalties . . . . .	4,725
Manager's 15 per cent of booking proceeds . . . . .	6,750
Road expenses (15 per cent of gross) . . . . .	11,250
Booking agent's share of live-performance revenues at 20 per cent . . . . .	9,000
Publicity agent for six months . . . . .	6,000
Additional equipment expenses, normal wear and tear . . . . .	5,000
Total \$66,725	
Net income \$9,775	

Croesus is a four-man band, sharing equally in all income. The net result for each member, under this very optimistic accounting . . . . . \$2,443.75

groups, expenses run as high as 50 per cent and even higher. The differences are owing to a variety of reasons. "New" groups all too frequently fall prey to the temptation to spend unreasonably large amounts of money on expensive hotel rooms or even suites. Some rent limousines to drive from airports to hotels and from hotels to auditoriums. These indulgences may add a touch of glamour to relieve the strenuous life of the road, but they also absorb much of the money that should remain as earnings at the end of the tour.

Such considerations aside, the most important single factor in successful live booking is routing, the plotting of the course of the tour from day to day—or week to week. Ideally, a tour should be booked with no city farther than 250 or 300 miles from the one preceding it, and there should be only one day off per week. That way one avoids paying \$200 a night for motel rooms unnecessarily. Routing is a tricky thing to manage, even for a skilled professional booker. More than one group has met the fate of Taos, a small-time West Coast act which may have lost its chance at the big time after an agent arranged dates in two nearly contiguous California cities—separated by a one-nighter in Dallas!

The internal financial structure of groups also has an effect on income. Some, like the Dirt Band, are legally incorporated, with members sharing the profits. Others, like the old Jeff Beck group, have one or two prominent members enjoying a share of the gross (in that case, Beck himself and vocalist Rod Stewart) and remaining members drawing merely a salary. There are shadings in these arrangements *ad infinitum* between.

An essential ingredient of life on the road is the road manager, or "roadie," as he is known. He is the one who keeps the group together, sees that they arrive on time, finds out why hotel reservations have been confused, flights canceled. Some groups absorb the functions of the roadie themselves. The Dirt Band's John McEuen, for instance, carries a banjo case in one hand and an airline schedule book in the other on tour, shifting roles according to demand. But, most often, the roadie (and his assistants, who move the equipment) is another separate employee who draws a salary right off the top.

Though it is true that there is a comfortable living to be made in music (from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year) for a small number of anonymous, unglamorous studio musicians (usually older, always highly skilled), the performing musician whose name appears on records and concert billings is usually not nearly so well off. Groups in the middle area of prominence, like the Dirt Band and Poco, can, if management is competent, enjoy an upper-middle-

class income. Poco's Schmit, for instance, like many other musicians, is buying his own modest home. The individual members of the Dirt Band have earned as much as \$40,000 in one year—but as little as \$3,000 in many others. They cannot, therefore, compute an "average" because their musical and financial fortunes have simply been too widely spread.

More frequently, the rule of the game is that of performers like Sherman Hayes. Hayes, who is thirty years old, has been playing professionally since 1964. He comes from a family of musicians, so he was prepared for the lean times, especially those preceding the release last fall of his first Capitol album. Sherman is married, with a three-and-a-half year old son. He owns a 1958 Chevrolet panel truck and rents a small house in Hollywood. It costs him between \$600 and \$800 a month to live—probably more now. He is \$8,000 in debt from earlier group efforts, but Hayes, his booking agent, and his record company have faith.

He went on the road for three months last winter, playing club dates for between \$150 and \$500 a week. His first album, as first albums will, did not sell spectacularly. Anyway, Capitol is figuring the recording costs and their sponsorship of the tour against royalties. Hayes paid two sidemen \$175 a week each on the road. He crammed his equipment (the act is acoustic and requires only one amplifier) into two trunks. There was no money for a roadie, so Hayes and his sidemen horsed the trunks all along the route. "I'm losing my ass on this tour," he commented over coffee in New York one afternoon. "I don't see how anyone can be in music and not be thinking about the fact that it is a *business*," Hayes said. "I'm just happy to be still on the label!" For people like Sherman Hayes, the lure of money is still rather farfetched, but the music is there, and for now it has to be a good part of the reward.

**M**USICIANS are, in general, people of fragile egos and are often afflicted with a profound naïveté. Those who can learn to adapt to the *business* of music survive—sometimes—and a few, very few, can move beyond that to the Big Money. But, for the most part, what the uninitiated see when they look up from the orchestra or down from the balcony is an illusion. Those are not dollar signs, but just the beam of a Super Trouper spotlight reflecting off a guitar purchased through an advance against royalties.

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# PIERRY COMO

"I just open my mouth  
at eight o'clock  
and out it comes"

By Robert Windeler

**V**ERY few singers can match the durability of Perry Como, whose performing career now spans more than four decades. He began as a band singer in 1933 and ten years later signed with RCA, the company he has recorded for ever since. Thirteen of his singles have earned gold records, as have two of his albums. And he is still going strong: early this year he was nominated for a Grammy Award (for his recording of *And I Love You So*), in May he made his first concert appearance in London, and in July RCA issued his latest album, "Perry" (reviewed in this issue).

Como is aware of his longevity, but he doesn't particularly like to dwell on it. "I don't mind *being* sixty-two, I just don't like to look and feel sixty-two," he says. He didn't really feel anywhere near his age until two years ago when he broke his left leg in a freak accident, falling off a rehearsal stage in Los Angeles. It laid him up for months, and it still gives him trouble. "It was such a dumb thing. I never dreamed I'd break the whole thing. I'm not the sick type, but I guess we're all destined for something like this at least once in our lives. What I hate about age is that the body starts crackin' up. It's the most

boring thing in the world and there's nobody I dislike enough to wish it on. I really didn't need this—my legs look like they're on backwards anyway."

In person, except for the slight limp he may always have now as a result of the accident, he looks the same as he did on his fifteen-minute television shows in the early 1950's. Up close, his hair is quite white, but most of it is still there, and when he gets on stage it magically looks dark with just a few flecks of gray. This sameness of appearance and style (although half his songs may well be very new) is perhaps the major reason he gets \$100,000 a week for performing at the Las Vegas Hilton, the only night club he'll agree to play, and why he fills the room every night of his annual two-week engagement.

Self-aware and self-deprecating, Como is always telling little jokes about himself. Since the accident has severely limited his capacity for walking and standing, he keeps threatening "to come out on stage in a golf cart." And he says, "Between shows I drink a cup of soup and put all of Bing's records on the record player to see if I'm doin' it right. As for training or rehearsal, perish the thought. What is there to train? I've never studied singing; I don't have that much of a voice. I don't practice; maybe I should, but I don't. I just open up my mouth at eight o'clock and out it comes, hopefully. Some night you may hear the biggest nothin'. But as a kid I did play the trombone. You know, all Italians play guitars and checkers. And I know I can always get a job in a barber shop."

Relaxed is the Como image, in a word, and relaxed is what he seems offstage, in his casual royal-blue velours shirt, gray slacks, white sweat socks, and moccasins, telling about his career. Even his leisure-time recreations are of the most tranquil kind—golf, boating, and fishing—and he keeps wandering back to them in conversation, as if all this show-business stuff were an intrusion, though a pleasant one.

Perry was born May 18, 1912, in the Pennsylvania mining town of Canonsburg, and he could have faced a lifetime of toil in the coalpits except that when he was eleven years old he got a job in Steve Fracapane's three-chair barber shop. He stropped razors, swept the hair up from the floor, and apprenticed himself to the barbers until he was barbering and shaving customers himself. He opened his own shop before he finished high school, entertaining his customers with the popular songs of the early 1930's. Since some of his customers were traveling band musicians, he was soon offered a job. He gave up the steady \$125 weekly he made barbering and accepted \$28 a week to sing with a dance band. Just turning twenty-one, he married a home-town girl, Roselle Belline.

"I was singing with Freddie Carlone's band in Warren, Ohio, in a gambling casino in 1936 when Ted Weems came in. He won at roulette and then came downstairs to hear me. He offered me the job to replace Art Jarrett at \$50 a week. Marilyn Maxwell was also singing with the band, but she was known as Marvel Maxwell then."

The job with Weems lasted until 1942, when the shortage of manpower and the difficulty of traveling brought on by World War II forced Weems to disband. Perry went back to Canonsburg ready to resume cutting hair, but the era of crooners was quickly emerging out of, and taking over from, the era of the big bands. Crosby, Sinatra, Dick Haymes, and others began to dominate live entertainment on the male side, and Perry Como got a call to do his own New York radio show at \$100 a week. "I did a fifteen-minute show five times a week at 8:00 p.m., and

then we repeated it again for the West Coast at 11:00."

RCA offered him a contract in 1943 and released *Goodbye, Sue*. In 1944 he made a movie, *Something for the Boys*, started his NBC radio series *The Chesterfield Supper Club*, and made his night-club debut at the Copacabana in New York. Three of the records he made in 1945 sold more than a million copies each: *A Hubba Hubba Hubba*, *Till the End of Time*, and *Temptation*. Other million-sellers followed regularly, including *Prisoner of Love* (1946), *When You Were Sweet Sixteen* (1947), and *Forever and Ever* (1949). His show *The Chesterfield Supper Club* made a successful transfer to television in 1950 and was done live three times a week. And the succession of hits continued: *No Other Love*, *Wanted*, *Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes*, *Round and Round*, *Papa Loves Mambo*, *Home for the Holidays*, *Hot Diggity*, *Seattle*, *Catch a Falling Star*, and *Magic Moments*. After a couple of years on television he had switched to a weekly hour-long show, and this went on until 1958, when he began signing multimillion-dollar contracts for TV specials. And they keep rolling along. "Usually, it's all settled with a handshake every three years," he says. The Kraft Music Hall alone made him more than \$25 million between 1959 and 1968.

"I've been doing this for forty years. I can't put up with it much longer," he says laughing. "All the people who remember *Temptation* are dead. It sounds dated, and so I now do it with a different arrangement. I stole a couple of things from *Shaft*. I'm not trying to be a hippy, and I'm not going to do rock-and-roll. But my sounds are attuned to the times." About half of his performance material is made up of familiar oldies and half of new songs not associated with him. Perry still uses the Ray Charles Singers as his backup; the composition of that group changes constantly and now consists of a dozen kids assembled for Perry's decreasingly frequent appearances.

HE admits to never having worked very hard as an entertainer. "Take away the cue cards on TV and I'm lost. I can't get past 'hello.' Even with lyrics. Once I had to sing *Night and Day* on a show and as many times as I had sung it, I had to read the cards. Somebody goofed and I sang the second half first and then the first half second and didn't even know it until the show was off the air."

Wife Roselle, who stays so far in the background of her husband's career that she won't even go to his opening nights, has concentrated on their marriage and motherhood. The Comos have three children, all married, and eight grandchildren, the oldest of whom is twelve. All come to visit Perry and Roselle frequently in Jupiter, Florida, which has been their full-time home since the Comos sold their Sands Point, Long Island, house two years ago. Jupiter is eighteen miles north of West Palm Beach and eighty miles north of Miami.

"Sometimes I get tired of fishin' and playin' golf," he says, "but most of the time I can stay out in the boat all day." On the other hand, he admits, "When you step out on stage things do happen. The relaxed thing comes from the people; I sense it in two seconds, and they do too. The years I've been there make me feel at ease. They are old friends. After forty years, where can I go? My wants and needs are so small. I can be out in my boat all day, I can come to Las Vegas and sing all day. Life has become even more beautiful because I can pick any spot and do just what I want to do." After forty years, that seems about right.



# HOW TO MAKE GOOD RECORDS

As with almost everything else in this world, the quality of a phonograph disc is intimately related to its cost

By John Bittner, Jr.

**T**HE phonograph record, when carefully manufactured, surpasses all other popular sound media in terms of dynamic range, frequency response, signal-to-noise ratio, and probably convenience. It is disheartening and ominous, therefore, to note how steadily a ground swell of consumer complaints about noisy, warped, or otherwise defective records has grown over the past several years. To someone familiar with the disc-manufacturing process, the sources of record de-

fects are no mystery at all. In fact, at every stage in the production process there are mishaps just waiting to happen, so that the wonder is not that records are sometimes bad, but that they could ever have been good.

The techniques of record manufacture are virtually the same the world over, so the secret of making good records does not lie in some proprietary trick of production. Instead, it seems to be almost wholly a matter of the amount of care and attention

that is devoted to the product in each step of the manufacturing operation—or at least this has been the experience of my company, Wakefield Manufacturing, which specializes in producing high-quality custom records. To illustrate, let us trace from its very beginnings the perilous course every record has to travel in finding its way to the ears of the music-listening public.

The first step in manufacturing a record is the tape-to-disc process, or *mastering*—the most critical step in the entire manufacturing procedure. Whatever is cut into the master lacquer will, ideally, be faithfully preserved through the various manufacturing steps all the way down to the last pressing in the production run. The primary responsibility of the mastering engineer is to cut a lacquer that will be free of serious playback difficulties (such as groove skipping and distortion) on existing playback systems, while at the same time preserving the integrity of the musical concept.

Virtually all modern recordings begin life as tapes created in the recording studio or concert hall, so the cutting of the master lacquer is really a *re-recording* process. In the mastering room, a specially designed tape machine plays the signal from the tape into the disc recorder—a massive mechanism called a cutting lathe—which carves the delicate spiral groove into the surface of the rotating lacquer. The groove is not the smooth inscription it appears to the naked eye to be, for, in engraving it, the cutting head embellishes its walls with microscopic undulations and wiggles—the audio signal in physical form.

In preparing to cut the lacquer, there are certain standards the engineer must follow that deal with the physical characteristics of the finished recording. These include such things as the distances from the center hole to the first and last modulated (signal-carrying) grooves. There are also rules concerning groove geometry and groove spacing to be observed, but perhaps the most critical of all these

*The cutting lathe and the heavy carriage that carries the cutting head inward toward the center of the lacquer blank are shown at near right. At center right is a close-up of the head midway through the cutting of a record side. Before it can be electroplated, the engraved lacquer must be sprayed (far right) with solutions that deposit a thin silver coating to make the lacquer electrically conductive.*

considerations is the overall signal level at which the disc is to be cut.

The choice of cutting levels ultimately determines two important characteristics of the finished recording: the success with which the playback cartridge will be able to track the modulated grooves, and the playing time per record side. In disc cutting, the maximum levels the engineer can permit are limited by the tracking abilities of the playback cartridges that will be used for reproduction. If their capabilities are exceeded by as little as 1 dB, the result could be distortion, severe “break-up” of the sound, or even groove skipping. As today’s cutters are able to inscribe levels on the disc that even the best playback cartridges cannot track cleanly, the mastering engineer carefully uses his ears and meters, together with his experience, to decide what the levels should be. At times there is something on the tape—overly bright vocal sibilants, perhaps—that the mastering engineer knows will not play back cleanly. These may cause the cutter to inscribe the groove wall with modulations whose curvatures are actually smaller than the dimensions of the playback stylus. The result will be “s” sounds that spit and splatter upon playback unless the mastering engineer reduces the amount of high-frequency energy in the signal. To do this he can employ a filter, an equalizer, or a high-frequency limiting device that instantaneously reduces the highs if they exceed a certain level.

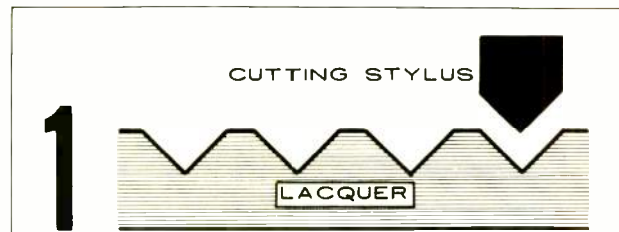
CUTTING levels also determine the playing time of the record, and the engineer must calculate in advance to be sure his chosen level is such that the entire length of the program will fit on the prescribed number of record sides. Modulating a record groove with an audio signal causes side-to-side deviations of the groove walls that, in effect, increase groove width. High levels and low notes require more groove space (a 30-Hz signal requires a “width” about *eight times* that of a 15,000-Hz groove



cut at the same level). The mastering engineer must therefore allow sufficient space (or "land") between the grooves to prevent them from cutting into one another, which is called "kissing" and causes both groove skipping and sticking. And, of course, the more space between grooves, the fewer the grooves that can be fitted onto a record side and the shorter the playing time of the side.

"Groove echo," another problem that is risked when grooves are too closely spaced, is heard most often right at the start of a record as a ghostly "false opening" that precedes the actual beginning of the music by a little under two seconds. What has happened is that very faint traces of a signal cut into a particular groove have been transferred right through the narrow ridge of "land" between grooves and imprinted on the *quiet* groove cut just previously.

In order to increase playing times and recording levels and still avoid kissing, echo, and groove-skipping that may result from inadequate groove spacing and depth, a modern lathe determines the groove depth and spacing necessary and automatically varies the "pitch" (the spacing of the grooves) and the depth of cut to suit the requirements of the signal at a given instant. It does this by "previewing" the signal on the tape about one second before the signal is cut. This is accomplished with a separate "advance" playback head mounted on the tape deck some distance ahead of the playback head proper. The previewed audio signal is processed by a computer that is an integral part of the lathe. It extracts the pitch and depth information from the signal and stores it in its memory banks in the form of control voltages until the information is required. As each previewed section of the signal comes up to be cut, the computer uses its data to adjust the lathe mechanisms for optimum pitch and depth. This permits very precise control of the cutting process, resulting in efficient use of the space on the disc and the avoidance of kissing and vertical "lifts" (that is,

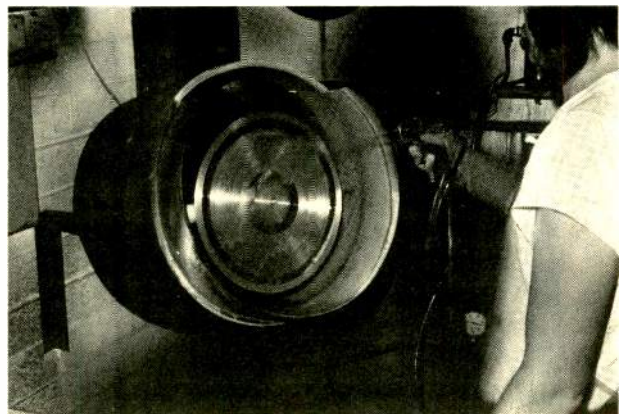


### CUTTING AESTHETICS

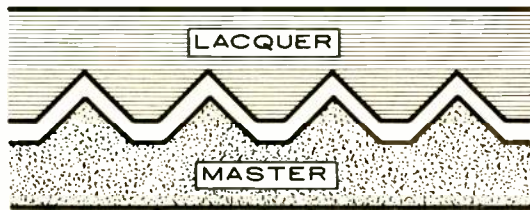
**A**LTHOUGH the aesthetics of record production is a special subject unto itself, it involves factors that are closely intertwined with the purely technical considerations discussed in this article. For example, recording levels—maximum, minimum, and average—are apt to be different for different types of music, depending on what the producer thinks is artistically appropriate. Pop music is usually compressed in dynamics, so that the level on the disc is always at an almost unvarying high (but not *too* high) level. The mastering engineer realizes that this will result in a relatively constant groove pitch over the entire record side, and he plans accordingly.

On the other hand, classical music, with its numerous quiet passages, affords plenty of opportunity to cut grooves that are quite close together. This results in a saving of space that can be utilized by the louder portions of the material, and classical recordings may therefore tend to have higher recorded levels on long sides at the loudest moments. However, if it is necessary to fit an especially lengthy piece of classical music onto a single record side, it may be necessary to limit the overall levels a bit, provided this is acceptable to the producer. The decision to do so is of course *both* aesthetic and economic.

Other decisions made immediately prior to cutting must be worked out jointly by the mastering engineer and the producer. Often the producer will have second thoughts about the sound on his master tape and will ask the mastering engineer to make changes in the tonal and level balances during the transfer. This works the other way around too: the mastering engineer may suggest changes that his experience tells him will result in a better-sounding disc.



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inadequate depth of cut, which might at times mean even brief total loss of contact between the cutting stylus and the lacquer surface). Also, the high degree of automation provided by the computerized lathe permits the mastering engineer to devote more of his attention to the aesthetic considerations of the tape-to-disc transfer.

With the preliminaries out of the way, the actual cutting is a fairly straightforward procedure. The lacquer "blank"—a flat aluminum disc with a very even, unblemished lacquer coating—is placed on the lathe, which in a modern facility may be an instrument like the Neumann VMS-70, with an SX-74 cutter having a frequency response of 7 to 25,000 Hz  $\pm$  3 dB and being driven by two 600-watt amps. Actual cutting is done by a wedge-shaped stylus of ruby or sapphire, which is heated by a tiny coil of wire around its shank (the heat helps reduce friction between the stylus and the lacquer, resulting in a cleaner cut). After the lacquers—one for each record side—are cut, they are not played, but are carefully inspected microscopically for possible defects. At this point in the production process any significant fault is usually detected and remedied by recutting the master, although masters with excessively high levels—probably destined to cause someone to experience serious cartridge mistracking—do occasionally get through. Most consumer complaints about records, however, are engendered by troubles arising in the later stages of manufacture—the steps leading up to and including the molding or "pressing" of the records themselves.

Although the lacquer closely resembles a finished

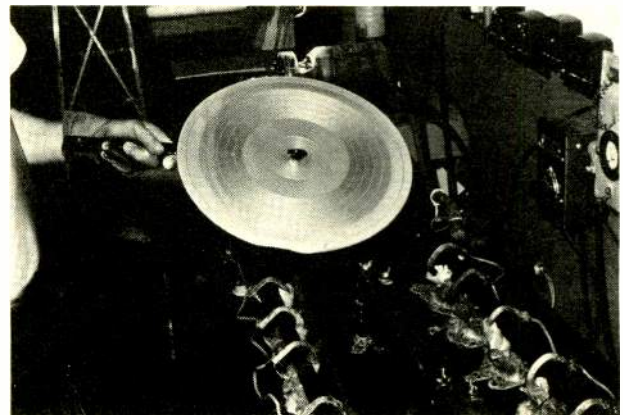
*The first electroforming process, the pre-plate (near right), builds up a thin layer of metallic nickel on the lacquer surface. After subsequent plating operations, the edges of the interfaced metal parts must be ground away to expose the separation line, as they are here (center right) in order to make possible the separation of the mother and the master. A special punch (far right) is used to locate and form the center hole in the stamper.*

disc record, it is merely the first in a series of parts that will be used to generate the molds for the final product. By a process known as electroforming, metallic nickel is plated onto the lacquer surface to create a "negative" of the disc (it has tiny ridges instead of grooves) called the *metal master*. Then, as a rule, the metal master is plated to obtain the "mother," which in turn is plated to produce the nickel "stamper," the part that actually does the record molding.

Each of these metal parts can usually be plated several times, so that a single lacquer could ultimately generate as many as forty-eight or more stampers. However, for highest quality the number of platings for each part should be kept to a practical minimum. Otherwise, various types of "processing noise" are likely to creep into the final records.

Processing noises generally arise from contamination or improper cleaning of the metal parts somewhere along the line, faulty preparation of the parts for plating, or a too-rapid build-up of nickel during the plating, the last causing stresses in the part being formed. Some of the common audible consequences of this are the swishing or gritty sounds that occur regularly for a number of record revolutions, or simply common pops and ticks. (In addition, most of these noises can also result from problems during the molding process as well.) However, unless an excessive number of plates have been produced from a single part (too many stampers from a single mother, for example), most processing noise can be avoided by skill in the preparation and plating stages, plus a careful attention to processing cleanliness. Close scrutiny of the operations is particularly important here, since any noise that does intrude will be present on *every* record produced by the afflicted stamper.

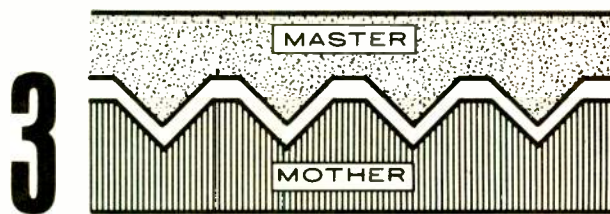
Before a stamper is inserted in the record press to begin its career as a vinyl waffle iron, its back must be sanded lightly to remove any burrs or rough spots, and the surface of the press that will receive



it must also be certified clean and smooth. Otherwise, any roughnesses existing between the stamper back and its seat in the press may, under the high pressure of the molding operation, print right through the relatively thin stamper and onto the record. The most common form this defect takes is the so-called "mold grain"—an imprint of rough stamper backs or press dies on the record surface that can actually be seen by the naked eye if the reflection of some object is inspected closely in the ungrooved portion of the record near the center. Severe mold grain plays back as a very nondescript sort of low-frequency noise: it is not usually as low in frequency as rumble.

Also prior to insertion in the press the stamper has its center hole punched (an operation that must be performed accurately or, again, *all* the records produced by that stamper will have off-center holes) and its edge crimped to form the raised vinyl "bead" running around the circumference of every record. It is this crimping operation, incidentally, that is responsible for the "ocean-roar" sound so often heard when the stylus is lowered to the lead-in groove.

**R**ECORDS are molded through a combination of pressure and steam heat, which is channeled through the dies on which the stampers are mounted. After a predetermined period of time, water is flushed through the die channels to cool the stampers and the record. The press is then opened and the record removed. If the timing of the pressing cycle of heating and cooling is not correct, the record will be noisy. Thus the amount of time devoted to each operation in the cycle is critical to the quality of the final pressing. A common record defect caused by improper cycling is "non-fill"—a failure of the vinyl material to enter and fill every part of the groove detail. This is one of the many possible causes of the pop and tick noises. Non-fill can often be seen under the proper light conditions as little white

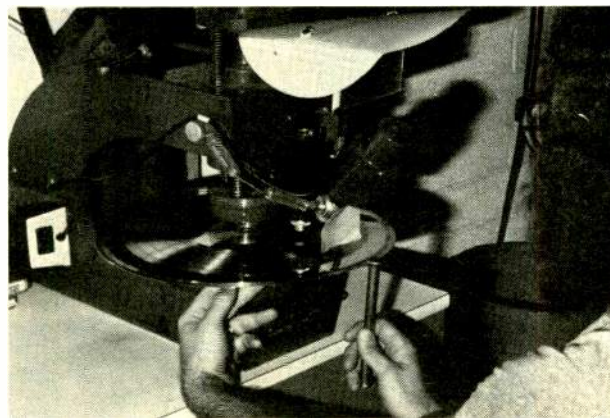


specks, or as a characteristic cloudy patch on the record surface.

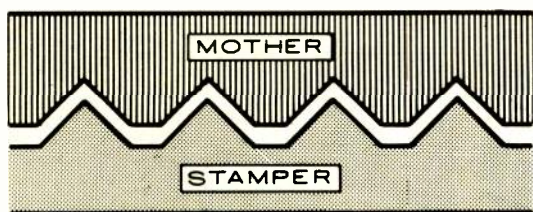
The amount of time it takes to produce a quiet pressing depends on numerous factors—even, in some cases, the geographic location of the plant. But, in general, it is the rule that a longer pressing cycle yields quieter records. However, record manufacturers are quite naturally tempted to hold cycling duration to a minimum, since this saves time and increases the output of the plant proportionately. But it can also seriously compromise the quality of the finished product if carried to extremes.

Certainly a major obstacle to the production of good records has been the well-publicized vinyl shortage, which has often forced manufacturers to make do with raw materials below their usual standard or face being put out of business entirely. Most record producers depend on outside suppliers for their vinyl, which is delivered in the form of small chips of plastic compound preconstituted for the record-making application. For the finest-quality pressings only virgin vinyl should be used. However, it has been common practice in many large pressing plants to recycle vinyl. Defective records from which the centers have been punched out, as well as the excess molding "flash" trimmed from the outer edge of records after pressing, are re-ground and mixed in with virgin vinyl.

In the past, this type of material was often used in the manufacture of 45-rpm singles and pop LP's, where quiet surfaces are less critical because of the very restricted dynamic range of the program. Now, owing to the vinyl shortage, manufacturers have



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been forced to use regrind mixtures more extensively in order to stretch their thin supplies. Another economy is the use of vinyl "extenders." The extenders are non-vinyl materials that have flow qualities similar to those of vinyl, and these are also mixed in with pure vinyl. This permits a smaller amount of vinyl to be used in pressing each record. Adulterating the vinyl does make it more difficult, but not necessarily impossible, to produce a quiet pressing.

Recently there have been some reports of microscopic bits of paper, metal, dirt, and other debris turning up in pressings. Apparently some manufacturers are not being too fussy about the recycled vinyl they are using. All of these contaminants are of course potential sources of noise. Bits of paper might come from the use of vinyl from the label area if the label has been incompletely removed. Dirt, metal, and other debris are most likely the result of using materials that have been swept from the floor or have been carelessly handled. Wakefield used no adulterating material whatsoever prior to the vinyl shortages, but like most other plants we are currently doing so on a limited basis. All materials to be recycled are placed in large drums and kept as clean as possible. No floor sweepings or label areas are used, and the ratio of regrind or extender material to pure vinyl is determined on the basis of quality rather than quantity. Following these procedures, we have found that while the use of such materials makes the quality of the pressing a bit

*The press jaws, with record labels already in place, are about to close on a biscuit of extruded vinyl to mold a 12-inch disc.*



less predictable, it does not *necessarily* result in a poor-quality pressing.

**A**FTER a few preliminary pressings have been made, checked for quality, and (often) approved by the producer of the record, the press is ready to go into full production, which usually continues until that particular set of stampers has deteriorated beyond use. The working life of a set of stampers depends on many imponderables, and it is not really predictable. Given the quality of the pressings desired, several thousand records might be produced by one set, or only several hundred. In the end, however, the pressure and temperature extremes of the pressing operation take their toll. Dents may mar the stampers, metal fatigue and wear may occur, or pressure may deform the individual metal ridges that mold the vinyl grooves (this is called "crushed groove" or "crushed bottom"), causing a raspy, scratching sound when the record is played. Regular inspection procedures in pressing plants are designed to detect the onset of stamper fatigue so that the parts can be replaced as soon as is necessary.

When the record comes off the press, the manufacturing process itself is essentially over—and the risks of damage due to contamination or faulty handling begin. The record is still warm and pliant when removed from the press, and care must be taken by the operator not to twist the edge, for this causes so-called "pinch warp" at the record's circumference. A rotary trimmer is used to remove the excess vinyl material from the record's edge, and this too can create ripples in the soft plastic disc—they are easily avoided if the record is permitted to cool a bit prior to the trimming operation. "Dish" warping, in which the record assumes a slightly "hub-capped" appearance, can be caused by dimensional errors and uncontrolled stresses during the pressing cycle, but it is more often the result of im-

*The final product, still warm from the press, awaits the operation that will trim the excess vinyl "flash" from its perimeter.*





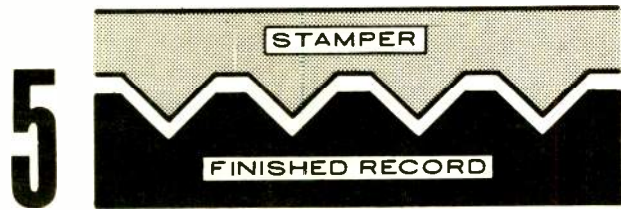
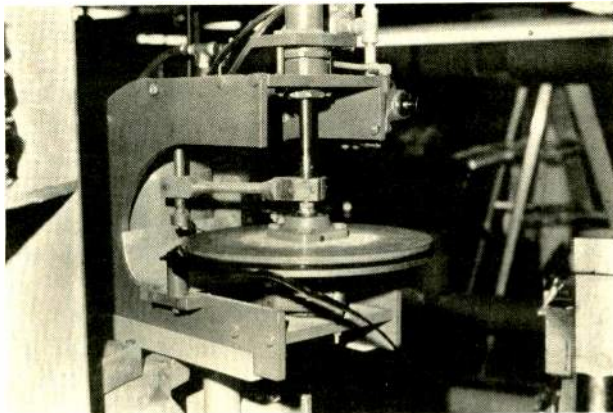
proper stacking of the records on the spindle that supports them while they cool.

Other warps, like the occasional "saddle" warp that permits the record to rock back and forth on its label area when placed on a flat surface, tend to be introduced later on. Even the transparent shrink wrap used to seal the jacket can deform the record if it is too tight. And, unfortunately, warpage (usually brought about by improper handling in transportation and storage) can occur at *any* time after the record has left the plant right up to the retail store's shelves—and your own, for that matter.

As with any manufactured item, the quality of the end product depends largely on the amount of time and effort put into its manufacture as well as on the economic realities of the business. It is true that the vinyl shortage has resulted in records of somewhat lower quality, and to some extent this is unavoidable until vinyl supplies become adequate once again. However, this does not mean that good-quality records cannot still be manufactured. In our look at the record manufacturing process we have seen that the final quality of the pressing is a cumulative result of the attention paid to it during *each* and *every* step of the manufacturing process. It should be clear that quality pressings don't just happen by themselves, but must be the final goal of the manufacturing process. Unfortunately, the factors involved in producing a quality pressing, such as longer pressing cycles, careful plating procedures, and redoing something if it is not right, cost money.

In setting the selling price of a record, the record company is also, in effect, setting the quality of that record. While European pressings are often better than their American counterparts, they are also more costly; the European record buyer simply pays more for his quality record. There is no technical reason why records manufactured in this country cannot be as good as imports, so one can only

*This flash trimmer has large plates that support the disc at its circumference to prevent warping of the edges during trimming.*



assume that record companies in this country do not feel that quality is as important a selling point as price is. And perhaps they are right: consider, for example, the rising sales of cassette and eight-track tapes; the vast majority of them are inferior to the most mediocre of record pressings in terms of signal-to-noise ratio, dynamic levels, and overall fidelity. On the other hand, our experience indicates that there is a definite market for a quality product despite the added cost.

**W**HAT it all boils down to is this: does the consumer care strongly enough about record quality to insist on certain minimum standards, and will he exert himself to make his voice heard? In the light of the discussion of record-manufacturing processes above, the editors of this magazine and I would be especially interested to learn how readers feel about record quality in general, and particularly whether they would willingly accept a record price increase in exchange for a better record. Accordingly, I invite you to take part in an informal poll by communicating your views to me in care of this magazine. If there is a significant response, the results will be printed in a future issue—and also communicated to as many as possible of those who ultimately affect the quality of the records you buy.

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*John Bittner, Jr. worked for several audio and aerospace firms before joining Wakefield Manufacturing as a mastering engineer in 1972. He holds a B.A. in music from Hofstra University.*

*After visual inspection for warp, label damage, non-fill, and the like, the records are put in protective sleeves and jackets.*



# ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

(1874-1951)



Richard Freed  
reports on the return  
of his ashes to Vienna

ONE of the picture postcards tourists buy in Vienna is labeled "Statues of Composers Active in Vienna, Famous the World Over," and it shows the monuments in various Viennese parks to Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Johann Strauss, Brahms, and Bruckner. Of that group, only Schubert and Strauss were native sons. The most important native Viennese composer since the Waltz King was Arnold Schoenberg, whose centenary is being observed everywhere this year (September 13 was the actual anniversary date). There is no statue of him in any of Vienna's parks, and no discussion of erecting one, but the idea is by no means as unlikely as it might have seemed as recently as ten or fifteen years ago.

There is probably no other great city on earth in which music is so central to the daily life and thought of virtually all its people as it is in Vienna, where, I was assured, "any cab driver can tell you who the next three directors of the State Opera will be, even though he may not be able to tell you who the candidates are in this year's presidential election." Cab drivers are always and everywhere touted as being arbiters of public opinion; those in Vienna, I was told, either had nothing good to say about Schoenberg or had not heard of him at all.

It is true that Schoenberg has never loomed very large in the consciousness of the Viennese public, but then he has never been a "popular" composer

anywhere else either. He once remarked that he would like to be able to write music like Tchaikovsky's, filled with tunes everyone could whistle, but what he did write was, especially to the Romantically attuned Viennese ear, anything but ingratiating. Some of his concerts in Vienna just before and after World War I had turned into near-riots. He did attract pupils and disciples, of course, but he left Vienna for good in 1925, spending the next eight years in Berlin and the rest of his life in California. The so-called "Second Viennese School," which he founded, has probably had less far-reaching influence in Vienna itself than in several other music centers. (If he enjoyed any "popularity," it was not for the works that made him Schoenberg: as late as 1945, he was introduced to a lecture audience at the University of Chicago as "the beloved composer of *Transfigured Night*.")

A year after the composer's death, a *Schoenbergplatz* (the Viennese insist on the original spelling, with the umlaut instead of *oe*) was dedicated near a middle-class housing project out past Schönbrunn, and that about took care of any official recognition until this year, when Schoenberg's ashes were flown from California for reburial in Vienna's Central Cemetery. One of my associates, on hearing of this gesture and noting how little of Schoenberg's music was being played in Vienna, remarked that it seemed to be a case of "We come

to bury Schoenberg, not to praise him." A Viennese acquaintance in New York, though, assured me: "No, we will even praise him—as a world-famous musician from Vienna—but we really don't want to hear his music."

One has heard this sort of thing for years. Last spring I developed a good deal of curiosity about the Viennese attitude toward Schoenberg at a time when so much respectful attention was being focused on him elsewhere. The first congress of the International Schoenberg Society was scheduled for Vienna on dates I was free, and I seized upon it as an excuse to enjoy a sumptuous Air France flight out of Washington and spend the time in Vienna seeing for myself just what the feeling was. If I found an attitude more reverent than enthusiastic, it was, at least, an advance over the open hostility of the past.

Cab drivers, it turned out, were not issuing statements on the composer last June, but hotel-keepers, city officials, travel agents, and journalists were happy to comment. None of them (*or* the cabbies) had ever heard of a street named for Schoenberg in their city—I had to check on that at a city office, where the discovery of the *Schönbergplatz* astonished the researchers. There was, however, a good deal more Schoenberg activity going on than was indicated in the preliminary brochure on the *Wiener Festwochen*, the city's big annual festival, traditionally very conservative in its makeup.

**T**HE dates of the Schoenberg Congress (June 4-9) fell smack in the middle of the *Festwochen* (May 25-June 23), which in turn took place within the period of the elaborate and impressive Schoenberg exhibition at the Secession Museum (May 10-June 30). These three events had no direct connection with each other, but they did converge at times.

One might think that if the Viennese were going to do anything about Schoenberg in his centenary year they would launch their celebration during the *Festwochen*, but this year's festival—rather pointedly, I thought—was dedicated to Bruckner, whose sesquicentenary preceded Schoenberg's hundredth birthday by nine days. Eight orchestras, under ten conductors, performed all the Bruckner symphonies and many of his other works. Richard Strauss, Hans Pfitzner, and Franz Schmidt were also heavily represented, since they too have anniversaries this year—the centenary of Schmidt's birth, the 110th anniversary of Strauss', the twenty-fifth anniversary of the deaths of both Strauss and Pfitzner. The Schoenberg representation in the events at the *Musikvereinsäle* was minimal—a single program of choral works and performances

of the Woodwind Quintet and a string quartet in mixed chamber-music concerts.

There were, however, Schoenberg programs elsewhere in the city during the festival period, including several at the Secession itself as part of the exhibition there. The opening session of the Schoenberg Congress was held at the Secession, where a performance of the *Suite for Seven Instruments*, Op. 29, by Friedrich Cerha's ensemble *Die Reihe* augmented the speeches by Hans Sittner, the Schoenberg Society's president, Rudolf Stephan, director of the congress, Walter Szmolyan, the Society's secretary-general, and Hertha Firnberg, the Austrian Minister of Science and Research, under whose patronage the congress was held. The next evening Cerha conducted both of the chamber symphonies, and two days later he and his associates, as part of the lecture sequence, illustrated problems of interpretation in *Pierrot Lunaire* (a work they have recorded for Candide). Another interesting program, performed by the Cappella Classica under Alois Hochstrasser, was made up of chamber-orchestra arrangements of Strauss waltzes by Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern.

Another site of Schoenberg concerts was the Beethoven-Musikhochschule in Mödling, the suburb in which a more significant event also took place. The Schoenberg Society was able to buy Schoenberg's old house in Mödling two years ago, and on June 6 (the day after the cemetery ceremony), with appropriate speeches by municipal and federal officials, the renovated building was dedicated as a museum and research center, with a plaque in the front of the building reading:

IN DIESEM HAUSE WOHNTE DER  
KOMPONIST  
ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG  
IN DEN JAHREN 1918-1924  
HIER FORMTE ER SEINE METHODE  
DER KOMPOSITION MIT ZWÖLFTÖNEN.

It was in that same house that Schoenberg held his composition seminars, and now it is to be used again for similar purposes. The dedication ceremonies, at which attendance was so heavy that I was rather frighteningly reminded of the old college boys' mania for seeing how many people could crowd into a single telephone booth, concluded with Maurizio Pollini's incredibly affecting performances of several of Schoenberg's works on the master's own piano (his other instruments are there, too, including the harmonium, much in need of repair). From August 24 to September 13 (the birthdate itself) the Society used the house to present a course in the Schoenberg string quartets, under the direction of Rudolf Kolisch (interpretation) and

Rudolf Stephan (analysis), both of whom had taken part in the congress in June.

The congress packed a lot of activity into its six days, with some three dozen very active participants from various countries—there would have been more if East Germany and Czechoslovakia had not refused exit visas to the scholars in those countries who planned to attend. Richard Hoffmann, Alexander Ringer, Boris Schwarz, and Leonard Stein represented the United States, and among the other thirty-odd names were such familiar ones as H. H. Stuckenschmidt, Hans Swarowsky, Peter Gradenwitz, and the aforementioned Cerha, Stefan, and Kolisch. There were many nonparticipants in attendance too, and, most significantly, there were sizable audiences for the musical events. Though more of a gesture should have been made in the big *Festwochen* concerts, perhaps this was better left for the “Styrian Autumn” festival at Graz (which included music by Zemlinsky, Schoenberg’s only teacher, as well as that of Schoenberg himself).

In any event, now that a new season is under way, works of Schoenberg are being performed in major Viennese concert series.

One old friend who had just realized a lifelong dream of becoming a subscriber to the Philharmonic concerts (subscriptions to that august series are usually obtained only by inheritance) told me excitedly of the deep impression made by last season’s Vienna performances of *A Survivor from Warsaw* and *Moses und Aron*. “There was a real hostility toward Schoenberg’s music here,” she said, “but many of us just took it for granted that it was ‘unlikable’ without ever actually listening to it. Abbado in particular has taught us so much about this music, and now that we open our ears there is so much to admire, so much even to love.” The speaker was a retired travel official who may not be quoted as readily as “any cab driver in Vienna,” but who is surely not alone in her response. If the Viennese can talk about *loving* Schoenberg, perhaps that statue in the park isn’t so far off after all.

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# Schoenberg Without Tears

By Eric Salzman

**O**UR topic today is How to Listen to Schoenberg, Not as Musical Analysis, Not as Music History, but as Music. To back up just a bit, Arnold Schoenberg started his musical life as a post-Wagnerian and then became a German Expressionist (which is odd, because he was Jewish and Viennese). Finally, to the joy of the few and the despair of the millions (critic B. H. Haggin has called his work “a major disaster in the history of music”), he invented twelve-tone music. Now he is one hundred years old (the music itself is not *quite* that old, but it is certainly getting on), and it is time for articles like this one.

Schoenberg and his music are part of history (as even Haggin admits), and the polemics of yesteryear are now chapters in books. The music itself, although not played very often, is, so to speak, indisputable. Nearly all of it is available in our vast

recorded museum-without-walls, some of it, surprisingly, in several respectable versions.

Schoenberg once said, “My music is not avant-garde, only badly played.” Well, it is not always brilliantly performed nowadays, but it is rarely butchered any more, and sometimes it is very well played indeed. Schoenberg has become so much a part of our musical heritage that even musicians who don’t like his music very much can’t help but understand it better than their predecessors did. Schoenberg was right: his music is not avant-garde. It is, in fact, right to the end, squarely in the Great Tradition of Western classical music.

Any course in Schoenberg Without Tears should rightly begin with the post-Wagnerian music—*Verklärte Nacht*, *Gurrelieder*, the First String Quartet—but all this is so relatively familiar and easy to accept that we will skip right over it. The “difficult” Schoenberg begins with the atonal Expressionist music of the period just before World War I. This was the music that, along with Stravinsky’s *Rite of Spring*, set the world of music on its ear: the Three Piano Pieces (Op. 11), *Pierrot Lunaire*, the Five Orchestral Pieces, *Erwartung*. And yet, far from being “difficult,” this is some of the most directly expressive and sensual music ever written, and it is, in spite of many attempts to prove the contrary, extraordinarily intuitive and *non-intellectual*. The closest parallel can be found in the music of Debussy, which is also intensely sensual. But Schoenberg, unlike his French contemporary,



On June 5, 1974, the ashes of Arnold Schoenberg were interred in Vienna's Central Cemetery. The composer's sons, Ronald and Lawrence, and his daughter Nuria, the wife of the composer Luigi Nono, are shown facing the monument. Also in attendance (but not visible here) was his brother-in-law, the violinist Rudolf Kolisch.

is always expressing *inner* states. Schoenberg's Expressionist music reminds us of the Vienna of Freud: indeed, at times it comes as close to "free association" as is musically possible. In spite (or perhaps because) of the psychological twists and turns, the surface expression is always incredibly rich and variegated. Indeed, Schoenberg's earliest critics were right: this music is a bundle of intense sensations, and it can be listened to and enjoyed (or hated) on just that basis.

After World War I, things are a little different. Schoenberg got religion: Classicism. Indeed, he set himself the task of reordering the purely sensual effects of his earlier music in terms of the great tradition. He made fun of Stravinsky's "neo-Classicism" because he considered *himself*, not some Russian upstart, the real Classicist.

It seems impossible to escape music history entirely when talking about Schoenberg, for he lived and breathed history and theories of history all his life. So a momentary historical digression is here inevitable. If Schoenberg's earlier music was out of the Wagnerian tradition, his later works harked back to a different Romantic model: Brahms. Schoenberg was a great admirer of Brahms all his life, and, just as Brahms kept the Classical tradition alive in the Romantic period, so Schoenberg wanted to extend the Classic/Romantic tradition down into our own day.

Now we have the essential point. Schoenberg's later music, his last quartets, his violin and piano

concertos, the *Orchestral Variations*, the *String Trio* and the *Violin Fantasy*, were written to be part of the latter-day part of the *Great Symphonic Tradition*, and that is exactly how they must be listened to—whether, in the end, they are accepted or rejected. Listen to twelve-tone Schoenberg as if it were Brahms, and you will be doing nothing more nor less than what Schoenberg himself intended. Listen for the themes, the large-scale, Romantic-size phrases with the big (atonal) sweep, for their developments and their resolutions. If it doesn't work for you, then so much the worse for the two of you—you, that is, and Schoenberg. There are no other terms on which to meet him, even halfway.

There are a few of the later works which, in one way or another, harken back to the intensity of the early music. The most striking of these is the *Begleitungsmusik (Accompaniment to a Film Scene)*—a scene, by the way, that never actually existed. The very dramatic *Survivor from Warsaw* and much of the opera *Moses und Aron* are other examples. The dramatic impulse helps create a resolution between Schoenbergian Classicism and the intense, inner expression characteristic of his earlier style. For most listeners, I suspect, it is this music, early or late, and not the Brahmsian twelve-tone works, which will make the strongest and most lasting impact. It is as an Expressionist rather than as a Classicist that Schoenberg will leave his mark on most listeners, and, in the long run, probably on music history as well.



# RUTH WARRICK

"...the musician must be like an athlete,  
always in peak form and ready to play..."

By Robert S. Clark

How did a nice girl like you get mixed up with a nut like Scriabin?" The question belongs to the world of television comedy rather than to that of serious artistic endeavor, and, though it was on my mind, I did not ask it when I visited Ruth Laredo one afternoon recently. But the impulse to do so was pardonable, given the apparent cultural distance between the young American pianist and the Russian composer with whom she is identified through her performances and recordings. On the one hand there is Ruth Laredo, born in Detroit and trained at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia: in manner low-key, almost shy, and firmly no-nonsense, in appearance slender, winsome, and petite without being fragile—seeming, the day I saw her, in every way a part of the spare and tasteful contemporaneity of her studio living room on New York's Upper West Side. On the other hand there is Alexander Scriabin, visionary and exotic, whose music, for all its mystical and sensual connotations and its defiance of nineteenth-century tradition, is unmistakably rooted in the genteel decadence of turn-of-the-century Czarist Russia's privileged classes. Had Mrs. Laredo discovered Scriabin on her own, I wondered, or had someone urged him on her?

"I first heard Scriabin's music as a child," she replied, "when my parents took me to a concert by Vladimir Horowitz in Detroit. He played the Ninth Sonata, and because the hall was sold out we had stage seats. This experience made an indelible impression on me: Horowitz was then, and still is, the greatest interpreter of Scriabin's works. I had spent my professional life, however, playing music very different from Scriabin's, when Alan Silver of Connoisseur Society suggested a few years ago that I learn and record all of the piano sonatas for the Scriabin centenary in 1971—or 1972, depending upon whether you use the old or new Russian calendar. I hesitated, because my daughter Jennifer had just been born, but finally I decided to go ahead. We began with the Fifth, Seventh, and Ninth Sonatas and the Op. 42 Etudes in January of 1970, and we finished the last of the three discs around Christmas of that year. Alan was right—there was a resurgence of interest in Scriabin, and I was the first to have recorded the sonatas complete. Now several other pianists have done it, Michael Ponti, Roberto Szidon, and John Ogdon among them. Making those recordings was fascinating: I became totally immersed in each of the sonatas as I worked on it. Some of the music is certainly neurotic, but it is all thoroughly absorbing."

As she spoke, Mrs. Laredo went to the Baldwin grand piano that stood in one corner of the room and picked up a score of the Scriabin sonatas. When she handed it to me, it was open to the first bars of the Seventh Sonata. I commented on their evident difficulty. "Yes, this is very difficult music to play," she said, her long fingers twining with one another as if in sympathy. "But I don't think these works are merely vehicles for display. The virtuosic element is only a part of a greater whole. Scriabin's piano pieces are works of quality. He was really wrongfully neglected—he is not just a fad, he is here to stay. The connections made in the press with the current surge of interest in mysticism and the occult, and the psychedelic business—if that were all there was to Scriabin, the vogue for him would have waned long ago. These trappings may draw the curious listener to Scriabin, but only genuine musical substance will hold him. And I believe it is sufficient. Do you know that the sonatas are all perfectly worked out formally? When you first hear one of them,

the novelty and freshness of the material obscure the form, but this reveals itself on further listening or study. And there is great variety in the sonatas. The First is clearly related to Chopin's B-flat Minor Sonata, which Scriabin adored. It is also extremely uncomfortable for the hands—Scriabin injured himself practicing it. The Third is the most Romantic. After that it is difficult to characterize them; each has so much individuality. Take the Seventh. It is built on a single chord: reading upward, the intervals are a minor third, a perfect fourth, and another minor third. Scriabin called this Sonata his 'White Mass,' and thought of it as holy. Look at these," she said, turning the score's pages and pointing to staves in which such directions as *crescendo*, *accelerando*, and *meno mosso* might be expected to be found. Instead, Scriabin asks for undulating, stormy, menacing, or terrifying playing—"avec trouble," "étincelant" (sparkling), "avec une joie débordante" (with overflowing joy), "avec une céleste volupté" (with a heavenly voluptuousness), and finally "en un vertige" (in a spin) and "en délire" (in delirium). How, I asked this sensible-seeming woman, does she manage to create delirium on the recital stage?

"Well, of course, you cannot let yourself go completely. You must be thoroughly prepared technically, so that in performance you can surrender yourself to the music without losing control. For me, Scriabin's music generates feelings that seize me as I play, and will not be denied. I don't think it can be played well if you do not feel it. At the same time, you must be completely aware of what you are doing. It is the problem of all performance."

Ruth Laredo finds nothing extraordinary in her affinity for Scriabin, but denies that a family connection with the composer's native country has anything to do with it. Forebears of her parents on both sides came to the United States from Russia, but "they were Jews—and a Russian Jew's passport read 'Jewish,' not 'Russian.'" Her mother was a piano teacher, and from early childhood Ruth heard piano and violin recitals. She cannot remember when she did not want to play the piano, and after some initial help from her mother she was sent to her first teacher in Detroit at the age of eleven or twelve. She took to the piano so keenly that she never had to be urged to practice. At seventeen she was admitted to the Curtis Institute of Music, and began study with Rudolf Serkin.

As a pianist Rudolf Serkin is familiar to audiences all over the world, but few know the extent of his influence upon young performers through his stewardships at Marlboro and Curtis. I asked Ruth Laredo for her impressions of this formidable figure as a teacher. "Oh, dear!" she said, with a hint of impatience at being put on the spot. "I don't know how to describe him, other than to say that with him my formal musical education really began. He imparted to me his own total dedication to music, his conviction that the musician must be like an athlete, always in peak form and ready to play a concert no matter how difficult the circumstances.

"Though from the start Serkin gave me grounding in the German classics, it is to his credit that he didn't try to force me to do things I had little interest in. I wanted to learn French music—*Gaspard de la Nuit*, for instance—and though I suspect he thought it was not a good idea, he let me do it." But if the German classics took a back seat at Curtis, her years at Marlboro redressed the balance. "I have played the standard German chamber repertoire

almost every summer at Marlboro, about fourteen seasons in all. But we have done other things too—Chausson, Fauré, the Ravel Trio.”

For several years after she began her solo concert career, her programs followed a standard format. “I would open—always—with a Bach partita, then do some Mozart or a Beethoven sonata, then some Chopin or Liszt’s *Mephisto Waltz*, and finally a modern work. Practically every recital went like that, and it’s a relief not to have to do it any more.” Now she generally includes some Ravel (*Gaspard, La Valse*) or some Debussy (*Préludes, Images*) on every program, and two contrasting pieces by Scriabin. “Some people who invite me to play ask that I omit Scriabin, because ‘we don’t want any modern music on the program.’ I try to persuade them to accept the Third Sonata or the Fifth, both of which could almost be by Rachmaninoff. I am also trying to program more Schumann—*Kinderszenen, Kreisleriana*. I don’t intend to neglect Bach and Beethoven, but they don’t need *me*, really.

Her orchestral repertoire is similarly unhackneyed. “I play the Scriabin Concerto, of course,” she told me, with a wry smile, “but also the Ravel Concerto, the Rachmaninoff *Rhapsody*, the Saint-Saëns concertos. I have done Hindemith’s *Four Temperaments* with the Boston Symphony. I have also done many other standard works. I am not a specialist.” She is so far from being one, in fact, that her New York Philharmonic debut, had it come off as scheduled in the summer of 1973, would have been as soloist in Mozart’s C Major Concerto, K. 467, the ubiquitous “Elvira Madigan” concerto.

“I had just returned to New York from Italy, on my way to Marlboro. My manager called to say that Michael Tilson Thomas, who was conducting one of the Philharmonic’s summer concerts in Central Park in a week’s time, wanted me to substitute for a pianist who had canceled. I learned the concerto at Marlboro and drove down a week later. The day of the performance it rained, and Tilson Thomas called me to say that the Sheep Meadow was a pool of standing water. There would be no concert, so I was not to come to the scheduled rehearsal in Philharmonic Hall. I said, ‘Shouldn’t I come in and play it through, just in case?’ ‘Of course you can,’ he said, ‘but none of the orchestra will be there.’ I couldn’t believe such a thing could happen to me. Later I telephoned the number in the New York *Times* for information about the park concerts to see whether *they* knew of the cancellation, and a recorded voice told me that they did.” She has since played the “Elvira Madigan” concerto in New Britain, Connecticut. Her debut with the New York Philharmonic is now scheduled for the approaching season: she will play the Ravel Concerto with Pierre Boulez conducting.

Solo, chamber, orchestral—she has ranged through all three major types of the piano literature. Does she prefer one of the them to the others? “I like variety, but in some ways I like playing chamber music most of all. The public’s attitude toward chamber music has become more sophisticated. It used to be that if a soloist played in chamber combinations of whatever size, people thought his career had gone off the track. Now chamber musicians are being recognized for what they are, equal partners in an ensemble, no longer just adjuncts to the star who plays the top line—Jascha Heifetz accompanied by — on the piano. Audiences are cherishing chamber music. The Stern-Rose-Istomin trio played a large part in this change of attitude: here were three successful and first-

class soloists teaming up for the sheer love of chamber music. One of the high points of my career to date was playing a performance of the Dvořák Piano Quintet in the Carnegie Hall ‘Isaac Stern and His Friends’ series of chamber concerts last year.”

Her recordings, both completed and planned, have so far been almost exclusively of the solo literature. In addition to the three Scriabin discs (Connoisseur Society CS 2032, 2034, and 2035), she has recorded Ravel’s *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, Gaspard de la Nuit*, and *La Valse*—in an arrangement for solo piano by the composer—for the same firm (CS 2005), and Scriabin’s *Preludes, Op. 11 and 74*, and *Poem, Op. 32, No. 1*, for Desto (DC 7145). Only a lone recorded venture with violinist Jaime Laredo (the Laredos met at Curtis and were married in 1960, but are now separated), in a program of violin-and-piano works by Ned Rorem and Leon Kirschner for Desto (DC 7151), attests to her interest in chamber music so far. But in the spring of 1973 she signed an exclusive contract with Columbia Records. For this company she has already recorded the first discs in two projected series that will encompass the complete solo piano works of Ravel and of Rachmaninoff. The initial Ravel disc is awaiting release, and the first Rachmaninoff recording—the *Preludes, Op. 23*, and *Five Fantasy Pieces, Op. 3*, one of which is the familiar *Prelude in C-sharp Minor*—has just been released [reviewed in this issue].

SHE hopes one day to have the opportunity to record some of her favorite chamber works. In the meantime, if the strong sense of inner security she conveys to one in her company is any indication, she is satisfied with her achievements at mid-career and poised for whatever artistic challenges may await her. “I used to force myself to take whatever came to me in the way of engagements, because I felt that I had to, but now I find that what is being offered is so diverse and interesting that I can accept it gladly. In seasons to come I will be playing many concerts in New York City, which pleases me because I don’t like to leave my young daughter for long. I am going to do several things in a new series being organized by the Ninety-Second Street YMHA, on the Upper East Side: a program with Musica Aeterna under Frederic Waldman, an evening of Schubert sonatas—and more Scriabin.

“I confess I didn’t know what I was getting into when I took on Scriabin, but there’s no turning back now, and I have no regrets. I have a high opinion of the musical value of his works. They are good enough to stand alone—by themselves they can hold an audience’s attention. I don’t think Scriabin needs the help of the Pablo Lights or any other kind of visual stimulation. I saw that show in which a pianist and the Pablo Lights collaborated, and I thought the lights subtracted from the effect of Scriabin’s music. I’ve seen other collaborations of this kind. I remember Peter Serkin and the Pablo Lights doing Messiaen’s *Vingt Regards sur l’Enfant Jésus*. It was very theatrical, with Serkin in the dark—really shattering. But I heard him play the work again in Spoleto, in a small concert hall and without a light show, and I liked it even more. I believe in *listening*: the intense concentration on a single artistic object is a precious thing, and I would never permit anything at one of my performances that might interfere with the listener’s concentration. The live performance of music is a great thing for the artist and for his audience, and to dilute its effect is to risk destroying something irreplaceable.”



# STEREO REVIEW'S SELECTION OF RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT BEST OF THE MONTH



## CLASSICAL

### SIR GEORG SOLTI CONDUCTS A NEW *COSÌ FAN TUTTE*

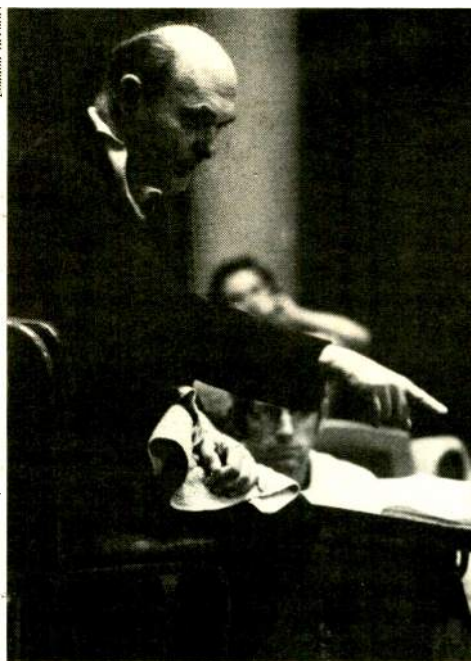
*London's recording of the Mozart opera joins a distinguished catalog company*

**C**OSÌ FAN TUTTE, Mozart's last opera based on a libretto by the able Lorenzo da Ponte, does not, to be sure, possess the boundless measures of warmth and humanity to be found in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the abundance of passion and vitality that fill *Don Giovanni*, but it yields to no other of his works in terms of inventiveness and brilliant craftsmanship. Greatest among the opera's countless virtues is its remarkable ensemble writing, the dramatic and musical interactions of the six characters in combinations of all forms—from duet to sextet—and styles. These marvelous ensembles are perhaps the reason so many first-rank conductors are drawn to *Così*, and why they are usually inspired to their best efforts as well. Fritz Busch, Herbert von Karajan, Karl Böhm, Eugen Jochum, and Erich Leinsdorf have all presided over past recordings of this opera. All of them were enjoyable, and, in their various ways, highly recommendable. Now joining this distinguished company, with strong attractions of its own, is a new London recording of the work, with singers of the international front rank (plus the London Philharmonic) under the baton of Sir Georg Solti.

As is well known and well documented, Solti is an extremely intense conductor, and he is at his best when he can support a vivid stage action like the extended and fast-moving finale of *Così*'s first act. As is equally well known, re-

laxation and geniality are not his strongest suits, and though the overture, for example, moves with lightness and precision, there is something of a "driven" aura about it. Too, the exquisite farewell ensembles (particularly the trio "*Soave sia il vento*") sound merely agreeable when they ought to sound ravishing, and the delicate touches of orchestration in Dorabella's aria "*Smanie implacabili*" are not exposed with the requisite nuance and affection. On the other hand, Solti's tempo choices seem always to be unerringly correct (even better judged here than they were in his dramatic *Magic Flute* recording—reviewed in May 1971), his command of the ensembles is exceptionally precise, and the orchestral tone he secures is both rich and refined.

Gratifyingly, there are no real weaknesses in the casting, though the performances of the six principals do inspire some slight reservations to go with the well-earned praise. Of the two ladies of shakable fidelity, the Dorabella of Teresa Berganza delivers the more secure vocal performance. Her singing is firm and warm-toned, her aria "*È amor un ladroncello*" flows with lightness and lilt, and if the earlier "*Smanie implacabili*" fails to plumb quite all the expressive depths, it is as accurate musically and as endearing tonally as the rest of her singing. Miss Berganza's steady tone and Pilar Loren-gar's characteristically tremulous one do not form an ideal blend in their ensemble appear-



SIR GEORG SOLTI  
*A reputation for intensity*

ances, but there is nonetheless much to admire in the latter's handling of the role of Fiordiligi. For one thing, it is more distinctly characterized than her colleague's Dorabella: she is a very feminine, unusually vulnerable woman, and her confident avowal of unswerving loyalty in "*Come scoglio*" is therefore all the more charmingly absurd. The lower end of that aria—and of Fiordiligi's music in general—gives her some moments of discomfort, but the top is secure, and the musical accuracy always commendable. Miss Lorengar's most exquisite singing is heard in the *Larghetto* duet with Ferrando, "*E nel tuo, nel mio bicchiero*" (Act II), wherein her tone is sumptuously floated.

Ryland Davies brings a good technique and a cultivated style to Ferrando's taxing music, which, on this occasion, includes the oft-omitted (and quite difficult) aria "*Ah, lo veggio.*" His voice is agreeable in quality, but it is somewhat wanting in tonal solidity. Tom Krause, on the other hand, contributes one of his strongest, most assured, and vocally most satisfying recorded interpretations as Guglielmo. Gabriel Bacquier, a very fine singing actor, endows the figure of the scheming Don Alfonso with the proper cynical air. Though he is vocally quite dry most of the time, the characterization does make its points. The Despina of Jane Berbié is along traditional lines, but entirely satisfying.

As is frequently the case with Mozart operas in which Italian singers are not present, the recitatives are often delivered with haste and indifference (Miss Berbié and Mr. Bacquier are the prime offenders), and there is also a notable inconsistency about *appoggiaturas*. But the opera is presented absolutely complete (as is RCA LSC-6416; the Angel and Deutsche Grammophon stereo sets have some "standard" cuts), and technically the recording offers opulent sound and impressive depth without gimmickry. My own first preference is still Karl Böhm's performance for Angel (S-3631), but as I indicated above, I like them all, including this new one.

George Jellinek

**MOZART: *Così Fan Tutte* (K. 588).** Pilar Lorengar (soprano), Fiordiligi; Teresa Berganza (mezzo-soprano), Dorabella; Ryland Davies (tenor), Ferrando; Tom Krause (baritone), Guglielmo; Jane Berbié (soprano), Despina; Gabriel Bacquier (baritone), Don Alfonso; Chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Georg Solti cond. LONDON OSA 1442 four discs \$27.92.

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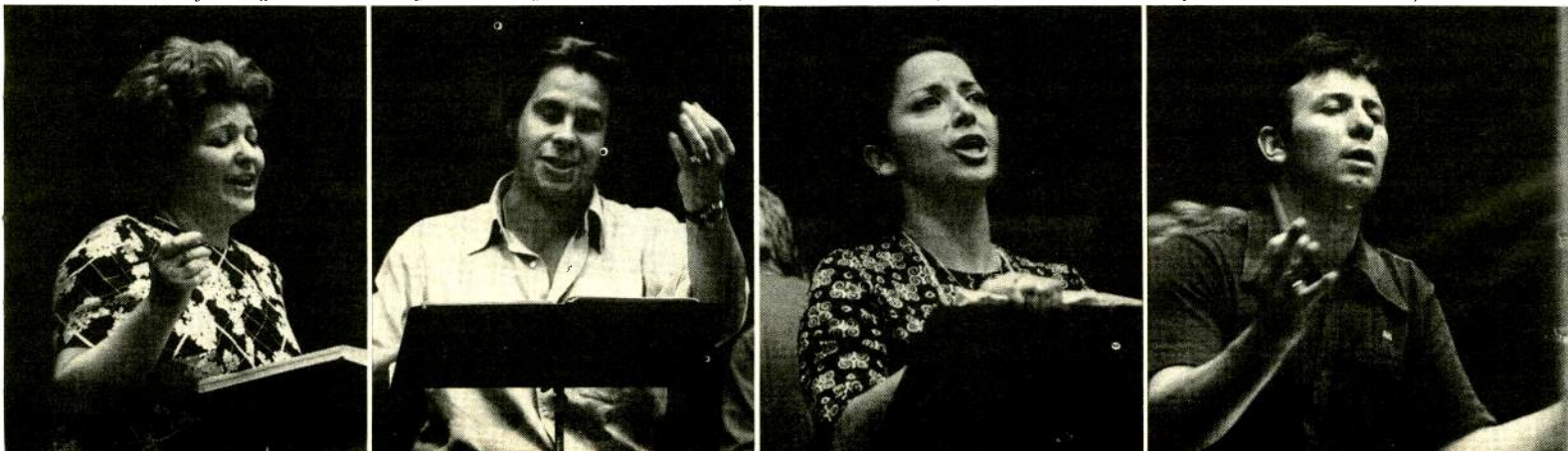
## THE TOKYO QUARTET: GLORIOUS AND UNERRING

*Deutsche Grammophon presents their warmly communicative performances of two Haydn works*

I have just had the pleasure of listening to the best string quartet record I've ever heard: the Tokyo Quartet's new recording for Deutsche Grammophon of the first two of Haydn's splendid Op. 50 *Prussian* quartets (of which there are six in all). These may not be the composer's very greatest works in this form, but it is unlikely that any of his others have been recorded in performances so surpassingly persuasive as these.

Four decades of Suzuki activity may perhaps have something—both directly and indirectly—to do with it, but it cannot be denied that there is now in Japan a remarkable climate of appreciation and a high standard of performance for string players. The sheer expertise of the four young members of the Tokyo Quartet is therefore not surprising (they were, in fact, trained at the Toho School in Tokyo and then at Juilliard), but their feeling for the Viennese classics is something that would be exceptional in musicians of any background. From first note to last, their playing communicates the deepest understanding of every element in this music—its lyricism, wit, spontaneity, occasional pathos, and pervasive warmth of heart, as well as the

Left to right: Pilar Lorengar (Fiordiligi), Tom Krause (Guglielmo), Teresa Berganza (Dorabella), and Ryland Davies (Ferrando)



peculiarly Haydnish rhythmic vitality that emphasizes both the hearty and the elegant so unself-consciously, and tempos and phrasing so natural as to obviate any discussion of choice in these matters. I might add parenthetically that Japan has also a long-standing tradition in Haydn performance: the very first recording anywhere of the choral version of *The Seven Last Words* (Haydn later arranged the work as the seven quartets of Op. 51) was made in Tokyo about 1930.

The *vivace* finale of the B-flat Quartet may seem a bit too fast at first, but with playing of such assurance and precision, it turns out to be a comfortable tempo after all, and one feels that Haydn himself must be smiling. It all adds up to glorious musicianship and unerringly convincing style, and the contribution of Deutsche Grammophon's engineer, Karl-August Naegler, is a sound quality as rich, clean, and well-balanced as the playing itself.

More Haydn played by the Tokyo Quartet will surely be forthcoming from DG, but it will be with slightly different personnel. When this recording was made, the group's violinists were Koichiro Harada and Yoshiko Nakura, the violist Kazuhide Isomura, and the cellist Sadao Harada; since then the quartet has become all-male, Kikuei Ikeda replacing Nakura. They are in residence at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., for the 1974-1975 season. *Richard Freed*

HAYDN: *String Quartet in B-flat Major, Op. 50, No. 1 (Hob. III Nr. 44)*; *String Quartet in C Major, Op. 50, No. 2 (Hob. III Nr. 45)*. Tokyo String Quartet. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 440 \$7.98.

## POPULAR

### THE LUSH, JAZZ-FLAVORED SOUND OF BOB JAMES

*Another star is added to the firmament of the versatile CTI Repertory Company*

THIS is getting to be embarrassing. I'll just have to point out right up front that I do not own any stock in the CTI label, nor do I owe favors to anyone connected with the company. It's just that their standard of excellence is so high that I have never found grounds for any major criticism of their product. So, here we go again: Bob James, who hasn't had an album of his own since 1965, when ESP released an interesting but largely unrecognized set entitled "Explosions," has now come up with a new one that is bound to win him an enthusiastic—and



THE TOKYO QUARTET  
*Kazuhide Isomura, Yoshiko Nakura, Sadao and Koichiro Harada*

deserved—following. If you are fortunate enough to find the older ESP album, you will see that James was way ahead of the game even then, combining his technically perfect piano with electronic sound to create a whole that our ears have only recently grown accustomed to.

The new CTI album is not quite that startling, being more commercial by today's standards, but, in its own way, it is just as fine. Since making the 1965 album, Bob James has worked with Maynard Ferguson, spent four and a half years as Sarah Vaughan's musical director, scored musical shows (including Broadway's *The Selling of the President*), arranged for singers Dionne Warwick, Aretha Franklin, Morgana King, and Roberta Flack, and joined the growing stable of what can perhaps best be termed the CTI Repertory Company.

It can be no mere coincidence that CTI maintains a clearly identifiable sound, so one must draw the conclusion that producer Creed Taylor's input goes beyond mere supervision of these sessions. In this case he has shown superb judgment in casting, and James gets the most out of his supporting players, from the excitement and hard-hitting brass of Moussorgsky's *Night on Bald Mountain*, a warhorse that readily translates into modern sound, to the easy beat of Gene McDaniels' *Feel Like Making Love*. James was involved in the recording of

Roberta Flack's hit version of that tune, and uses the exact same rhythm section here. Harmonically, the most interesting track is *Valley of the Shadows*, but the whole album is a fine example of lush, jazz-flavored pop, and I hope "One" is soon followed by "Two."  
Chris Albertson

**BOB JAMES:** *One.* Bob James (keyboards); orchestra, including Thad Jones, John Faddis, and Marvin Stamm (trumpets); Grover Washington, Jr. (soprano saxophone); Dave Friedman (vibraphone); and strings. *Soulero; Night on Bald Mountain; Feel Like Making Love; Valley of the Shadows; In the Garden; Nautilus.* CTI 6043 \$6.98, © CT8 6043 \$7.98, © CTC 6043 \$7.98.

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## THE BEE GEES: HARMONY, MELODY, LUXURY

*Their latest album, "Mr. Natural," proves once again that the good things last*

**W**ELL, yes, the album "Mr. Natural" is just a little gimmicky, but it also finds the Bee Gees luxuriously harmonic and melodic, as they've usually been, and it should be a vehicle big enough, strong enough, and fast enough to outride their critics, as they've usually done. I don't see how anyone, regardless of his feelings about rock, could listen to *Down the Road*, say, and not like it, but there are a few small things about the album, some of them extra-musical, to put one off.

For example, Arif Mardin, who produces Bette Midler, produced this album and arranged a few too many horns and strings for it. And worse, he allowed the insert blurb to go through quoting him as saying that this one "brings the Bee Gees' sound and identification into today's vein" and that "while there are fresher and newer techniques used, the group still retains their [*sic*] individuality." Awfully big of him to bring the Bee Gees up to date, don't you think? Especially in view of the fact that they've been using horns and strings at least this well for five or six years and their studio prowess, creaky old techniques and all, has consistently made their albums sound better than their stage performances. But, as I was saying and as he was saying, they do retain their individuality, however they may stand relative to "today's vein."

The main musical problems are with *Charade*, which sounds like supper-club glass-clinking music (and could never overcome Barry and Robin Gibb's pronouncing the word as "cherodd" anyway); the



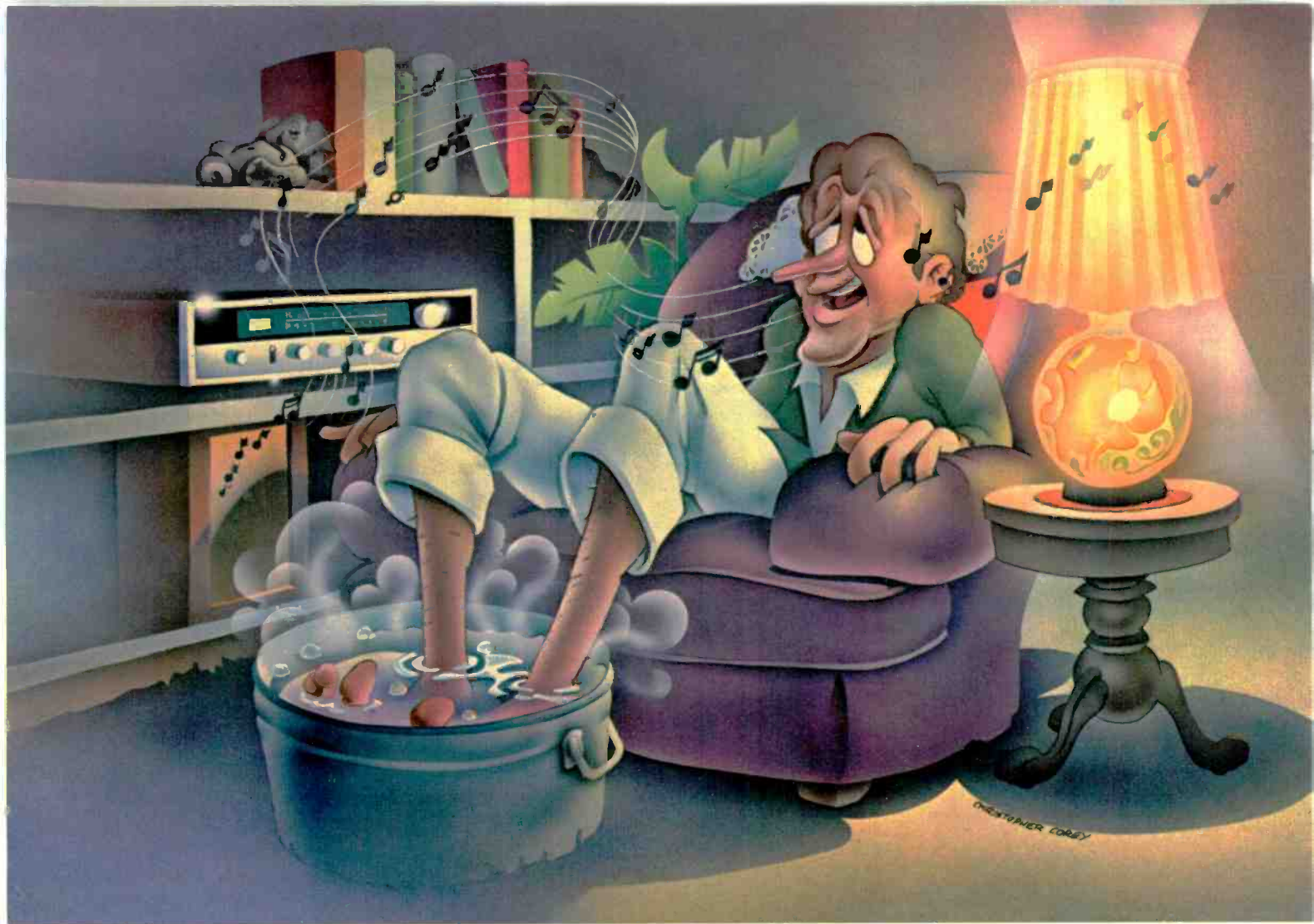
Top to bottom: Barry, Robin, and Maurice Gibb

warmed-over nature of *Give a Hand, Take a Hand* and *Heavy Breathing*; and a few dumb decisions about using clichés. Most blatant of these is a hokey riff ending grafted onto *Lost in Your Love*, which — up to that point — wasn't bad. The best music comes in *Throw a Penny, Down the Road*, and *Voices*, which appear consecutively, with Barry and Robin battling the lead vocals around like a hot handball and Maurice Gibb showing up as a rather spectacular bass player, authoritative and smart, like Paul McCartney.

And the finale — which really is one — is both grandiose and wry, if you can picture that, a song called *Had a Lot of Love Last Night* that is one of those simple and beautiful Bee Gees — how you say — anthems, the big Bee-Gees-as-choir, love-song-as-hymn treatment. The title song is interesting mainly for its melody, a Gibb melody that doesn't resolve in the familiar folkie turn of most Gibb melodies. I've heard the boys' vocal harmonies recorded better, but, as Arif and I said, their style endures.

Noel Coppage

**BEE GEES:** *Mr. Natural.* Barry Gibb (vocals, guitar); Robin Gibb (vocals); Maurice Gibb (vocals, bass, keyboards); Geoff Westley (piano); Alan Kendall (lead guitar); other musicians. *Charade; Throw a Penny; Down the Road; Voices; Give a Hand, Take a Hand; Dogs; Mr. Natural; Lost in Your Love; I Can't Let You Go; Heavy Breathing; Had a Lot of Love Last Night.* RSO SO 4800 \$6.98, © TP 4800 \$6.97, © ICS 4800 \$6.97.



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# POPULAR DISCS AND TAPES

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

**HERB ALPERT AND THE TIJUANA BRASS:** *You Smile—The Song Begins*. Herb Alpert (trumpet); Tijuana Brass. *Fox Hunt; Up Cherry Street; Promises, Promises; Dida; Song for Herb*; and seven others. A & M SP 3620 \$6.98, ⓓ 8T 3620 \$6.98, © CS 3620 \$6.98.

Performance: **Very smooth**  
Recording: **Excellent**

So what could be new about a new Herb Alpert album? Nothing. And I, for one, have no objections. In fact, I think I might be a little disappointed if he changed anything around too much. He and his marvelously disciplined Tijuana Brass are still providing some of the smoothest and glossiest background music on records. I like Alpert best on such standards as the title song or *Promises, Promises*, where his intricate doodling allows me the pleasure of chasing the melody around, although *Dida* is perhaps the most ingratiating track here. The production is, as usual, immaculate and beautifully stylized. Alpert's on my list of things, like Ivory soap and the mystery stories of Ross Macdonald, in which I see no need for any change. P.R.

**ASHFORD & SIMPSON:** *I Wanna Be Selfish*. Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson (vocals and instrumentals); orchestra. *Spoiled; I Had a Love; Main Line; Don't Fight It*; and six others. WARNER BROS. BS 2789 \$5.98, ⓓ M 82789 \$6.97, © M 52789 \$6.97.

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

#### Explanation of symbols:

- ⓓ = reel-to-reel stereo tape
- ⓔ = eight-track stereo cartridge
- © = stereo cassette
- = quadrasonic disc
- ⓓ = reel-to-reel quadrasonic tape
- ⓔ = eight-track quadrasonic tape
- © = quadrasonic cassette

Monophonic recordings are indicated by the symbol Ⓜ

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

Ashford & Simpson have a slick, commercial touch, and at times they are engaging in the manner of lounge performers in Vegas who, in the early morning hours, bravely put on a complete and lively show for a bunch of people who couldn't care less. They write all their

A & M Records



HERB ALPERT  
*Smooth and ingratiating as ever*

own material, and it varies radically: *Over to Where You Are* is perfectly fine, warm and instinctive, but *Spoiled* is loud and meaningless. Mostly, their stuff is routine Motown, slightly scaled down. It is the scaling down, however, that provides the real charm. The pair really seem to like each other, and, as I've said, there is a certain gallantry about their work—the rest of the world may not be listening, but they are, and to each other. There's a nice, intimate feel to the recorded sound, and overall this is a good album for that time when your party has declined into a gathering of drunks and bores. What the hell, you can listen to it. P.R.

**TONY ASHTON & JON LORD:** *First of the Big Bands*. Tony Ashton and Jon Lord (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *We're*

*Gonna Make It; Downside Upside Down; Surrender Me; I Been Lonely; Shut Up; Ballad of Mr. Giver*; and three others. WARNER BROS. BS 2778 \$5.98, ⓓ M 82778 \$6.98, © M 52778 \$6.98.

Performance: **First-rate second hand**  
Recording: **Good**

Tony Ashton has bounced around with various groups, including Family. Jon Lord is the keyboard man for Deep Purple. Together here they recall the excited loyalty to black American music which made the British r-&b clubs so vital in the early Sixties.

The tunes, arrangements, and performances are charming, inventive imitations of what would now be called "soul," done with verve and sentiment. Ashton and Lord had a good time, and you probably will too. But their testament is disturbing. It lacks the flame of black music, but—praise Allah—it is so easy to listen to. In fact, this loving facsimile is easier to take than the original as it is parlayed these days. Just think: no pomposity, no phony social concerns, no emotional handicaps, no jive, no hypocritical *Angst*, no music-is-politics, no stifling proletarian art, no slogans, no right hand on the Bible with the left hand in the till. Just the music.

The troubling thing about this album is that the longer you listen to it the farther it takes you away from the original. It would almost be better *not* to listen to it—if the original, these days, were not so compromised. J.V.

#### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**BAD COMPANY:** *Bad Company*. Paul Rodgers (vocals); Mick Ralphs (guitar); Boz Burrell (bass); Simon Kirke (drums). *Can't Get Enough; Rock Steady; Ready for Love; Don't Let Me Down; Bad Company; The Way I Choose; Movin' On; Seagull*. SWAN SONG SS 8410 \$5.98.

Performance: **Hotcha!**  
Recording: **Clean**

I like almost everything about this band, and I think I would even if I hadn't had such great expectations, based on what Paul Rodgers did as lead singer for Free (who made at least two of my all-time favorite albums) and what Mick Ralphs did with Mott the Hoople before they

turned into the Ian Hunter Show. Bad Company, simply stated, is a no-nonsense, kick-ass, blues-based rock band of the first order, a bit reminiscent of the Stones, and of Free in their more aggressive moods. Further, they are that rarest of rare birds—a band that sounds as if it hasn't shot its wad with one album; once they realize that they have the freedom to experiment that their inevitable commercial success will afford them, they can begin to tap an obviously enormous unrealized potential. In fact, this album gives us only glimpses of what they will be capable of, especially if they begin to make more of Mick's charmingly unsoulful voice as a foil for Rodgers' bluesier exhortations.

In the meantime, though, this is a killer outfit. Rodgers, who has been justifiably cited by almost every rock singer worth his salt as his favorite vocalist, sounds gorgeous. Ralphs plays with his usual economy and passion, and the rhythm section is just destructo (especially drummer Kirke, who sounds less like Ringo than usual and more like the Sixties

of the difficulties of being a legend in your own time is keeping yourself interested, not only to protect your reputation, but to still feel the thrill of discovery. It is all very well to be indestructible on the outside, but it is better still, while keeping your armor gleaming, to be vulnerable on the inside, which is why you make music in the first place. J.V.

**BEE GEES:** *Mr. Natural* (see Best of the Month, page 88)

**CARMEN:** *Fandangos in Space*. Carmen (vocals and instrumentals). *Bulerías; Bullfight; Stepping Stone; Sailor Song; Lonely House; Por Tarantos; Looking Outside (My Window); Tales of Spain; Retirando; Fandangos in Space*. PARAMOUNT PAS 1044 \$6.98.

Performance: **Awful**  
Recording: **Floor crunching**

The scramble for a new gimmick has been on for some time now in the music biz because

lated musical styles is apparent even to someone like me, whose knowledge of the finer points of flamenco is akin to my knowledge of Esperanto.

The album was recorded in England, where Carmen has been having some success. Not too surprising for a country that thinks Lena Zavaroni is a darling little tyke, that Maurice Chevalier typified the average Frenchman, and that Spanish music is evah-so-excitin' idnit-dear? While the gimmick hunt races on, Carmen and "Fandangos in Space" at least allow us to cancel out any possibility of a rock-flamenco fad here. P.R.

**DAHANN CARROLL.** Diahann Carroll (vocals); orchestra. *Easy to Love; Anybody Else; A Perfect Love; Sweet, Sweet Candy*; and six others. MOTOWN M6 805S1 \$6.98, Ⓜ 8805 \$6.95, Ⓞ M 5805 \$6.95.

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

Diahann Carroll is a beautiful woman (just take a look), a good actress (see her recent film *Claudine*), and the possessor of a great natural elegance. But unfortunately her performances on records have always been as heavily lacquered as David Bowie's hair. This album is no exception. There has been a lot of publicity (coinciding with the release of *Claudine*, in which she plays a harried welfare mother), about how long and how hard she worked on this album in an attempt to show the "real" her, her insistence on "current" repertoire (*I Can't Give You Back the Love I Feel for You*, or Paul Williams' *A Perfect Love*), the elaborate Motown production, and the search for an earthier vocal sound. The result, I'm sorry to say, is a stiff, slick, overly correct attempt to get with it that makes her sound years older than she actually is.

This next point is a sticky one, but here goes: as much as I love her, Josephine Baker is really getting too old to be Josephine Baker any more, and Diahann Carroll seems to be her natural successor. (Baker's recent disastrous appearance on the *Tonight* show, in which she swirled about vivaciously in a cloud of maribou and a pair of dark shades the size and opacity of manhole covers as she sang a medley of French "hits" that no one had ever heard of, finally convinced me that the legendary *L'Ange Noir* would be well advised to at last hang up her bananas before people think she has gone them.) While Carroll lacks Baker's warmth and humor, she does have a gamine toughness that can be very appealing, and she is always good to look at.

At this point we could all use a little glamour, and since there are so few singing performers around who can project it convincingly, I think Carroll is making the wrong turn in trying to be "relevant"—at least on records. P.R.

**CY COLEMAN:** *Cy Coleman Sings Cy Coleman*. Cy Coleman (vocals and piano); orchestra. *Hey, Look Me Over; Real Live Girl; I've Got Your Number; Where Am I Going?*; and seven others. COLUMBIA C 32804 \$4.98.

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

This is a re-release by Columbia of an album previously called "If My Friends Could See Me Now," and its pertinence today escapes me. Cy Coleman's best work has been with Dorothy Fields, with whom he collaborated

(Continued on page 94)

**BAD COMPANY:**  
left to right,  
Boz Burrell,  
Paul Rodgers,  
Mick Ralphs,  
and Simon Kirke



soul drummers he claims influenced him). I wouldn't be at all surprised if Bad Company makes a lot of critics realize that the hard-rock outfits they've been touting of late (like, shall we say, the Dolls or Blue Öyster Cult) are indeed as lame as their detractors have insisted all along. Personally, I'm already convinced. And, oh yes, buy their single—you'll get a flip that's not on the album, and a head start on what should be a fanzine dream band twenty years hence. Steve Simels

**RAY BARRETTO:** *Indestructible*. Tito Allen (vocals); Ray Barretto Orchestra. *El Hijo de Obatala; El Diablo; Yo Tengo un Amor; La Familia; La Orquesta; Indestructible*; and two others. FANIA SLP-00456 \$4.98.

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

Not too long ago, the musicians of Ray Barretto's band up and quit en masse in a dispute about various things. He has put together a new orchestra, and this album is, I believe, their second recording. Whether the band is still marking time until they find their own personality within Barretto's (as Duke Ellington's bands eventually found theirs) or whether the musicians are puffing away in the comfort of secure employment (since Barretto is one of the gods of Latin music) I can't tell from this album. Nobody does anything wrong. Everything is ordered and polite and entirely correct. But it is also bloodless.

It may take a little longer to whip the band into shape—if Barretto has the urge and the musicians are willing to make the effort. One

of the rock scene, aside from a very few groups, is as boring and flat-out predictable as a report on yesterday's weather issued as a flash bulletin. There has lately been a minor vogue for imported groups, such as Blue Swede, who have shown that they can make a few ripples on the charts. A spastic reversal of that trend is "Fandangos in Space," a chillingly inept expedition by two Americans, two Englishmen, and one unfortunate Spaniard who have named their group Carmen and launched into what they imagine is a fusion of flamenco and rock. It is the silliest album of the year.

The major perpetrators, and the original instigators, of Carmen are David and Angela Allen, a brother-and-sister team whose parents run a flamenco club in Los Angeles. They recruited Roberto Amaral, formerly a lead dancer with José Greco, to do most of the stomping around on a specially miked platform. Angela joins in the melee as often as she can, and when she and Roberto are both at it hot and heavy on that damned platform, it sounds like a cattle stampede right through your living room.

David, Roberto, Angela, and John Glascock thunder around emitting a lot of passionate yells and somber growls *a la Española* while the remaining member, Paul Fenton, seems content just to voicelessly bang his drums slowly, or quickly if Angela and Roberto are into some heavy breathing. Most of the songs are performed in English, but every once in a while they get so overcome that they lapse into Spanish. In such things as *Lonely House* or *Stepping Stone* the clumsy shifting of gears between two only superficially re-



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on *Sweet Charity* and *Seesaw*. His music is generally of the middle rank, but occasionally, when the lyric is strong enough—as it is in the three songs here from *Charity* (*Where Am I Going?*, *You Wanna Bet*, and *If My Friends Could See Me Now*)—he can catch fire. *Hey, Look Me Over*, written with Carolyn Leigh for Lucille Ball in *Wildcat*, is another better-than-average song.

Coleman zips through everything, obviously enjoying himself and singing in a voice that, considering what other composers sound like when they attempt their own material, isn't bad at all. Still, I can't figure out why this one was re-released unless Coleman is involved in an upcoming show that Columbia wants. In that case, a little flattery can't hurt. P.R.

#### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**PERRY COMO:** *Perry*. Perry Como (vocals); orchestra, Nick Perito arr. and cond. *Temptation; The Hands of Time; You Are the Sunshine of My Life; Behind Closed Doors; I Don't Know What He Told You; That's You; The Way We Were; The Most Beautiful Girl; Beyond Tomorrow; Weave Me the Sunshine*. RCA CPL1-0585 \$5.98, © CPS1-0585 \$6.98, © CPK1-0585 \$6.98.

Performance: **Very good**

Recording: **Excellent**

Given my Mittyish druthers, I don't suppose there is any other performer I'd be more pleased to be able to sing like than Perry Como. God knows I've been trying hard enough for years. A discreet little hum in an elevator, a favorite phrase or two when I'm alone listening to him on the radio or on records, and several miserable, but oddly ego-building, full-fledged attempts in my shower concerts. It is there I am most able to give free rein to my imitation of the mellow, easy style, the seductive phrasing, and, most of all, the long, rich vocal line that has always reminded me of slowly pulling a Milky Way apart. Ever notice how the caramel stays in one golden thread? Same thing with Como. He can spin out a melodic phrase more sweetly and more unselfconsciously than anyone since Tino Rossi. He's been around almost as long, projecting that same languid, Mediterranean charm since the days when he, Sinatra, and Dick Haymes were all boy singers. The odd thing is that I never tire of him.

He hasn't worked much in the last several years (but then neither has J. Paul Getty), but you'd never know it by the sound of his new album. It is just more, thankfully, of the same kind of performances that have made him the world's easiest-to-listen-to singer.

His virtues can be best summed up by his immaculate performance of a ballad new to me, *I Don't Know What He Told You*. Its lyrics, about a man pleading with a girl to remember that no matter how infatuated she is with a stranger she met briefly at a party, he still "couldn't love you more." It is arranged with a gentle Latin beat—as are two other songs here, *You Are the Sunshine of My Life* and *The Most Beautiful Girl*—a beat that sounds so good to hear again in pop that I hope it is a trend of some sort. But the singing of it is so masterfully relaxed, the dramatic punches so underplayed, and the mood so much more of wistful regret than whining complaint that "soap opera" never enters your head. (Can you imagine the teary breast-beating that other perennial, Tony Bennett, would have given it?)

For all the complaints about Como's deliberate calm—some say sleepwalking—with all material, I've always thought it a very wise artistic choice. Given the lush quality of the voice itself, he could easily turn himself into a singing waiter at a clam house if he added even a furbelow or two of "dramatic interpretation." He never made it in films, for example, where he tried to "act." By the time TV came along he was wise enough to just let it happen easily and naturally. The result, of course, is small-screen history.

I'll admit that I thought that Como's performance of *Temptation* here was a bit too cool, but then I've always been a great admirer of Crosby's version from the early Thirties—he gulps and swoons around the lyrics like someone on his way home from a first date with the Dragon Lady. Otherwise, not a single quibble with anything he does here. I could have done

you, Bob Dylan, for your contribution to American pop diction.)

Anyway, aside from quibbling over diction and a certain amount of unnecessary gloss, I highly recommend Dawson's work. He *thinks*, without any apparent strain, and he performs modestly and well. Both recording and production here are topflight. P.R.

**JOHN DENVER:** *Back Home Again*. John Denver (vocals, guitar); John Sommers (guitar, banjo, fiddle, mandolin); Steve Weisburg (guitar, dobro, dulcimer); Dick Kniss (bass); Hal Blaine (drums); other musicians. *Back Home Again; On the Road; Grandma's Feather Bed; Matthew; Thank God I'm a Country Boy; The Music Is You*; and six others. RCA CPL1-0548 \$6.98, © CPS1-0548 \$7.95, © CPK1-0548 \$7.95.

Performance: **Rocky Mountain low**

Recording: **Very good**

"An artist's opinions are his own business," Wilfrid Sheed says. "What matters to us are his reflexes." John Denver's reflexes must have been sluggish when he did this. One more JD treatment of the farm-faith-family theme is itself almost a matter of knee-jerk predictability, but what bothers me is not so much *That Theme Again* as the controversy avoiding and the rose-colored outlook that goes on within it. One needs to have a troubadour *grate* a little, deal at least periodically with conflict of some sort, but here John just rolls on and on, sunny side up, telling us how his uncle Matthew was raised on joy (glossing over the part where he lost his farm and family) and talking with glib self-satisfaction of Saturdays, holidays, and easy afternoons. *Annie's Song*, of course, is a lovely love song, nicely sung and only slightly overarranged, and *Eclipse*, vaguely pessimistic, probably would work well in better company. Here it's shunted aside by its smug neighbors. Most of Denver's melodies continue to be considerably better than average, natural sounding but a little quirky. And even though his lyrics are mostly glossy ones about the country comforts, they're still better than the other people's lyrics he inexplicably chose—reflexes again, one supposes—to give this theme its shoulder-sagging redundancy. John Sommers' *Thank God I'm a Country Boy* and Jim Connor's *Grandma's Feather Bed* are about equally coy and trite and graceless, and Carl Franzen's *On the Road* sounds like it's talking down to children at some kind of goody-goody social-group picnic well-stocked with idyllic butterflies. This way lies complacency, self-parody, a network TV contract, and other terrible things—maybe even one of those godawful Las Vegas engagements—but I expect Denver will take another look at the real world when the boredom of dog days sets in up on the farm. N.C.

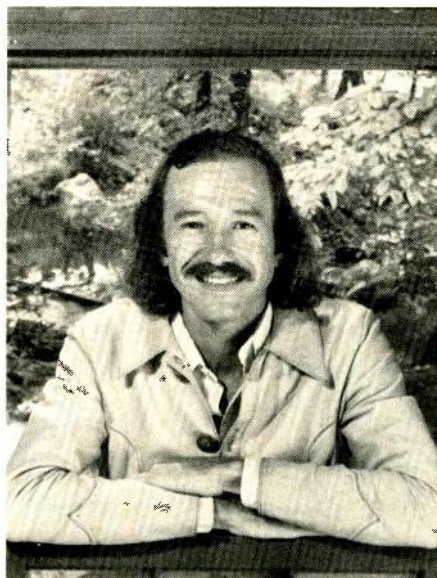
**DEODATO:** *Whirlwinds*. Eumir Deodato (keyboards); orchestra. *Moonlight Serenade; Havana Strut; Ave Maria; Do It Again*; and two others. MCA MCA-410 \$6.98, © MCAT-410 \$6.98, © MCAC-410 \$6.98.

Performance: **Heavy, in the old sense**

Recording: **Huge**

Deodato's work continues to puzzle me. Is he genuinely interested in an innovative way of using the recording medium, or is he merely fascinated with all the dials and the effects that can be achieved with them in a modern

(Continued on page 102)



JIM DAWSON  
*Topflight musical thinking*

without a couple of the songs, such as the plastic pieties of *Hands of Time* (*Brian's Song*) or the false naïveté of Peter Yarrow's *Weave Me the Sunshine*, but two out of ten is a low error score on any album. P.R.

**JIM DAWSON.** Jim Dawson (vocals, piano, guitar); orchestra. *The Light of Day; The Singer; Oh No, Mercy Me; Until I Find Someone; Close Your Eyes*; and six others. RCA CPL1-0601 \$6.98, © CPS1-0601 \$6.98, © CPK1-0601 \$6.98.

Performance: **Very good**

Recording: **Excellent**

This is a very good showing by composer-performer Jim Dawson. His songs, in particular his lyrics, have a low-key sensibility unusual in these times of breast-baring harangues disguised as music. He is at his best in *Until I Find Someone* and *Somewhere Down the Road*, both ruminations on a happier future and both devoid of sentimentality or self-pity. His allusive word play in *Montego Bay*—in most of his work, in fact—indicates a much higher level of worldly sophistication than you'd guess from his down-home diction and demeanor in performance. (Will we ever come back to the time when a performer doesn't feel he has to cloak every intelligent or pertinent thought in accents riper than those of a Dust Bowl refugee? God bless

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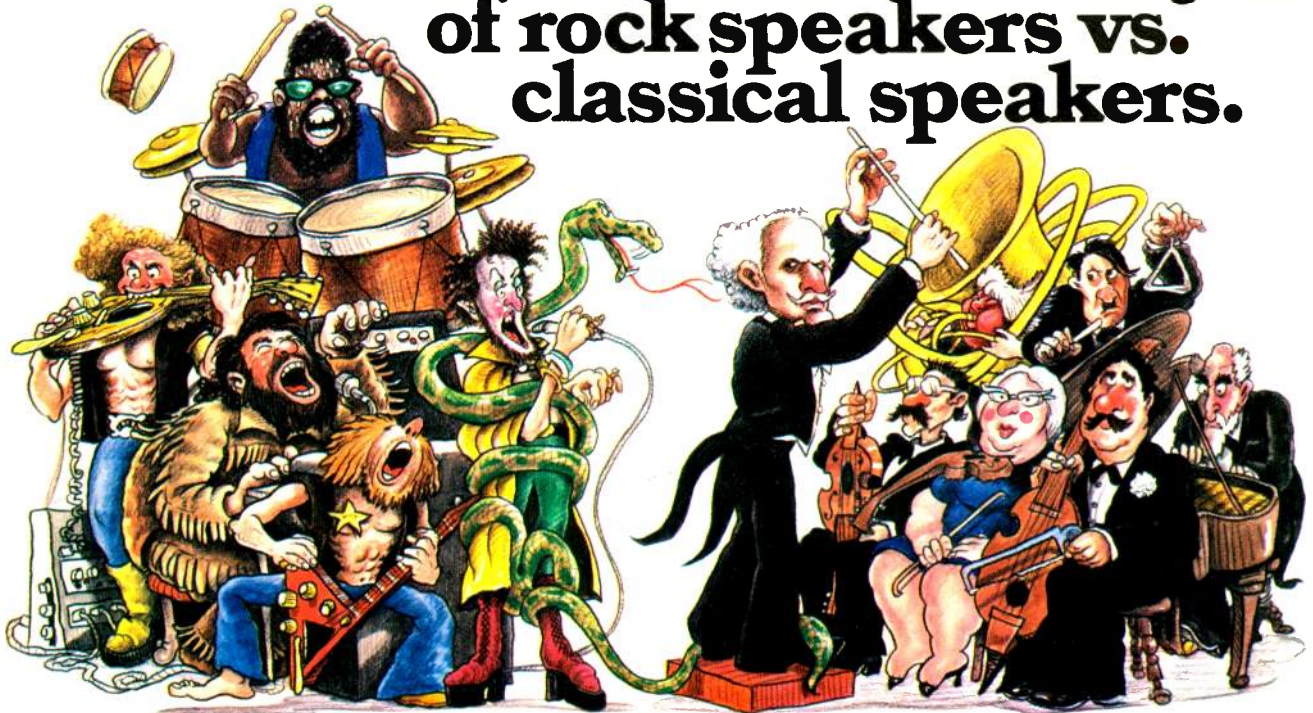
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The temptation is great, therefore, to one-up that prestigious manufacturer who some time ago announced "The first *accurate* speaker for rock music."

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Thus:

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

There are, however, speakers that impose a hard, sizzling treble and a huge bass on *any* music. And others that round off the edges and soften up the transient details of *any* music. That's the probable origin of the myth;

but these aren't rock and classical speakers, respectively.

They're *inaccurate* speakers.

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

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

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

By the same token, if some classical record producers prefer a warm, pillowy, edgeless string sound, that

doesn't mean your speakers should impart those same qualities to cymbals, triangles or high trumpets. (Stravinsky's transients can be as hard as rock.)

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

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

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

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

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

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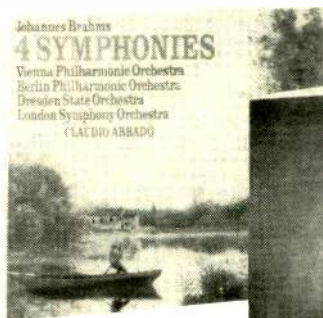
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# LA ONDA LATINA

William Livingstone has been out gathering evidence that the Next Big Thing in pop will be another wave of Latin music

GEORGINA GRANADOS:  
*exceptional range  
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THE last big wave of Latin influence on American popular music took place in the 1950's with the arrival of the merengue, the mambo, and the cha-cha-cha, and there's evidence that another is building up and may crash on our shores any day. Consider the following. For some time such groups as Santana and Malo have used Latin material. This year's Newport Jazz Festival included a concert billed as "A Salute to Latin Roots" acknowledging the Latin influence on jazz. Perry Como has recorded Moceades' hit *Eres Tú* (in English), and Joan Baez's new album is entirely in Spanish. A couple of months ago Bob Eberly, former soloist with the Jimmy Dorsey band, was at the St. Regis Roof in New York nostalgically singing his big Latin-derived hits from the 1940's—*Tangerine*, *Maria Elena*, *Yours*, and *Green Eyes*. RCA has hopes that Joe Bataán's *Latin Strut* will make it big in the discotheques and become a hit in the American pop market. And coming, whether you are ready or not, is the phenomenon of flamenco rock. The world's first flamenco rock band, a group called Carmen (*I am not ready for that name*), is now making its first American tour and has issued an album called "Fandangos in Space." See what I mean? A new wave, *la onda latina*.

While waiting to see what form this new Latin influence will take, there's plenty of the pure stuff around for the adventurous to sample. Hundreds of Latin albums are produced by such rapidly expanding companies as Alhambra, Caytronics, Fania, and Tico, which cater to the Spanish-speaking population in New York, Puerto Rico, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles, and the Southwest. Salsa, an amalgam of Cuban and Puerto Rican dance music with American jazz, soul, and rock, has become so important that it will be treated in a feature article in a forthcoming issue of STEREO REVIEW. For the present, I would like to call your attention to a double handful of Latin records issued in this country and fairly easy to find in stores.



Alhambra Productions

background. He carries it off beautifully. More typically, the album includes a number of his own lively songs and the melodic *Amigos, Amigos* (*Friends, Friends*), written by Isolda, whoever she is.

When *Record World* distributed its annual prizes in Madrid this spring, Camilo Sesto was named best male singer of the year. His current album, "Camilo Sesto," shows off his pretty, Italianate voice well and has some good examples of his songs (published under his real name, Camilo Blanes), such as *Hablemos de Algo* (*Let's Talk About Something*) and *En Valencia*. It also includes the best rendition I have heard of the plaintive Mexican hit *Volver, Volver* (*To Return, To Return*), written by Fernando Maldonado.

Julio Iglesias received *Record World's* award as the Most International Singer of the year. A good-looking young man with considerable charm and an attractive, slightly husky voice, he is popular on television throughout Western Europe. His new album "Soy" ("I Am"), typical of his recent work, is a collection of well-sung, pretty songs about young love and rootless wanderers. I especially like the bouncy *Un Canto a Galicia* (*A Song to Galicia*).

The weekly trade publications *Record World* and *Billboard* now print charts of current local and international Latin hit records. For the past couple of years the names of three prize-winning singer-songwriters have appeared regularly on those charts—Julio Iglesias and Camilo Sesto from Spain and Roberto Carlos from Brazil. All three are good performers and all have written some excellent songs, but, like American troubadours who perform their own songs almost exclusively, they have trouble composing enough songs of top quality to fill their albums.

In my view Roberto Carlos has the highest batting average. The first non-Italian to win first prize in the San Remo Song Festival, he is now a big international star. His voice may lack the power and beauty of tone that Sesto and Iglesias command, but it is expressive and he uses it well. He employs more sophisticated arrangers than the others, and his songs cover a wider range of subject matter and emotion. He can hold his own in the passionate love songs, but he also swings—even rocks a bit—and is just more fun. Sense of humor is not the long suit of most Latin pop stars, but Carlos has recorded a funny version of John Loder-milk's *Road Hog* (*Mi Cacharrito* in "*Un Gato en la Oscuridad*," Caytronics CYS 1334) and has written some amusing novelty songs of his own.

He records all his albums in both Spanish and Portuguese versions. Caytronics has issued a couple in his native Portuguese and four or five in Spanish, which he sings with a rather charming accent. His newest album, "*En Castellano*" ("In Spanish"), contains what may become his greatest hit, *El Día Que Me Quieras* (*On the Day That You Love Me*), written by the Argentine tango singer Carlos Gardel and Alfredo La Pera. *El Día* is a sentimental standard which was the title song of a movie Gardel made in 1935, and Roberto gives it a Hollywood treatment—lots of strings and a group of MGM angels singing "oooh, oooh," in the

Not all the prizes have been given to men. The A.C.E. (the association of Latin entertainment critics in New York) gave its award for the best singer of 1973 to Hilda Murillo, a singing college student from Ecuador. In a sense she is her country's Liza Minnelli in that she is the daughter of singer Fresia Saavedra, and mother and daughter have recorded a pleasant album of Latin standards ("*Inigualables*," Remo LPF 1597). Perhaps because of her mother's influence, Miss Murillo is rather conservative in her choice of songs and her treatment of them. She does well with the title song of her newest album, *¿Qué Voy Hacer con Este Amor?* (*What Am I Going to Do with This Love?*), with a peppy treatment of *Un Viejo Amor* (*An Old Love*), and with *Será, Será* (*It Will Be*), and if she fails to sustain interest through some of the most emotional songs, it may be because she's very young and perhaps has not suffered enough.

AND then there are all those Cuban ladies. When I first heard La Lupe, I found her unmusical, undisciplined, and terribly self-indulgent. She has grown a lot. "*Lo Mejor de La Lupe*" ("The Best of La Lupe") shows a much better rhythmic sense than her early records at no sacrifice of the wild quality that has won her a large and fanatic following. The album is worth its price for *Puro Teatro* (*Just Acting*), *Se Acabó* (*It's Over*), which she sings mostly in English, or *Como Acostumbro* (*As I Usually Do*), a Spanish version of *My Way*.

If La Lupe is too raunchy for you—and she's pretty raunchy—try Blanca Rosa Gil. She has a better voice, and although she is not as unbuttoned as La Lupe in her delivery, she's still quite intense. Of the songs in her new album "*Punto Final . . . y Hacia Adelante*" ("Full Stop . . . and Straight Ahead"), I especially like the flamenco-flavored *Habiendo Tanta Gente en el Mundo* (*There Being So Many People in the World*). Also excellent are *Camas Gemelas* (*Twin Beds*)—she doesn't think much of them—and *Pájaro Herido* (*Wounded Bird*),

which is what she seems to feel like a lot of the time.

A classier Cuban singer is Georgina Granados, a beautiful ornament on the New York Latin scene. Her voice has exceptional range—a bright secure top and warm, womanly low notes—and she's versatile. She belts out current ballads, jazzes up old favorites, and this summer even played the lead in a Spanish version of *The Merry Widow* at New York's City Center. Her album "Georgina Granados" does not show her at her best because of the over-fussy arrangements of composer-conductor Héctor Garrido [I notice he dispensed with the irritating backup group when she recorded his song *Te Voy a Regalar un Continente* (*I'm Going to Give You a Continent*)]. But she's an interesting singer and worth your attention.

"*Rapsodia de Cuba*" is not a new record, but one I've just discovered. It was recorded in Spain in the mid-1950's by Cuban mezzo Esther Borja, the first live Latin performer I ever saw (she toured this country with Sigmund Romberg's orchestra). The songs here are Cuban pop classics, lovingly sung in fairly traditional arrangements. The album is designed as a primer of Cuban song forms—the bolero, son, habanera, guajira, etc.—and it belongs beside "Lecuona Plays Lecuona" (RCA LPM 1055) at the foundation of any Latin collection. The mono sound is quite acceptable.

A notable reissue is "*A Mis Gentiles*

*Amigos*" ("To My Kind Friends"), a two-disc tribute to Pedro Vargas, the great Mexican tenor, on the occasion of his forty-fifth anniversary as a recording artist (1928-1973). He hasn't retired; like Perry Como, he's still going strong. Side one is devoted to his first recordings (scratchy but listenable), side two to Agustín Lara songs that Vargas introduced, side three to songs from other countries in this hemisphere, and side four to duets with his most famous contemporaries such as Jorge Negrete and Libertad Lamarque. It's a well-planned, well-produced album.

In tribute to the late Tito Rodríguez, a beloved Puerto Rican singer-bandleader who died last year, Artol has issued "*Así Cantaba Tito Rodríguez*" ("This is How Tito Rodríguez Sang"), and on United Artists' UA Latino label there is a two-disc survey of his work, "Tito Rodríguez," at a bargain price. Rodríguez resisted the influences of rock and other American music which resulted in salsa, but he never lost his audience. His band produced Caribbean dance music of a very pleasant kind, and his conversational singing style is devoid of the hyper-emotionalism that makes some Latin singers hard for many North Americans to accept.

Latin pop reissues are not limited to nostalgia items; this music is now receiving the kind of scholarly attention that is also being given to American popular music. Caytronics, on its Caliente label, has begun a histori-

cal series, "*La Música de Puerto Rico*," derived from Columbia Records' archives. In addition to their documentary value, the first two volumes, devoted to Canario and to Pedro Flores, have great period charm in their distinctive Thirites sound.

Similar charm is to be found in the first volume of a Folklyric series on *la música norteña*, the Tex-Mex country music of the border states. Its fourteen selections were recorded for Chicano audiences in such places as San Antonio and McAllen, Texas. The album contains cheery performances of some standards such as *La Cucaracha* and *Canción Mixteca*, but I treasure it for *Pero Ay Que Triste* (*But Oh How Sad*), sung by its composer, the beguiling Lidya Martínez, in a voice reminiscent of that of our own Sara Carter. An accompanying booklet by producer Chris Strachwitz contains an essay on border music, the texts of the songs, and biographies of the performers.

And if listening to flamenco rock convinces you that you prefer your flamenco straight, there is an excellent five-disc survey, "The History of Cante Flamenco," on the Murray Hill label. It was recorded on location in Southern Spain, and it's very authentic (texts are provided in Spanish only). Don't expect a lot of castanets and theatrical flash for the tourists. This is austere, serious stuff. Life in Andalucía can be very hard, and no one will ever accuse the numerous expert performers in this anthology of not having suffered enough.

**ROBERTO CARLOS:** *En Castellano*. Roberto Carlos (vocals); orchestra, Chiquinho de Moraes, Jimmy Wisner, and Jimmy Haske arrs. *El Día Que Me Quieras; La Gitana; Propuesta; Rutina*; and five others. CAYTRONICS CYS 1404 \$4.98, © C8S 1404 \$5.98.

**CAMILO SESTO.** Camilo Sesto (vocals); orchestra, various arrangers and conductors. *Algo Más; Hombre y Mujer; Hablemos de Algo; En Valencia; Todo por Nada*; and six others. PRONTO PTS-1008 \$4.98, © P8S 1008 \$5.98.

**JULIO IGLESIAS:** *Soy*. Julio Iglesias (vocals); orchestra, J. L. Navarro, R. Ferro, Pepe Nieto, and R. Farran arrs. and conds. *Soy; Dieciséis Años; Una Leyenda; Véte Ya, Mis Recuerdos*; and five others. ALHAMBRA AL-16 \$3.89, © AL-16 \$5.99; © AL-16 \$5.99.

**HILDA MURILLO:** *Que Voy Hacer con Este Amor*. Hilda Murillo (vocals); orchestra. *¿Qué Voy Hacer con Este Amor?; Si Llore; Me Muero por Estar Contigo; Es Lamantable; No Quiero Que Te Vayas; Llorarás*; and six others. REMO LPR 1622 \$3.50, © LPR 1622 \$5.50.

**LA LUPE:** *Lo Mejor de La Lupe*. La Lupe (vocals); orchestra, Tito Puente, Joe Cain, Marty Sheller, and Héctor de León arrs. *La Tirana; Oriente; Que Te Pedí; Con Mil Desengaños; Yo Soy Como Soy*; and five others. TICO CLP 1318 \$4.98, © 1318 \$6.98.

**BLANCA ROSA GIL:** *Punto Final . . . y Hacia Adelante*. Blanca Rosa Gil (vocals); orchestra, Héctor Garrido, Jorge Calandrelli, and Roberto Montiel arrs. *Hacia Ade-*

*lante; Punto Final; Por Nuestro Amor; Acostúmbrete a Pensar; Murmuraron; No Te Detengas Corazón*; and six others. INTERNATIONAL SLP 00451 \$4.98, © 00451 \$6.98, © 00451 \$6.98.

**GEORGINA GRANADOS.** Georgina Granados (vocals); orchestra, Héctor Garrido arr. and cond. *Siboney; Entonces; Cuanto No Daría; En Mi Viejo San Juan; Concierto en Gris*; and five others. VICO 701 \$3.98, © 701 \$5.98.

**ESTHER BORJA:** *Rapsodia de Cuba*. Esther Borja (vocals); Orquesta de Cámara de Madrid, Fernando Mulens and Daniel Montorio conds. *Mirame Así; Lágrimas Negras; El Zapateo Cubano; El Arroyo que Murmura; Lamento Cubano*; and five others. MONTILLA FMLD 21 \$3.00.

**PEDRO VARGAS:** *A Mis Gentiles Amigos*. Pedro Vargas (vocals); with various orchestras. *Lágrimas Negras; Vereda Tropical; Señora Tentación; Palabras de Mujer; Muñeca de Cristal; Jinetes en el Cielo; La Negra Noche; Traicionera*; and fourteen others. ARCANO DKL2-0520 two discs \$8.98.

**TITO RODRÍGUEZ:** *Así Cantaba Tito Rodríguez*. Tito Rodríguez (vocals); orchestra, Tito Rodríguez cond. *Avisale a Mi Contrario; Ojos Malvados; Sabor a Nada; Desvelo de Amor; Lo Siento por Ti; La Casa*; and six others. ARTOL ACS 3001 \$4.98, © 3001 \$5.98.

**TITO RODRÍGUEZ.** Tito Rodríguez (vocals); orchestra, Tito Rodríguez cond. *Cara de Payaso; A Callarse; Estoy Como Nunca; Ay Que Frío; Oyeme Antonia; Cuando, Cuando, Cuando*; and fourteen

others. UA LATINO L-61900 two discs \$4.98, © 04023 \$6.98.

**CANARIO:** *Su Grupo y Su Orquesta*. Canario (vocals and cond.); orchestra. *Buscando a Malén; Que Vivió; Héroes de Borinquen; Bandolera; Consejos a las Madres*; and seven others. CALIENTE CLT 7047 \$3.98, © C8T 7047 \$4.98.

**PEDRO FLORES:** *Su Orquesta, Su Sexteto y Su Cuarteto*. Pedro Flores (vocals); various instrumentalists. *Arrímate; Bailando una Noche; ¿Por Qué?; Contestación; Lamentos del Alma*; and seven others. CALIENTE CLT 7048 \$3.98, © C8T 7048 \$4.98.

**TEXAS-MEXICAN BORDER MUSIC, VOL. 1.** Narciso Martínez (accordion); Pedro Rocha and Lupe Martínez (vocals and guitars); El Ciego Melquiades (violin); Lidya Martínez (vocals and guitar); Orquesta Pájaro Azúl (vocals and instrumentals); Banda Típica Mazatlan (instrumentals); other vocalists and instrumentalists. *El Relámpago; Contrabandistas Tequileros; Luz; Pero Ay Que Triste; La Cucaracha; La India Bonita*; and eight others. FOLKLYRIC 9003 \$6.00 (from Folklyric Records, Box 9195 Berkeley, Calif. 94709).

**THE HISTORY OF CANTE FLAMENCO.** Examples of all major flamenco forms. Tía Añica la Piriñaca, Fernanda de Utrera, Rafael Romero, Pericón de Cádiz, and twenty-nine others (vocals); Diego el del Gastor, Luis Pastor, Pedro el del Lunar, Antonio Maravilla, and fourteen others (guitar). MURRAY HILL S-4360 five discs \$7.95 (plus \$1 handling charge from Publishers Central Bureau, Dept. 380, 1 Champion Ave., Avenel, N.J. 07131).

studio? When he is performing his own material, such as *Havana Strut* or *West 42nd Street*, I lean toward the former explanation, but when he fancies up, fusses over, and ultimately spoils a piece of commercial schmaltz such as *Moonlight Serenade*, I am convinced that he is a sound-effects freak. The truth probably lies somewhere in the middle, as demonstrated most clearly in his arrangement of the Schubert *Ave Maria*, which has long patches of bombast but also often has an odd sort of loveliness. Deodato is unquestionably an excellent technician at any keyboard.

The sound is typically heavy and cumbersome, no matter what the beat, and the approach to everything is as ornate and as convoluted as a master of technique can make it.

P.R.

**MATTHEW FISHER: *I'll Be There*.** Matthew Fisher (vocals, guitar, slide guitar, piano); Mike Japp (guitar); Alan Coulter (drums); other musicians. *It's Not Too Late; Not Her Fault; Song Without Words; Taking the Easy Way Out; She Knows Me; It's So Easy*; and four others. RCA APL1-0325 \$5.98, © APS1-0325 \$6.98, © APK1-0325 \$6.98.

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

No question about what part of this I like best: at the very end there's a sound effect I interpret as representing someone finally grabbing this album off the turntable and breaking it over his or her knee. I don't know whether Matthew Fisher turned (severe but fair) critic at the end, or became suddenly

guilt-ridden, or conceived the whole thing as a put-on, but in any case that nice crunch is the only thing about the album that really works for me. Fisher sounds like a Neil Young who isn't suffering, and who needs *that*? His songs sound as if he wrote them by following the dots. His backing sounds like a nightmare Mark Farner might be having. *Vive la crunch.*

N.C.

**JERRY GARCIA: *Compliments of Garcia*.** Jerry Garcia (vocals, guitar); instrumental accompaniment. *Let It Rock; When the Hunter Gets Captured by the Game; Russian Lullaby; He Ain't Give You None; What Goes Around*; and five others. ROUND RX 102 \$6.98.

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

Jerry Garcia is, of course, the much worshiped lead guitarist of the Grateful Dead, and his every lick is regarded in some quarters as divine. This is his second solo album. Up until now, I haven't heard anything to convince me that Garcia is as good as he's rated. True, his style is spare and sparse; he doesn't try to play too much. I admire economy in musicians and especially rock guitarists. But I am convinced, on the basis of one cut here, that whatever Garcia's talents, he has been seriously miscast as a rock god.

In *Russian Lullaby*, the venerable Irving Berlin melody, Garcia plays fine acoustic guitar with a backing of bass, clarinet, trombone, and violin. The performance, a tribute to the great guitarist Django Reinhardt (with Richard Greene impersonating Stéphane Grappelli), is probably the only time that Garcia has dealt with quality material. The rest of his album is a competent recital of known and unknown rock tunes, some written by Famous People (Chuck Berry, Smokey Robinson, Van Morrison, Dr. John, the Stones) and others by friends and obscurities. Garcia plods through them at never more than medium tempo and sometimes at *tempo di coma*. I'm not saying that Garcia should chuck everything and join the jazz monks, but he is certainly at a point in his career where he could afford to be more adventurous in his choice of material. If *Russian Lullaby* is any indication, he has been confining his talent to one corner for too long.

J.V.

**ISIS.** Isis (vocals and instrumentals). *Waiting for the Sunrise; Rubber Boy; Bitter Sweet; Do the Football; Cocaine Elaine; April Fool*; and three others. BUDDAH BDS-5605 \$6.98.

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

Isis is an eight-woman group that plays very well, and they have made a sturdy, well-crafted album. Unfortunately, it is about six years out of date. The mixture of jazz, pop, soul, and rock served up here might have been exciting in 1968, but it's old hat today. Isis, for their own peculiar reasons, want to demonstrate that they can play as well as or better than male bands, but they've wound up proving only that they are able to meet and match anything that the males have ceased doing.

Isis has been aided in their tardy victory by producer George Morton, called "Shadow" because of his legendary habit of disappearing. During the late Sixties Morton produced the Vanilla Fudge, a vastly overblown quartet that could play a tune longer than anyone else.

(Continued on page 104)



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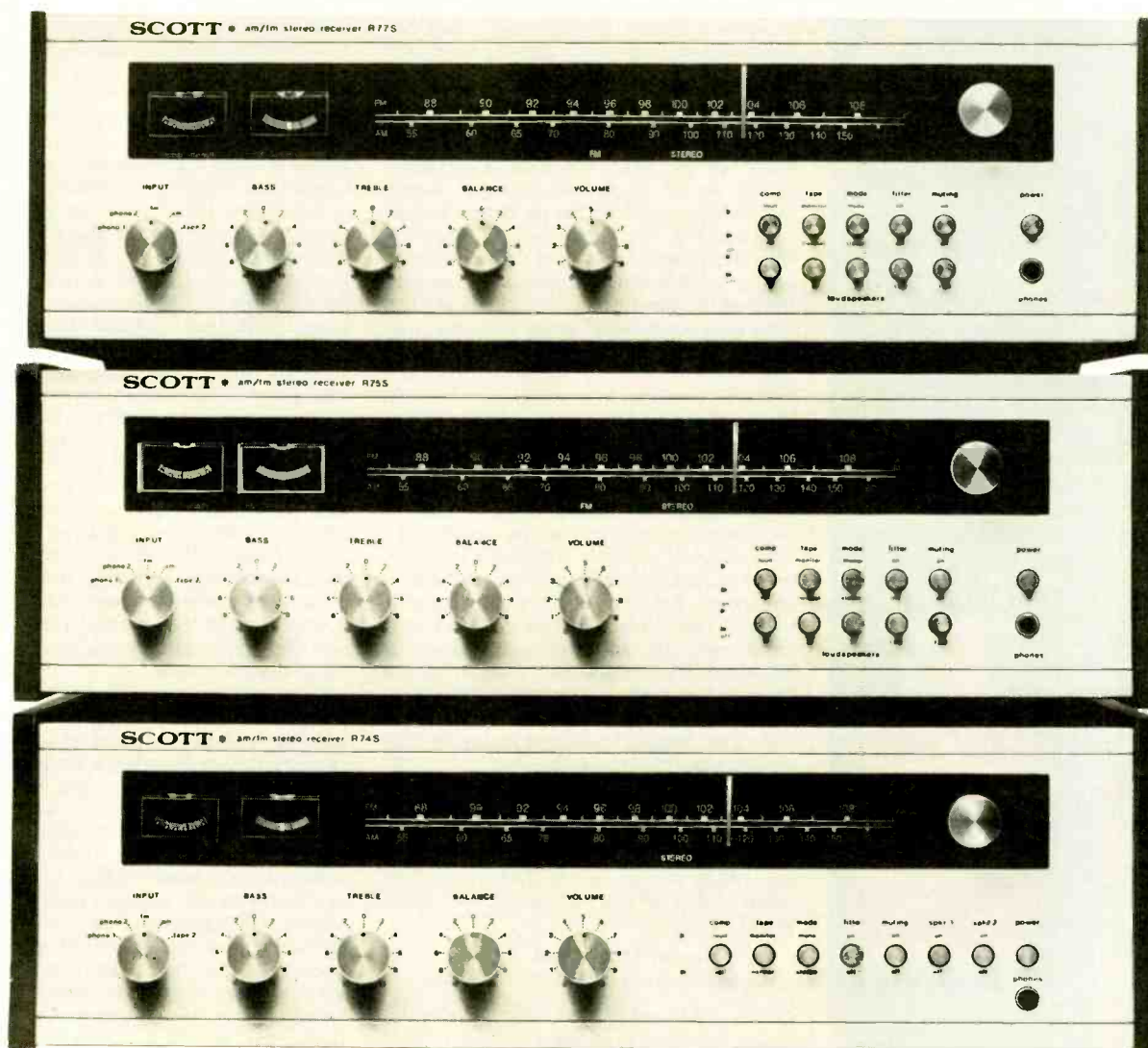
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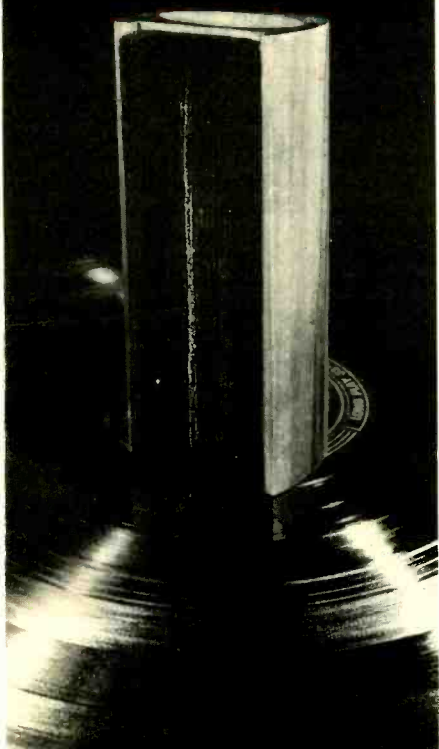
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The Fudge pursued the idea that the sound of a square peg being forced into a round hole is interesting and uplifting. Not surprisingly, Morton's studio techniques with Isis include embarrassingly out-of-date Fudgian neo-psychedelic effects with microphone filters and echo-chamber bric-a-brac. Even the cover photographs, which depict the Isis personnel smeared in silver paint, are about as current as Andy Warhol's rip-off of Brillo soap-pad logos. Perhaps Isis will go on to better things once they look at the calendar. *J.V.*

**ELTON JOHN: *Caribou*.** Elton John (vocals and keyboards); instrumental accompaniment. *The Bitch Is Back; Pinky; You're So Static; I've Seen the Saucers; Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me*; and five others. MCA-2116 \$5.98, Ⓢ MCAT-2116 \$6.98, Ⓢ MCAC-2116 \$6.98.

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

When I was a boy I used to leap the stairs four at a time on Thursday nights—what was it, eight o'clock?—to hear the radio drama *Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons*. I can still hear the announcer melting over the introduction about the kindly old investigator as the fuzzy saxophones in the background played the sentimental Noel Coward tune *Someday I'll Find You*. Mr. Keene always spoke as though one nostril was permanently closed. He had an assistant named Mike who took care of the rough-and-tumble and was allowed to inject a "Saints preserve us!" when Mr. Keene found a new clue. Looking back on it now, I find Mr. Keene to have been stuffy but steady. No excitement, but at least you knew how things were going to turn out.

Thus it is with Elton John. He dabbles in music as the sleuth dabbled in murder—strictly as an intellectual exercise. Keene had his Mike, and John has his Bernie Taupin, a lad who considers himself a poet. They collaborate, Taupin writing the words and John getting up the melodies and performances. But how bloodless it all is! Every album Elton John puts out sounds, in the end, like a reunion of English jazz critics who discovered themselves in 1937 and who now, forty years later, are recalling their youth over the vinyl legacy of a dead Dixieland trombone player.

John/Taupin (Taupin/John?) are facile, clever, entertaining, and emotionally middle-brow. Their work here is good, lightweight English pop, but nothing more, despite all their obvious attempts to be "profound." They can, and probably will, go on forever—which in rock-and-roll terms means the next five years. But after that? Is it too soon to imagine that Taupin, having received from some university an honorary doctorate in Blithering Humanities, will cash in on the sheepskin and teach? And that Elton John will open a high-price restaurant snuggled in some Los Angeles canyon or facing the sunset at Cannes? Saints preserve us! *J.V.*

**QUINCY JONES: *Body Heat*.** Various studio groups and vocal ensembles, Quincy Jones cond. *Soul Saga; Everything Must Change; Just a Man; Boogie Joe the Grinder*; and four others. A&M SP 3617 \$6.98, Ⓢ 3617 \$6.95, Ⓢ 3617 \$6.95.

Performance: **Tape loops**  
Recording: **Very good**

Quincy Jones contributed three lyrics to this album, and the title of one, *One Track Mind*,

pretty well sums up his work in that field. Sample: "You make it feel so good to me . . . do it, do it," which a vocal group sings with deadly reverb and a repetitiveness unequaled on any James Brown record.

The lyrics Jones didn't write are slightly more intelligent, but not interesting enough to justify the dull music that carries them. The only track in the entire album of any musical interest is Benny Golson's *Along Came Betty*, which features the fine flute of Hubert Laws. In fact, numerous top musicians, Herbie Hancock, Frank Rosolino, Jerome Richardson, Chuck Rainey, and Grady Tate, to name a few, are wasted on this set. Quincy is in a new pop bag, even more commercially oriented than before. The sad thing is that people will probably buy this album, and, disc jockeys being what they are, it will undoubtedly get pushed as some sort of jazz. It isn't. *C.A.*

**THE KINKS: *Preservation Act 2*.** The Kinks (vocals and instrumentals). *Introduction to Solution; When a Solution Comes; Money Talks; Announcement; Shepherds of the Nation; Scum of the Earth; Second-hand Car Spiv; He's Evil; Mirror of Love; Nobody Gives*; and nine others. RCA CPL2-5040 two discs \$6.98, Ⓢ CPS2-5040 \$9.95, Ⓢ CPK2-5040 \$9.95.

Performance: **Perplexing**  
Recording: **Very good**

So Power Corrupts. Thank you, Ray Davies. Next! Well, one doesn't really dismiss a Kinks album with one sentence, but this is the first time I've been tempted to in a long time. The album is, just as the title says, the second part of the Kinks' latest "preservation act," which formally started one album ago but is rooted in some stuff that went on in the "Village Green Preservation Society" album of a few years back. In "Act 1"—which I thought was an excellent album—it was understood that nobody was going to worry too much about advancing the story line, although the stage was set and the characters, or archetypes, established included the Tramp (the one Ray Davies identifies with), representing dropping out: Mr. Black, the do-gooder politician out of power who, in this set, becomes a crazy puritanical tyrant; and Flash, the exploiter in power. In "Act 2" the story—the rise of Black and the fall of Flash—is given explicitly in the lyrics and even commands time for scattered spoken "news announcements." Quite linear. And yet the album seems padded: Davies seems to be mostly repeating himself, becoming strident on the money-and-corruption theme. The story line doesn't have all that much *plot* to it, you see, and we seem to dwell a long time on the few things that do happen.

Certain things are done well, of course: Flash becomes three-dimensional, although it takes up a lot of the record to do it, and his characterization includes a hedged but still eloquent plea for compassion for the Bad Guys among us. Mr. Black's scheming and dogma take up a lot of the album, too, but Davies hasn't really caught him either as an archetype or a human being—it remains too easy to regard the way he's portrayed as just another two-dimensional sketch of someone off his nut, and one hesitates to generalize on something like that. Then the bit about Flash's dream and his saying goodbye to his floozie is just so much melodrama—though fairly well written melodrama. The music

seems less melodic than Davies' usual fare, and I am not yet persuaded it includes the one really terrific song usually found in a Kinks album, but most of it is good, sound rock-and-roll. Strange thing, though: part of the charm of the Kinks has always been that what they did instrumentally seemed to be a series of lucky guesses, but this time they sound as if they *know* what they're doing. Takes a little of the fun out of it . . . and seems, I'm sorry to say, in keeping with the methodical, over-planned nature of the album. I guess I prefer my Kinks loose and charming. *N.C.*

**LINDA LEWIS:** *Heart Strings*. Linda Lewis (vocals); orchestra. *Sideway Shuffle*; *Old Smokey*; *On the Stage*; *Fathoms Deep*; *I Dunno*; and five others. REPRIS MS 2192 \$6.98.

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

There's something of a mystery here: two tracks (*Old Smokey* and *Reach for Truth*) are from Linda Lewis' first album, and three tracks (*I'm in Love Again*, *On the Stage*, and *Fathoms Deep*) are from her second. That leaves five new performances, the best of which is *Rock a Doodle Do*, which reconfirms my earlier conviction that Linda Lewis is on the brink of a breakthrough into the mass market. She displays here the same charming voice and performances, the same glistening musicianship, as on her earlier records. But I can't understand the inclusion of all these repeat bands in an album by a girl who still apparently needs a bit of time to get it all solidly together. *P.R.*

**LORI LIEBERMAN:** *A Piece of Time*. Lori Lieberman (vocals); orchestra. *Legacy*; *Stand on It*; *Make No Mistake*; *I Got a Name*; *Stone Canyon*; and five others. CAPITOL ST-11297 \$5.98, Ⓢ 8XT-11297 \$6.98.

Performance: **Mild**  
Recording: **Okay**

Lori Lieberman continues on her placid way, apparently content to be the in-house singer for Charles Fox and Norman Gimbel, who wrote, arranged, and produced everything here. If you are familiar with Fox/Gimbel & Lieberman's earlier work, then you know that this is no Bacharach/David & Warwicke collaboration. Instead, these are solidly workmanlike efforts and performances with all the inventive sparkle of an IBM machine. *No Rights on Saturday Nights* is a meager rip-off of the plot line of *American Graffiti*, and *Stone Canyon* (the creative imagination that went into *that* title!) is a middle-class complaint about the dangers of New York Christmas shopping: "I'm here in stone canyon/In God's great city of fun/With my checkbook and my credit cards/My spear, my shield and my gun." Listen, Gimbel, you'll never scare Macy's out *that* easy. Meanwhile, Ms. Lieberman drones on through all of this with an air of repressed boredom that perfectly suits the data-card material. *P.R.*

**LOGGINS AND MESSINA:** *On Stage*. Kenny Loggins (vocals, guitar); Jim Messina (vocals, guitar); Al Garth (fiddle, sax); Jon Clarke (woodwinds, horns); Merel Bregante (drums); Larry Sims (bass, vocals). *House at Pooh Corner*; *Danny's Song*; *Listen to a Country Song*; *Holiday Hotel*; *Angry Eyes*; *Golden Ribbons*; *Another Road*; *Back to Georgia*; *Lovin' Me*; and nine others. COLUMBIA PG



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Performance: **Overreaching**  
Recording: **Good to very good**

This isn't exactly the Loggins and Messina of today—it was recorded in five concerts scattered between April 28, 1972, and March 4, 1973—but it does exaggerate what is still their problem: how to go on being better than your material, to keep using a sophisticated, precision performing apparatus on a script full of brackish, lukewarm trivia. Let's be generous, and maybe even right, and say they have a sort of jazz mentality, embracing a rationale to the effect that, well, pop songs are seldom very enduring anyway, so this or that little thing will do as a vehicle for laying good sounds on the people when the band starts improvising. With superb musicians like violinist/fiddler and sax player Al Garth and reed-and-hornman Jon Clarke at hand, there's no shortage of good-sound potential, and Loggins and Messina have excellent duet voices—even if Loggins does tend to go overboard when he's on stage alone, as he was during the early going here. So what happens is they play *Angry Eyes*, a song with nothing to say beyond "Hoo boy, I bet you're mad!" for ten minutes, and they play *Vahevala*, perhaps the most recent musical incarnation of the tourist-trap gift-shop trinket, for a whole squirm-inducing twenty-odd-minute side.

Loggins has written a couple of things—*Danny's Song* and *Long-Tailed Cat*—that still sound fresh, mainly because he ignored a few "rules" in putting their melodies together. More typical of his songs heard here, though, is *Lady of My Heart*, which has a snatch of melody lasting one and a half or two lines in a refrain and absolutely none anywhere else; I challenge anyone to hum the verse after a hiatus of two minutes. Messina's best effort here is *Golden Ribbons*. The trouble with early Messina songs is the trouble with early Poco songs (many of them *are*, since he was one of Poco's founders): they're dry.

Most pop songs *don't* endure, but that doesn't make this approach any less backward. The weakness of a script will ultimately show, as it does here. There are some fine moments, edging into jazz when Garth or Clarke or both bear down on it, some two-part vocal harmonies that would have seemed an empty dream back in the days of the Everly Brothers, but precious few songs that help us make it through the night or whatever. Don't be surprised if you wind up admiring it without really caring very much about it. N.C.

**LYNYRD SKYNYRD: *Second Helping*.** Lynyrd Skynyrd (vocals and instrumentals). *Sweet Home Alabama; I Need You; Don't Ask Me No Questions; Workin' for MCA*; and four others. MCA/SOUNDS OF THE SOUTH MCA-413 \$5.98, Ⓢ T-413 \$6.98, © C-413 \$6.98.

Performance: **Strong**  
Recording: **Excellent**

Lynyrd Skynyrd is a seven-man band discovered during a bar gig in Atlanta by Al Kooper (Blood, Sweat & Tears: Blues Project). Like too many rock bands, this one relies to a certain extent on overlong guitar solos derivative of Clapton or Hendrix, but the rhythm section, which is dead sure, makes the band walk. When the front-line guitarists learn how to make the band *talk*, Lynyrd Skynyrd will be hard to beat.

But there's time for that; meanwhile, it's a pleasure to hear them growing. The writers in the group contribute better than average material, including an autobiographical number. *Workin' for MCA*, about how they were discovered and the lurking suspicions of any band toward any label. The sentimental *Ballad of Curtis Loew*, about a black man who plays dobro guitar, is appealing enough to become a minor standard. *The Needle and the Spoon* is one of the small but increasing number of songs describing the horrors of being a junkie.

The production is excellent, as you would expect from a fellow like Kooper. He believes in Southern bands, especially in Lynyrd Skynyrd, and he has got me believing too. By the way, the best piece is *Sweet Home Alabama*, which, unlike the other performances



OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN  
*A Seventies "debutante" sings for a lark*

(recorded in Los Angeles), was cut in a Georgia studio. There's no place like down home. J.V.

**OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: *If You Love Me, Let Me Know*.** Olivia Newton-John (vocals); orchestra. *Country Girl; Mary Skeffington; Free the People; Changes; God Only Knows*; and five others. MCA MCA-411 \$5.98, Ⓢ MCAT-411 \$6.95, © MCAC-411 \$6.95.

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

Olivia Newton-John is the Seventies' equivalent of the "debutante" singer of the Forties. She seems to be in the business as an amusing lark, and as she tripped her way through this collection of such things as *Mary Skeffington* (Mary is surely a distant cousin of dear old Eleanor Rigby) and *Country Girl*, I didn't mind in the slightest. She's a pretty girl singing pretty songs. But when *Free the People* turned up, and the title explains the "importance" of the message, I balked. It unkindly reminded me of the part in Cobina Wright Sr.'s memoirs (you see, someone does actually read that sort of thing) in which she describes how, with her back to the financial wall, struggling to pay the rent on her Waldorf Towers apartment and the tuition for little Cobina Jr. at Foxcroft, she submitted to the ultimate indignity: singing for money in a New York café! She, who had been trained

for Grand Opera!! (To emphasize the tragic irony of it all, Cobina decided to open her act with *Why Was I Born?*?) But Miss Newton-John is so much better in such things of her own composition as *Changes* or *Home Ain't Home Anymore* (they probably filled in the moat) that one eventually tends to forgive her lapse at the barricades.

The cover photo is by Patrick Litchfield. That's Patrick, the Earl of Litchfield, to you, Bub. P.R.

#### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND: *Stars and Stripes Forever*.** Jeff Hanna (vocals, guitar, slide guitar, washboard); Jimmie Fadden (vocals, harmonica, guitar, drums); Jim Ibbotson (vocals, bass, drums, guitar); John McEuen (banjo, guitar, mandolin, steel guitar, fiddle); other musicians. *Jambalaya; Cosmic Cowboy; Fish Song; Mr. Bojangles; Listen to the Mockingbird; Sheik of Araby; Resign Yourself to Me; Dixie Hoedown; Cripple Creek*; and ten others. UNITED ARTISTS UA-LA184-J2 two discs \$9.98, Ⓢ EA184-J \$9.98.

Performance: **Good show**  
Recording: **Very good**

No member of this group, as presently constituted, is what you would call a great picker. Each one plays at least one instrument pretty well—John McEuen is solid on two or three, Jimmie Fadden is fast improving on the harp, Jim Ibbotson's timing seems to keep the group on the track, particularly when he's on bass, and Jeff Hanna, well, Jeff Hanna is as masterly on the washboard as he is sleazy on the slide guitar. But they may never have to record anything as presently constituted; last time, you'll recall, they got historic guest-shot picking from several of the greatest country musicians alive, and this time they have help from Les Thompson, an ex-Nitty Gritty who's classy on mandolin and good on bass, and help from that great and spacey fiddler Vassar Clements, who has toured with the band at times. And, anyway, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's four "real" members are good musicians, play well together, and are even better showmen. Hanna and Fadden are much funnier than Cheech and Chong, and they don't even seem to work at it.

Following the "Will the Circle Be Unbroken" album, with its Earl Scruggs and Doc Watson and Roy Acuff performances and so forth, must have been a scary proposition. Bill McEuen, the business end of the Dirt Band, may have chosen the live format in order to capitalize on just that showmanship ability. It works pretty well: there is a little too much talking left in, for my taste—side four is pretty much a waste after you've heard it once, as it is dominated by a Hanna monologue that is funny once, but not twice. But up in the midst of the album there's energy-transferal and other fun with audiences, plus some spirited, spontaneous performances. The *Mr. Bojangles* cut is just right, Fadden's *Fish Song* comes off neat and nutty, Vassar does his thing in *Listen to the Mockingbird*, and McEuen brightens several songs, including *Cosmic Cowboy*, where he takes a charmingly dumb lap-steel break that's perfect. Everyone has a good time, and if you sit down with this album, you will too—especially if you have a record player. N.C.

(Continued on page 108)

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**RAB NOAKES:** *Red Pump Special*. Rab Noakes (vocals, guitar); Kenny Buttrey (drums); Reggie Young (guitar); Weldon Myrick (steel guitar); other musicians. *Pass the Time; As Big as His Size; Tomorrow Is Another Day; The Sketcher and the Last Train; Diamond Ring; Branch*; and four others. WARNER BROS. BS 2777 \$5.98.

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

Rab Noakes may amount to something. He writes a good song, but he has a way of usually putting something annoying in it, such as his list of "did-you-evers" reminiscent of old-time radio commercials in *Tomorrow Is Another Day*, or arranging something annoying for it, like the abrupt, cute ending given *Sitting in a Corner Blues*, which still may be this album's strongest cut. He has problems as a singer, too, showing quite a narrow emotional range in this album and a thin, watery tone that can, and does, devastate a really good song that needs a tougher, more lived-in vocal. Such a song is Mickey Newbury's *Frisco Depot*, which Noakes sings as if he's reading a train schedule. Newbury's own recorded vocal of it is almost as rotten, but Waylon Jennings, at least, has shown what a great song it is if the singer sounds like he means it. Noakes gets good-to-mundane backing from studio musicians scattered from London to Memphis, via Nashville, but they do keep the principal guitars acoustic and tasteful and the glint of promise attending all this is ever discernible if never blinding. *N.C.*

**CHARLEY PRIDE:** *Country Feelin'*. Charley

Pride (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *Which Way Do We Go; We Could; It Amazes Me; All His Children; Streets of Gold; Love Put a Song in My Heart*; and four others. RCA APL1-0534 \$5.98, Ⓢ APS1-0534 \$6.95, Ⓒ APK1-0534 \$6.95.

Performance: **Same singer, same song**  
Recording: **Very good**

Charley Pride hasn't been around a long time, but he has been around a *lot*—this is his twenty-first album. His singing is, as always, smooth, rich, and uncompromisingly country, but I wouldn't be surprised if you come away from this one feeling Charley has already done the same album two or three times. There are so many easygoing country ballads here that differ from those in his earlier recordings only microscopically that you might not even notice that Charley's voice is the only thing country about *Love Put a Song in My Heart*. He needs fresh material, but not that kind—unless, of course, all he wants to do is sell records. What you will, unfortunately, be unable to avoid noticing is the awful doggerel in this album's more or less typical song, *I Don't See How I Can Love You Anymore*, which Max D. Barnes owns up to having written: "When the gentle touch of you is touching me/And the blinding fires of love begin to roar/It seems that time stands still for you and me/But I don't see how that I can love you any more." I'm right, am I not, in thinking that "any" and "more" should be *two* words in that construction? Anyway, you songwriters out there, especially those of you propelled by the roaring flames of fresh creativity—Charley needs you. *N.C.*

**RENAISSANCE:** *Turn of the Cards*. Renaissance (vocals and instrumentals). *Running Hard; I Think of You; Things I Don't Understand; Black Flame; Cold Is Being; Mother Russia*. SIRE SAS-7502 \$6.98, Ⓢ 8147-7502 M \$6.98, Ⓒ 5147-7502 M \$6.98.

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

America's idea that the British have a special way with pop music is probably nothing more than the old crown-envy syndrome acting up again. If an American group tried the sort of thing Renaissance does—or used such a name, or traded on pictures of castles on the album covers—we'd probably be hooting "pompous" and "pretentious" and such. But the syndrome, the fascination, is there, and sometimes it's a good thing, keeping us at bay until we've listened. Renaissance is a little pretentious (and, being British, will get away with it), but the group makes pretty good sounds. Annie Haslam, the lead singer, has the kind of anti-frill delivery and clothesline-straight phrasing I used to associate with those unapproachably dignified girls who stepped out to do the brief solos in choir recitals. There is good contrast between that kind of voice and John Tout's heavily decorated, classical-suggesting keyboards. Michael Dunford, who plays acoustic guitar and does some backup singing, wrote the material with Betty Thatcher, who does not perform with the group. I don't know whether they actually write all those instrumental melodies and counter-melodies or Tout leads the group into improvising them, but sometimes it all becomes jolly impressive. Sometimes the part of

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the melody that's attached to the words is pretty mundane, and sometimes the words are obfuscatory and prissy, but Tout, or someone, usually engineers something heady in the way of riffs and breaks. *Mother Russia* is my favorite selection, the first nine-minute favorite selection I've enjoyed in a long time. The thing I liked least about the album was the way its jacket came unglued around the edges, but some British products are like that. N.C.

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**DIANA ROSS: *Live at Caesar's Palace*.** Diana Ross (vocals); orchestra, Gil Askey arr. and cond. *Big Mabel Murphy; Baby Love; Being Green; Corner of the Sky; My Man; I Hear a Symphony*; and eleven others. MOTOWN M6-801S1 \$6.98, (M) M-801BT \$6.98, (C) M-801BC \$6.98.

Performance: "Rossiana"  
Recording: **Good**

Why do I carry on about Diana Ross so? Because she gets to me, that's why. This time she's live (as if she was ever anything else) at Caesar's Palace in performances as shiny as her lip gloss. Her best efforts here are two medleys, one comprising her best-known work from her days with the Supremes, the other songs from *Lady Sings the Blues*, the film in which she portrayed Billie Holiday. The latter shows her real ability as an actress. She doesn't really sound like the great Lady Day at all, but somehow she is able to catch, by expressive means rather than by mere vocal imitation, the essence of that unique and tortured personality.

The recorded sound is good enough to capture the glitter of Ross' electric effect on an audience, and the production is, as usual, just a slither away from being too much. P.R.

**LEON RUSSELL: *Stop All That Jazz*.** Leon Russell (vocals, piano, bass, Moog, banjo); instrumental accompaniment. *If I Were a Carpenter; Smashed; Spanish Harlem; Mona Lisa Please; Stop All That Jazz; Working Girl*; and four others. SHELTER SR 2108 \$6.98, (M) SRT 2108 \$6.98, (C) SRC 2108 \$6.98.

Performance: **Wayward**  
Recording: **Excellent**

No doubt it's my lack of Christian charity, but I get the feeling that Leon Russell spends his days off practicing his accent. After a little while it gets annoying to hear him pronounce "well" like "way-all." As with the Five Satins' weeping at rock-and-roll revival concerts, I begin to think it's part of the act.

Quibble, quibble. Anyway, Russell flirts with jazz this time, but never quite commits himself, in *Smashed, Mona Lisa Please, Stop All That Jazz, and Spanish Harlem*. The last is the most successful. It is done as an instrumental, with soft, tight horns stating the melody and Russell taking a piano solo that is somewhere between Ahmad Jamal and Roger Williams. *Smashed* was written by jazz balladeer Mose Allison and is the best tune in the album. The other two are Russell pastiches of jazz and his smeary approach to rock.

His own material here is facile and kind of halfhearted. The two worst essays are his rewriting of *If I Were a Carpenter*, which

makes the tune dumber than it already is, and *The Ballad of Hollis Brown*, one of those dreary Dylan "folk" ballads from the halcyon mid-Sixties when the much admired Master Zimmerman was supposed to be The Conscience of Us All.

Russell has certainly turned in better and more cohesive performances. At his best he can be very exciting. At his worst, he falls back on steamy theatrics (including his accent) and trusts for the rest to his notoriety. None of it works here. He can do better, and he should. J.V.

**AL STEWART: *Past, Present and Future*.** Al Stewart (vocals, guitar); Tim Renwick (guitar); Brian Odgers (bass); Rick Wakeman (keyboards); other musicians. *Old Admirals; Warren Harding; Soho (Needless to Say); The Last Day of June, 1934; Post World War Two Blues*; and three others. JANUS JLS 3063 \$5.98, (M) M 8098-3063 \$6.95.

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

In that mixed-up, gotta-have-a-gimmick world of neo-Dylanism, Al Stewart does stand out a little. His gimmick is *world history*, which is terribly dignified as these things go, and his interest in it appears to be genuine in addition to the fact that he's a better-than-average singer and songwriter. *Old Admirals* and *The Last Day of June, 1934* seem the most palatable of his attempts to personalize the great events that, uh, shaped us. The information in *Nostradamus* is fascinating, but it doesn't have the stuff musically to run on the way it does for almost ten minutes. This is an inter-



**NEW RELEASES**

**LIJUBA WELITSCH**  
Paul Ulanowsky, Piano  
Richard Strauss: Four Last Songs  
Cecilia, Die Nacht  
Gustav Mahler: Ich armer! einen linden Duft  
Blicke mich nicht in die Lieder. Ich bin der Welt abhandeln  
Josef Marx  
Hat dich die Lieder berührt  
Valse de Chopin  
Recordings selected for the Fall Term

**Claudia Muzio**  
1889-1936  
Arias from La Forza del Destino  
I Pagliacci; Zaza; L'Amico Fritz;  
L'Africain; Rinaldo; Adriana Lecocquer  
Bianca e Fernando  
Paride ed Elena  
Sings by Rossini  
and Bellini  
From the Edison Diamond Discs  
of 1920-1923

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esting album, though, and this lad seems worth watching. N.C.

**MARY TRAVERS:** *Circles*. Mary Travers (vocals); orchestra. *Circles; So Close; Goin' Back; Catch the Rain; Simple Song*; and five others. WARNER BROS. BS 2795 \$5.98, Ⓜ M 82795 \$6.97, Ⓞ M 52795 \$6.97.

Performance: **Disappointing**  
Recording: **Fair**

This is a very disappointing release by Mary Travers, whose solo career had seemed to hold such promise. She pinches her voice into a twanging monotone so often here that at times she almost sacrifices lyric sense and shadings. In Harry Chapin's *Circles*, for instance, she always seems a hair's breadth away from a syncopated recitation. Even more upsetting, her top range seems to have disappeared. In *House at Pooh Corner* (one of those "children's songs" that most kids would probably detest on first hearing), she seems to reach for her high notes and, not finding them, merely expands the volume of sound.

The production work is fussy and flashy, with so much garnish surrounding Travers that she often gets lost in it all. I'm still a Travers fan, however, and I hope that next time she has better luck. P.R.

**IKE & TINA TURNER:** *The Gospel According to Ike & Tina*. Ike & Tina Turner (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *Father Alone* [sic]; *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*; *When the Saints Go Marching In*; *Take My Hand Precious Lord*; *Amazing Grace*; and five others. UNITED ARTISTS UA-LA203-G \$6.98, Ⓜ UA-EA203-G \$6.98.

Performance: **Mixed blessing**  
Recording: **Good**

Depending on how much you know (or like) about gospel and the Turners, this album will be either a major disappointment, a disaster salvaged at the last minute by the last two selections, or a pleasant but not memorable experience. On the face of it the idea is thrilling. Here are the Bonnie & Clyde of pop-soul going back, as the professors like to say, to "their roots." But on first hearing I wondered why they didn't throw in *I Believe* with a tap-dance chorus.

Still, after a bunch of ho-hum, homogenized performances featuring the Turners singing with one lung apiece and a musical backup dominated by Ike's lollipop fascination with the Moog synthesizer, there comes, at the end, a most miraculous pair of performances. As arranger and adapter, Ike has sacrificed most of the gospel in the songs to cool black pop, and in *Our Lord Will Make a Way* it suddenly works. Tina stops sounding as though the songs had been placed in front of her for the first time. The arrangements stop reading as if they'd been bought at the dime store. And then, by Heaven, they even make something of that chestnut *When the Saints Go Marching In!*

What happens in these last two songs on the second side is not gospel—there is none of the defiant, passionate confidence of gospel old or new—but it is more than carefully programmed and demographed pop. Perhaps the album is aimed at what few "Jesus-people" are left since the East Indian con men in the orange sheets moved in. Maybe the Turners suddenly got possessed by what they remember from their childhood and let a little glory out.

It is unfortunate that the rest of the album is the way it is. But there are several albums worth having just for the sake of a few cuts, and this is one of them. J.V.

**RICK WAKEMAN:** *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*. Rick Wakeman (vocals, keyboards); Garry Pickford-Hopkins and Ashley Holt (vocals); Mike Egan (guitar); Roger Newell (bass); Barney James (drums); David Hemmings (speaker); London Symphony Orchestra and English Chamber Choir, David Measham cond., Will Malone and Danny Beckerman arr. *The Journey: Recollection: The Battle: The Forest*. A & M SP-3621 \$6.98.

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

I vaguely remember Rick Wakeman as being famous, but where, why, and when escapes me. Oh yeah, he used to play keyboards



BILL WYMAN

*Like Ringo Starr when he's feeling chesty*

with—what's their name?—Yes. Anyway, after reading Jules Verne's *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, Wakeman apparently decided it had cosmic significance. He wrote a bunch of ditties based on the book which, when strung together and performed with symphonic backing, were supposed to constitute a musical Event.

The performance, I must say, is one great big nothing. It may be thrilling to hear all those symphony fellows scrubbing away on their cellos, and it may be uplifting to hear the choir trilling, but I am sure that if Cat Stevens had written a bag of tunes based on *Black Beauty* and gussied them up with symphonic accompaniment the result would have been the same. Wakeman's effort is an Ersatz Event. Leaving aside his tunes—which are not much—the whole affair comes off as an overblown amateur night. Symphony orchestras and choirs can play and sing *Mary Had a Little Lamb* for twenty-four hours straight if somebody wants them to and pays them enough. But the idea among some rock artists that propping up weak tunes with large orchestras makes for musical progress or gives rock dignity is demonstrably false. Wakeman demonstrates it. J.V.

**BILL WYMAN:** *Monkey Grip*. Bill Wyman

(vocals, guitar, bass guitar, piano); instrumental accompaniment. *I Wanna Get Me a Gun; Crazy Woman; Pussy; Mighty Fine Time; Monkey Grip Glue*; and four others. ROLLING STONES COC 79100 \$6.98, Ⓜ TP 79100 \$6.97, Ⓞ CS 79100 \$6.97.

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

The promotional literature accompanying this album makes a big deal about how Bill Wyman, bassist for the Rolling Stones, was nervous about departing, even temporarily, from the security of the band. According to the quotes attributed to him, Wyman feared that if his solo effort wasn't impeccable he would be roundly damned, as if several million Stones fans would show up for the band's next concert, point several million admonishing fingers at him, and chant: "Bad boy, bad boy! Never do that a-gain!" I think more energy has been spent on preparing the fans to forgive him if the album doesn't work than on the album itself. But why should anyone have worried? "Monkey Grip" is a perfectly pleasant, entertaining, well-performed album.

As a vocalist Wyman sometimes sounds like Gary Lewis, and at other times, when he's feeling chesty, he sounds like Ringo Starr. He writes above-average material based on the black American rhythm-and-blues records that inspired the Stones in their early days, but there is also some pop craftsmanship in them. The resolution of *I Wanna Get Me a Gun*, for example, reminds me very much of the type of peppy pop tune that was standard in England in the mid-Sixties (Freddie and the Dreamers, Gerry and the Pacemakers). The construction of his melodies is interesting and refreshing, and, though the lyrics aren't much (whose are these days?), they get the job done. Wyman's album is cause for neither rejoicing nor nailing—on his part or yours. It's good and harmless. J.V.

**LENA ZAVARONI:** *Ma! He's Making Eyes at Me*. Lena Zavaroni (vocals); orchestra. *The End of the World; Swinging on a Star; My Mammy; My Happiness*; and eight others. STAX STS-5511 \$5.98, Ⓜ ST8-5511 \$6.98.

Performance: **Ma! She's giving hives to me**  
Recording: **Fair**

Now we can all have our own little bundle from Britain in the abbreviated person of Lena Zavaroni—the most appalling child star since Gloria Jean. Lena isn't into her teens yet, but she belts and growls, in a sonambulistic way, like a cross between Merman and the ghost of Jolson. Her performance of the title song was a big hit in England, and currently she's being merchandised around TV shows in America, where she does a lip-synch of *Ma! He's Making Eyes at Me* and chit-chats with the host in a state of frozen nervousness. Her "managers," by the way, plan to bring her to America permanently because the child-labor laws are too stringent in England. Nice people. I don't understand how she made it over there in the first place. Couldn't the audiences sense the merciless exploitation of a child? But then again, even in the land of Dickens, the mistreatment of dogs and horses is viewed with much more outrage than the mistreatment of children.

Anyway, one way you can help the poor kid is by not buying the record—her "managers" will probably take the hint and steal back into the night. P.R.





## THEATER • FILMS

**BEN BAGLEY'S THE LITTLEST REVUE.** Original-cast recording. Charlotte Rae, Tammy Grimes, Joel Grey, George Marcy, Beverly Bozeman, Tommy Morton, and company (vocals); orchestra. *Backer's Audition; The Shape of Things; Madly in Love; I Lost the Rhythm; Game of Dance; Third Avenue L;* and seven others. PAINTED SMILES PS 1361 \$5.98.

Performance: **The way we weren't**  
Recording: **Very good**

More brittle merriment and banter from the Ben Bagley storehouse is made available in the re-release of this original-cast recording of *The Littlest Revue*, which has been awakened from a long sleep in the warehouse at Columbia Records (it came out first on the Epic label) through the generosity of a Mr. Bruce David Yeko who invested the necessary funds to bring it back. *The Littlest Revue*, with lyrics mostly by Ogden Nash and music furnished in a large measure by Vernon Duke, opened in 1956, a year after the first *Shoestring Revue* and a year before the second. Actually, *The Littlest Revue* wasn't so little. It was presented in New York at the 1,800-seat Phoenix Theatre, it had fairly lavish scenery and costumes, and its chief librettist and composer were at the height of their reputations. The show boasted additional lyrics by John Latouche and Sammy Cahn, songs by Sheldon Harnick, Charles Strouse, and Bud McCree, and a cast that included such headliners as Tammy Grimes, Charlotte Rae, Joel Grey, and Larry Storch—although Mr. Grey, to be sure, did not become a headliner until some years later.

And how does *The Littlest Revue* strike the 1973 sensibility? It is unlike the recording of *The Shoestring Revue*, discussed in these pages a few months ago, in that we are not treated this time around to any scintillating skits. Only the songs are included, and there are many of those—perhaps too many. Duke's melodies for the show are always ingratiating but seldom really memorable, even in John Strauss' winning arrangements. Nash is represented by generous quantities of lyrics with the quirky rhyme scheme that was his hallmark, sometimes descending to such constructions as "His name was Davey, his hair was wavy," which understandably drove Mr. Bagley up a wall. *Born Too Late*, omitted somehow from the first record release but restored here, is a charmer, especially as sung by Tommy Morton in the honest, youthful manner that was characteristic of musicals at the time. But some of the cleverest items sprang from other pens: *I Lost the Rhythm*, by Charles Strouse, a vigorous spoof socked out by Joel Grey in the Calypso style that was then ubiquitous; Sheldon Harnick's *The Shape of Things*, offering Charlotte Rae an unbridled opportunity to reduce the British  
(Continued on page 113)

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CIRCLE NO. 72 ON READER SERVICE CARD

# THREE BIG BANDS

Reviewed by Paul Kresh

The late Gene Krupa:  
toughness, tingle,  
and punch



HERE in America, where adolescence has been known to persist well into middle age, there seems to be no limit to the amount of nostalgia we are willing to indulge in. Take us back to the Forties, the Thirties, the Twenties—any time but now. To meet the apparently unquenchable demand for “vintage” material, record companies seem to be plundering their vaults like drunken archeologists digging ever deeper for finds, reprocessing them in hyped-up sound represented as “simulated stereo,” and selling them as fast as the trucks can leave the warehouses. Even so, there are some real gems being sold right along with the paste.

Benny Goodman was packing them in during the Forties wherever he played, when people still considered popular music something you *danced* to rather than sat around and merely listened to. In his big, glittering band were trumpeters like Ziggy Elman and Cootie Williams, guitar players like Charlie Christian, and pianists like Teddy Wilson, Bernie Leighton, Johnny Guarnieri, and Mel Powell—all stars in their own right. Goodman's own clarinet decorated every number like a Baroque frieze. And then there was the singer. If you were around in those days, you might remember how she sat up straight in her chair, waited for the opening chorus to be over, rose to the microphone, did her thing, and then sat down again. She wore her hair in the style of Lily Tomlin's telephone operator, went heavy, as was the fashion, on the lip rouge and mascara, and sang competently in a middle-range voice strictly in tempo without too much fuss. Her name was Helen Forrest, and Irving Townsend in his liner notes for the two-disc Columbia release “Benny and Helen” refers to her, most aptly, as the “madonna of the middle-chorus.” Mr. Townsend also seems to feel that songs like *Bewitched*, *Bothered and Bewildered* from *Pal Joey* were made for her, but I find her disengaged, indifferent way with the censored lyrics a letdown. More in Miss Forrest's line, for me, are casual numbers like *The Moon Won't Talk* and *Mister Meadowlark*, and her offhand way with *Taking a Chance on Love* from *Cabin in the Sky*; Miss Forrest was a specialist in cool when the term still referred to the weather. Anyhow, you get an awful lot of that big, brassy blare from the Goodman band in this two-

record set, and enough of Miss Forrest to supply any jukebox of the period for a year.

Gene Krupa, who rose to fame in the Goodman band and later started his own, can be heard in another two-record set from Columbia also put together with a generous helping of previously released material. The sound of the Krupa band, in sides recorded from 1941 to 1945, is tougher, tinglier, and punchier. Not the least of the attractions in this collection are the high-styled trumpet and growly singing of Roy Eldridge, the bright, unaffected vocals of Buddy Stewart, and, above all, the voice of Anita O'Day, a girl who put an end to girl-singer simpering and delivered her songs to you right between the ears at a time when silliness was still in flower. I particularly like her delivery of *Tea for Two*, which makes me suspect there might be something stronger in the cup than Lipton's; her persuasive, knowing approaches to *Georgia on My Mind*, *Thanks for the Boogie Ride*, *Murder, He Says*, and especially her hip duet with Roy Eldridge in *Let Me Off Uptown*. But then, I like almost everything about this program of fast-moving, always slick but never insipid material from the Krupa vaults, and I feel I can recommend it highly even to people who aren't nostalgia freaks, people looking more for music than for memories. Much valuable historical material is supplied with both the Goodman and Krupa albums.

FROM RCA comes another in a series of one-record encores by still another of the big bands of the same day—Tommy Dorsey's. Here the emphasis is openly on the broad, rich, standard sound that was Dorsey's trademark. But what really distinguishes the record (aside from the fact that it contains only nine songs) is the presence of Frank Sinatra at his best, giving every ballad more meaning than the lyricist probably ever dreamed it had, allowing the whole country to recover from oversweet warbling and crooning and move on to a more honest and unaffected approach to everything. Even a sentimental number like *In the Blue of the Evening* becomes a genuine lyrical experience in Sinatra's performance. And even the cutesy choral backing wished on him in *Blue Skies* cannot dilute his direct, simple, convincing delivery. When he sings *This Is the Beginning of the End*, one of

those ballads of broken romance so dear to the popular sensibility of the Forties, you really believe he's going through something. His singing of *We Three* (“My echo, my shadow and me”) is a model of how even Tin-Pan Alley twaddle can be made to convey real emotion when a real singer chooses to come to grips with it. RCA, however, makes no effort to supply the kind of conscientiously compiled data that Columbia offers with its Goodman and Krupa specials. Here are just the names of the songs—no liner, no information except the name of the man who remastered the originals. He's Joe Dengler, and he did a pretty good job.

**BENNY GOODMAN/HELEN FORREST:** *Benny and Helen*. Helen Forrest (vocals); the Goodman Band, Benny Goodman cond. *Busy as a Bee*; *What's the Matter with Me?*; *The Fable of the Rose*; *Shake Down the Stars*; *Yours Is My Heart Alone*; *I'm Nobody's Baby*; *The Moon Won't Talk*; *Mister Meadowlark*; *Nobody*; *Taking a Chance on Love*; *Cabin in the Sky*; *Hard to Get*; *It's Always You*; *Bewitched*; *Lazy River*; *Yours*; *Oh! Look at Me Now*; *Amapola*; *When the Sun Comes Out*; *Down, Down, Down*. COLUMBIA KG 32822 two discs \$6.98. © GA 32822 \$7.98.

**GENE KRUPA/ANITA O'DAY/ROY ELDRIDGE.** Anita O'Day (vocals); Roy Eldridge (vocals and trumpet); Gene Krupa and His Orchestra. *Opus #1*; *Georgia on My Mind*; *Stop, the Red Light's On*; *Green Eyes*; *Slow Down*; *Tea for Two*; *Harriet*; *Chickery Chick*; *In the Middle of May*; *Thanks for the Boogie Ride*; *Just a Little Bit South of North Carolina*; *That Feeling in the Moonlight*; *The Walls Keep Talking*; *Let Me Off Uptown*; *That's What You Think*; *Massachusetts*; *Murder, He Says*; *Skylark*; *Boogie Blues*; *Bolero at the Savoy*. COLUMBIA KG 32663 two discs \$6.98.

**TOMMY DORSEY/FRANK SINATRA:** *What'll I Do?* Frank Sinatra (vocals); Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra. *The One I Love*; *In the Blue of Evening*; *Say It*; *Blue Skies*; *What'll I Do?*; *Imagination*; *This Is the Beginning of the End*; *We Three*; *Devil May Care*. RCA APL1-0497(e) \$5.98. © APS1-0497 \$6.95. © APK1-0497 \$6.95.

folk ballad to the nonsense I have long suspected it is: *The Power of Negative Thinking*, a tribute in reverse to the simplistic religiosity peddled by Norman Vincent Peale. Much of the content of *The Littlest Revue*, however, is puppy-dog pert beyond the threshold of pain. For every once-so-topical tidbit you get such desperately cute items as *Game of Dance*—which itself would seem ripe for period parody. Yet I wouldn't have missed this revival of *The Littlest Revue* for anything—it is valuable, if only to refresh a failing theatrical memory. *P.K.*

**MAME** (Jerry Herman). Original-soundtrack recording. Lucille Ball, Jane Connell, Kirby Furlong, Beatrice Arthur, Robert Preston, Bruce Davison (vocals); orchestra and chorus, Fred Werner cond. WARNER BROS. W 2773 \$6.98, © L. 82773 \$7.97, © L. 52773 \$7.97.

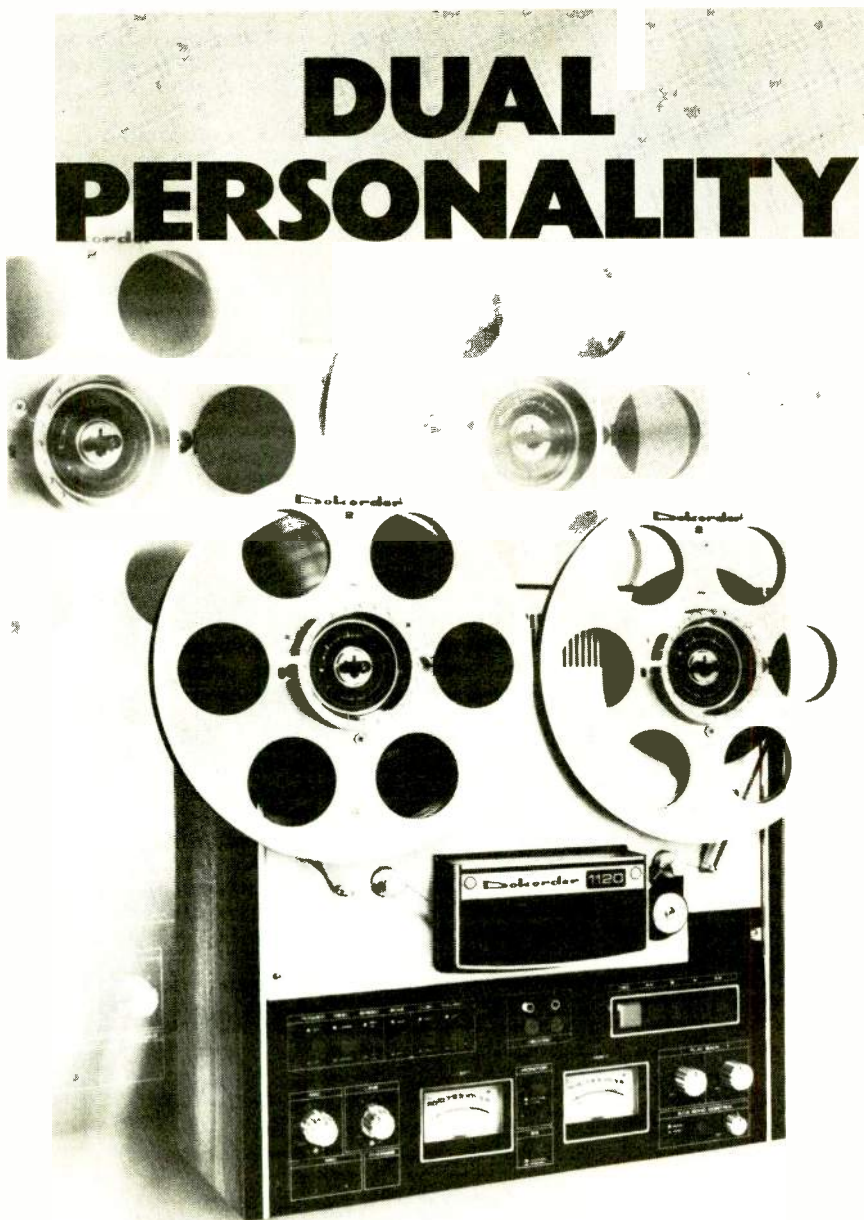
Performance: **Pallid**  
Recording: **Hollow-sounding**

*Mame* is fifth-generation now, having gone from book to play to movie to musical to movie musical, and it has lost something with each translation. Considering how little there was of substance in the first place, how can there be much left?

Halfway through the sluggish proceedings in this soundtrack recording, I also found myself wondering how a Beauregard Burnside with the performing talent of Robert Preston, accompanied by a mammoth chorus of top-hatted Southland fox-hunters as depicted in full color on the album cover, could make so little of so huge a production number. I never have thought of the *Mame* score as any masterpiece from Jerry Herman's at times too facile pen, but it did seem to me that the title piece had certainly stirred up a lot more excitement when I saw it on Broadway. I hauled down the original-cast recording, and sure enough! The glitter, the strumming excitement, the build-up, the panache—all were there in the Columbia original-Broadway-cast recording, all were missing in this soundtrack souvenir from Warner Brothers. And that's how it goes throughout.

There isn't a great deal anybody can do to hamper Beatrice Arthur's version of *The Man in the Moon*, sung when Mame sits in a cardboard crescent while her friend Vera plays a lady astronomer who discovers that the man in question is a lady. And little harm has been done to those marvelous moments when Jane Connell as adenoidal Agnes Gooch, Auntie Mame's faithful nanny through the years, comes out as a swinger in a red dress to sing her song of liberation. Hollywood was lucky to have Miss Arthur and Miss Connell still on hand. But what Angela Lansbury did to turn Auntie Mame, the flapper foster mother of a precocious nephew, into a believable and even touching portrait of the lady, Lucille Ball undoes here. I say this more in sorrow than in anger, since Miss Ball, before she began relying almost entirely on the pratfall, seemed to me one of the country's most precious comedic assets. But the cheesecloth that attempts to hide her age on the screen is not available in the audio medium, and her singing is not only terrible from a musical point of view, it is dead on its feet from a dramatic one. The arrangements are slick and insipid under Fred Werner's direction, and the recorded sound is as hollow as most of the performances. *P.K.*

(Continued overleaf)



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# JAZZ



**ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS:** *Anthenagin*. Art Blakey (drums); Woody Shaw (trumpet); Cedar Walton (piano); others. *Fantasy in D; Without a Song; Along Came Betty*; and three others. PRESTIGE P-10076 \$6.98.

Performance: **High-caliber**  
Recording: **Excellent**

This was recorded around the same time as Art Blakey's last Prestige album, "Buhaina," perhaps even on the same day, but it does not, as did the previous one, contain any vocals by Jon Hendricks. It does, however, contain more compositions by Cedar Walton, and that is an asset not to be dismissed lightly. My particular favorite is *Anthenagin*, on which Woody Shaw and Walton himself play brilliantly, but no track here is less than fine. Even that Messengers war horse, Golson's *Along Came Betty* (which Hendricks sang in "Buhaina") survives the repeat. C.A.

## RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**GARY BURTON/CHICK COREA:** *Crystal Silence*. Chick Corea (piano); Gary Burton (vibraphone). *Desert Air; Falling Grace; What Games Shall We Play Today; Children's Song*; and five others. ECM 1024 ST \$6.98, © 8F 1024 \$7.98.

Performance: **Ultimate**  
Recording: **Excellent**

So far, Polydor's releases of the European ECM album series has been very impressive, and if what is still to come measures up to the standard set so far, producer Manfred Eicher should receive some sort of special award for exquisite taste. "Crystal Silence" is an album of extraordinary musicianship and rare beauty. Recorded two years ago in Oslo, Norway, it features pianist Chick Corea and vibraphonist Gary Burton playing a set of delicate tunes, all but one of which was composed either by Corea or bassist Steve Swallow. Rarely have two musicians been so perfectly matched, and rarely do we hear an album of such consistent excellence and originality. It is, in fact, impossible to say which track is the best. Just take my word for it—this one is not to be missed. C.A.

**JACKIE CAIN & ROY KRAL:** *A Wilder Alias*. Jackie Cain and Roy Kral (vocals and piano); orchestra. *Niki's Song; Good and Rich; A Wilder Alias; Waltz for Dana; The Way We Are*. CTI CTI 6040 \$6.98.

Performance: **Scoo-bee-doo-bee-dah**  
Recording: **Good**

Here is more musical fretwork by a couple who could take *Pop! Goes the Weasel* and turn it into Byzantine needlepoint (if they haven't already). Luckily, all the material here is their own—luckily, that is, for anyone who

has a particular favorite among the standards. By the time they have ooww-ahhaowed and lahme-dahme-doughed their way through such things as *Waltz for Dana* you wish the needlework weren't quite so fancy.

Admittedly, the Krals do have a certain following in the pop press, but I suspect it's generally among critics who have sacrificed objectivity for friendship. Naughty. P.R.

## RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**MILES DAVIS:** *Big Fun*. Miles Davis (trumpet); various instrumental groups. *Great Expectations; IFE; Lonely Fire; Go Ahead John*. COLUMBIA PG-32866 two discs \$7.98, © PGA-32866 \$9.98, © PGT-32866 \$9.98.

Performance: **Leftover Bitches Brew**  
Recording: **Excellent**

Strange things are happening at Columbia's Miles Davis factory: producer Teo Macero



MILES DAVIS

*Awesome beauty and emotional riches*

gives us not only actual titles for the four selections in this two-record set, but detailed personnel lists as well. These unexpected data give the impression that the album is a collection of factory rejects, for these are obviously hitherto unreleased recordings from the "Bitches Brew" and "Live/Evil" period. But they hardly sound like rejects. In fact, some of this material is even better than what was released at the time.

On hand is an impressive bunch of musicians who since have gone on to greater stardom: Chick Corea, Joe Zawinul, John McLaughlin, Billy Cobham, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, and Airtio Moreira, among others. These are men who entered the electronic era with Miles and created the kind of music played by such groups as Weather Report and the Mahavishnu Orchestra, vital workshops from which sprang some of the most dynamic, creative forces of current American music. All this makes "Big Fun" a very important album, full of the awesome beauty and emotional riches that Miles has not been able to recapture in his more recent efforts.

Miles is not a man who stands still for long, and he will undoubtedly show us a new direction in the near future. Meanwhile, these recordings remain as fresh as they were the day they were made. And, apropos that, Columbia, while you're in a generous mood, how about

throwing in the recording dates the next time around? C.A.

**WILD BILL DAVISON:** *Live at the Rainbow Room*. Wild Bill Davison (cornet); orchestra, including Claude Hopkins (piano) and George Duvivier (bass). *I Never Knew; Wolverine Blues; Black and Blue; Memories of You*; and four others. CHIAROSCURO CR 124 \$6.98.

Performance: **Light and lively**  
Recording: **Very good remote**

Highlighting this brisk set of traditional jazz fare from atop New York's RCA building is the dexterous, driving cornet work of Wild Bill Davison himself and some swinging, sometimes striding work by pianist Claude Hopkins. There is nothing unusual about this album: the repertoire is as traditional as the style, the pace as breezy as one might expect, the sound as Commodore-jam-sessionish as can be. If that is your cup of tea, here's yet another serving. C.A.

**ERROLL GARNER:** *Magician*. Erroll Garner (piano); Bob Cranshaw (bass); Grady Tate (percussion); Jose Mangual (congo drum); others. *Yesterdays; Nightwind; I Only Have Eyes for You; Mucho Gusto*; and five others. LONDON APS-640 \$6.98, © 08640 \$6.98, © 05640 \$6.98.

Performance: **Inimitable**  
Recording: **Excellent**

For some odd reason, this is Erroll Garner's first album in a year and a half, but better late than never. Garner is still a master at his art. Except for a not-so-successful flirtation with the harpsichord on Columbia several years back, he has stuck to the acoustic piano, exuding, as annotator Dan Morgenstern points out, his own performing energy rather than that which is artificially created by electronics and engineering.

With excellent rhythmic support from Grady Tate, Bob Cranshaw, and veteran Jose Mangual, Garner treats us to a delightful repertoire that includes four new Garner tunes: a melodic blues entitled *It Gets Better Every Time*, and it seems to; *Nightwind*, which gently breezes with the beauty of *Misty*; the gospel-tinged *One Good Turn*, featuring added support by organist Norman Gold and tambourinist Jackie Williams; and a frenetic Latin swinger appropriately entitled *Mucho Gusto*. Combine that with Garner-treated standards such as *I Only Have Eyes for You* and *Yesterdays*, and you have a well-rounded album with the stamp of a true master. Now, Martha Glaser, if you could come up with Garner jamming with a couple of good horns. . . . C.A.

**PAUL GONSALVES/RAY NANCE:** *Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'*. Ray Nance (trumpet, violin, vocals); Paul Gonsalves (tenor saxophone); Norris Turney (alto saxophone); Hank Jones, Raymond Fol (piano); Al Hall (bass); Oliver Jackson (drums). *Hi Ya Sue; Lotus Blossom; Angel Eyes; Tea for Two*; and four others. BLACK LION BL-191 \$6.98.

Performance: **So-so**  
Recording: **Very good**

This is another one of those mainstream get-togethers arranged by Stanley Dance for the European market. Recorded in 1970, the sessions feature excellent musicians supporting Ellingtonians Nance and Gonsalves, but they  
(Continued on page 118)

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never quite get it together and the album never rises to the level one might expect. Fortunately, the late Paul Gonsalves left us better recordings on Impulse and with the Ellington orchestra—this grab-the-bread-and-split set doesn't do him or his cohorts justice, and I suggest you pass it up. C.A.

**BOB JAMES:** *One* (see Best of the Month, page 87)

**KOOL AND THE GANG:** *Kool Jazz*. Kool and the Gang (vocals and instrumentals). *I Remember John W. Coltrane; Wild Is Love; Dujii; Sombrero Sam; Sea of Tranquility*; and four others. DE-LITE DEP-4001 \$4.98, ⑧ 8088-4001 M \$6.98.

Performance: **Solid surprise**  
Recording: **Very good**

The fact that Kool and the Gang has had some so-called monster hits in the pop field tends to make us overlook their value as a jazz group. This album, mostly instrumentals taken from four of their popular releases, shows them to be worthy of the serious jazz listener's attention. The compositions, all but Charles Lloyd's *Sombrero Sam* contributed by members of the group, reveal talents that some of the group's most popular hits obscure. I can't say that I'm wild about it, but "Kool Jazz" merits more attention than some of the things we hear by established jazz artists who seek popularity by strolling down the pop path. C.A.

### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA:** *Apocalypse*. John McLaughlin (guitar and vocals); Mahavishnu Orchestra; Jean-Luc Ponty (violin); London Symphony Orchestra, Michael Tilson Thomas cond. *Power of Love; Smile of the Beyond; Wings of Kurma*; and two others. COLUMBIA KC 32957 \$5.98, ⑧ CA-32967 \$6.98, ⑨ CT-32967 \$6.98.

Performance: **Superb**  
Recording: **Excellent**

John McLaughlin (Mahavishnu) first made his mark in America in Miles Davis' "Bitches Brew," and his extraordinary sounds have since become a main ingredient of this country's music. This latest effort, produced by the Beatles' musical mastermind George Martin, and featuring, in a commendably subtle role, the London Symphony Orchestra, is a major achievement that deserves to be remembered at year's end when the annual record output is summed up. It is a perfect fusion of two or-

chestras playing the kind of music that transcends categorizing. C.A.

**MODERN JAZZ QUARTET:** *Blues on Bach*. John Lewis (piano, harpsichord); Milt Jackson (vibraphone); Percy Heath (bass); Connie Kay (drums, percussion). *Blues in B-flat; Precious Joy; Blues in C Minor; Tears from the Children*; and five others. ATLANTIC SD 1652 \$5.98, ⑧ TP 1652 \$6.97, ⑨ CS 1652 \$6.97.

Performance: **Superb**  
Recording: **Excellent**

The news that the superb Modern Jazz Quartet is calling it quits after twenty years is sad but understandable. Financial reasons have been cited, and I suspect another reason is a desire to get on with something else. Milt Jackson has already taken several excursions on his own, and his esteemed colleagues will hardly have to join the unemployment lines.

In the meantime, it is no small consolation that the current Schwann catalog lists twenty-nine MJQ albums, including this set of blues and Bach-inspired John Lewis compositions. The group accords the two idioms equal respect, combining elements of their traditions with characteristic finesse and modernity. Cohesive and thoroughly swinging, the overall sound of this low-keyed album will gently caress your ears, and the Bach interpretations will make Jacques Loussier sound like Peter Nero reaching beyond his realm. C.A.

**MCCOY TYNER:** *Asante*. McCoy Tyner (piano); Andrew White (alto saxophone); Ted Dunbar (guitar); Buster Williams (bass); Billy Hart (drums); Mtume (conga); Sandra Smith (vocals). *Malika; Asante; Goin' Home; Fulfillment*. BLUE NOTE LA223-G \$5.98, ⑧ EA223-G \$6.98.

Performance: **Gratifying**  
Recording: **Very good**

Like "Extensions," his previous Blue Note release, this "new" McCoy Tyner album was recorded four years ago. But unlike "Extensions," which was marred by Alice Coltrane's rambling harp, "Asante" is excellent throughout. The music, introspective, highly emotional, and thoroughly Tyneresque, reflects the composer/pianist's deep affinity for Africa and his appreciation of sounds absorbed as a child in the South. There are noteworthy alto solos by Andrew White, who has been heard on bass and English horn with Weather Report, and drummer Billy Hart also stands out. It is Tyner himself, however, who makes this an album of great beauty, and I particularly recommend his solo on *Fulfillment*. C.A.

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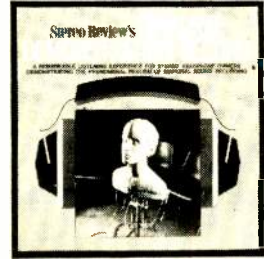
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# CHOOSING SIDES

## By IRVING KOLODIN



### SIEGFRIED IN SHERWOOD FOREST

WHAT is there about the latest complete *Siegfried* (on EMI SLS 875, available in shops specializing in imports) that suggests the locale is Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest rather than the Schwarzwald near the Rhine? It is not that it was recorded live in London last August, or that it is conducted by Reginald Goodall, or even that it is heard in a new English text by Andrew Porter. It is, rather, because it is sung by a cast of Commonwealth artists (English and Australian) whose voices bear no trace of the Bayreuth bark or a Germanic guttural.

As those who follow the trend of operatic events abroad will surmise, this project (a similar cast will present the remainder of the English *Ring* on records to be released shortly) is an offshoot of the long-standing British conviction that there is a merit—nay, a public good—in performing Wagner in English. Sir Thomas Beecham invested countless man-hours, not to mention a dollop of the family fortune, in performing *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan*, and *Die Meistersinger* (perhaps even the complete *Ring*—the information sources available to me are not conclusive in the matter) in English all over England. Moreover, there was, in the Twenties, a sizable vernacular representation of the *Ring* dramas recorded in England under the leadership of Albert Coates, and, of course, when Covent Garden was reopened after World War II, it was with the avowed intent of performing the international operatic repertoire in English. *Force majeure* (the resistance of indispensable international artists to relearning their famous roles in English) led in short order to a reconsideration of this intention at Covent Garden, but the former Sadler's Wells Opera has pushed on with the program (especially since relocating in the large, centrally situated Coliseum) to the point, lately, of renaming itself the English National Opera Company.

The new *Siegfried* recording reproduces the best of what happened on the stage of the Coliseum on three nights in August (2, 8, and 21) 1973, woven into a cohesive whole by producer Ronald Kinloch Anderson. It provides all the means for an objective judgment of the performers' right in this context to "speak for England." My judgment as to its success is an all but unqualified "yes," with the one abiding reservation being the playing of the orchestra. Able and willing as the players are, the group is simply lacking in the

numbers, the blowing and the bowing power, to match such criteria in recorded Wagner as Böhm's Bayreuth personnel or Solti's Vienna Philharmonic.

Initially, there are certain listening obstacles to be overcome. The first is the temptation to follow Andrew Porter's unfamiliar English text word by word, syllable by syllable, to see how it fares vis à vis the more familiar German. The attraction is especially strong because Act I deals so much with the verbal values in Mime's complaints, his exchanges with Siegfried and the Wanderer, and, finally, in Siegfried's *Forging Song*. Additionally, conductor Goodall, who is extolled at home as a proponent of Furtwängler's Wagnerian breadths if not of Knappertsbusch's Parsifalian lengths, hardly sets a breathless pace for what is sometimes described as the "scherzo" of the cycle.

What Porter is striving to accomplish in his translation may be demonstrated by reference to the very first words of the text:

"Zwangvolle Plage! Müh' ohne Zweck!"

In the traditional rendering of Frederick Jameson (included in the Schott piano-vocal score) this reads:

"Heart-breaking bondage! Toil without end!"

Porter's preference is:

"Wearisome labour! Work till I drop!"

This succeeds not only in preserving Wagner's typical use of alliteration, but in defloridizing such librettoese as "bondage" and

"toil" into something easier on the ear as well as on Mime's tongue. Porter's average throughout is on the same high level of literacy and common sense.

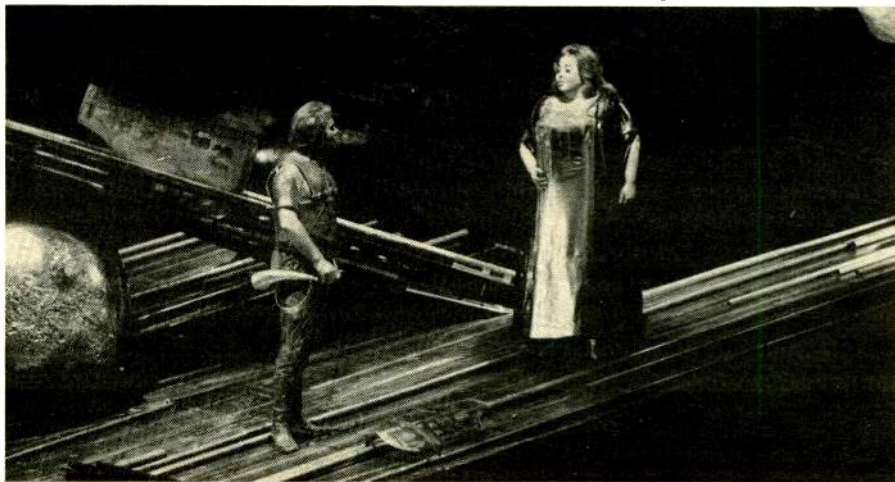
With the shift to the forest (Sherwood or Schwarzwald) in Act II, the performance begins to take on qualities of musical absorption and interest that transcend the slighter considerations of word values or text. The basic reason for this is the steady stream of excellent vocalism—male, of course, for almost the full length of the first two acts—which would give vitality to a *Ring* drama sung in Finnish or Hungarian.

As there can be no absorbing *Siegfried* without a qualified Siegfried, primary credit goes to Alberto Remedios, a Liverpoolian who was invited to share Joan Sutherland's tour of Australia in 1965 with two other tenors who haven't done badly since then either: Luciano Pavarotti and John Alexander. Remedios has a lighter, brighter sound than such a contemporary Wagnerian tenor as, say, Helge Brilioth. His voice lacks the Brilioth order of power, but, as microphoned, it serves well the dimensions decreed by Goodall for the performance as a whole. Most important of all, Remedios uses his voice artfully to characterize a Siegfried bumptious, heedless, and, withal, innocent.

Wagnerian requirements are remarkably well served also by Norman Bailey, a Wanderer who is already a Bayreuth Hans Sachs, Gunther, and Amfortas; by Clifford Grant, a splendid Fafner, known to San Franciscans in other roles; and by Derek Hammond Stroud, whose Alberich borders on international quality. Each is keenly responsive to the opportunities provided for the singer in one of Wagner's most lyric scores. The only one who perhaps overreaches his opportunity is Gregory Dempsey—his Mime has in it a little too much of David (in *Meistersinger*) to be wholly acceptable. Wagner's writing may call upon much the same tenor range in both, but Mime is a cruder and a craftier being than Dempsey permits him to be.

But, as the disc sides go by, the more evident it becomes that this is a *Siegfried* destined to be remembered for the effort of Remedios. He muses beautifully on the mystery of his mother during the *Waldweben* episode in Act II, and the sound he produces at the beginning of the last scene is appropriately ecstatic. The role of Brünnhilde is taken by Rita Hunter (well known to American opera stages), which means that her part of the love duet is delivered with power, assurance, and a

*Siegfried confronts Brünnhilde on an abandoned railroad siding at Sadler's Wells.*



Anthony Crickmay



fine thrust of sound at the top. A phrase or two at the lower dynamic levels lacks adequate support, there being, apparently, no satisfactory version of these measures available in the three performances used, but her Brünnhilde certainly projects a more convincing dramatic illusion unseen than it does when a costume drapes her roly and poly figure on stage.

As Act III progresses, the paeans of praise that Goodall has earned in recent years from the English press for his conducting of Wagner became more and more understandable. He is, clearly, a man who is warmed, ignited, finally all but incinerated by the flames that Wagner at his most impassioned can kindle, and he communicates that heat to all around him, orchestra members and vocalists as well. I find his concern for Wagnerian "proportions" a little humorless in the jollier moments of Acts I and II, but he does make the last thirty minutes of the score worth waiting for.

Taken all together (this includes the less than birdlike ease with which Maurine London delivers the music of the Waldvogel and the slightly unready Erda of the promising mezzo-soprano Anne Collins), this *Siegfried* is much more than a brief on behalf of a merely legalistic operatic argument. It is, in the first instance, an affirmation of the majesty and imagination in Wagner's great creation, which is the way it should be. No amount of argument can serve the purpose of a premise, however good it may be, which is not proven musically. Further, though no one—beginning with Porter himself—would contend that an



Conductor Reginald Goodall

English text is a "substitute" for Wagner's, it can serve the auxiliary purpose of reaching out to an audience not versed in German, as well as serving the Wagnerian careers of singers particularly qualified to perform in English. It can also add to the interest of those with only a fair knowledge of the German original to know, for example, that when Alberich belabors Mime, in their scene before Fafner's cave in Act II, with the words "*Wohin schleichst du eilig und schlau, schlimmer Gesell?*", what he is alliteratively saying (according to Porter) is "Sly and slippery knave, where are you going?" And finally, the performance proves that there are special values of lyricism and drama to be served in an English-language recording of *Siegfried*. How it may fare on American stages will be demonstrated when the same text is utilized next fall for a production of the *Ring* in Washington (and elsewhere) with the participation of the Gramma Fisher Foundation.

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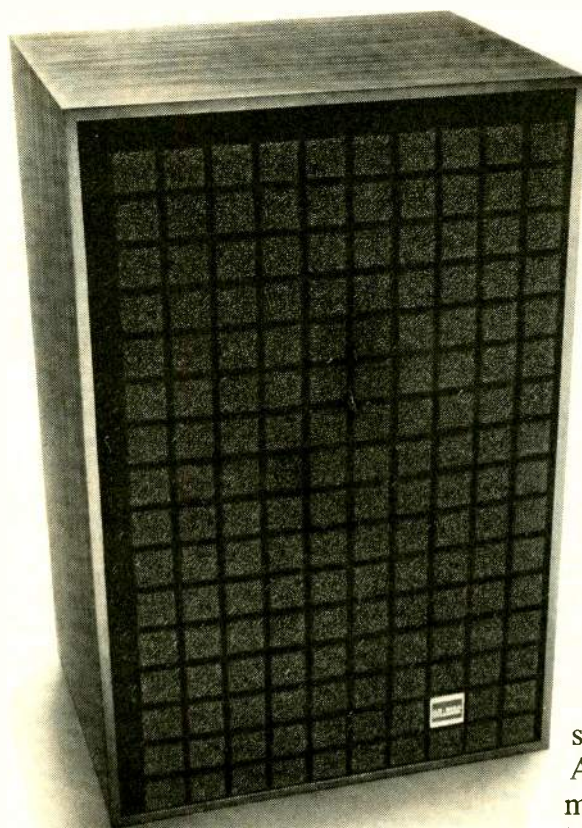
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# CLASSICAL DISCS AND TAPES

Reviewed by RICHARD FREED • DAVID HALL • GEORGE JELLINEK • IGOR KIPNIS  
PAUL KRESH • ERIC SALZMAN

**D'ALBERT:** *Piano Concerto No. 2, in E Major, Op. 12.* **REINECKE:** *Piano Concerto No. 1, in F-sharp Minor, Op. 72.* Michael Ponti (piano); Orchestra of Radio Luxembourg, Pierre Cao cond. CANDIDE CE 31078 \$3.98.

Performance: **Flashy and unmemorable**  
Recording: **Very good**

Eugen d'Albert (1864-1932) was born in Scotland, but he considered himself a German, and it was in Germany after his studies with Liszt that he made his reputation both as pianist and composer. Liszt evidently thought very highly of him, and many considered him the proper heir to Liszt's throne. A little man in stature, d'Albert more than made up for it by his personality (testy) and his approach to the keyboard (titanic); among his six wives, incidentally, was another pianistic giant, Teresa Carreño. He wrote twenty operas, of which only a couple (*Tiefland* and to a lesser extent *Die Toten Augen*) are even dimly remembered in our era, but there can be no denying that he was vastly admired in his own day, though perhaps more as a performer than as composer. The one-movement Second Piano Concerto is Lisztian in form and influence—in the use of thematic transformation, for example—but, despite some likable lyrical sections, it is overall a very unmemorable piece. Perhaps this is because of its sprawling themes and empty pomposity in the noisier parts.

A less flamboyant personality, Carl Reinecke (1824-1910) was one of the most dis-

tinguished musicians of his time; he worked as pianist, conductor, teacher, and composer in Denmark, Cologne, Barmen, Breslau, and finally Leipzig, where he directed the famous Gewandhaus concerts between 1860 and 1895. His output, which includes four piano

adequate but routine, and the soloist, though lacking absolutely nothing in brilliance and virtuosity, simply does not provide sufficient pianistic color, elegance, and Romantic rhetoric to enable these two concertos to come back to life. *I.K.*

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BENJAMIN LUXON

*A performance to delight the composer's heart*

concertos as well as operas, symphonies, and a vast quantity of keyboard, chamber, and pedagogical pieces, is usually described as being very well made and at least partly influenced by his admiration for Mendelssohn. On records, he has been represented by concertos for flute, harp, and piano (the First Piano Concerto was also issued recently on Genesis GS 1034 with Gerald Robbins as soloist), a *Kindersinfonie* for toy instruments, and some cadenzas. As Richard Freed notes in his excellent program annotations for this Candide recording, it is the slow movement of the First Piano Concerto that is the most impressive part of Reinecke's piece: as for the rest, though it does not bluster *à la* d'Albert, I am afraid that it is not much more memorable thematically. Perhaps my lack of enthusiasm owes something to the quality of these performances, for the orchestral accompaniment is

**ALWYN:** *Mirages.* Benjamin Luxon (baritone); David Willison (piano). *Divertimento for Solo Flute; Naiades, Fantasy-Sonata for Flute and Harp.* Christopher Hyde-Smith (flute); Marisa Robles (harp). MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1742 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

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

William Alwyn (born 1905) has enjoyed a solid reputation in England for some time, but his music seems to be only rarely exported. On another recent MHS disc (like this one, derived from the Lyrita catalog), he conducts the London Philharmonic himself in four of his *Elizabethan Dances* (MHS 1672, a collection of English contemporary music reviewed here last June). This new record is devoted entirely to his works, however, and it is a very attractive assortment.

The song cycle *Mirages*, composed in 1970, is at least as striking for Alwyn's marvelous texts as for his imaginative music. In two of the six songs, *Undine* and *Honey-suckle*, he conveys the most touching sentiment without the slightest self-consciousness or literary affectation—and without that pretentious false humility that is worse than all other offenses. The words are real, human, convincing, and, in conjunction with the music, genuinely poetic. The concluding *Portrait in a Mirror* is both grim and poignant, but leavened by the subtle humor present throughout the cycle. William Mann says in his notes that Alwyn wrote the music for David Willison: the aural evidence is strong that he wrote it for Luxon as well—whether he knew it or not.

*Naiades*, an alluring thirteen-minute work in a single movement, was also written for the performers who play it here. There is, as Mann observes, a certain connection between

#### Explanation of symbols:

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- Ⓛ = quadraphonic disc
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- ⓑ = eight-track quadraphonic tape
- Ⓒ = quadraphonic cassette

Monophonic recordings are indicated by the symbol Ⓜ

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

this work and *Mirages*, in that the first song in the cycle is *Undine*. The Divertimento for Solo Flute antedates the other two works on the disc by more than thirty years, and, again according to Mann, it was in this composition of 1939 that Alwyn first found his own voice; its four movements are so rich in melodic invention and rhythmic activity that the listener may have to keep reminding himself that it is a solo flute he is listening to. Christopher Hyde-Smith, whose name up to now has been less well-known here than that of his wife (Marisa Robles), is an absolutely first-rate flutist, and one from whom we shall surely be hearing a good deal more.

This is attractive, well-crafted, readily accessible music, all of it, and all performed in a manner to delight any composer's heart—and any listener's, for that matter. Clean, full-bodied sound, too. *R.F.*

**ARENISKY:** *Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky* (see DVORAK)

**BARTOK:** *Divertimento for String Orchestra; Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta.* Cologne Philharmonic Orchestra, Gunter Wand cond. EVEREST 3355 \$4.98.

Performance: **Decent, unexciting**  
Recording: **Clear, dry**

Gunter Wand is known here largely for his recorded performances of early music, but these are decent, idiomatic, unexciting performances of chamber-orchestra Bartók. I doubt that they are recent performances. They were originally recorded for and by the Club Français du Disque—more than a decade ago, I would guess (Leonardo Nierman, whose art is reproduced on the jacket cover, is described as having work "on display in the collection of the President and Mrs. John F.

Kennedy in the White House"). The recording—or its transfer—is low in level, rather close, and rather dry. The orchestra—apparently the Gurzenich Orchestra of Cologne—plays cleanly, although the energy level does not seem very high. *E.S.*

**BEETHOVEN:** *Symphony No. 7, in A Major, Op. 92.* Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Colin Davis cond. ANGEL S-37027 \$5.98.

Performance: **Good**  
Recording: **Generally good**

As he demonstrated in his excellent recorded performance of the *Eroica* for Philips, Colin Davis need take second place to no one when it comes to honest, powerful, and intensely musical readings of the Beethoven symphonies. His Angel recording of the Seventh shows close kinship with the incomparable 1936 version by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic, but with a shade less drive and a somewhat more refined lyrical quality. Unlike Toscanini, Davis and the Royal Philharmonic do relax the tempo in the scherzo for the chorale-like trio.

The recording as such is generally good in terms of balance and tonal warmth, but it suffers at times from the oddly diffuse quality that has afflicted many of the British-originated Angel orchestral discs I have heard of late. The Beethoven finale especially is the poorer for this, inasmuch as the timpani sound comes through as an amorphous blur rather than clearly defined tone. *D.H.*

**BEREZOWSKY:** *Fantasy for Two Pianos, Op. 9* (see Collections—Modern Music for Two Pianos)

**BOLCOM:** *Frescoes.* Bruce Mather (piano and harmonium); Pierette Le Page (piano and

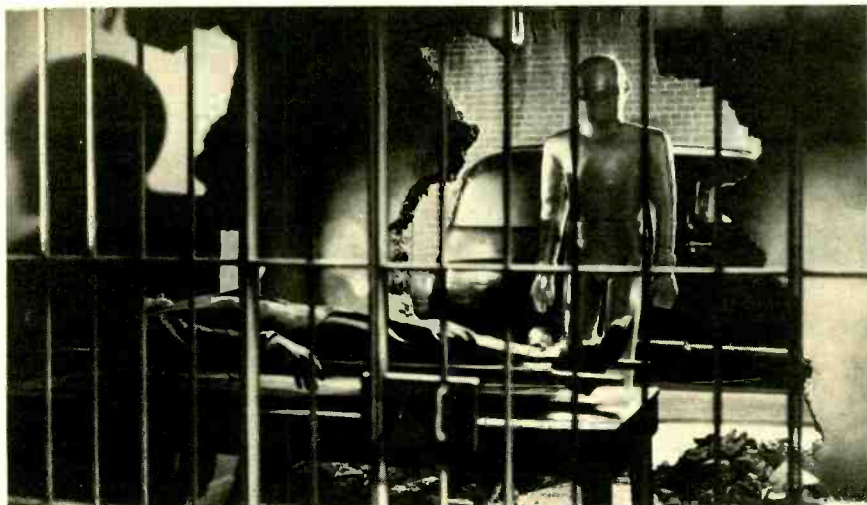
harpsichord). NONESUCH H-71297 \$3.98.

Performance: **Authoritative**  
Recording: **Outstanding**

In his program note for *Frescoes*, William Bolcom describes it as music composed (in 1971) out of a need to "hew the air," an "apocalyptic" work, derived in part from an experimental piece he had written a decade earlier and inspired by such stimuli as "jumbled half-remembrances of frescoes at the Campo Santo in Pisa . . . , friezes at Pompeii, bits of Virgil and Milton, a cantata by one of the earlier Bachs, and a frightening brush with the Abyss. . . ." The work is in two parts: *War in Heaven* is the battle between Michael and Lucifer, as depicted in Christoph Bach's *Es erhub sich ein Streit*, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and in the New Testament Book of Revelations: *The Caves of Orcus* is a mythological netherworld, described in lines from the *Aeneid*. Whether the music actually summons up these images or not, it is a pair of fascinating sonic journeys, into a region not unlike the domain of Bolcom's earlier *Black Host*, and the "apocalyptic" character is pretty unmistakable. Mather and Le Page, for whom Bolcom wrote *Frescoes*, give a demoniacally authoritative performance. One side of thirteen minutes and another of fifteen might seem to add up to short weight for a whole disc, but this spread may have been necessary to achieve the really outstanding sonic realism of the recording. *R.F.*

#### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**BRAHMS:** *Ballade in G Minor, Op. 118, No. 3. Intermezzos: A Minor, Op. 76, No. 7; B-flat Minor, Op. 117, No. 2; A Minor, Op. 118, No. 1; B Minor, Op. 119, No. 1; C Major, Op. 119,*



Scene from the 20th Century Fox production *The Day the Earth Stood Still*

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Reviewed by Irving Kolodin

**F**ED up with everything around you? Anxious to get away from it all? And beset by the financial crunch? My best advice is recourse to the transporting music by Bernard Herrmann contained in a new re-

lease from London's Phase 4 series. Here you can *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, experience *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, participate in *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*, and brave the brave new world of

*Fahrenheit 451* through Herrmann's arrangement into suites of the music he composed for the soundtracks of these films.

The only one of the films known to me by sight is *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, and I was so absorbed in the action of it that I ignored the music. As any film composer will tell you, that is the highest possible praise for his product. Heard by itself, the music is not at all ignorable. It is devilishly clever in its use of electronic strings amid an assemblage of more conventional instruments.

The opening of *Journey to the Center of the Earth* is also promising. On the way, however, Herrmann apparently took a side trip into the Niebelheim, when Alberich was doing his Fafner trick. When you've heard one serpent, you've heard them all. Of the four scores, Herrmann's evocation of Baghdad and vicinity is the most consistently interesting in material as well as treatment. For the best results, I suggest listening in a dark room at about movie-theater temperature, thus allowing the mind to make pictures. It won't be doing much else anyway. Engineer Arthur Lilley deserves high praise for those groaning lows in *Journey*.

**HERRMANN:** *Suites from the Film Scores. Journey to the Center of the Earth; The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad; The Day the Earth Stood Still; Fahrenheit 451.* National Philharmonic Orchestra, Bernard Herrmann cond. LONDON SP 44207 \$6.98.

No. 3. *Rhapsodies: B Minor, Op. 79, No. 1; G Minor, Op. 79, No. 2; E-flat Major, Op. 119, No. 4.* Morton Estrin (piano). CONNOISSEUR SOCIETY □ CSQ 2060 \$6.98.

Performance: **Impassioned**  
Recording: **First-rate sound;**  
**minor disc problems**

Morton Estrin's musicianship and keyboard prowess, demonstrated in his recordings of Scriabin and Rachmaninoff, continue to impress me with his sensitivity and communicative power in the Romantic repertoire. His Brahms program is a richly varied one, covering the gamut of that master's rhetoric from the thunder and lightning of the Rhapsodies and the G Minor Ballade, through the passion of the Op. 118, No. 1 Intermezzo and the delicious play of the C Major Intermezzo, to the bare wisps of sound embodied in the one in B Minor, Op. 119, No. 1.

In fact, I find everything about Mr. Estrin's playing and the recording of it richly satisfying. There is vigor aplenty in the big pieces, carefully gauged variety of color and dynamic in the small ones, tasteful *rubato* wholly free of mere fussiness, and a disciplined sense of the musical architecture of each piece that precludes any merely ruminative readings.

Straight stereo playback of the Estrin disc reveals the full-bodied and clean sound to which Connoisseur Society has accustomed us over the years in the best of its many fine piano records, and bringing the quadrasonic circuitry into play effectively enlarges the sonic ambiance with no trace of exaggeration or gimmickry. Except for a slightly off-center pressing on side two and somewhat noisy surfaces, this disc is an absolutely first-rate job, musically and sonically. *D.H.*

**BRAHMS: Intermezzos (see FRANCK)**

**BRUCKNER: Mass No. 2, in E Minor.** Schütz Choir of London; Philip Jones Wind Ensemble. Roger Norrington cond. ARGO ZRG 710 \$6.98.

Performance: **A model of clarity**  
Recording: **Crystal clear**

**BRUCKNER: Mass No. 2, in E Minor.** Gächinger Kantorei; Spandauer Kantorei; Bach Collegium Wind Ensemble. Helmuth Rilling cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1801 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ shipping, from Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Warm-hued**  
Recording: **Ecclesiastical ambiance**

For those who find Anton Bruckner's Cyclopean symphonies too much to take, his neo-Renaissance E Minor Mass—composed about the same time as the First Symphony—is just the thing to reveal the Austrian master's way with line and polyphony minus the trappings of Romantic rhetoric. For this work, as distinguished from the full-orchestra-accompanied D Minor and F Minor Masses, calls for the eight-part choir to be backed only by a wind band of oboes, clarinets, and bassoons in pairs, plus four horns, a pair of trumpets, and three trombones. Yet, for all the neo-Palestrina aspects of the music, Bruckner is by no means averse to expressive harmonic evocation where the text demands, as in the majestic *Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris* of the Kyrie, or in the awe-struck *Et incarnatus* and the quietly poignant *Crucifixus*. Some additional high points are the splendid



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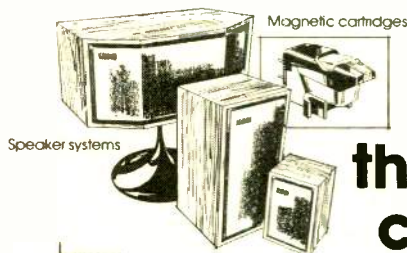
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*Amen* fugue that concludes the Gloria and the gorgeous canonically textured Sanctus.

Close to a dozen recordings of this Mass have been in and out of the catalogs since the middle 1930's. These two performances are the first stereo versions I have heard, however, and, oddly enough, three out of the four currently listed in Schwann have been issued within the past year. Roger Norrington's and Helmuth Rilling's performances are in sharp contrast to one another. Norrington's is as crisp and clear as one would expect of a performance of the Stravinsky Mass (also wind-band accompanied), and the music took on an entirely new perspective for me as heard in this relatively close-miked, non-ecclesiastical acoustic. The biggest gain is in clarity of texture throughout the vocal and instrumental spectrum, permitting one to hear things in the music that are usually—because of the church acoustic prevalent in many of the earlier recordings—in audible. The bassoon line in the opening of the Gloria is one instance that comes immediately to mind. The music gains in interest simply by becoming more audible. Taken as a whole, the Norrington reading is crisp, utterly clean in line, dead on-center in intonation, and perhaps a bit lacking in body in the bass.

If you want the cathedral atmosphere and Romantic treatment, the Helmuth Rilling recording will fill the bill nicely. His choir is no match for the London Schütz group in terms of intonational accuracy or precision of attack, but the singing is wholly competent and warm-toned. The Argo issue includes no text, but the record is banded for each section of the Mass; the MHS record is not banded, but the package does include a full Latin-English text. *D.H.*

**CHOPIN:** *Barcarolle in F-sharp Major, Op. 60* (see FRANCK)

**CHOPIN:** *Piano Sonata No. 3, in B Minor, Op. 58.* **LISZT:** *Piano Sonata in B Minor.* Agustín Anievas (piano). ANGEL S-36784 \$5.98.

Performance: **Strong Liszt**  
 Recording: **Good piano sound**

These are both respectable performances of ultra-Romantic B Minor music. If it had been up to me, I would have put Liszt first. Anievas is somehow a bit more attuned to the outgoing qualities of the Liszt—even when Liszt is meditating or soliloquizing, he is doing so "in public." On the other hand, Chopin, even at his most outgoing, always seems to be engaged in some kind of inner dialogue, and it is this introspective quality that Anievas does not quite catch.

Don't get the impression that his playing is all outer show. Not at all. He makes a beautiful sound, and a lyric flow of sound is his strong point. He never makes a wrong move. Everything is in perfect taste and proportion—nice Romantic pianism. *E.S.*

**COPLAND:** *Appalachian Spring* (see The Basic Repertoire, page 61)

**CORELLI-GEMINIANI:** *Six Concerti Grossi, from Corelli's Trio Sonatas in G Major, Op. 1, No. 9; F Major, Op. 3, No. 1; B-flat Major, Op. 3, No. 3; B Minor, Op. 3, No. 4; F Minor, Op. 3, No. 9; A Minor, Op. 3, No. 10.* String ensemble, James Bolle cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1734 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage

Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Commendable**  
 Recording: **Very good**

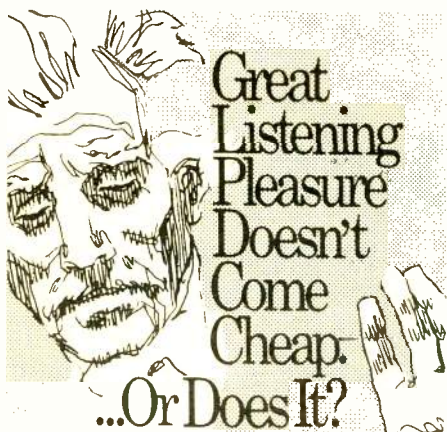
Corelli's influence was very much felt in England in the early decades of the eighteenth century, as evidenced by the great numbers of concerti grossi published there during this period. Among them were pieces by such newly arrived foreigners as Francesco Geminiani (a Corelli pupil who came to London in 1714) and Veracini, imported music (often reprinted in England) by Vivaldi and Locatelli, and, of course, the works of native-born composers such as Avison and Festing. A vast number of music societies, mostly amateurs, subscribed to these new publications, and until Handel arrived on the scene the tendency on the part of many composers was to imitate Corelli. Geminiani, for instance, not only did this in his earlier original concertos but also transcribed as concertos a variety of Corelli's works, the Op. 5 violin sonatas as well as the six trio sonatas from Opp. 1 and 3 recorded here. These latter pieces appear to be very skillfully arranged, with Corelli's original two violins plus cello continuo acting as the solo concertino against a more fully scored *tutti* of strings, thereby providing all the proper elements of the concerto grosso principle. The pieces themselves are splendid examples of Corelli, even in this concerted guise, and the playing by the thirteen-member ensemble (whether this is James Bolle's Musica Viva, the name of the group he has directed on previous discs, is not indicated) is on the whole very stylish if not always very polished. The music is given an excellent sense of direction, but there are, it must be admitted, some intonation problems as well as an occasional lack of precision. It would have made a delightful live concert, but for the permanence of a record, I think, the instrumental flaws wear less well. *I.K.*

**DVOŘÁK:** *Serenade for Strings in E Major, Op. 22.* **ARENSKY:** *Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky, Op. 35a.* English Chamber Orchestra, Johannes Somary cond. VANGUARD □ VSQ-30011 \$6.98.

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

The Dvořák *Serenade* on this disc has never been issued before, but the Arensky has been available on Vanguard's Cardinal label in regular stereo format for some two years. Somary makes rather heavy going of the first two movements of the lovely Dvořák piece, but his touch lightens sufficiently to make the final three movements thoroughly enjoyable. As for the charming Arensky Variations, both the modest size of the string group and Somary's fluent treatment of the music serve to make this performance, either in the quadraphonic or the original stereo issue, the best available. Vanguard's sonics are superbly clear and full-bodied, and a handsome semi-surround effect is achieved when the four-channel playback is brought into optimum perspective. *D.H.*

**FALLA:** *Concerto for Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Violin, and Cello; Psyché; El Retablo de Maese Pedro.* Ana Higuera-Aragón (soprano); Tomás Carera (tenor); Manuel Pérez Bermúdez (bass); Robert Veyron-Lacroix (harpsichord); instrumental ensemble, Charles Dutoit cond. MUSICAL



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HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1746 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **All right**  
Recording: **Not the best**

None of these three performances is less than satisfactory in its own right, but all of them are really overwhelmed by the competition, and the sound itself, far below the usual standard from this source (Erato), is no help. The most that can be said for the new disc, I'm afraid, is that it serves to remind us of the uniquely appealing works themselves and calls attention to the matchless recordings of them available elsewhere: Ataulfo Argenta's *Muete Pedro* (London STS-15014); Rafael Puyana's Harpsichord Concerto, with Charles Mackerras conducting (Philips 6505 001); and Victoria de los Angeles' *Psyché*, with flutist Jean-Claude Gérard, harpist Annie Challan, and the Trio à Cordes Français (Angel S-36716). *R.F.*

#### RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT

**FAURÉ: Barcarolles Nos. 1-13 (complete).** Jean Doyen (piano). MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1772 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ shipping, from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

**FAURÉ: Nocturnes Nos. 1-7 and 9-13; Ballade, Op. 19; Theme and Variations in C-sharp Minor, Op. 73.** Jean Doyen (piano). MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1770/1771 two discs \$7.00 (plus 75¢ shipping, from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performances: **Irresistible**  
Recordings: **Good**

Fauré's piano music has been all but impossible to come by on records except in "integral" offerings of all of it: it seems safe to assume that these discs represent the first installments in another such project, in which the missing Nocturne No. 8 will turn up as one of the *Huit Pièces Brèves*, Op. 84.

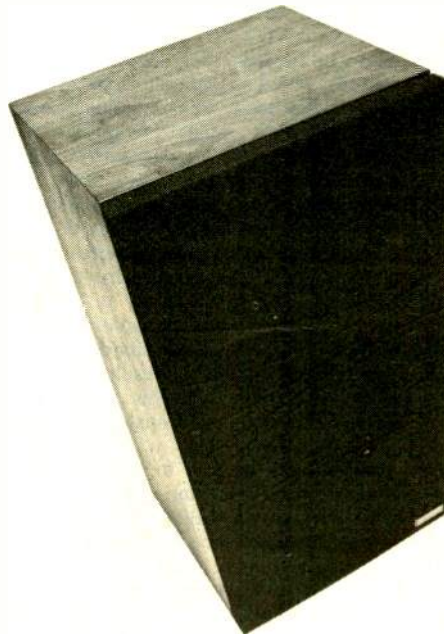
As shown in the chronological chart in Harry Halbreich's excellent notes for the two-disc set, these works span virtually the whole of Fauré's creative life, the little-known solo version of the *Ballade* having appeared some time before the familiar piano-and-orchestra version of 1881, the last of the barcarolles and nocturnes forty years later (three years before Fauré's death). Jean Doyen's authority in this material and his obvious affection for it ensure that every one of these twenty-seven works is downright irresistible in its own right—in addition to their collective value in filling in the picture of a still too-little-known composer whose musical image grows ever more attractive as it becomes more nearly complete. The piano sound is very good, with only occasional pre-echo and all of that well below the nuisance level. *R.F.*

**FRANCK: Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue.**  
**BRAHMS: Intermezzo in A Major, Op. 118, No. 2; Intermezzo in B-flat Minor, Op. 117, No. 2.** **CHOPIN: Barcarolle in F-sharp Major, Op. 60.** Ivan Moravec (piano). CONNOISSEUR SOCIETY CS 2062 \$6.98.

Performance: **Broad-scaled**  
Recording: **Very fine**

**FRANCK: Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue; Pre-**

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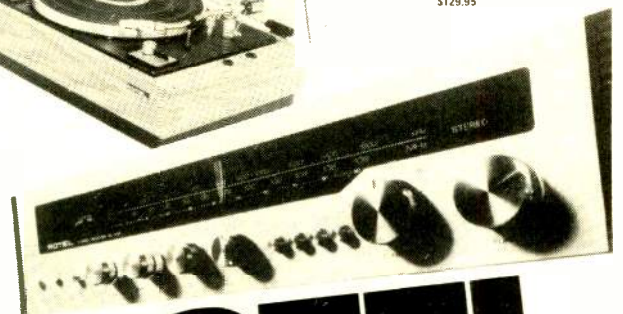


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CHARLES IVES' violin sonatas were among the earliest of his works to be recorded, and separate recordings of them are frequently released—Sonata No. 2, for example, has been recorded in whole or in part seven times. Oddly enough, though, until now there have been only two integral recordings of all four sonatas, neither of them in stereo. The first one was recorded in 1955 by Rafael Druian and John Simms for Mercury (I was the producer) and was available for a time on a Philips World Series reissue. The second mono set, still available, was recorded in 1964 by Paul Zukofsky and Gilbert Kalish for Folkways. Now, in Ives' centennial year, Nonesuch has released another integral set of the sonatas, in stereo, and Zukofsky and Kalish are the performers



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in this one as well. The new set also includes a separate *Largo*, recorded here for the first time in Zukofsky's violin-piano edition.

The sonatas had their beginnings rather close to each other in time (1903-1906), but they reached final form over a considerably longer period (1908-1916). Like Bach and Handel, among others, Ives often used his materials more than once, and much of the musical substance of the sonatas appeared in other guises both before and after it was used in the sonatas themselves. Origins in some instances can be traced to early organ pieces or ragtime experiments. A large part of the material in the first two sonatas was salvaged and revised from a "Pre-First" Violin Sonata, while the *Largo*, written some time around 1901, began life as part of the Pre-First and was later revised for piano, clarinet, and violin, in which form it has been recorded no less than four times. The hymn-tune themes from the first movement of Sonata No. 2 and from the third move-

ments of Sonatas Nos. 1 and 4 were also used by Ives in song treatments.

All together, the violin sonatas make an ideal introduction to Ives in his populist aspect—that is, as the "re-composer" and fantasist of hymn tunes, community songs, and fiddle pieces popular in and around Danbury, Connecticut, at the turn of the century. All but two of the thirteen movements in the Nonesuch set stem from these sources, which are accorded extraordinarily original and poetic transmutations, some of them relatively straightforward (as in the Fourth Sonata), others partaking of a phantasmagoric density reminiscent of the Night-town episodes of James Joyce's *Ulysses* (the *In the Barn* second movement of Sonata No. 2). Needless to say, the demands this music makes on the performers in terms of rhythmic acuity, sensitivity to dynamics, and subtleties of harmonic coloration go far beyond those of the standard violin-and-piano repertoire. But the results—especially what is achieved in this recording by Messrs. Zukofsky and Kalish—are certainly worth the effort.

Those who happen to own the earlier Druian-Simms recording of the sonatas will find the Zukofsky-Kalish one markedly different in performance style and at times in musical substance. Zukofsky and Kalish had access to the manuscript sources of the Ives Collection at Yale prior to both of their recordings, but, since the Collection had not yet been established in 1955, Druian and Simms did not: therefore, the earliest of the three integral recordings was done from the music as published, while Zukofsky and Kalish were able to incorporate into both their readings corrections and additions that presumably will appear one day when a critical published edition of Ives' music becomes a reality. Most striking of these additions is the tone-cluster "drum music" that enhances further the fantastical effect of the closing pages of *In the Barn*.

As for performance style, Druian and Simms stressed the music's volatility and rhythmic pulse, while Zukofsky and Kalish adopt a decidedly more ruminative and poetic approach—most noticeable in the First Sonata, which comes out as quite a different piece in their reading than in the earlier version. Another striking difference arises from Zukofsky's predominantly vibrato-less playing, which may not be to everyone's taste but certainly adds yet another coloristic dimension to his interpretations. I find the pianism of Gilbert Kalish beyond criticism, impressive not only for his digital and rhythmic virtuosity, but most especially for his handling of subtle echo and harmonic effects, as in the finale of the Third Sonata.

Apart from what to my ears is a decided over-balance of piano at the expense of the violin line in the first part of the slow movement of the First Sonata, the sonic realization of the music on these Nonesuch discs is altogether superb. David Hall

**IVES: Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 1 (1903-1908); No. 2 (1902-1910); No. 3 (1905-1914); No. 4 ("Children's Day at the Camp Meeting," 1905-1915). Largo (ca. 1901, ed. Zukofsky). Paul Zukofsky (violin); Gilbert Kalish (piano). NONESUCH HB-73025 two discs \$7.96.**

*lude, Aria, and Finale; Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, Op. 18; Danse Lente; Les Plaintes d'une Poupée; Canon and Fugue in C Major.* Jörg Demus (piano). MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1152 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ shipping, from Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Excellent**

Recording: **Mostly excellent**

César Franck's indisputable masterpiece for piano, the *Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue*, has in the past been a handsome performance vehicle for such major keyboard lions as Cortot, Petri, Rubinstein, and Richter. Of late, though, it seems to have fallen out of favor in the concert hall, despite the fact that it is not only highly pianistic in idiom, but one of the most successful of all creative efforts to combine Baroque polyphony with Romantic rhetoric.

The Connoisseur Society performance with Ivan Moravec is a remastering from the 1962 taping originally issued as a 12-inch disc to be played at the 45-rpm speed. The quality of the piano sound was exceptional then in its fullness of tonal and dynamic range, and there is no perceptible loss of quality in this 1974 transfer to the slower speed. My review pressing was wretchedly off-center, however, with dire consequences for stability of pitch. Moravec's performance itself is luxuriant in dynamics and coloration and expansive in its prevailingly broad tempo. The same broad, almost ruminative, treatment marks his readings of the two Brahms intermezzos, here issued for the first time. In the Chopin *Barcarolle*, Moravec's rich-toned playing, with recording to match, is wholly appropriate to that gorgeous masterpiece of Chopin's last years. This same performance may be heard on Moravec's Chopin disc issued by Connoisseur Society in 1969.

Turning to Jörg Demus' Musical Heritage Society all-Franck program, I must confess that I find his tauter treatment of the *Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue* more to my taste than Moravec's. The music is quite rich enough in its essential harmonic texture, and a somewhat leaner interpretation does it no harm whatever.

Demus is no stranger to the Franck piano repertoire, having recorded both the *Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue* and its somewhat later—and much less familiar—companion piece, the *Prelude, Aria, and Finale*, for a monophonic Westminster release back in the 1950's. I find the latter piece a good deal less successful pianistically and musically. The *Aria* section is altogether lovely—prime Franck by any standards—but the opening section, to my ears, verges on the banal, and the close simply does not build up to a convincing sense of inevitable resolution comparable to that in the *Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue*. The *Danse Lente* and the little doll piece are endowed with a certain charm, but they seem irrelevant alongside the two major piano works. Something of a fascinating surprise is the little *Canon and Fugue*, for which the sleeve notes give no background information; presumably the music comes from one of Franck's two sets of harmonium pieces—either *L'Organiste* from his last years or the posthumously published series of forty-four pieces from 1858-1863. The *Prelude, Fugue, and Variation* pre-dates by more than a decade the masterpieces of the later Franck, being the third of *Six Pièces pour Grande Orgue*. This is altogether lovely and beautifully made mu-



sic; it is most effective as an organ work, but it does work reasonably well, if not very idiomatically, on the piano.

The Demus performances are of uniform excellence, musically and technically, but the recording is somewhat variable. It has good body and presence throughout except in much of the *Prelude, Aria, and Finale*, where about halfway into the opening section I get the feeling that the microphone has been moved further away from the piano. D.H.

**G. GABRIELI:** *Sacred Symphonies. Magnificat; O Domine Jesu Christe; Hodie Christus natus est; Hoc tegitur; Sancta et immaculata virginitas; Angelus Domini Descendit; Nunc dimittis; Jam non dicam vos servos; Misericordias Domini; Jubilate Deo; Regina coeli; O Jesu mi dulcissime; Ego sum qui sum.* Wally Staempfli and Yvonne Perrin (sopranos); Claudine Perret, Magali Schwarz, and Denise Schwaar (altos); Olivier Dufour and Claude Traube (tenors); Philippe Huttenlocher and Daniel Reichel (basses); vocal ensemble, University Choir, and Lausanne Chamber Orchestra. Michel Corboz cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1749 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Very good**  
Recording: **Very good but not ideal**

Giovanni Gabrieli was second organist of San Marco in Venice (his uncle, Andrea, was first) in 1597, when he published forty-two motets in his first collection of *Sacrae Symphoniae*. The present disc, entitled volume two, contains twelve pieces from this important collection, and the previously released first volume (MHS 1737) contains twelve more. Thus, although a good deal of Gabrieli's sacred vocal music has been recorded from time to time, this is so far the greatest sampling from one published source.


The selection overall is a fine one and encompasses a considerable variety of styles and moods, from multichoral antiphonal pieces extolling the birth of Christ (with excited *alleluia* refrains) to rather more meditative psalm settings. The solo and choral singing is on the whole good, as is the quality of the instrumental accompaniment (though there are no organ intonations); the style of singing, using mixed voices, sometimes veers a bit into the sentimental, but the parts are invariably clear. I do think, though, that the Columbia recording of Gabrieli motets (MS 7071), with the Gregg Smith Singers, Texas Boys' Choir, Edward Tarr Brass Ensemble, E. Power Biggs playing the organ, and Vittorio Negri conducting, conveys more effectively both the excitement of Gabrieli and the peculiarly intimate yet resonant acoustics of San Marco (the Columbia disc was actually recorded there) than the sonically more soggy, swollen sound of the MHS recording. MHS properly supplies the complete texts plus translations. I.K.

**HANDEL:** *Water Music; Royal Fireworks Music; Concerto in B-flat Major for Two Wind Choirs and Strings.* La Grande Fcurie et La Chambre du Roy. Jean-Claude Malgoire cond. COLUMBIA MG 32813 \$7.98.

Performance: **Big Baroque band**  
Recording: **Uneven**

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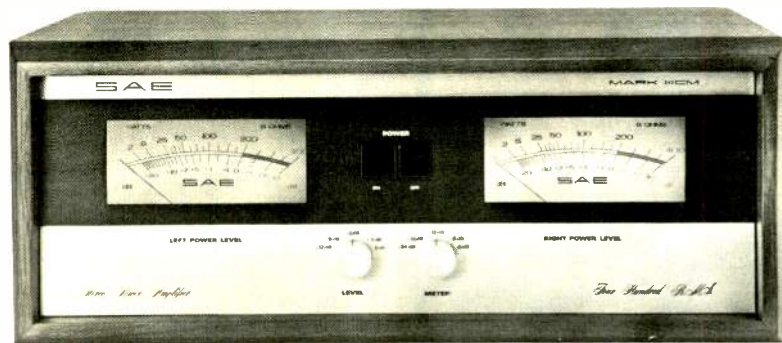
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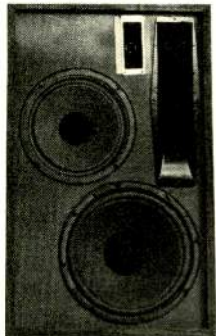
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ning, real firecrackers started to go off outside. It was, in fact, the Fourth of July. Handel's fireworks had, of course, a slightly different origin, being the celebration music for the signing of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The piece, essentially scored for a big Baroque wind band, was first performed on April 27, 1749, in London's Green Park before a huge throng. The pyrotechnics were more spectacular than intended; the specially constructed pavilion, with its bas-relief of George II conferring peace on England, caught fire and started a panic in which several people were killed.

Under the circumstances we do not know how people reacted to the music, with its twelve bassoons, twenty-four oboes, nine horns, nine trumpets, timpani, and other drums. Modern attempts to reproduce the sound of this extraordinary ensemble generally sound terrible, and this one is no exception. La Grande Ecurie et La Chambre du Roy—literally "The Grand Stables and Chamber of the King"—was founded in 1966 by Jean-Claude Malgoire to perform early outdoor and indoor music on period instruments. The sound is not only hair-raising but, owing largely to use of natural horns (without valves and entirely dependent, like bugles, on the player's lips, terribly out of tune. But just because natural horns and other old instruments are "naturally" out of tune does not mean they usually sounded that way in the eighteenth century. On the contrary, they were undoubtedly tuned "by ear"; each player, with a lifetime of experience with his instrument, knew exactly how to make the necessary adjustments, and the instruments would have sounded more "in tune" than modern equal-tempered ones! That this is outdoor music is no excuse at all. Truly in-tune playing carries a great deal of harmonic reinforcement and resonance; it will carry a great deal further than the kind of out-of-tune sound found here. In fact, the ensemble mix in this recording seems quite artificial, the result of a basically ineffective microphone balance, and the "natural" horns sound as though they had been recorded at a different time than all the rest.

Some of the above remarks apply to the *Water Music*. In spite of various legends, we know much less about the circumstances of this music than the other. In theory, it might be possible to justify Malgoire's extensive "arranging" of the music. This is not the Sir Hamilton Harty approach; the music has been reshuffled into several more-or-less independent suites with added harpsichord solos, various changes of instrumentation, ornamented repeats, and interpolated cadenzas. Nevertheless, I feel the arrangement is unidiomatic and displays little sensitivity to the music or style. There is a fundamental inequity between La Chambre du Roy, apparently a solo string ensemble, and the huge wind band, which is solved only through electronic mixing. The solo string playing is exquisite, but the wind playing is coarse and all the larger movements are heavyhanded. Almost none of the rearranging—re-sorting of the movements, multiple repeats with instrumental variants, etc.—are especially convincing and, in spite of the claims, none seem to correspond with Handel's own suggestions.

The Concerto in B-flat for two wind bands and strings is one of two or three such concertos by Handel. The first Allegro turns out to be Handel's own instrumental version of a chorus from *Messiah*, and one wonders where

the rest was lifted from (Handel was a genius at plagiarizing himself and everyone else as well). It's good music though. Despite a certain affinity with the grand style of the outdoor pieces, this is still music for the *chambre* and, as such, is by far the best performed and recorded on the album.

I don't think anyone buys record albums for their liners, but mention should be made of Edward Sorel's amusing cover design as well as the excellent notes by STEREO REVIEW's Robert S. Clark. E.S.

**HAYDN:** *String Quartets, Op. 50, Nos. 1 and 2* (see Best of the Month, page 86)

**HELLER:** *Solitary Rambles, Op. 78; Valses Rêveries, Op. 122; Nocturne, Op. 103; Tarantella in E Minor, Op. 53; Thirty-three Variations on a Theme of Beethoven, Op. 130.* Gerhard Puchelt (piano). GENESIS GS 1043 \$5.98.

Performance: **Steady**  
Recording: **Serviceable**

Not very long ago I described Stephen Heller as one of those composers remembered for one or two works (*The Avalanche* and a tarantella, if I recall correctly). I was challenged on this by someone who argued that there was still plenty of Heller piano music around. Shortly thereafter I was prowling around in my mother's music collection—my secret source of information about Romantic kitsch and related goodies—and discovered whole volumes of Heller. My mother says that, in her day, it was mostly used as teaching material; nobody really played it in public any more. Well, here is the German pianist Gerhard Puchelt with a bouquet of Heller, not in concert, perhaps, but on a disc calculated to revive a bit of interest in the composer.

Heller was born in Budapest in 1813 and spent much of his life in Paris. Nevertheless, he was a confirmed German Romantic whose idol was Schumann. He rang up a high count of opus numbers exclusively devoted to piano music. Most of these are short poetic pieces gathered into sets with picturesque titles. Schumann and Mendelssohn are always the models, but Heller carefully avoids the profundities and, yes, the difficulties of the greater men. His aim is always to please in the graceful, melancholy way that was much appreciated by bourgeois young ladies, their proud parents, and their ardent suitors. For this was Heller's public, and his music suited them perfectly. Alas, another generation demanded sterner stuff, and, except for a few old-fashioned piano teachers, nearly all of Heller's work passed into oblivion.

I think it is probably more fun to rescue the actual music, and, if you are able, to try some of it out yourself on the piano; on the whole, it is not very difficult to play and most of it is meant to while away the idle hours—it's not an unpleasant way of doing same. In lieu of that, however, Puchelt's sympathetic performances will reintroduce this minor master. At his best, he is genuinely engaging. And, indeed, sometimes—notably in his thirty-three variations on the theme of Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations—he rises to unaccustomed heights. Just for a moment or two, mind you, but fine moments these are. All in all, this is a record of unexpected pleasures. E.S.

**D'INDY:** *Symphony on a French Mountain Air, Op. 25.* Joella Jones (piano); Westphalian Symphony Orchestra, Paul Freeman cond.

**POULENC:** *Aubade for Piano and Eighteen Instruments*. Joela Jones (piano); London Symphony Orchestra, Paul Freeman cond. ORION ORS 74139 \$6.98.

Performance: **Interesting pianist**  
Recording: **Generally good**

I'm glad to find Joela Jones recording. At her 1965 New York debut in her teens, in a Lewi-sohn Stadium concert with Arthur Fiedler conducting, sudden summer rains cut her off in two or three valiant attempts to get through the MacDowell Second Concerto, and she never did get to finish what had all the promise of a superior performance. In the safety of the recording studio, she has completed two very impressive performances of highly attractive French works for piano and orchestra, quite enough to make one eager to hear her again, even if not—ironically—eager to buy this particular record. The Westphalian Symphony has shaped up quite a bit over the last few years, and nothing need be said in support of the London Symphony's virtuoso players, but the orchestral contributions are rather conspicuously short on the subtlety and nuance these works call for. In the D'Indy, which is by no means a mere piano piece with accompaniment, but a symphony with piano obbligato, one wants a first-rate ensemble and the seeming spontaneity that comes only with rock-solid assurance. This version would be welcome enough in the absence of any others, but it is hardly competitive, musically or economically, with the recordings by Casadesu/Ormandy (Odyssey Y-31274) and Henriot-Schweitzer/Munch (Victrola VICS-1060), both blessed also with good sound and priced at less than half the Orion "list." Miss Jones makes a good showing, but the package as a whole is simply outclassed by the formidable competition. *R.F.*

**ISAAC:** *Missa Carminum*. **SENEL:** *Missa Per Signum Crucis*. Capella Antiqua of Munich, Konrad Ruhland cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1777 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Straightforward**  
Recording: **Excellent**

Heinrich Isaac (c. 1450-1517) spent most of his life working for the Medici family and Emperor Maximilian, living primarily in Florence and Vienna, where he wrote a considerable number of sacred works (some twenty-three Masses as well as many motets) and such secular music as his famous *Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen*. Ludwig Senfl (c. 1490-1543) was Isaac's pupil and assistant, and he, too, worked for Maximilian, singing in the court chapel and later, after his teacher's death, taking over as court composer. He ended his life in Munich, where he worked in the Bavarian court chapel. Motets, seven Masses, and a considerable number of songs are among his output.

Both Isaac's *Missa Carminum*, which is based not on plainsong but on a variety of secular songs, and Senfl's *Missa Super Per Signum Crucis*, written for the consecration of an altar in 1530 and based melodically on a now lost motet, are splendid works and deserve to be better known, but the performances here could have done with greater expressiveness. Much of the singing, and this is perhaps most apparent in the Isaac Mass, is too much on one plane dynamically, in pacing and tempo, and in expressivity: one doesn't

often feel that the singers take their words to heart (just another church job?), although the *Et incarnatus est* in the Senfl Mass is a notable exception. This is a bit surprising, for the Capella Antiqua of Munich has done some notable recording of this kind of repertoire in the past. There is more give at cadences in the Nonesuch recording of the Isaac *Missa Carminum* (H-71084) by the Niedersächsischer Singkreis of Hannover, whose diction is also better. The latter, incidentally, is an *cappella* performance by a men's and boys' choir and is really quite lovely. The Capella Antiqua uses instruments (balanced much too loudly, although I cannot deny their colorfulness) and a mixed group. Texts are included, and the recorded sound is forward but atmospheric.

*I.K.*

**KABALEVSKY:** *Piano Concerto No. 3, Op. 50* (see RUBINSTEIN)

**KODÁLY:** *Marosszék Dances; Nine Pieces for Piano, Op. 3; Valsette; Méditation sur un Motif de Claude Debussy; Seven Pieces for Piano, Op. 11*. György Sándor (piano). CANDIDE CE 31077 \$3.98.

Performance: **Highly idiomatic**  
Recording: **Good**

Unlike Bartók, Kodály wrote very little piano music, and this anthology contains all his major works in the medium (but it is not, as advertised, complete, omitting two sets of children's pieces). The earliest influence is that of Debussy, overtly reflected in the *Méditation* on a theme from *Pelléas*. Debussy was a revelation for many European composers because he opened their ears to the possibilities of using ethnic and other nontonal material in a way that escaped the confines of the Italian-German harmonic system that had so thoroughly dominated European music in the nineteenth century. The immediate result was a period of experimentation parallel to but quite distinct from the new music coming out of Paris and Vienna.

Kodály's Op. 3, written in 1909, is, along with certain contemporary works of Bartók, very nearly as "advanced" as anything being done at the time. The inventive and fascinating little pieces use fragments of folk-like material, combining them with various harmonic and rhythmic innovations in the manner of studies, inventions, and fantasies. The next set, Op. 11, dates (all but one piece) from 1917-1918 and concentrates on an expanded interpretation of folk material while still using rich and dissonant harmonic resources as well as the new freedom of articulation and color staked out in the earlier work. Finally, the *Marosszék Dances* of 1927—better known as an orchestral work but apparently originally composed for piano—take us into the simpler, popularizing atmosphere of the late 1920's; the harmonic treatment here is much more traditionally modal-tonal, with catchy dance rhythms predominating everywhere. This music is very appealing, but it is the Op. 3 and the Op. 11 sets that make the deeper impression; they ought certainly to be rated with the Bartók *Bagatelles* and other early twentieth-century keyboard music.

György Sándor, like many outstanding Hungarian musicians of his generation a disciple of Kodály, is an ideal interpreter of this music. The piano sound is strong, not overly beautiful, but clear. One feature that disturbs me, however, is the apparent use of studio controls to create or reinforce dynamic levels;

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also, there is a fair amount of surface noise that offsets some of the value of the Dolby recording. *E.S.*

**LESUR:** *Symphonie de Danses; Serenade for String Orchestra; Pastorale.* Chamber Orchestra of the ORTF, Edouard Lindenberg cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1662 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ shipping, from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

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

In the United States one comes across Daniel Lesur's name in connection with those of Messiaen and Jolivet, together with whom Lesur (his given and family names are often hyphenated—I never have understood why) and Yves Baudrier founded the group called *Jeune France* in 1936. But Lesur's music is an unknown quantity here and has not, to my recollection, been available on records before. This is an intriguing discovery: *ingratiating* music (Lesur's credo places enjoyment foremost among his musical objectives) in an idiom that presents no problems and yet has a highly individual character.

The *Symphonie de Danses*, the longest and most recent (1958) of these three works, is scored for strings, piano, timpani, and tambourine and is in ten brief movements, many of whose boldly drawn themes have the flavor of folk music. The three-movement *Serenade* actually quotes folk material—an infectious dance tune from the Pyrenees in the finale and a Spanish theme that appears in both outer movements. The work is said to be related to the character of Don Juan—possibly, one surmises, because *Don Giovanni* was being given at the Aix-en-Provence Festival of 1954, at which the *Serenade* was premiered. (There is no allusion to Mozart in the music, which, however, has much in common with similar works of the great figure from Aix, the late Darius Milhaud.) The *Pastorale*, composed in 1937 when Lesur was twenty-nine, is in the nature of a four-movement concerto grosso in which a woodwind quintet, trumpet, and piano constitute the concertino, with a ripieno of strings and timpani; in it are flashes of the *chinoiserie* and other exoticisms heard also in the *Symphonie*.

I enjoyed these imaginative and unpretentious pieces enormously, and I even suspect the finale of the *Serenade* could "do a Pachelbel" and make the charts one of these days. Fine performances, good sound. *R.F.*

**LISZT:** *Piano Sonata in B Minor* (see CHOPIN)

**MONTEVERDI** (arr. Rodriguez): *L'Incoronazione di Poppea (Concert Suite)*. **RODRIGUEZ:** *Canto; Lyric Variations*. Sue Harmon (soprano); Michael Sells (tenor); Michael Sanders (piano); Orion Chamber Orchestra, Edward Nord cond. ORION ORS 74138 \$6.98.

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

Since the surviving manuscript of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* gives no clue (except for hints about harmony) to the composer's original scoring, this great masterpiece must be *arranged* for a modern performance. The problems are many, and I do not recall a single effort which met with unanimous critical approval. Two recent stagings

based on editions by Alan Curtis and Raymond Leppard came in for their share of criticism, though Leppard's version (staged in Glyndebourne, London, and at the New York City Opera) did score high marks for dramatic viability.

It is a safe assumption, therefore, that Robert Xavier Rodriguez's "Concert Suite" will be devastated by academically oriented critics. Its twenty-eight-minute condensation is a totally inadequate representation of the opera, and the scoring follows Leppard's example in "Romanticizing" the music away from the seventeenth century's ostensible austerity. Nonetheless, the editor's declared aim "to introduce this early Baroque masterpiece into the modern orchestral repertoire" seems eminently reasonable. Viewed in this way, the elimination of most of the action (the work is reduced to a sequence of two duets and one aria by Nero and Poppea) and the creation of additional brief sinfonias out of vocal passages make some kind of musico-Machiavellian sense—at least to me. In any case, although the orchestra plays very well, the singers are only adequate. Nero sounds aggressive and hard-toned most of the time, and his lapsing from the martial manner into tender falsetto crooning is unconvincing. Above all, the sensuousness of the music is not communicated.

Rodriguez's own *Canto* is ingeniously conceived. The scene is the episode of Paolo and Francesca as related by Dante—the reading of the Lancelot-Guinevere legend by the lovers, with the tenor actually quoting from a thirteenth-century French source. The music is well constructed along serial lines, but it proves inadequate to the task of conveying the torrid atmosphere: it builds toward various climaxes without ever suggesting the right one. The brief Lyric Variations for oboe, two horns, and string orchestra, on the other hand, offer a very effective blend of serial techniques and lyrical expressiveness.

Rodriguez and conductor Nord are both young Californians, members of the University of Southern California faculty. Both are gifted musicians, and we will surely hear more of them. The Orion Chamber Orchestra is a first-class group, and the horn playing in the Lyric Variations is outstanding. *G.J.*

**MOURAVIEFF:** *Nativité for String Trio and Orchestra* (see SHOSTAKOVICH)

**MOZART:** *Arias for Soprano and Orchestra. Popolo di Tessaglia . . . Io non chiedo, eterni dei (K. 316); Schon lacht der holde Frühling (K. 580); No, no, che non sei capace (K. 419); Mia speranza adorata . . . Ah non sai, qual pena (K. 416); Bella mia fiamma, addio . . . Resta, o cara (K. 528).* Jana Jonášová (soprano); Prague Chamber Soloists, Zdeněk Lukáš cond. SUPRAPHON 112 1114 \$6.98.

Performance: **Virtuosic**  
Recording: **Very good**

There may not be much profundity in Mozart's bravura arias for soprano and orchestra—he wrote many of them for his gifted sisters-in-law Aloysia and Josefa Weber—but there is abundant melodic invention, frequently enhanced by writing of remarkable imagination. Collections devoted to these arias do not seem to stay in the catalog very long, however; relatively recent and very fine recordings by Maria Stader, Rita Streich, and Gundula Janowitz have already been deleted.

(Continued on page 135)

These are the artists against whom Jana Jonášová, a member of the Prague National Theatre, has to be measured—and she comes off very well indeed.

The Czech soprano's voice appears to be smallish in size, the timbre a bit piercing and lacking in warmth. Its agility is spectacular, however, and its command of the uppermost range recalls the remarkable Mado Robin (she ascends to a G above high C in the K. 316 aria). Moreover, Miss Jonášová handles the *fioriture* fluently and accurately, with the ease essential to these virtuoso pieces. Her enunciation of the texts is a bit careless, a quality that could be more damaging in a dramatically more meaningful repertoire.

The origin of this collection lends special significance to the K. 528 scena, which was written in Prague in 1787 while Mozart was working on his *Don Giovanni*. The scena is an astonishingly chromatic work, virtually "experimental" writing for its time.

We may be hearing more of Jana Jonášová in time to come. On the present disc she gets competent but very literal accompaniments—*appoggiaturas* are generally ignored—but the recorded sound is full and lively. *G.J.*

**MOZART:** *Così Fan Tutte* (see Best of the Month, page 85)

**PERSICETTI:** *Sonata for Two Pianos, Op. 13* (see Collections—Modern Music for Two Pianos)

**POULENC:** *Aubade for Piano and Eighteen Instruments* (see D'INDY)

#### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**PROKOFIEV:** *Violin Concerto No. 1, in D Major, Op. 19; Violin Concerto No. 2, in G Minor, Op. 63*. Stoika Milanova (violin); Symphony Orchestra of the Bulgarian Television and Radio, Vassil Stefanov cond. MONITOR HS 90101 \$3.49.

Performance: **Superb!**  
Recording: **Excellent**

As one who grew up on the classic recorded performances of these works—No. 1 by Szigeti-Beecham and No. 2 by Heifetz-Koussevitzky—let me say that twenty-nine-year-old Stoika Milanova can stand right up to both the old masters, as well as to most violinists that have come since, including her own mentor, David Oistrakh.

The D Major Concerto is the real dazzler, displaying solo virtuosity and musicianship, fine orchestral collaboration under conductor Vassil Stefanov, and well-nigh perfect recorded sound in terms of balance, frequency range, dynamics, and acoustic ambiance. Miss Milanova has far more to offer here than unerring intonational marksmanship and acrobatic dexterity: she clearly *feels* the music's flow and architecture, the way each part, in phrasing, articulation, dynamics, and rhythm, relates to every other part. To quote Leonard Bernstein (in a wholly different context), here is a performance in which "everything checks out."

The G Minor Concerto fares every bit as well in execution and interpretation. To the wonderful slow movement Miss Milanova brings just the right amount of expressive intensity without ever falling into the trap of sentimentality—a very easy thing to do in this particular music. Again, Mr. Stefanov and his players provide first-rate backing, but the re-

ording is just a shade less than perfect: the more reverberant acoustic here makes the horns too prominent, especially in the first movement. Nevertheless, I can certainly understand why the French Charles Cros Academy jury voted this disc one of its 1972 awards. At \$3.49 the record is a fantastic buy, and a most auspicious beginning for Monitor's projected series of issues from the Bulgarian Balkanton label. *D.H.*

**PROKOFIEV:** *Visions Fugitives, Op. 22; Sonatina in E Minor, Op. 54, No. 1; Sonatina in G Major, Op. 54, No. 2*. David Rubinstein (piano). MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1794 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

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

David Rubinstein is known to me only through his earlier MHS disc, an agreeable collection of Sibelius piano music. He shows a good feeling for these more familiar works of Prokofiev, projecting the varied moods of the twenty *Visions Fugitives* with insight as well as skill and balancing the alternately ironic and lyrical moments in the two sonatinas most convincingly. György Sándor offers more subtlety in his accounts of these works, and both Richter and the other Rubinstein have probed a little deeper in their respective bundles of excerpts from Op. 22, but this new MHS release is a convenient, eminently recommendable package, with richly realistic piano sound in the bargain. *R.F.*

#### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**RACHMANINOFF:** *Five Pieces, Op. 3; Preludes, Op. 23*. Ruth Laredo (piano). COLUMBIA M 32938 \$6.98.

Performance: **Coruscating**  
Recording: **Crisp and clean**

Ruth Laredo's remarkable Scriabin piano sonata series on the Connoisseur Society label—not to mention her superb concert work in and around New York City—has led to her recognition as one of the most brilliant keyboard artists of the younger generation. So it was almost inevitable that eventually she would be pursued and signed by one of the major record companies.

Columbia has elected to have Miss Laredo make her debut for the label with a Rachmaninoff package. Fortunately, the choice of repertoire takes the form of an intelligently selected pair of sequences rather than a miscellany. The Op. 3 Pieces include the celebrated C-sharp Minor Prelude as well as the brilliant and popular *Polichinelle*, and the greater part of the disc is taken up with an integral recording of the ten Op. 23 Preludes, the only stereo version currently available on American labels other than that included in the Michael Ponti Vox Box of Rachmaninoff piano music.

Like Rachmaninoff's own performances of his solo piano works, Miss Laredo's is essentially aristocratic in tone, ample in sentiment, but with no concession whatever to the temptation these pieces offer to indulge in mere sentimentality. Also like Rachmaninoff's in his prime, her finger work is immaculate and her rhythmic sense both precise and propulsive. Her playing of the *Polichinelle* and of the rich-textured B-flat Prelude, Op. 23, No. 2, are stand-out examples of this latter quality.

(Continued overleaf)

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Her remarkable command of textural clarity is most notable in the C Minor and A-flat Major Preludes, as well as in the etude-like E-flat Minor, with its extreme demands for crystalline performance of the passage work.

The purely lyrical pieces, such as the *Elégie* that begins Op. 3, and the opening and closing of Op. 23, together with Nos. 4 and 6 of that set, come off beautifully indeed, but I'm not sure that Columbia's recording does Miss Laredo's playing full justice here. Upon listening again to her Desto disc of Scriabin Preludes, I found that the somewhat more distant microphone placement, along with the warmer acoustic ambience, yields more tonal richness and subtle dynamic differentiation than is the case with the Columbia. On the other hand, the crispness and clarity of the Columbia sound does wonders for the more complexly textured pieces. On the whole, this is an excellent recording—the best we have of Op. 23. But I hope that Columbia's future issues of Miss Laredo will communicate somewhat more effectively the essential warmth of her playing as it has been demonstrated by Connoisseur Society and Desto. *D.H.*

**REINECKE: Piano Concerto No. 1, Op. 72** (see D'ALBERT)

**REUSNER: Suite in F Major** (see WEISS)

**RIEGGER: Variations for Two Pianos, Op. 54a** (see Collections—Modern Music for Two Pianos)

**RODRIGUEZ: Canto; Lyric Variations** (see MONTEVERDI)

**RUBINSTEIN: Piano Concerto No. 3, in G Major, Op. 45. KABALEVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 3, in D Major, Op. 50 ("Youth")**. Robert Preston (piano): Westphalian Symphony Orchestra, Paul Freeman cond. ORION ORS 74149 \$6.98.

Performance: **Lively**  
Recording: **Okay**

Here are two monster Russian keyboard extravaganzas, one by the legendary Anton Rubinstein, the other by the ever-popular Kabalevsky, the one grand and pompous, the other light and skittish. Neither is a very important work, but Robert Preston does his best to lend them substance and fire. I am not a Kabalevsky admirer, but I must say that Preston and the modestly skilled German orchestra under the capable direction of Paul Freeman really make this lively concerto bounce right along. The recording is fairly good, although now and then the orchestral balances are off by a good bit. *E.S.*

**SCHUBERT: Sonata in B-flat Major, Op. posth. (D. 960); Impromptu in A-flat Major, Op. 142, No. 2 (D. 935)**. Clifford Curzon (piano). LONDON CS 6801 \$6.98.

Performance: **Watery**  
Recording: **Okay**

This is a curious performance that permits Schubert to go soggy at the seams. The long, exquisite B-flat Sonata must be held together by the tension of long lines, impeccable timing, a sense of direction, articulation, larger form. I find little of that here. Above all, Curzon lacks timing—his playing is full of inexpli-

cable and ineffective little tempo changes—and without a firm shape the poetry goes limp. Schubert's divine length seems endless and directionless. No stars. *E.S.*

**SCHUMANN: Humoreske, Op. 20; Waldszenen, Op. 82**. Wilhelm Kempff (piano). DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 410 \$7.98.

Performance: **Conscientious**  
Recording: **Good, though a bit hard**

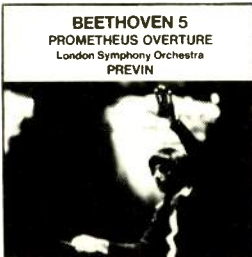
As much as I have always respected Wilhelm Kempff, he never has been my man for Schumann. This new recording does little to change my opinion. When I compared it with his 1968 *Davidshündertänze* and *Papillons*, I found almost no difference in performance approach between the two: everything is very correct—and just a trifle stodgy. This is fatal in a work like the *Humoreske*, whose wayward poetry is far better captured by young Jerome Rose in his Turnabout recording.

Kempff fares somewhat better in the less demanding *Waldszenen*. But again, I prefer a younger man's reading: Christoph Eschenbach's performance (also on Deutsche Grammophon) is more poetic, with not one whit less musicality or fine pianism.

I don't think Kempff's somewhat pedagogical treatment of Schumann is wholly the source of my discontent. His rather hard-toned instrument, the qualities of which are evident in both this and the 1968 recording, is also partly responsible. The recording, as such, therefore, is all too clear for me. *D.H.*

**SCHUMANN: Missa Sacra in C Minor, Op. 147**. Gertraut Stoklassa (soprano); Manfred

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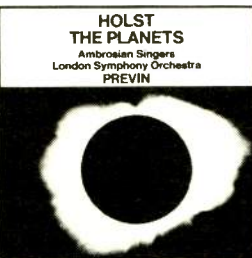
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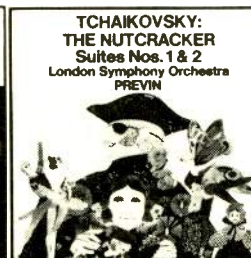
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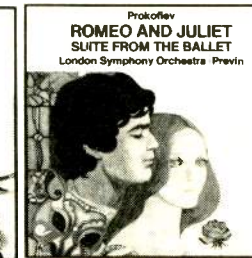
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Raucamp (tenor); Bernard Schmieg (bass); Philharmonia Vocal Ensemble and Orchestra. Stuttgart. Roland Bader cond. **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1796 \$3.50** (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **So-so**  
Recording: **Fair**

Schumann wrote a great deal of large-scale sacred music in his last years, much of it little-known and almost never performed. This Mass, a really substantial composition for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, was one of his last compositions before madness and silence overtook him, and, like most of his late works, it has been relegated to the dust bin. In fact, it is likely that this Mass was never performed at all until recently, even though, along with all the other unperformed, obscure, late works, its score sits in the music libraries in the big complete editions.

This is not the sort of piece that recommends itself immediately. It is an ungainly, sprawling work with a long, long Gloria followed by a long, long getting-through-the-text Credo. The opening Kyrie is a rather touching and original conception, but it is only in the second half of the work that Schumann hits his stride. He interpolates an Offertorium for soprano solo with cello obbligato. This is followed by a large, rather inspired movement that combines the Sanctus and Benedictus with another interpolated sacred text: the final Agnus is effective too.

The soloists are notably pure-voiced (I'll bet they specialize in an earlier century or two), but the chorus is large and clumpy, and the orchestra does not always seem to be in tune. Tempos drag, and, well, it will take something more than this performance to put Schumann's Mass into the repertoire of choral societies and the hearts of music lovers.  
E.S.

SENFL: *Missa Per Signum Crucis* (see ISAAC)

**SHOSTAKOVICH:** *Chamber Symphony for String Orchestra, Op. 110*. **TCHEREPNIN:** *Ten Bagatelles for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 5*. **MOURAVIEFF:** *Nativité for String Trio and Orchestra*. Jürgen Meyer-Josten (piano, in Tcherepnin); Württemberg Chamber Orchestra, Heilbronn. Jörg Faerber cond. **TURNABOUT TV-S 34545 \$3.50**.

Performance: **Splendid**  
Recording: **Likewise**

Since Shostakovich wrote his Symphony No. 14 for chamber orchestra (with vocal soloists), one might wonder why the "Chamber Symphony" in this album was not assigned a symphony number. The explanation, given only in the German version of the bilingual annotation, is that Op. 110 is actually the String Quartet No. 8, arranged for string orchestra by Rudolf Barshai (who has made a similar setting of Prokofiev's *Visions Fugitives*, and for whose Moscow Chamber Orchestra Shostakovich wrote his Fourteenth Symphony). In constructing the quartet itself, Shostakovich used materials from his Symphonies Nos. 1, 7, 8, and 11, the Cello Concerto No. 1, the Piano Trio No. 2, the opera *Katerina Ismailova*, and a song called *Languishing in Prison*; it is a somber and intense work titled "In Memory of the Victims of Fascism and War." Although I would not wish to do without the original version (in the Borodin Quartet's

magnificent Seraphim sets of Shostakovich's first eleven quartets, cited by Irving Kolodin in "The Private Shostakovich" last May), the expanded setting is also a very effective one, and the Württemberg ensemble, usually heard in much earlier music, has never sounded better.

Tcherepnin's Op. 5 as presented here is that composer's own expansion of music he wrote for solo piano before he was twenty. Some forty years later (1959) he did a version of the *Bagatelles* for piano and full orchestra (the version recorded by Margrit Weber and Ferenc Fricsay on Deutsche Grammophon 138 710), and the following year produced the setting for piano and strings recorded here. The stylish, urbane, thoroughly engaging nature of this music readily explains his long fascination with it.

Léon Mouravieff, evidently a Frenchman now, was born in Kiev in 1905. His *Nativité* is identified as the first part of a triptych called *La Mère*, in which the two succeeding pieces are *Pietà* and *Notre Dame*. One can hardly keep from observing that a work titled *La Mère* would seem to be foredoomed by the earlier presence of a masterpiece called *La Mer*, but the confusion will probably not arise, for this piece (not a descriptive Christmas scene, but more in the nature of a "meditation") is only moderately interesting. Like the two more substantial works on the disc, however, it is splendidly played and recorded, with rich, full-bodied string tone that is a pleasure in itself.  
R.F.

**SIBELIUS:** *Symphony No. 4, in A Minor, Op. 63; The Swan of Tuonela, Op. 22, No. 3*. New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein cond. **COLUMBIA M 32843 \$6.98**.

Performance: **Romantic**  
Recording: **Full-bodied**

The first time I heard Leonard Bernstein's reading of the always knotty and interpretively elusive Sibelius Fourth Symphony was in its initial release as part of Columbia's 1969 set of all Sibelius' symphonies. It is useful to hear it again here without having to deal with the other six symphonies at the same time. (Incidentally, I assumed initially that this version of *The Swan of Tuonela* was also a reissue, but it turns out to be a new release.)

The Fourth Symphony's slow movement, Sibelius' greatest, is the crown of this unique work, and it is the most successful part of Bernstein's interpretation. The other three movements remain problematic in one way or another. Bernstein's very slow tempo allows him to extract many beauties of coloristic detail from the first movement, but it does not help the music in terms of cohesiveness. The enigmatic scherzo always presents the problem of how much to slow down, if at all, for the prominent triadic-intervals episode for flutes that marks the dramatic watershed of the movement; Bernstein slows down quite markedly. In the finale there remains the question as to whether the "*Glocken*," specified in the score are really *Glocken* (bells) or *glockenspiel*. All Finnish conductors and most others opt for *glockenspiel*; the Stokowski and Rodzinski 78-rpm recordings use bells, as does the Ansermet stereo I.P. Bernstein uses bells and *glockenspiel* together. Curious. My *real* beef with Bernstein, however, is his unfortunate sentimentalization of the grim closing pages.

As for the magical *Swan of Tuonela* (the English horn soloist here is Thomas Stacy),



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Bernstein makes her voyage down the River of Death much longer than most other interpreters of the work on records. Again, however, his realization of coloristic details (the soft bass drum rolls, the *col legno* strings) is altogether superb, and Columbia's recording does both this and the Fourth Symphony full justice.

Of currently available recordings of the Fourth Symphony, Lorin Maazel's is the most excitingly dramatic and forthright, and Karajan's is the most refined and poetic. The most rugged reading of all (and the hardest to come by) is a mono USSR MK disc by the late Tauno Hannikainen—a very powerful reading, this. My current preference is Maazel's London disc, which offers a fine *Tapiola* performance as filler. *D.H.*

#### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**STRAUSS: *Concerto for Oboe and Small Orchestra; Concerto No. 2, in E-flat Major, for Horn and Orchestra.*** Lothar Koch (oboe); Norbert Hauptmann (horn); Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Herbert von Karajan cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 439 \$7.98.

Performance: **Excellent**  
Recording: **Superb**

Both of these performances are special by any standards. The Berlin Philharmonic's first-chair men play with great fluency and style. Karajan of course brings out every subtle shading in these autumnal scores, and the sound is at or near Deutsche Grammophon's formidable best. The opening tempo for the

Oboe Concerto, just the slightest bit more relaxed than in most other performances, is especially convincing—but both sides reflect the abundant affection that must have gone into this beautiful production.

Despite the very deep satisfaction obtainable here, I still prefer Heinz Holliger's version of the Oboe Concerto on Philips 6500 174 because of his more attractive tone, and I still find incomparable Dennis Brain's Strauss horn concertos on Angel mono 35496. Those who feel less strongly about this, however, or who simply insist on stereo for Strauss, will find nothing but pleasure in this excellent DG release. *R.F.*

**TCHEREPNIN: *Ten Bagatelles for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 5*** (see SHOSTAKOVICH)

**TIPPETT: *The Vision of St. Augustine; Fantasia on a Theme of Handel.*** John Shirley-Quirk (baritone); Margaret Mitchen (piano, in *Fantasia*); London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Sir Michael Tippett cond. RCA (Great Britain) SER 5620 \$6.98.

Performance: **Authentic**  
Recording: **Mostly very good**

Many who have responded eagerly to the dramatic utterance of Michael Tippett's Third Symphony (1973), the oratorio *A Child of Our Time* (1944), or for that matter to the more complex and subtle operas, *The Knot Garden* (1970) and *Midsummer Marriage* (1952), or the elegantly textured Concerto for Double String Orchestra (1939) may find themselves in for somewhat rougher going with *The Vision of St. Augustine*, commissioned by the BBC and premiered on January 19, 1966, with Fischer-Dieskau singing the enormously taxing solo role taken over so ably by John Shirley-Quirk in this recording.

Tippett is by background and predilection a "learned" composer in the best meaning of that word—which is to say that, in company with the Netherlands masters of the Renaissance, he is in touch with every aspect of his cultural milieu, past and present, and is fearless when it comes to integrating aspects of it into his music. The whole armory of his musical and cultural know-how is brought into play in *The Vision of St. Augustine*—a thirty-five-minute, Latin-text work built around Chapter X:23-35 of *The Confessions of St. Augustine*. Here Augustine describes a remarkable conversation with his mother five days before her death, in the course of which they experienced a fleeting vision of Eternity. It is this narrative which is carried by the baritone soloist throughout the score. Meanwhile, the chorus and orchestra, operating, so to speak, on other levels of discourse, provide an immensely complex commentary—some of the text being from the Bible, some from Augustine's own meditations on the nature of time.

In order to convey the complexity and anguish of Augustine's own ponderings, perplexities, and compulsion to comprehend and come to terms with his experience, Tippett has developed a comparably complex vocal and instrumental tapestry, which is distantly related to certain works of Ives and Pendericki, although there is none of the sheer shock effect of the latter and little of the pictorialism of the former.

Tippett's handling of his forces is immensely knowledgeable and brilliant, most obviously in the orchestral interlude bridging the first two of the music's three sections. Frankly, I

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find verbal description and analysis of *The Vision of St. Augustine* virtually impossible, and perhaps not necessarily desirable. But I do recommend careful study of the text in English prior to listening to the work.

The inclusion of the relatively early Tippett Fantasia on a Theme of Handel for piano and orchestra as a filler seems both anticlimactic and incongruous here. The theme derives from the same source as Brahms' famous set for solo piano, except that Tippett uses the chord progression rather than the theme itself as Brahms did. I'm not sure that Tippett's piece really works: it sounds rather labored and a bit scrawny texturally in parts, despite brilliant moments at the opening and close. Perhaps the recording is to blame, for the piano sounds very close-up and the strings rather lacking in genuine body and presence. On the other hand, the recording of *The Vision of St. Augustine* cannot be faulted in any way. Balances between soloist, choir, and orchestra are remarkably well maintained, with great fullness and brilliance of sound. The performance itself can only be described as a minor miracle, particularly on the part of John Shirley-Quirk, who can look upon this performance as one of his very finest. (A note on availability: although this recording is on the British RCA label, it is being imported by RCA and distributed through regular RCA channels in this country.) *D.H.*

**VIVALDI: *Il Cimento dell'Armonia e dell'Invenzione, Op. 8.*** Piero Toso (violin); Pierre Pierlot (oboe); I Solisti Veneti, Claudio Scimone cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1727/9 three discs \$10.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Virtuosic but idiosyncratic**  
Recording: **Good but over-resonant**

Depending on your individual view, you will find this integral recording of the twelve concertos of Vivaldi's fancifully entitled Op. 8 ("The Trial, or Test, of Harmony and Invention") either an exhilarating experience or an at times maddeningly wayward performance. Certainly one cannot fault the brilliance of the playing, either solo or ensemble. The precision is exceptional, and the playing overall has just the right Italianate fire and, where required (as in the programmatic concertos, *The Four Seasons, The Storm at Sea, The Pleasure, and The Hunt*), all the proper graphic effects.

Every now and then, however, Claudio Scimone indulges in such curious rhythmic and tempo deviations that the performance sounds as if it were being led by Stokowski at his most mannered (that conductor's *Four Seasons* on London, in fact, is a model of decorum in comparison with the present version). The *Autumn* Concerto is a good example, for in both the first and last movements Scimone deviates drastically from his opening ritornello tempo, speeding up or slowing down in places where the initial tempo is clearly warranted. There has been some monkeying around with the scoring in the slow movement of *Winter*, where the bass part has been modified to include faster note values, making it sound not unlike the opening of the third act of *Aida*. The avoidance of upbeat patterns in some instances, as in the beginning of *Spring* or the Concerto No. 7, smacks of an anachronistically long-line symphonic attitude toward phrasing. Finally, several of the

slow movements—the second movements of No. 1 and No. 7, for example—cry out for added embellishments to the solo part, but there are none; yet the slow movement of No. 2, *Summer*, is not only heavily embroidered but in a rather gauche way at that. The whole project is inconsistent, then, with many moments of excitement, sensitivity, and color alternating with an idiosyncratic approach.

The clean recorded sound is excellent except for a far too resonant pick-up that adds so much heaviness to the bass instruments that the music seems to have been recorded in a subway. At present, however, there is no other recording of the complete Vivaldi Op. 8 available, though Columbia has issued all but the last four concertos with Pinchas Zukerman conducting. *I.K.*

**VIVALDI: *The Four Seasons, Op. 8, Nos. 1-4.*** Yoshio Unno (violin); NHK String Ensemble, Yoshio Unno cond. ODYSSEY Y 32884 \$3.49.

Performance: **Vigorous but straitlaced**  
Recording: **Good**

This album, part of a series originating in Japan, is Odyssey's second stereo recording of *The Four Seasons*. The performance, with Yoshio Unno and players from the Japan radio-television (NHK) orchestra, is very crisp and clean, but it is also very straitlaced, especially in the harpsichord continuo department. There are nearly two dozen performances of *The Four Seasons* currently listed in Schwann, five of which fall into the budget price range, and of these one—the other Od-



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## A VERY RUSSIAN KHOVANSCHINA

Reviewed by Eric Salzman

**G**REAT Russian operas are mostly settings of Pushkin, are based on Russian history (or folklore), and are invariably left unfinished by their composers to be completed and orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakov. Moussorgsky's *Khovanshchina* qualifies on two of these three counts. It is based on the struggle between Peter the Great, who "modernized" and Europeanized Russia, and the conservative Old Believers. It was left not quite complete, in vocal score, at Moussorgsky's death and realized (with his usual emendations) by Rimsky. But *Khovanshchina* is one Russian story that does not owe anything to Pushkin: the libretto is entirely Moussorgsky's own, and this presents some problems.

Historical frescos can show only selected incidents, and, unless one is already familiar with Russian history, much that takes place—on and off the stage—will remain dark and murky. The most difficult problem is to characterize the leading figures. The *Khovanshchina* were a pair of princes, father and son, leaders of the Strelsky guards and supporters of the Old Believers. Prince Ivan Khovansky was eventually assassinated, and his son, together with a large number of the most fanatic Old Believers, immolated themselves rather than face arrest by Peter's mercenaries. To express this very Russian theme, Moussorgsky chose a series of rather static incidents—including a somewhat obscure love-and-jealousy subplot—and set them in an exquisitely simple melodic style.

As usual, the chorus—mainly the Strelsky guards and the Old Believers—plays a major role. Psychological studies are almost out of the question. The characters are stereotypes, and none of them are especially sympathetic. The conflicts are all really the movements of huge historical forces and take place well off stage. The result is that Moussorgsky concentrates almost all his musical intensity on melody, producing

vocal flow that is intensely Russian, often folk-like, occasionally Italian-operatic, and always extremely supple, expressive, and appealing. Purely in terms of flowing melodic expression, *Khovanshchina* is Moussorgsky's finest achievement.

This opera, although regularly attempted, has never been able to hold the stage for long in the West. The real drama lies outside the work itself, and the music, melodically overwhelming as it generally is, is so tied up with the Russian language that translation is an even greater problem than usual. (It should be added that the extremely mellifluous and somewhat slick form of the work is also undoubtedly due to the fact that Rimsky's hand looms so large in it.)

The version that holds the stage in Russia, represented by a Bolshoi recording just released by Melodiya/Angel, is, of course, Rimsky's, and it corresponds pretty closely to the printed edition. (There are, however, a few changes, including—unless I am very mistaken—some verbal alterations that may be of significance.) The performance is, quite typically, a bit rough and ready but full of character, and there are several features that are common to Russian operatic recordings: voices in the foreground with the orchestra rather neglected, less than subtle interpretations, striking bass singers, and the high voices somewhat shrill and tremulous. The two principal roles, the older Prince Khovansky and Dosifei, the leader of the Old Believers, are both bass roles, and they are powerfully sung by Aleksei Krivchenya and Aleksander Ognivtsev. The principal female role, Marfa, is a mezzo part, effectively but very unsubtly sung by Irina Arkhipova. The peculiar pinched quality of the Russian tenors (and, although they do not figure so largely in this work, the sopranos) takes some getting used to, and one never becomes entirely reconciled to their unbeautiful sound.

**I**N spite of all these shortcomings, there is a great deal to be said in favor of a Moussorgsky in which vigor, force, and a certain peasant strength take precedence over spit and polish. And, barrier though it may be to most of us, there is always Moussorgsky's incredible match of melody and the Russian language, which is perhaps properly realized only in his own Mother Russia.

The recording was reviewed from very respectable-sounding test pressings which were, however, somewhat harsh in the highs. Angel Records reports that this will be corrected in the final pressings. I assume also that the usual libretto, translation, and background information will be supplied; it is certainly needed here!

**MOUSSORGSKY:** *Khovanshchina*. Aleksei Krivchenya (bass), Prince Ivan Khovansky; Vladislav Pyavko (tenor), Prince Andrei Khovansky; Aleksei Maslennikov (tenor), Prince Vasily Golitsin; Viktor Nechipailo (baritone), Boyar Shaklovity; Aleksander Ognivtsev (bass), Dosifei; Irina Arkhipova (mezzo-soprano), Marfa; Gennady Yefimov (tenor), Scrivener; Tamara Sorokina (soprano), Emma; Yuri Grigoriev (tenor), Kuzka; Yuri Korolev (bass), Varsonofiev. Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater, Boris Khaikin cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL SRDL-4125 four discs \$23.98.

yssey recording, with Max Goberman—is in my opinion among the top three or four at any price. D.H.

**WEBERN:** *Five Movements for String Quartet; String Quartet (1905); Six Bagatelles for String Quartet, Op. 9; String Quartet, Op. 28*. La Salle Quartet. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 284 \$7.98.

Performance: **Very good to excellent**  
Recording: **Excellent**

Anton Webern's recently discovered String Quartet of 1905 adds a dimension to our understanding of the "Second Viennese School." This one-movement work, possibly Webern's most extended composition, is in the style and idiom of *Verklärte Nacht*, by his revered teacher Arnold Schoenberg. The post-Wagnerianism of that work is here carried forward to the point where large sections are tonally ambiguous. Heinz-Klaus Metzger argues in his liner notes for this album that the history of music has to be rewritten as a result of this discovery. If the date on the work is correct (Schoenberg's pupils, perhaps a bit jealous of Webern's latter-day success, sometimes claimed that he antedated his manuscripts), Webern's String Quartet was three years ahead of Schoenberg's Second String Quartet, usually said to contain the first atonal music ever written. But there is really no need to rewrite history. There are many passages in Schoenberg dating from the first few years of the century which dance equally precariously on the edge of the abyss.

In any case, Webern, like Schoenberg, was shortly to take the plunge. His *Five Movements for String Quartet, Op. 5*, written only four years later, are ten intensely atonal minutes long. Three of the six Bagatelles are under twenty-five seconds each, the longest is only a minute, and the whole set totals only three and a half minutes—the ultimate in aphoristic atonal Expressionism. Metzger goes so far as to suggest that by this point in Webern's development as a composer, any sounding note at all is more than enough, something extra on the knife edge of silence. Perhaps. The density and intense expression of these two works for string quartet are almost too much too bear; certainly they are among Webern's masterpieces.

By 1938 Webern was a strict twelve-tone serialist. He had returned to such classical forms as the string quartet, and every element was now worked out with precision. In the Op. 28 String Quartet we see—but do we hear?—Webern working his way toward the kind of total control later picked up by Milton Babbitt in this country and, for a while, by Boulez and Stockhausen in Europe. This is abstract music, sensually quite uninteresting and, for all the connecting links, quite the antithesis of the early Expressionist music. Here, for a brief moment, music was only notes, the sum of its parts and nothing more.

The LaSalle Quartet, an American ensemble specializing in twentieth-century music (and therefore far better appreciated in Europe than here), handles all three phases of Webern's work with skill. They are least convincing in the late-Romantic convolutions of the early quartet. They come as close as is humanly possible to making the late quartet into the masterpiece it tries to be (but is not). They are at their best in the Expressionist works, with all their exquisite nuances, their tiny, packed phrases, their enormous range of colors, articulations, and changes of dynamics

and tempos, and their heartbreaking bits of endless melody that appear from nowhere and, almost before you can take them in, vanish like smoke.

I think I should point out that this record has an exceptionally short side two: a grand total of eleven and one-half minutes. The argument that Webern packs a lot of music into a small space carries some weight here, but the logical plan would have been to include the String Trio, bringing side two up to the twenty-two minutes of side one and nicely rounding things out. *E.S.*

**WEISS:** *Suite in F Major; Suite in B-flat Major; Suite in D Minor.* **REUSNER:** *Suite in F Major.* Karl Herreshoff (lute). HARLEQUIN HAR 3808 \$6.98 (from Harlequin Records, P.O. Box 20201, San Diego, Calif. 92120).

Performance: **Skillful but not affecting**  
Recording: **Very good**

Silvius Leopold Weiss (1686-1750) is best known as the Dresden lutenist for whom Bach may have written some of his lute works. Until fairly recently he was poorly represented on records as a composer in his own right—and he was a very good one indeed—but that situation is gradually changing as more performers are beginning to explore the repertoire for the Baroque lute. Esaias Reusner (1636-1679) worked as a lutenist at, among other places, the courts of Breslau and the Elector of Brandenburg in Berlin. Each composer's music is typical of the time he lived and reflects the prevailing styles: Reusner's *Suite in F* sounds a good deal like the typical late-seventeenth-century suite (Froberger, for example), German-based but French-oriented, while Weiss' technique is somewhat more contrapuntally oriented, rather similar harmonically to that of J. S. Bach.

New York guitarist Karl Herreshoff performs these suites on two thirteen-course lutes, executing them with amazing technical dexterity: rapid series of notes, multiple stopping, and the general unwieldiness of the Baroque lute seemingly hold no terrors for him. On the other hand, much of his playing lacks tenderness, tonal subtlety, and dynamic variety in various degrees. All too often the playing seems merely mechanical. Stylistically, Herreshoff might have attempted to vary his repeats slightly (in the sarabandes in particular), and he has a penchant for playing too many appoggiaturas short as well as leaving out cadential trills on occasion. Nonetheless, on a technical level this is some pretty amazing playing, especially on the second side (rather better than side one), as in the Weiss *D Minor Suite*, where the characteristics of the dances are well brought out: listen, too, to the sarabande from that same Weiss suite for a redeeming indication of the sensibilities that Herreshoff is capable of invoking. The sound reproduction is good, but the overall level is entirely too high. Finally, it must be noted that no listing of movements is supplied for any of the suites. (And on the label of side one, next to the first item on the program, Weiss' *Suite in F Major*, there is a curious addition: "Famous Pirate." What is that supposed to mean?) *I.K.*

**WOLF:** *Songs from the Spanisches Liederbuch.* *Tief im Herzen trag'ich Pein; Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen; Fähr mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem; Köpfchen, Köpfchen, nicht gewimmert; Wunden trägtst du, mein Geliebter; Sie blasen zum Abmarsch; In dem Schat-*



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en hier; Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt; Trau-  
nicht der Liebe; Bedeckt mich mit Blumen;*  
and five others. Jan DeGaetani (mezzo-so-  
prano); Gilbert Kalish (piano). NONESUCH  
H-71296 \$3.98.

Performance: **Well sung, but . . .**

Recording: **Good, but . . .**

Jan DeGaetani is a formidable interpreter of contemporary music, a realm in which there are any number of pieces that literally owe their very existence to her. But in taking on the songs of Hugo Wolf, this gifted artist must contend not only with their special interpretive challenges, but also with the standards established by the likes of Elisabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.

Where vocal beauty and musicianship are concerned, Miss DeGaetani need yield to no one. The stately, hymn-like *Mühevoll komm' ich und beladen* is a good example of her sustained beauty of line. There are other songs too, particularly among the sacred ones in this calculatedly ambivalent songbook, that benefit from her warm and sumptuous vocal delivery. It should also be added that Miss DeGaetani and her excellent partner Gilbert Kalish bring attentive musicality and artistic refinement to this demanding sequence.

What is missing, however, is the full realization of textual nuance. The generalized mood is always appropriate, but the singer's indistinct enunciation (especially of word endings) fails to illuminate the poetic thought. And this, of course, is the essence of Hugo Wolf's uncompromising art. The recorded sound is a shade too reverberant for the task at hand.

G.J.

**ZACHAU: Cantata, Lobe den Herrn, Meine Seele; Cantata, Ich Will Mich mit Dir Verloben.** Friederike Sailer and Barbara Lange (sopranos); Claudia Hellmann (alto); Georg Jelden (tenor); Jakob Stämpfli (bass); instrumentalists: Heinrich Schütz Choir of Heilbronn; Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra, Fritz Werner cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1821 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from the Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Impressive**

Recording: **Very good**

Friedrich Wilhelm Zachau (1663-1712) spent the greater portion of his professional career as organist of the Liebfrauenkirche in Halle, and it was there that he was put in charge of the young Handel's music lessons. Even today Zachau is better known as Handel's teacher than for his own compositions. A Christmas cantata once available in a Deutsche Grammophon Archive collection is the only other work by Zachau that I can recall as having been recorded, so we can be grateful to Musical Heritage Society for making the present disc once again available (it was recorded in 1963 and was released as Westminster WST 17103). It gives us an opportunity not only to hear the source of one of Handel's important influences but to place Zachau in perspective with such important contemporaries as Buxtehude, Kuhnau, and Pachelbel.

Both of the present cantatas, of which *Lobe dem Herrn (Praise the Lord)* is by far the longest, make considerable use of concerted elements, contrasting solo voices with the chorus and instrumentalists with individual

voices, and instrumental as well as vocal virtuosity is obviously an important part of Zachau's style. Note, for example, the demands of the solo horn writing in *Lobe dem Herrn*, spectacularly played by Hermann Baumann. Combining voices, tenor and alto, bass and soprano (as in the second cantata, *I Will Wed My Spirit unto Yours*) is a technique Zachau used a great deal; continuity is achieved through arias running almost into each other, and rounding out through *da capo* repetition of whole choruses. Perhaps the virtuosic is the most immediately interesting aspect of these two pieces, for in truth there are some dull moments, and Zachau is not always able to sustain his ideas. The cantatas are very well performed, however, and the production as a whole is a commendable one. The sound is fine, and texts and translations are provided.

I.K.

**COLLECTIONS**

**THE ACCORDION. Zilcher: Variations on a Franconian Folk Song. Knorr: Suite for Accordion. Roeseling: Sonata for Accordion. Hermann: Sieben Neue Spielmusiken, Op. 57, No. 1. Lang: Variations on the Folk Song "Ein Schneider wollte wandern." Brehme: Paganiniana, Op. 52. Jozef Bugala (accordion). Lundquist: Partita Piccola. Molique: Two Characteristic Pieces for Concertina and Piano, from Op. 61. Zilcher: Variations on a Theme of Mozart for Violin and Accordion, Op. 94. Schaper: Theater Music for Accordion Duo. Schelb: Variations on a Folk Song ("d'Zit isch do") for Accordion Ensemble. Jozef Bugala, Hans Rauch (accordions); Hermann Maihöfer (piano); Friedl Messner-Graf (violin); Trossinger Accordion Ensemble, Rudolf Würthner dir. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1807 \$3.50 (plus 75¢ shipping, from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).**

Performance: **Fluent**

Recording: **Good**

Most of these works were written by composers who lived from the late nineteenth century to the middle of the present one. Exceptions are Bernhard Molique (1802-1869) and three who are still active: Jozef Schelb (b. 1894), Torbjörn Lundquist (b. 1920) and Heinz Christian Schaper (b. 1927). The annotation tells us nothing at all about any of the nine composers or their music (except that Hugo Hermann composed his *Sieben Neue Spielmusiken* on commission from Ernst Höhner in 1927), but it does offer a comprehensive and surprisingly interesting history of the instrument. The music is surprising, too: all of it is well crafted, and the Zilcher (1881-1948) Mozart Variations are especially attractive, with a fine interplay between the two instruments and a rich variety of colors drawn from the accordion. In the matter of color, the accordion might be taken for an organ in most of these pieces, or for a harmonium in others; the "squeeze-box" image is totally absent. (Interestingly enough, the oldest music on the disc, the Molique work for concertina and piano, contains color combinations not unlike some in William Bolcom's recent *Frescoes*, also reviewed in this issue.) Nothing to get excited about, but perhaps an interesting new area for the jaded listener to explore. The performances are as thoroughly professional as the writing, and the quality of the recorded sound is quite good.

R.F.

**FRENCH ORGAN MUSIC.** Lemmens: *Fanfare in D Major*. Vierne: *Première Symphonie pour Orgue, Op. 14: Prélude; Andante; Finale*. Dupré: *Carillon, Op. 27, No. 4*. Widor: *Symphony No. 5, Op. 42, No. 5: Toccata*. Michael Murray (organ of Grace Cathedral, San Francisco). ADVENT 5009 \$5.98.

Performance: **Fine showcase**  
Recording: **Impressive**

**PIERRE COCHEREAU:** *At St. Mary's Cathedral*. Frescobaldi: *Toccata; Ricercare*. A. Gabrieli: *Canzona*. Zipoli: *Aria*. Cochereau: *Organ Symphony in Five Movements*. Pierre Cochereau (Ruffatti organ of St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco). KLAVIER KS 529 \$5.98.

Performance: **Clever/dull**  
Recording: **Good**

It has been a number of years now since the emphasis in organ building switched from the rather amorphous, and often bloated, orchestrally imitative sound typical of a few generations ago to the classic-style organ better suited to performance of Baroque works, among others. Baroque organs, mechanical action, and, on the repertoire side, less interest in the late-nineteenth/early-twentieth-century French style of composition had undoubtedly had enough effect that the "anti" reaction was inevitable. Whether they are in any way connected with the current "Romantic revival" or not, here at any rate are two discs each espousing the return to the LARGE organ.

Michael Murray, the thirty-one-year-old music director of the Cleveland Heights Christian Church, comes right to grips with the problem by providing a resounding recital of French blockbusters by Nicolas Jacques Lemmens (1823-1881), Louis Vierne (1870-1937), Charles-Marie Widor (1844-1937), and Murray's teacher, Marcel Dupré (d. 1971). The acoustics of Grace Cathedral in San Francisco are rather famous for a nearly seven-second reverberation time, and, I am informed by those familiar with the locale, the organ sound is anything but clarity incarnate. Under the circumstances, Murray does nobly with both the massive instrument (its maker is not identified on the album jacket) and his chosen repertoire. It all makes a *grand* noise, and I am certain that under the proper playback conditions it could be used as a lease-breaker, should you need one. Murray seems to have an excellent technique and a great flair for this material; I'd like to hear him in something acoustically less muddy. Advent, however, should be commended for a very clean pressing and for what I understand is a very true-to-life reproduction of the original sound, which, whether one likes it or not, is undeniably impressive in its own way.

Also in San Francisco may be found the eighty-nine-rank (almost 4,900 pipes), four-manual organ built in late 1970 by Ruffatti in St. Mary's Cathedral. On the Klavier disc, the organist of Paris' Notre Dame, Pierre Cochereau, puts it through its paces with one of those improvisations for which he is noted, a five-movement organ symphony based on the theme from a Frescobaldi *ricercare*. Included are most of the usual paraphernalia of the French organ improvisers: a blaring fanfare, a wispy scherzo, a rapid-fire gigue, an impressionistic lament, and a Widor-like toccata. It's all very clever, quite brilliant, and mostly very conservative, but at least *here* M. Cochereau

(Continued on page 146)

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London Records

# ALICIA DE LARROCHA

## The Iberian Sibyl

Reviewed by Robert Offergeld

**I**N ALL CANDOR, this reviewer must report that any record company proposing to subvert his critical morals need only copy the example of a new London release called "Mostly Mozart," where the job is done to a turn by pianist Alicia de Larrocha. Few recordings can ever have been more flattering to the prejudices of an admitted crank. Imagine grandly scaled Mozart rescued from the purists and restored to the public! Imagine the high intellectual drama of Busoni's Bach made fashionable again! If I really thought that anyone *less* prejudiced than myself could, on that ground,

do this recording greater justice. . . . The hell with that. *I don't* think so. I refuse to disqualify myself, and anyone wishing to amend these remarks will have to get in line.

"Mostly Mozart" began eight summers ago as the name of an annual festival of concerts at Lincoln Center. The general idea, the repertoire, the artistic roster, and the performances have all been a hit from the first. And in the last three seasons, with Miss De Larrocha as the bright, particular, and steadily waxing Star of the proceedings, New Yorkers young and old

have responded with the kind of vehement approbation that made concert-going so eventful back in the era of the larger-than-life pianistic heavyweights. London's new release now gives us four major piano works (three Mozart, one Bach-Busoni) as programmed by Miss De Larrocha in the summer just past. Those who missed the live event will quickly discover from this recording what all the critical and popular uproar was (and is) about, and the rest of these observations are simply notes on the singularity of the artist who produced it.

**A**T other concerts and on other recordings (particularly in her performances of Granados' *Goyescas* and Albéniz's *Iberia*), Miss De Larrocha has already revealed a virtuosity of the heroic order—plus an individuality so marked that one feels no embarrassment in reaching for some of the greatest names in the history of Spanish culture to convey images of its intensity and flavor: Victoria, perhaps, or Goya, or John of the Cross. Even in her Mozart, Miss De Larrocha's slower tempos, for example, are arrestingly *Spanish* in their gravity and ceremoniousness, just as her brusque eruptions into speed have the special fiery vividness of flamenco dance. Spanish too is the somber richness of her tonal coloration, the austerity with which she rejects all mere prettiness. I suspect that many of her sounds do not come from inside the piano at all, but from the ground under it. Quite *far* under it, as a matter of fact, and it seems obvious to me that she has interesting connections down there that few pianists ever get around to making.

Now this strong impression of earthy—or, more precisely, telluric—forces is of course not peculiar to Miss De Larrocha alone. They were unleashed on an earlier generation of New York concert-goers in the gitano art of dancers like La Argentina and Escudero. Similar influences were made manifest in opera and art song by the incredible mezzo-soprano Conchita Supervia—a unique and aristocratic artist who I believe went in youth to a legendary gypsy singer for instruction. Many more names belong in this strongly radioactive constellation—consult the early recordings of Casals, the early paintings of Picasso—but these few must suffice to orchestrate my upcoming contention, to wit: what Miss De Larrocha "has," as they put it, is *duende*, and make no mistake about it.

At which point, given the program of her new recording, a perfectly legitimate question arises: what kind of *duende*, in heaven's name, are you going to get from (or give to) non-gypsies like Mozart and Bach? Well, Miss De Larrocha demonstrates "what kind" far better than I can define it, but the answer has to do with the fact that *duende* is not exclusively Spanish, any more than Socrates' demon was exclusively Greek. Berlioz has it in great plenty. You'll hear it in old recordings by Chaliapin—and even some by Mary Garden. García Lorca remarks that Goethe was in fact talking about *duende* when he spoke of the strange fascination of Paganini. Yet it observably *helps* if you are Spanish, and Lorca gave the most pointed clue of all as to what it is in speaking of the music of

Falla: "Whenever it is composed of black sounds it has *duende*."

With that statement we can identify the mysterious polarization of antagonistic forces that takes place in Miss De Larrocha's music-making. For what she gives us is not the radiance alone of Mozart or the darkness alone of *duende*. She gives us a darkness that is at the same time radiant... and this is practically a description of the psychic history of Spain. It is also a description of something that every Romantic since Chopin has insisted is present in the music of Mozart and Bach—a *mystery* not contributed by the performer but placed at the heart of the matter by the composer himself, a kind of secret radical (using that term mathematically) left there for those who have the wit to decipher it.

As with any major artist, there are other fascinating aspects to Miss De Larrocha's pianism. One of the most remarkable is the train of effects produced by her extraordinary sense of scale. Her Bach-Busoni *Chaconne* is at once as vastly architectural and as full of raging turbulence as the Roman engravings of Piranesi. Perhaps even more interesting to this reviewer are the monumental proportions of her Mozart. As Sir Thomas Beecham long ago demonstrated, grand-manner Mozart is absolutely incomparable if you have the inner resources—the repose, the unshakable security—required to make it work. But it is also dangerous, for it closes out all the other Mozart options. The cool, elegant, graceful *style galant* option, for example, has to go, as does the one-hand-tied-behind-my-back option exercised by a distinguished contemporary pianist who plays Mozart with dazzling, hummingbird fleetness at breakneck tempos. It is often marvelously pretty as it darts past, but its larger forms (if it has any) are perceived indistinctly at best and its passion not at all.

Miss De Larrocha's Mozart, on the other hand, is simply not to be hurried. As she begins the portentous chromatics of the big C Minor Fantasia, the wonderful variations that open the A Major Sonata, or even the much-abused *Rondo alla Turca* that concludes the latter work, the only thing more striking than her deliberation is the fresh news disclosed by this unusually spacious treatment of perspectives that are, after all, familiar to every piano student. A little later, of course, after the sobriety and darkness have done their work, we begin to notice the glancing glitter of Presences gathering in the shadow. And by the time Miss De Larrocha decides to unleash the fullness of her awesome power, it is almost an act of supererogation, for we are already hopelessly spellbound.

As I say, the lady has *duende*, and I wish she could be persuaded to occupy a chair in the subject at the Juilliard School.

**ALICIA DE LARROCHA: Mostly Mozart.**  
**Mozart:** *Rondo in D Major (K. 485)*; *Sonata in A Major (K. 331)*; *Fantasia in C Minor (K. 475)*. **Bach-Busoni:** *Chaconne in D Minor*. Alicia de Larrocha (piano).  
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is in his element. On side one, he plays the Frescobaldi original on which his symphony is based, plus one of that Baroque composer's toccatas, a canzona by Andrea Gabrieli, and an aria by Domenico Zipoli, none of which is properly identified. But that doesn't matter, really, for the performances are mostly of the meandering, dull sort, with tedious phrasing and a scarcity of ornaments, that used to pass for Baroque. The organ's registrational possibilities are well displayed (rather garishly so in the Frescobaldi *Ricercare*), but there is just no semblance of good style here. The sound reproduction is good on the whole but not as clean in its fullest-blown moments as on the Advent disc. An illustrated pamphlet on the organ is included. *I.K.*

### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**NICOLAI GEDDA:** *Evening Bells and Other Russian Folk Songs. The Young Peddler; O Could I Express in Song; Grey Foggy Morning; Farewell of the Soldier; Snow-Covered Russia; Caucasian Melody; The Tempest; Dreaming Weeping Willow; Troika; Monotonously Rings the Little Bell; Evening Bells.* Nicolai Gedda (tenor); Cappella Russian Male Chorus; Balalaika Orchestra, Lonya Kolbouss cond. SERAPHIM S-60225 \$3.49.

Performance: **Tops**  
Recording: **Very good**

Most of these melancholy songs are familiar, but we are accustomed to hearing them sung by cavernous Russian basses; it is a rare treat to hear them instead in the bright tenor voice of Nicolai Gedda. The effect is different but no less idiomatic: Gedda, the linguistic wizard, had a Russian father and a Swedish mother, and has probably known these songs from infancy. This is prime Gedda, originally released on Capitol 8597 about ten years ago. Romantic ardor, love's sorrow, or tearful nostalgia—whatever the mood calls for he supplies, with a wealth of generous tone and ringing top notes, but also with caressing mezza-voce and some exceptional *voix mixte* (mixed "head" and "chest" tones) effects. The collection may not be every listener's cup of tea, but for what it is, it could hardly be bettered. *G.J.*

**MODERN MUSIC FOR TWO PIANOS.** Riegger: *Variations for Two Pianos, Op. 54a.* Persichetti: *Sonata for Two Pianos, Op. 13.* Berezowsky: *Fantasy for Two Pianos, Op. 9.* Joan Yarbrough and Robert Cowan (pianos). COMPOSERS RECORDINGS, INC. CRI SD 279 \$5.95.

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

The older generation of American composers—the ones who pioneered modern music on this side of the Atlantic after World War I—can be divided into four groups: those who studied in Germany, those who studied in France, those who never got to Europe at all until artistic maturity, and those who came from Europe to the new world. The second group, long identified with "American style," tended to be Francophile, Stravinskyian, neo-Classical with a strong American folk and/or jazz flavor. The last two groups, the most original and prophetic, included among their members Ives and Varèse. The composers of the first group, thoroughly indoctrinated with the Central European tradition, had the most difficult time, operating as they did in a

kind of cultural no man's land. Wallingford Riegger, born in Albany, Georgia, in 1885 but trained in Germany, is a good illustration. He was a highly skilled and original musician. His music, full of ideas, hovers between a forceful Ivesian originality and Central European atonality and dodecaphony, with popular and tonal elements from a variety of sources and with a touch of academicism. All of these can be heard in his *Variations, Op. 54*, which started life as a work for piano and orchestra with later versions for two pianos, with and without orchestra. It is, for all its eclecticism and lack of consistency, a clever and witty work. Its weakness has to do with the cat-and-mouse game that Riegger constantly seems constrained to play with tradition. Nevertheless, it is effective here in this excellent performance and recording.



CLAUDIA MUZIO

*A born tragedienne and exceptional musician*

The Persichetti Sonata, a work in a similar vein, is more consistent if less intriguing in its dissonant clarity. The Berezowsky is a chunk of overblown Romanticism that will probably not appeal to listeners who like the Riegger and Persichetti—and vice versa. Everything is well performed, and the piano sound is one of CRI's best recording achievements to date—equal to anybody's efforts in this difficult field. *E.S.*

**CLAUDIA MUZIO: Recital.** Leoncavallo: *Zaza; Dir che ci sono.* Paggiacci: *Silvio! a quest'ora.* Cilèa: *Adriana Lecouvreur; Io son l'umile ancella.* Bellini: *Bianca e Fernando; Sorgi, o Padre.* Verdi: *La Forza del Destino; Pace, pace, mio Dio.* Gluck: *Paride ed Elena; Spiagge amate.* Mascagni: *L'Amico Fritz; Son pocchi fiori.* Meyerbeer: *L'Africaine; Figlio del sol.* Handel: *Rinaldo; Lascia ch'io pianga.* Rossini: *La Separazione.* Buzzi-Peccia: *Mal d'Amore.* Claudia Muzio (soprano); Mario Laurenti (baritone, in *Paggiacci*); piano and orchestral accompaniment. ODYSSEY Y 32676 \$3.49.

Performance: **Remarkable**  
Recording: **For tolerant ears**

These recordings, originally released on Edison Diamond Discs, captured the legendary Muzio in her prime, in the years 1920 to 1923. They are in sharp contrast to her final recordings for Italian Columbia about a dozen years later (some of which are available on Seraphim 60111). In the latter group, the artistry is mature and spellbinding, but the vocal limitations cannot be denied. A comparison be-



tween the two versions of "Pace, pace" is revelatory, for the earlier one shows excellent vocal control, with secure high B-naturals, whether floated or flung. In general, throughout the Odyssey recital, the voice is in splendid form—the upper extension gloriously free, the intonation firm—a malleable instrument that well serves the artist's exceptional musical instincts.

For Muzio's art was truly exceptional. Her style was intensely personal, and she had the expressive command of a born tragedienne—hers was "a unique voice made of tears and sighs and of restrained inner fire," in Giacomo Lauri-Volpi's inspired description. Muzio was a natural for Verdi, Mascagni, Cilea, and Leoncavallo: what is surprising is her remarkable affinity for the gentle, elegiac music of Bellini (in the aria from the obscure *Bianca e Fernando*) and for the classic simplicity of the Gluck excerpt. We have always known about Muzio the singing actress; this recording demonstrates her vocal excellence as well—tones beautifully floated, exquisite portamenti, effortless transitions across the register break. The performance is, in sum, a connoisseur's delight.

It is not without shortcomings, however. While producer James Gladstone has succeeded in giving us a lifelike reproduction of the voice, the intrusive groove noise of the original Edisons remains with us to a disturbing degree. With cautious use of a good filtering mechanism, however, listening can be made acceptable. G.J.

**LJUBA WELITSCH: Song Recital. R. Strauss: Four Last Songs; Cécilie; Die Nacht. Marx: Hat dich die Liebe berührt; Valse de Chopin. Mahler: Ich atmet' einen linden Duft; Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder; Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen.** Ljuba Welitsch (soprano); Paul Ulanowsky (piano). ODYSSEY Y 32675 \$3.49.

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

This unexpected release is likely to please the colorful Bulgarian diva's many fans. Ljuba Welitsch was a distinctly *theatrical* personality, and this recording, with its clear and well-balanced reproduction, captures her highly individual vocal projection—pure, metallic, a shade shrill, but quite magnetic—to virtual perfection. The songs by Josef Marx (b. 1882) and Strauss' *Cécilie* and *Die Nacht* leave little room for criticism (these four songs are the only ones of the recital that have ever before been available—on a short-lived Columbia release of about twenty years ago). And, while the Mahler group may lack the vocal refinement of such latter-day specialists as Janet Baker or Christa Ludwig, Welitsch's committed version has much to commend it.

The Four Last Songs of Richard Strauss are something else again. These are *orchestral* songs with orchestrations of exceptional beauty and descriptive power. Deprived here of their extraordinary frames (which include some ravishing solos for violin and French horn), the songs sound less interesting—a result even such a fine accompanist as Paul Ulanowsky is powerless to prevent. Miss Welitsch sings them well enough, though surely not with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's special way with the long-breathed cantilena. Rhythmically, too, the music tends to spread in the absence of a conductor's hand.

Texts are supplied along with notes which are, alas, partly incomprehensible. G.J.

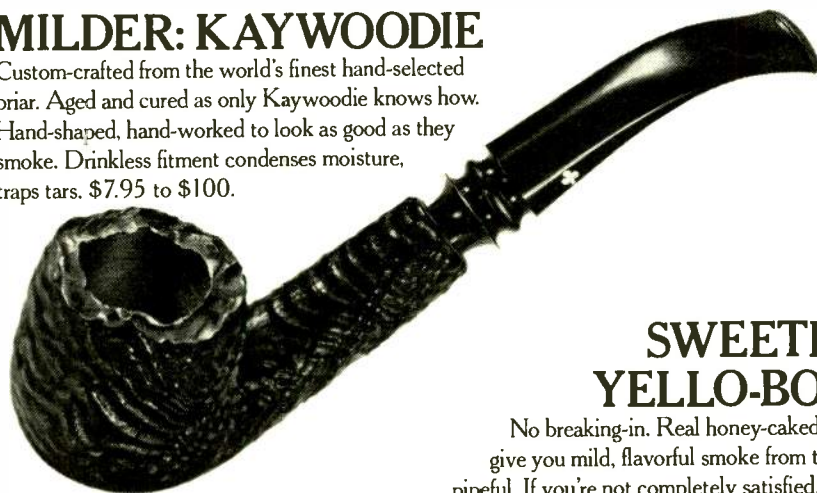
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SR-1074

# TAPE HORIZONS

By CRAIG STARK



## MORE STANDARDS

LAST month I pointed out how rapid technological developments in tape oxides, heads, and electronics threaten to make some of our present-day cassette standards obsolete. Perhaps the most obvious outgrowth of this situation is the incorporation of two- or three-position "bias/equalization" switches on today's better cassette machines to adapt them to some of the proliferating varieties of tape types. But since many manufacturers have felt free to go their own ways in determining the equalization characteristics these switches introduce, a cassette made on one brand of machine may not have precisely the same frequency response when played back on another. That's just the sort of thing standards are meant to prevent.

Open-reel standards, of course, have a longer history: the NAB (National Association of Broadcasters) adopted its first recommendations in 1942. In April 1965 it issued the current standards, updating those of 1953. Now nearly a decade old, these too cry out for some revision. There was agreement among the experts at the last Midwest Acoustics Conference, for example, that, for the speed of 15 ips (inches per second), industry practice has pretty much made the old standards obsolete. At the professional level this poses little difficulty, for studio recorders are adaptable to a variety of equalizations.

Home recorders, however, operating at the customary speeds of 7½ and 3¾ ips, present a greater problem. Bluntly put, none of them can be guaranteed to meet the current NAB standards. The fault is not in the machines, for many of them are better than "professional" models of but a few years ago. The problem, rather, is that current NAB measurements of record level, frequency response, and signal-to-noise ratio are all referenced to an "NAB Standard Test Tape" that, almost ten years after its announcement, has yet to be produced! The reasons have a lot to do with business politics: which company is to get

the distinction and other benefits of producing the "official" NAB tapes?

There's more than "petty cash" involved, however. In Europe there are voluminous DIN (Deutsche Industrie Normen) standards, together with available reference tapes in each format containing a blank section—so that you can check not only the playback frequency response, but overall record-playback performance as well. They illustrate the other horn of the dilemma, however: suppose a tape manufacturer comes up with a product with a much "hotter" high-end response (for example, greater sensitivity at 15,000 Hz)? Adjusting your machine to the "standard" tape would put it way out of specification for the improved tape, and vice versa.

In short, while tape standards are not *intended* to put a strait jacket on technological innovation, in reality they do. No one will change the production adjustments of his machines for a minor, probably unnoticeable, improvement; and a radical improvement must prove itself over some period of time before achieving acceptance.

Somehow, however, American open-reel manufacturers manage to muddle through, for they have at least a stop-gap standard: the Ampex "Reproducer Alignment Tapes." Produced individually (and hence at considerable cost per tape), they don't cover the full range of the NAB-specified frequency-response tests, and there's a question whether their recorded levels conform to the NAB's standard "operating level." Further, they check playback only, leaving each recorder manufacturer (and equipment reviewer!) free to pick any tape he wishes for record-playback tests.

With all the problems, however, the consensus seems to be that for the 7½- and 3¾-ips speeds, industry practice comes very close to optimum open-reel equalization. But with the present pace of technological advancement, a lack of comprehensive standards is likely to be a real problem later.

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## My wife threatened to leave me until I bought a Marantz.

Whenever I played my stereo loud my wife made plans to move to her mother's. Then a Marantz dealer wised me up. It's not playing your stereo loud that's bugging her, he said. It's the quality of the sound that's driving her cuckoo. Get a Marantz.

Marantz won't bother her, no matter how loud I play it. Not only that, Marantz will play any type of 4-channel on the market today. And it's built so you can snap in any future 4-channel matrix development. Present and future requirements for stereo or 4-channel are all set.

And Marantz' bridging gives me the advantage of four discrete amplifiers with just two speakers for super stereo. When I have two more speakers for full 4-channel, I can simply flip a

switch. No obsolescence worries with Marantz.

The Marantz Model 4140 Control Amplifier at \$549.95 is the heart of my Marantz component system. To complete the system I got a Marantz Model 115B AM/FM tuner for \$299.95. Nice. Nicer still is seeing the wife all smiles listening to Stravinsky's Firebird, up loud, pouring out of the beautiful Marantz Imperial speakers.

See your nearest Marantz dealer. He's got a full line of quality Marantz audio equipment—components from \$169.95, receivers from \$249.95 and speaker systems from \$59.95. They're all designed to suit your needs and your budget. Hey, is the Marantz community property?

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