

Stereo & Video Russian M8 Review

The Eighth Note

by Sergey Klobukov

The ancients once have counted the wonders of the world and, on reflection, left the list of seven wonders for posterity¼ The happy lot of the figure of seven (seven colors, seven planets, and, at last, seven notes) seems to give the modest figure of eight no way of being compared to its brilliant precursor.

We, present generation, see the world a bit wider and a bit more diverse, I mean, we have more chance of looking beyond the horizon. But is there any room in our hearts for at least one miracle?

One can like music and know much about sound, one can understand circuit design and have an experience of audio expertise. One can never think about this and be an ordinary sheikh of Araby. Of course, what is not forbidden is allowed¼ But all that is allowed is just a petty fuss in the face of Music. The problem is whether you are ready to believe in the absolute of what you have heard. Are you ready?

If you think that Audio Note ?8 preamp turns divinity into reality, you are wrong. The earth and heaven stay in their places. But when you listen to the M8, for certain, something is happening to you. Here and now, this "something" transforms you, your emotions, mood, and feelings rather than the outward things. You feel ease, light, and comfort near the silver panel and glittering polished connectors. You are on a snow-clad top of the mountain, you are in the skies, beyond the clouds, higher than \$30000, higher than any money. Who can calculate the feelings radiated by the Audio Note ascetic when your heart is comforted with music? Who can evaluate far-away roughness of the bow, fine play of valve harmonics on your overstrained ear? What words we need? How to call you, the eighth note of the musical scale? A more self-assured person can explain everything, but not me. And may the pyramids of Egypt forgive me.