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*edited by
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AUG
1932



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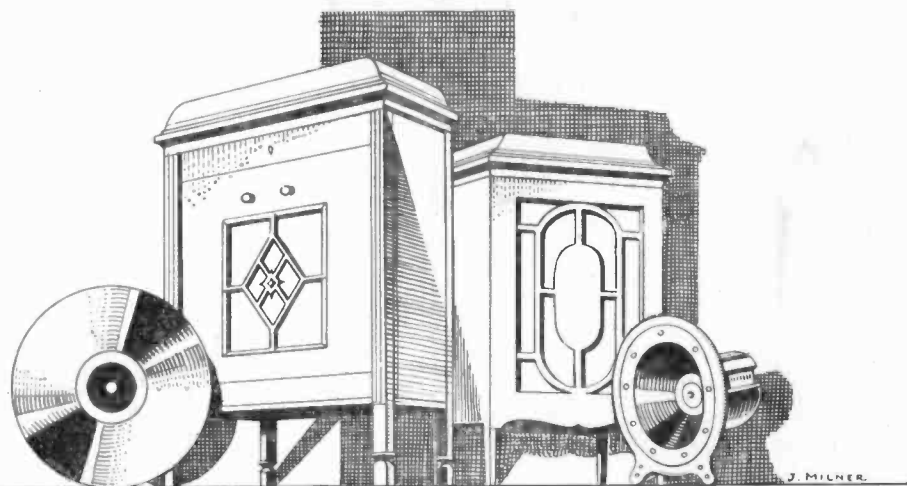
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Benvenuto Cellini, Overture—Les Troyens a Carthage, Overture. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by M. Pierre Monteaux D2060-1 6/- each

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Vol. X.

AUGUST 1932

No. 111

EDITORIAL

THE competition for casting *The Ring* was a great success, but the task of finding out the winner involved some tough counting. My co-editor announced last month that I would deal with the ideal cast in this editorial. Unfortunately, the ideal cast as finally reached by the votes of competitors has not been sent me, and I am in the Outer Hebrides far from communication; so I shall print instead the cast chosen by the winner, Mr. Needham, of Hull, who achieved 22 out of a possible 27. Mr. G. H. Deeming, 1, Hill Crest, Potters Bar, Middlesex, was second with 21 right, and Mr. Alan V. Wilks, 36, Monkmoor Road, Shrewsbury, was third with 20.

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WOTAN	Friedrich Schorr
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FRICKA	Maria Olszewska

SIEGFRIED

SIEGFRIED	Lauritz Melchior
MIME	Heinrich Tessmer
WOTAN	Friedrich Schorr
ALBERICH	Eduard Habich
FAFNER	Ivar Andresen
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FOREST BIRD	Nora Gruhn
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GUNTHER	Herbert Janssen
ALBERICH	Eduard Habich
HAGEN	Ivar Andresen
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SECOND NORN	Evelyn Arden
THIRD NORN	Gladys Palmer
WOGLINDE	Tilly de Garmo
WELLGUNDE	Anny Helm
FLOSSHILDE	Elfriede Marherr

Competitors from Hong-Kong in the East to California in the West, from Sweden in the North to New Zealand in the South, entered for this competition, and it is remarkable that this time the first three places should be gained by England. Perhaps this notable triumph will be some consolation for not doing quite so well at lawn tennis. The voting was, of course, very close, and the casting more judicious than in the previous competitions of this kind. The explanation, presumably, is that the Wagner enthusiasts took the trouble to master their subject more thoroughly. Perhaps in doing so they feel that their subject is better worth mastering. What is the fascination of Wagner's music? There is no sign that I can see of any falling off in general appreciation. He has long outlived a fashionable admiration, and his devotees need never be suspected of being devoted because they think it is the right thing to be devoted to his music. Yet, the taste in literature and painting which used to go with the taste for Wagner's music is at the moment almost extinct. Romanticism has not been at such a low ebb during the last 200 years. What, then, in contemporary human nature responds to the fairy tale of *The Ring*? Neither the story itself nor the literary treatment of it displays the eternal verities. The psychology is as clumsy as the dragon, and creaks like the machinery. Who would read a page of such stuff if there were no music to illustrate and express it? Wagner himself could not have believed that the events of *The Ring* ever really happened. Yet the music to which he set them is never insincere. To me the music of *Parsifal* sounds completely insincere, but it must be admitted that many thousands have found in that music a profound expression of religious aspiration, and he would be a presumptuous critic who would assert positively and confidently that it is insincere. Some of the younger generation and many of the older generation are revolted by what they feel is Wagner's theatricality. His music will always have that effect on a minority, but there is no apparent increase of

such hostility. Indeed, there has never been any strong reaction against Wagner's music. It might be argued that it is the beauty and passion and splendour of the music itself irrespective of any story which still exert the seemingly invincible influence over the human mind; but the more fervid devotees of *The Ring* are not in the least prepared to throw the story over and stand by the music alone. They even discuss the story seriously, as once upon a time people discussed a story by Victor Hugo.

I remember once reading a remark by Ernest Newman about the elemental quality in Siegfried's Funeral March. Yet on the one occasion in my lifetime that demanded a funeral march of such elemental quality it was not used. There are four funeral marches familiar to most people: Siegfried's Funeral March, the Funeral March in Beethoven's Eroica Symphony, Chopin's Funeral March, and the Dead March in Handel's *Saul*. I suppose that to-day the best known of these, and the one for the majority most poignantly evocative of regret for death, is Chopin's Funeral March. Now this was written, as readers will remember, as a movement of a piano sonata, and played as such does not seem to rise much above the level of pretty sentimentality. The fashion now among pianists is to play it as severely as possible, but the only effect of such an unemotional performance is to make it sound a little dull, and it sounds a little dull on every one of the recordings we have of it. It might sound thin if scored for an orchestra, but it stands up to brass. What I remember most vividly of that still grey February morning thirty-two years ago when Queen Victoria's funeral procession passed through the London streets is the sound of the bands playing Chopin's Funeral March down Park Lane. I was standing in Hyde Park, where the trees themselves seemed frozen in an immobility of grief. Close to where I stood in the sombre crowd, a man climbed up one of the great plane trees to obtain a full view of the solemn pomp. On arriving at the top of the tree he found himself astride a branch with his back to the procession, and so much awed was he by the music and the majesty below, that he did not dare even to turn his head while the procession passed, but sat there hugging the trunk lest one irreverent twig should crack, and gazed rigidly in the direction of the Albert Memorial. Chopin's Funeral March was succeeded by the Dead March in *Saul*, and though that was a more appropriate march for the tremendous obsequies of an epoch, it did not, at any rate for myself, then aged just seventeen, express anything like the universal grief Chopin's Funeral March seemed to express. The Dead March in *Saul* was such a familiar accompaniment to death, that it seemed to reduce that great funeral to the level of an ordinary funeral. I cannot recall the playing of Beethoven's Funeral March on this occasion, but I believe it was played from time to time. Siegfried's Funeral March was not played, and inappropriate, almost ludicrously inappropriate, as the contrast

between Queen Victoria and that mythical Teutonic hero appears, surely Siegfried's Funeral March was the only music which would have worthily expressed the emotion of that awed multitude of mourners.

I wish one of the recording companies would give us a record of these four funeral marches played by a military band, so that we could compare them directly one with another. There is no record at all, as far as I know, of the Dead March in *Saul*. There used to be one played by the Band of the Coldstream Guards, and a very good record it was some twenty years ago.

Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole

Since I mentioned the desirability of a complete recording of Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*, I have been kindly sent from the headquarters of His Master's Voice in Paris their recently issued version of it played by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestre under Piero Coppola with M. Merckel as the soloist on four twelve-inch discs. We had in pre-electric days two of the movements played by Madame Chemet with a piano accompaniment, and one played by Heifetz with an inadequate orchestra, but both were excerpts only. The whole work is a most melodious affair, a set of Spanish dances really, played by violin and orchestra. Although the charm of them is immediately apparent at a first hearing, I have never found that one wearies of the melodies after repetition. The latest version is an admirable piece of recording, and the performance of M. Merckel is most exhilarating. I do not know whether this version will ultimately be published in this country, but meanwhile the records are obtainable from Rimington, Van Wyck at 6s. 3d. each, and most delightful they are. I notice in the Rimington, Van Wyck list that a complete performance of Verdi's *Othello* by the Artists, Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala Theatre, Milan, under Sabajno is now available on sixteen discs. I suppose it is too much to hope that these will soon be published in this country, but perhaps it will figure in another Connoisseur's Catalogue.

Beethoven's Choral Symphony

The Decca-Polydor version of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra and conducted by Oscar Fried on seven twelve-inch discs at 5s. apiece, which makes it the cheapest version of this mighty work we possess for the gramophone. The debateable point of the Ninth Symphony is whether Beethoven spoilt it with the Choral finale or not. My own feeling is that he did, and that in doing so he was the victim of the democratic enthusiasm first roused by the French Revolution. I said last month that the *Agnus Dei* of the Mass in D should be played before any meeting of the League of Nations, but in saying so I was under no delusion that the delegates of the League of Nations would respond with suitable humility. The delegates of the League of Nations would respond emotionally with a much more alert readiness to the finale of the Ninth Symphony, which displays a confidence in the natural brotherhood of man

entirely unjustified by the facts. The *Agnus Dei* is a prayer. The finale of the Ninth Symphony is like a chorus of triumphant Ramsay Macdonalds, W. W. Wilsons, David Lloyd Georges, President Hoovers (*et hoc genus omne*) all indulging in musical congratulations on the success of the latest Conference.

The Ninth Symphony opens in a mood of mystic perception. In passing I might say that the only conductor I have heard who seemed to grasp the full significance of this mood was Koussevitsky. Some of the humility of the Mass in D persists in this first movement. Man is in the presence of God, and he does not feel perfectly sure of himself. Throughout that first movement Beethoven seems to be preparing us for some tremendous revelation, and to my mind there is nothing more tragic in art than the failure of the Ninth Symphony after the triumph of the Mass in D. I have for some years realized that it was a failure, but it was not until I had the opportunity of becoming really familiar with the Mass in D that I began to apprehend how complete the failure was. By making the second movement a scherzo Beethoven seems to cut himself free abruptly from any will to surrender further to the mood of humility. It is as if he had lost faith in a Divine revelation, and had set out to arrange his own revelation. Hence the jangle and discordant clamour which he, Beethoven, not God, is going to lull. Beethoven appears throughout the Ninth Symphony as a kind of Prospero, and indeed it would not be difficult to find a parallel between Shakespeare's last play, *The Tempest*, and Beethoven's last symphony. After the scherzo comes the adagio, as lovely as any of Beethoven's lovely adagios, and yet somehow unsatisfying. The usual criticism of Beethoven's slow movements is that he overdoes them. The linked sweetness is too long drawn out. My own feeling is that this adagio at any rate should be impugned less for its length or direct appeal to emotion than for its insincerity. It was really too easy for Beethoven to write these lovely adagios, and the sound of them at last in our ears fails to move. I was particularly struck by that when listening to the new records of the Emperor Concerto, which were published last month by H.M.V. The genius of Schnabel puts the three movements into relation with one another marvellously, and as interpreted by him the rondo actually becomes a profounder piece of music than the second movement. The performance of the first movement is surely one of the finest things that we ever had for the gramophone. I look forward with great eagerness to the Fourth Concerto, of which we do not possess a satisfactory version.

To return to the Choral Symphony. Beethoven was evidently much puzzled to know how to lead up to his innovation of a choral finale, for it must be remembered that his original scheme for the Ninth Symphony had not included such an ending. So he conceived the idea of a kind of competition for the right tune, and in turn the three preceding movements present themselves as

candidates. He dismisses the first abruptly, almost casually, and yet ironically enough he was never so near to the threshold of transporting his hearers into eternity as in that first movement of the Ninth Symphony. After rejecting the melody of the first movement, he rejects the scherzo, but in rejecting the scherzo he goes further and reproves it. We detect megalomania here, that curse of genius. "Stop this wrangling and jangling," say the strings. "I, Beethoven, have a panacea for all the ills of humanity." He rejects the third movement tenderly and almost reverently, as if awed by the beauty of his own creation. "Beautiful though you are," he seems to say, "I must reject you, because I possess something even more beautiful, and not only more beautiful, but more capable of being appreciated by everybody, high and low."

With this begins the march leading up to the singing of Schiller's Ode to Joy. Musicians usually have execrable taste in literature, and the banality of Schiller's words inevitably suggests that the music Beethoven gave to them is equally banal. The fatal facility of humanitarian ejaculation reflects itself in this music. "All men are brothers!" "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité!" "A land fit for heroes to live in!" "Make the world safe for democracy!" Slogans like these require a good easy tune to march to. If Beethoven had lived to see some of the results of that facile humanitarianism he might have cancelled the end of the Choral Symphony as he cancelled the dedication of the Third Symphony to Napoleon. Yet, this anticlimax is paradoxically the peak of Beethoven's supreme genius. The finale of the Ninth Symphony may offer too facile a solution of life's problems, but the simplicity of the man himself in accepting such a solution destroys the memory of the egoism and the fits of megalomania to which he was subject. The inspiration of it seems almost as naïve as the inspiration of some of those rondos in his earliest work. But the greatest tribute to the grandeur of the Ninth Symphony is the comparative unimportance of Brahms's First Symphony, which infatuated admirers actually dared to salute as the Tenth Symphony. The above remarks are to be read as an expression of my first reactions to the opportunity provided by these Decca-Polydor records of studying the Mass in D and the Ninth Symphony together, and I only set them down in print as a tentative and probably a temporary opinion. The realization of what a supreme work of art the *Missa Solemnis* is has shaken my previous beliefs about the Ninth Symphony, and it is in the hope of persuading other readers of *THE GRAMOPHONE* to study that great work themselves that I have committed myself to so much tentative criticism.

The Society Movement

Mr. Norman Cameron in his letter last month undoubtedly expressed the feelings of many gramophone enthusiasts when he pointed out that the spread

of the society movement might seriously affect those who are not able for financial reasons to buy all Beethoven's sonatas or all Haydn's quartets or all Sibelius's symphonies, and his suggestion that members of the general public should be allowed to purchase single records or sets of discs issued by the societies at a slightly higher price than that charged to members deserves the attention of those in charge of launching these societies. Nevertheless, Mr. Cameron and his friends must remember that the great obstacle to the publication of a representative collection of a composer's work has always been the susceptibility of the general public to favourites. It has been idle to remonstrate with the recording companies for issuing version after version of the Moonlight Sonata while the later and greater sonatas of Beethoven remained unrecorded when a reference to the sales books always showed a public response to the *n*th version of the Moonlight Sonata and an indifference to the first rendering of some sonata less well known. The trouble always with the public is that some work of art asserts itself above others, not necessarily by its merits or even by its general appeal, but by some mysterious quality which we can only call publicity. When Mr. Norman Cameron asks to pick and choose we can sympathize with him, but he and his friends will agree that an extension of that principle has been the cause of keeping hundreds of musical works that deserved to be recorded from ever being recorded. The success of the two Sibelius Symphonies published by Columbia with the help of the Finnish Government has created a demand for a Sibelius Society. But a sufficient popularity for the work of Sibelius is by no means guaranteed. It may be that one of his other symphonies will equal the popularity of the First and Second. Should that be the case the recording company responsible for the first issue of that symphony to the members of a society will no doubt consider the advisability of making such a symphony more generally available. At present, however, the only chance to continue the work of publishing good music is to give the public an opportunity of guaranteeing a minimum sale for such music. THE GRAMOPHONE is perfectly willing to keep a register of particular requests for recordings, and I have no doubt that if any particular work obtained 500 votes we could persuade a recording company to publish such a work to members of what might be called the Special Request Society. It might be possible even to make such a Special Request Society dependent on these other societies which are coming into existence, so that special terms could be accorded to them for selected works published by particular societies.

Frankly, I am a little sceptical about the support such a society would receive. The brutal fact remains, whatever way we look at it, that the real enemy of the publication of good music is not lack of taste to appreciate it, but lack of means to acquire it.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

POT-POURRI

Sinfonia domestica

Mention has been made of his remarkable restaurant habits: at his own dining-table they were no better. He used to try every egg even before it was cooked, and if one smelt bad, the back of the offending housekeeper would be made a target for it or it would be heaved through the open window into the street to the peril of the passer-by . . . a disturbance in the street was often the result. (Trans. from *Bildnis Beethoven's* by Richard Specht.)

Two Views of Jazz

Jazz may therefore be defined as the distortion of the normal or conventional in music. . . . Liszt was a jazz composer *par excellence*, and a good showman to boot. Along conventional lines he would hardly have been noticed. Monteverde, putting a deliberate dissonance into Ariadne's lament to express its tragedy, becomes perhaps the first of all jazz composers. Beethoven definitely jazzes the choral melody in the *Finale* of the IXth Symphony, when he orchestrates it for a combination of brass, bassoons, cymbals and triangle, and at the same time breaks up the tune into a sprightly skipping rhythm. (Sigmund Spaeth in the *North American Review*.)

Beneath its superficial irregularity, snap and go, the best of jazz stands inert. Rhythm is precluded, not permitted to develop itself in its hard-boiled sphere. In place of truly rhythmic, periodical, unpredictable displacement of volumes and accents, intrinsic phrases and freely flowing periods capable of organic extension and development, the typical jazz composition offers mere beat, mechanic iteration, duplication, conformation to pre-established pattern. (*An Hour with American Music* by Paul Rosenfeld.)

All the World's a Stage (for Opera Singers)

"I recall another bit of Niemann's characteristic criticism: Adolf Robinson was an excellent singer and actor, but he belonged to the old operatic school and was prone to extravagant action and exaggerated pathos. He was moreover fond of the footlights. At one of the last rehearsals for *Tristan*, Robinson, the Kurvenal of the occasion, was perpetually running from the dying hero's couch to the front of the stage to sing his pathetic phrases with tremendous feeling into the faces of the audience. Niemann, reclining on the couch, immovable as a recumbent statue, as was his wont, giving no trace of the seething impatience consuming him and mirrored in the expression of his face, and particularly his eyes, watched the conventional stage antics of his colleague till he could endure them no longer. He gave a sign to Seidl, who stopped the orchestra to hear the dying knight addressing his squire in winged but un-Wagnerian words to this effect: 'My dear Robinson, this scene is not all yours, *Tristan* also has something to say here: but how am I going to make my share of the dramatic effect if you are always going to run down to the audience and sing at it? After a while there will be nothing left to do but hurl my boots into the auditorium. And I'm a very sick man. Now there's a good fellow, come over here to the couch, stay by me and nurse me, and you'll see there's something in my part too.'" (*Chapters of Opera in New York*—H. E. Krehbiel.)

The Depth of Mozart

And not without reason has one of the earliest and finest connoisseurs and lovers of Mozart, the great Stendhal, characterised melancholy as the keynote of his music. In this respect Mozart's work, as so much of great art, seems to be the echo of a tragic life. What do we really know of this? In many respects the man Mozart is still a mystery to us to-day. (Trans. from *Klassische Musikstätten* by Carl Kobald.)

RICHARD HOLT.

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To turn for a moment from singers to pianists. When Paderewski first came out G.B.S. thought him "a man of various moods, who was alert, humorous, delightful at his first recital; sensational, empty, vulgar, and violent at his second; and dignified, intelligent, almost sympathetic, at his third." (Later on he found in him more to admire and less to blame.) "Sapellnikoff is never at fault in the domain of absolute music; but when the music begins to speak, his lack of eloquence is all the more startling. . . . His playing of Chopin's Polonaise in A flat was stupendous. Stavenhagen, on the whole, is the finest, most serious artist of them all. . . . Of course there is the inimitable Sophie Menter, with the airs of an invalid and the vigour of a Valkyrie, knocking the breath out of poor Schumann at the Crystal Palace, laughing Weber's delicate romance out of countenance at the Philharmonic, playing everything like lightning, and finishing always with a fabulously executed Liszt rhapsody for which all her sins are at once forgiven her. Madame Teresa Carreño is a second Arabella Goddard (!): she can play anything for you; but she has nothing of her own to tell you about it. Playing is her superb accomplishment, not her mission." Well, well! I could go on quoting, but have not the space this month.

Of all the composers of the period G.B.S. disliked none so heartily as Brahms. He even went one better than Wagner, who, it is said, called Brahms his *bête noire*. Here is a sample of his style in polishing off Brahms's symphony in E minor (No. 4): "The spectacle of the British public listening with its in-churchiest expression to one of the long and heavy fantasias which he calls his symphonies always reminds me of the yokel in As You Like It quailing before the big words of the fool. Strip off the euphuism from these symphonies, and you will find a string of incomplete ballad tunes, following one another with no more organic coherence than the succession of passing images reflected in a shop window in Piccadilly during any twenty minutes in the day. . . . His symphonies are endured at the Richter concerts as sermons are endured, and his Requiem is patiently borne only by the corpse." Again, with reference to the latter work, we read: "I am sorry to have to play the 'disgruntled' critic over a composition so learnedly contrapuntal, not to say fugacious; but I really cannot stand Brahms as a serious composer. It is nothing short of a European misfortune that such prodigious musical powers should have nothing better in the way of ideas to express than incoherent commonplace. However, that is what is always happening in music: the world is full of great musicians who are no composers, and great composers who are no musicians." This epigram sounds well; but I wonder how far the Promenade Concert *habitués* of to-day will feel inclined to echo it. I admit, however, that it was written for their fathers and not for them.

It is curious to note how many interesting people made their débuts in the year that our mentor began writing for *The World*. On the whole he sized them up

with tolerable acumen and fairness. A few of them are dead and gone, but many are still alive and active. He rather ignored Mr. Isidore de Lara as a singer, but criticized him as a composer "who avoids academics and simply gratifies his turn for writing voluptuous lyrics, which are none the worse for a little opium-eating orchestration heightened by an occasional jingle of the *pavillon chinois*." Concerning the Albéniz of the early days we read, "A. will find the professors inclined to dispute his right to call his spontaneous effusions 'sonatas' and 'concertos'; but if he sits tight and does as he pleases in this respect, he will find himself none the worse. He is, so far this season, the most distinguished and original of the pianists who confine themselves to the rose-gathering department of music." Again, a graphic pen-portrait of the last of Mme. Schumann's pupils making her début at the "Pops" in the New Year (1891): "A wild young woman named Ilona Eibenschütz made her first appearance, stumbling hastily up the stairs, and rushing at the piano-stool with a couple of strange gestures of grudging obeisance, as if she suspected some plot among us to be beforehand with her, produced an unmistakable impression on the matronhood of the stalls. Backs were straightened, elbows drawn in, lips folded: in that moment Ilona, it seemed to me, was friendless in a foreign land. But when she touched the first chord of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, the hand lay so evenly and sensitively on it, and the tone came so richly, that I at once perceived I was wasting my sympathies, and that Ilona, however ingloriously she might go to the piano, would come away from it mistress of the situation. And she certainly did." I may add that this same Ilona, after becoming a tremendous favourite, married the late Mr. Carl Derenburg and settled down in London, where she still resides, a happy grandmother and quite a figure in society.

But for the present I must draw to a close. In another article I hope to make a further selection from these volumes, showing especially what G.B.S. thought of the more prominent operatic singers of this particular epoch.

New "Connoisseur" Issues (H.M.V.)

In resuming my review of this list with Lauritz Melchior's contribution, it will be convenient to include therewith the Third Set of selected passages from *Siegfried*, in which he plays the most conspicuous part. This Album constitutes, in fact, one of the most remarkable collections of the series, and I heartily commend it to all who like to have their Wagner *de luxe*, faultlessly recording the finest available vocal and instrumental interpretation of the great music-drama. The six 12in. discs (DB1578-1583) take in the major portion of the first act and a goodly slice of the second; and in these generous excerpts Lauritz Melchior has the support in turn of Heinrich Tessmer (Mime), Friedrich Schorr (Wotan), and Eduard Habich (Alberich), together with the London Symphony Orchestra under Robert Heger. The explanatory notes provide, as usual,

a reliable guide to the dramatic action, while the dates of production are quite correct, though I would remind "H.W.L." that at the time when *Siegfried* was first given in London (1882) we spoke of the old opera house in the Haymarket as "Her" and not "His" Majesty's Theatre. Apart from the Album, Melchior has done with the same orchestra (DA1227, 12in.) *Am stillen Herd*, one of the *Probelieder* from *Die Meistersinger*, and the *Lenzlied* from *Die Walküre*. Both are good, but the latter is the finer of the two.

The large proportion of foreign vocal recordings included in the new Catalogue will not have escaped notice, nor am I going to find fault with that which undeniably adds alike to its interest and variety. Take, for instance, the specimens provided by the Metropolitan Russian Church Choir in Paris and the Orfeo Catala de Barcelona. It is not so much on account of their musical beauty (though that is by no means to be despised) as of their characteristic national qualities that

they are welcome, since they enable you to study at your ease the curious features of Russian Church music (B4131, 10in., and C2395, 12in.); or, again, a typically Spanish choir of boys and men in two cantatas by Bach (D2066-8 and D2075-6, 12in.), of which No. 4 is complete and No. 140 excerpts only. Some of the effects in the former are quite beautiful, and in the latter the famous *Sleepers, wake* is particularly well sung. A French *basso cantante*, M. Louis Morturier, displays a fine voice with admirable results in airs from Haydn's *Seasons* and Berlioz's *Enfance du Christ* (D2058, 12in.); while a Russian tenor, N. I. Nagachevsky, shines less brightly in a couple of songs (B4120, 10in.) that could easily have been spared from a connoisseur's collection. *En revanche*, the luscious tones of Sigrig Onegin are worthily employed in *Du bist die Ruh'* and Liszt's *Die Lorelei* (DB1291, 12in.), the pure, unaffected phrasing of Schubert's gracious melody calling for especial praise.

HERMAN KLEIN.

ADDITIONS TO THE H.M.V. CONNOISSEUR CATALOGUE

(continued)

D2065. **BERLIN STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA**, conducted by Dr. Leo Blech: Ballet Music from the opera *Idomeneo*—Chaconne and Gavotte (Mozart) and Andante for Flute (Mozart).

Idomeneo, written when Mozart was twenty-four, was not a success, publicly, though its influence is to be traced in later works by the composer, which owed at least a little of their quality to some of its ideas. Various people revised the opera, and recently Strauss's version was staged at Vienna. The plot is intractable, and no touched-up libretto can save it. The ballet music stands, perhaps best of all, on its own feet, and even that reminds us that Mozart studied good models. It is not clear whether the *Andante* for flute is K.315 (1778). I presume so. The number should have been given on the label. It is a lovely thing, gracious, pure, almost other-worldly. The style of the soloist (not named on the label, this side of which, by the way, is titled in German, while the other is in English) beautifully befits the music's gentle discourse. May we ask our friends to give us consistently full information about the sources of the works, and to decide upon one language or the other for their titles? Labelling unaccountably remains one of the weaker elements in record-production.

D2069. **BERLIN STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA**, conducted by Dr. Leo Blech: Divertimento No. 9 for Wind Instruments, K.V.240 (Mozart).

This, one of the ten Divertimenti for wind instruments, written between 1772 and 1777, belongs to 1776. It is possible to find in the style here some subtle reaction to Mozart's contact with society. There is in part of this record (the second movement on the first side, for instance, and the first on side 2) a suggestion of the refined meditative or slightly melancholy manner which later we find reinforced and deepened into richer feeling. All the movements are meaty—the concentrated exposition of well-turned ideas, more satisfying, because a

little more finely polished, one may feel, than those in some of the other Serenades, Divertimenti and Cassations. Nothing is too weighty, of course: the title marks an easy, natural limit to complexity and profundity; but within that limitation, here is a high degree of satisfaction for the spirit, and not less, in the dexterous writing, for the ear.

D2070-2. **BERLIN STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA**, conducted by Dr. Leo Blech: Symphony No. 5 in B flat (Schubert), five parts, and *Slavische Tanz*, Op. 46, No. 4 (Dvorak), sixth side. Min. scores of Schubert, Philharmonia and Eulenburg.

Polydor was the only firm to do Schubert's *Fifth* (May 1930, page 565). The work was finished October 3rd, 1816, and first played by an orchestra of friends. Note the scoring—with only one flute, and no clarinets, trumpets or trombones. You could do it with little more than a score of players. Quite likely, Schubert had in mind the restricted number of friends able to make up a band. My labels have gone wrong: they give, for the first three sides, the titles of both first and second movements. Actually, the first movement takes one side and about an inch of the second, and the slow movement ends on side 3. Then the minuet is called "2nd Movement" and the finale "3rd." The catalogue is wrong, too. There are some cuts in the slow movement, and one in the finale. Some nice touches of phrasing appear in the minuet, but above *mf* the tone is drawn out of its quality, and is too big to be true. The finale loses less, and it may be felt that the little Dvorak piece (one of those less commonly heard, it is pleasant to note) loses least of all. The scrap of 'cello cadenza is not quite happy. On the whole, I prefer works only just as large as life. If that is looked to, the naturalness will look after itself, on records. But this happy little symphony is worth having. Try it for yourself first, and decide whether the tone offends you or not.

B3942. LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by Eugene Goossens: *Le Roi l'a dit* (Delibes).

Delibes lived two lives—that of a ballet composer for the Grand Opera, and an operatic writer for the other Opera, where lighter works were in demand. His weightier works missed success in the larger world, but the lighter weights proved his power and place, and one cannot imagine them losing their attraction. *Le roi l'a dit* came out in 1873, and this funny story of the complications arising out of Louis XIV's royal assumptions, and a subject's trying to play up to them, made a good partner for a serious musician's lively thoughts, always refined and à propos. The tune that ends side 1 is a good sample of purely French musical expression, and of Delibes' particularly engaging vein of delicacy. No one could handle these with a better balanced hand than Mr. Goossens, of whom we hear too little. The B.B.C. performed this opera in the middle of 1929, I remember, and though studio operas in the old shape are apparently not to be pursued, we might have some attempt at reviving the best of those we then enjoyed. If only there were any scope for the purveyors of opera, or sufficient experience in the potential public for it, what fares to Paris we might save!

C2348-9. NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent: *Patrie* (Bizet), *Hérodiade*, Ballet No. 4 from *Les Phéniennes* (Massenet).

Patrie, inspired by the events of 1870, may well be heard always with respect, as the work of one above all fervent, impassioned, enthusiastic. Bizet is always welcome: we give thanks for his warmth, and wish he had lived longer. The overture was produced the year before he died. *Grove*, I see, gives the usual explanation of it as planned for Sardou's drama *Patrie*, but I have seen another account, on good authority, which says that Bizet simply called it a "dramatic overture," frankly based on French feelings after the war, and that Padeloup, who first performed it, suggested the title. The first group of thematic matter occupies most of side 1; just under 2 in. in comes the second chief tune, in rather more lively time. This is worked up to a *ff* presentation on side 2, and in slower time comes a third chief theme, in the lower strings (which are strongly used elsewhere in thematic significance). This section might be thought of as a lament or elegy. An inch from the end of side 2 comes a smooth fresh theme, comforted (or anglais, clarinet and violas). Side 3 develops a little, concludes the section, and brings back, first in *pp* excitement, the opening theme, and then (with some small interpolations of theme 2, and the brass fanfare heard near the start) goes to the coda, which emphasises theme 2 in aspiring confidence. Probably we should only appreciate the work quite fully if we could enter into the mind and heart of France after 1870; but in spite of its slight constructive value, it goes straight to the mark. The Massenet fill-up is poorly chosen. One would think that recorders had a job lot of Massenet to get rid of. Why not seek out music with meaning? The recording makes the *Patrie* basses slightly muzzy. I like it because the volume is not excessive.

D1495. ORCHESTRE ROYAL DES GUIDES BELGES (BELGIAN ROYAL GUARDS BAND), conducted by A. Prevost: *Offertoire pour la Messe de Minuit* (Franck) and *Khovantchina, Danse des Persanes* (Moussorgsky, trans. Godfrey).

The title is misleading. This is unavoidable as far as the band's name goes. The word "Orchestra" on the label (left-hand, bottom) ought, however, to be "Military Band." These transcriptions demonstrate respectively the rich, smooth depths of the band's tone, in the "offertory" on a familiar French sacred theme, often used in organ music, which comes off excellently in this medium, and its lighter resources, in the dance. The band leaves an excellent impression. It may be noted that there are several other, lighter, pieces by it in this list; they were reviewed by W.A.C. in June (p. 22).

W. R. A.

DA1069-72 (in album). FLONZALEY STRING QUARTET: Quartet in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1 (Schumann).

DB1359-61. FLONZALEY STRING QUARTET. Quartet in E minor, "Aus meinem Leben" (Smetana).

The Schumann is recorded complete. The repeats in the first and last movement are given and also the two repeats in the *Intermezzo* of the *Scherzo*. But the two repeats in the *Scherzo* itself are omitted. Breaks (references to Eulenburg min. score): first movement, page 6, end of line 3 and page 10, line 1, bar 2; third movement, page 29, line 2, bar 2; fourth movement, last bar but one of page 40.

In the Smetana no repeats are indicated. There are two cuts (p. 25, end of line 2 to p. 27, beginning of line 2, and p. 43, letter "T," to p. 45, letter "W"). Breaks: first movement, p. 7, line 4, bar 1; third movement, p. 31, line 3, bar 1.

These are vintage Flonzaley laid down before the break-up of that excellent organisation, and left to mature till now in the cellars at Hayes. Like all dated "vintages" they have the virtue of preserving something that would otherwise have been lost irretrievably—and a performance by the Flonzaley was well worth preserving. On the other hand, an old wine is often inclined to lack "body," and these two Flonzaley samples sound strangely light and ethereal beside the full-blooded modern recordings of the Budapest. The Schumann, indeed, cannot be regarded as entirely satisfactory; the extreme notes at both ends of the gamut do not actually disappear, but there are times when they do undoubtedly "fade." And there is a curious haze over a good deal of the part-writing that occasionally makes it impossible to distinguish all the detail. The Smetana is distinctly better, and the sensationally high E, long held by the first violin towards the end of the *Finale*, is quite able to make its presence felt. On the whole, this is the quartet I prefer; the "cuts" are regrettable, but not of paramount importance.

A brief but adequate analysis of the Schumann by H.W.L. is pasted in the album. The gentle music and refined playing make a striking contrast with the heroic rendering of the *Grosse Fuge* by the Budapest, to which, as it happens, I had just been listening. The Flonzaley could be splendidly virile when they chose (we have Beethoven records of theirs to prove it), but it is the dreamy, romantic element, the naïve grace that they (like most modern artists) tend to accentuate in Schumann. Probably they are right, though we should not forget that our fathers regarded him as the most masculine of his contemporaries. I liked the *Scherzo* best—a good example of the Flonzaley's brilliant *ensemble*. They probably play the *Finale* just as well, but the music here is not quite so interesting. The opening movement has a quiet charm that is attractive; the slow movement I found dull—and if you think I haven't got a soul, I can't help it.

Smetana's quartet is analysed in Cobbett's *Cyclopedic Survey* (heading "Smetana"). The first movement (*Allegro vivo appassionato*) "depicts," so the writer tells us, "his early love of art, his romantic tendency," while in "the restless quaver figure" on the violins "Smetana has caught the agitated atmosphere of the revolutionary year, 1848." Of the second movement, *Allegro moderato à la Polka*, Smetana himself says that it "recalls memories of my gay life in youth when I used to write dance music and give it away right and left to other young folk"; and of the *Largo sostenuto*, "The third movement recalls the bliss of my first love." There is a heavenly melody here, worthy of Schubert at his best. No wonder Dvorak admired Smetana! The two great Bohemian composers draw very close together here. On the *Finale*, Smetana comments "The discovery how to treat the national material in music; joy at the results of following this path!" The sudden catastrophe near the end stands for the tragedy of the composer's life, deafness; and the long, high E represents the singing in his ears. "I allowed myself this little joke, such as it is, which has proved so fatal to me."

If you are in doubt, try DB1360 as a sample. It contains the Polka and the first half of the slow movement. P. L.

DA1026. FRITZ KREISLER: En Bateau; La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin (Debussy).

Once grant that Debussy, being richer in harmonic than in melodic interest, is hardly a good subject for violin transcriptions, and you have in this Kreisler record at once a favourite—Kreisler is, perhaps, the subtlest and most sensitive violinist we have and therefore able to do full justice to these exquisite little tone-pictures. (It might have been an even happier record if more prominence had been given to the piano accompaniment—played perfectly by **Carl Lamson**.) I give my preference to the "Girl with the Flaxen Locks," which is played with a wayward elasticity and is only not perfect (to my thinking) in the strangely withheld climax. Even Kreisler has excelled himself in the fading close of this delicious fragment. Here is certainly one of Kreisler's most poetic short records.

DB1338. JACQUES THIBAUD: La Vida Breve (De Falla) and Le Deluge (Saint-Saëns).

Perhaps the most attractive quality in Thibaud's playing is its restraint—its ability to maintain an interest in an almost continuously level tone. Such playing is hardly to be heard at its best in such exotic fragments as the *Danza Espanola No. 1*, from *La Vida Breve*. There is a fine sense of rhythm shown here but that hardly atones for the absence of fire and turbulence which are the essential ingredients of such music. The Saint-Saëns, being far less flamboyant and more a matter of sheer melodic line, is better: as Thibaud plays it, one becomes absorbed in the lovely thin thread of sound which the composer has spun and is content to leave it at that. The recording is rather subdued and, for the same reasons, obviously more effective in the Prelude to *Le Deluge*. A musicianly record—and yet strangely unsatisfying.

DB1470. MISCHA ELMAN: Serenade Melancholique (Tchaikovsky, Op. 26).

This is Tchaikovsky in a most attractive mood—his Slav melancholy has dictated a brief and typical tune round which he has built, with all the cunning of which he was master, some appealing part-writing for orchestra. (The orchestra, admirably restrained, is under the direction of **Nat Shilkret**. Tchaikovsky knew well how to use the horn and the wood-wind, and there are some beautiful examples here of their exploitation to fine effect.) Against this delicate orchestration, Mischa Elman's violin-playing stands out full-blooded and dark, as suits the nature of the music. There is some fine emotional playing, particularly in the agonised recitatives. How much Elman can put into a simple phrase is revealed when, upon repetition, the wood-wind takes up the melody whilst Elman plays an elusive figure above it: by comparison the tune then becomes almost abrupt. This is a beautiful record and I strongly recommend it, unless, of course, Tchaikovsky is anathema to you: rarely have I heard Elman playing better and the recording does him ample justice.

DB1536. MISCHA ELMAN: Zigeunerweisen, Op. 20 (Sarasate).

When Sarasate essays the Romany mood you know what to expect: some feverish moments of arpeggio work on the violin, with reiterating accompaniment on the piano, and altogether a great to-do about nothing in particular. Of course, there will be splendid opportunities for the soloist to show how clever he is—whilst the poor accompanist gets along as best he can with his dum-diddle-dum. For all the show of passion in these so-called Gypsy Airs there is never any depth of feeling—the whole thing is much more Apache of the Latin Quarter than downright Romany. Nevertheless, as I say, Elman has some rare chances to show his astonishing ability as a mere technician, and there is always a kind of satisfaction in that—though not a very lasting one. These disjointed fragments of recitative and dance must be great fun (as they say) to play, so far as the violinist is concerned; but oh, the boredom for **Carroll Hollister**, the accompanist!

DB1594. MISCHA ELMAN: Airs Tziganes (Cesar Espejo); Rêve d'Enfant (Ysaye).

As far as pure music goes there is little to choose between Sarasate and Espejo; but the former, needless to say, has at least the advantage of being more interesting in the sheer agility of his violin-writing. Gypsies, as composers for the violin see them, are evidently a frantic, nerve-racking lot. Ysaye's *Rêve d'Enfant* may be poor music, but I very much prefer it to all this pseudo-gypsy nonsense. There is in it a quality of genuine innocence—like some well-painted Victorian "picture with a meaning." The simple melody rides and swings over a grateful accompaniment (played by **Marcel van Gool** with considerable delicacy and exquisitely clear in the recording) in a most pleasing fashion: it is a charming essay in restraint. This and Elman's Tchaikovsky should both be popular records.

DA1073. GUILHERMINA SUGGIA: Rondo (Boccherini) and Polichinelle-Serenade (Kreisler).

The Boccherini *Rondo*, cleverly transcribed by Bazelaire, was hardly worth the trouble: it is straightforward and rather dull. Nevertheless, it gets an almost loving attention from its exponent—another example, perhaps, of how grateful 'cellists are even for the least interesting additions to their so limited repertoire? The *Serenade* is typical and effective music, without any pretensions, but appealing and fairly musicianly.

DA1065. Melodie, from Orfeo (Gluck) and Pièce en forme de Habanera (Ravel).

The Melody is, needless to say, an arrangement of the *Dance of the Blessed Spirits*. I cannot say I think it is improved in its translation from orchestra to cello solo: it becomes far too bold a thing, not half ethereal enough. The accompaniment, too, suffers to the extent of becoming excessively monotonous. The Ravel is so completely right—saying its little say with exquisite distinction—that I cannot understand why it is not more often heard. Here is something that, although it may have little to do with Spain, is altogether lovely in a light-hearted way. I would like to draw attention to the perfect accompanist Suggia has found, both here and in DA1073, in **George Reeves**. The recording is impeccable.

DA1130. WANDA LANDOWSKA: Sonata No. 9, Pastorale (Scarlatti); Le Rossignol en Amour (Couperin).

The Scarlatti is a remarkable performance: Landowska's playing demands just that mixture of strictness of outline and dramatic content that Scarlatti supplies. If there is a fault it is in the tendency to "tightness" in the tone and the slightly steely quality that consequently emerges. These defects completely disappear, however, in the Couperin, whose tenderness is brought out with a greater resilience in the tone of the playing and a consequent heightening of resonance. There is, moreover, some beautiful sustaining in the bass and some really understanding phrasing. This should easily be one of Landowska's most favoured records. (One is so used to the continuous excellence of harpsichord recording that I almost omitted to give it high praise once more.)

DA1129. WANDA LANDOWSKA: English Suite in E minor, Passepied (Bach); Fantasia in C minor (Bach).

There is a welcome intelligence behind the playing of both these pieces: every line of Bach's writing stands out brave and clear. Purists might accuse Landowska of putting too much mood into the *Passepied*; but the offence, if any, is a slight one. Her tone is always crisp, though capable (as the quiet ending serves to prove) of the subtlest gradations. The *Fantasia* on the other side suffers, to my thinking, by the necessary omission of the Adagio and Fugue that are so much part and parcel of it; and I do not care much for the excessive regularity with which it is here played. But Landowska is a welcome antidote to the purist (I would rather call it the puritanical) school of harpsichord performers, and this particular example of her work is brilliantly recorded.

C. H. W.

THE MUNICH FESTIVAL AND THE GRAMOPHONE

IN recent years Munich has provided the finest operatic entertainment to be heard in Europe. The repertoire is more extensive than that of Covent Garden, and the artists—if not as well known—are of an equal standard. Three theatres are used: the National, which is in use all the year round; the Prinzregent, perhaps the finest Wagnerian theatre in the world; and the Residenz, which, though often staging smaller and unpretentious operas, was this year devoted largely to the performance of festival plays. The principal artist was Wilhelm Rode, the magnificent Viennese baritone who appeared at Covent Garden in 1928. On that occasion he was hailed as the foremost interpreter of Sachs and Wotan before the public, and at the present time he is perhaps to be considered the finest interpretative artist of the century. His Polydor records—the best of which will no doubt be available on Decca shortly—are rather poorly recorded, but the quality of the interpretation makes them in all cases well worth buying. I can especially recommend *Wahn, Wahn, überall Wahn* and *Wotans Abschied*. Of far superior quality are his recent Ultraphon records, the recording of which has not yet been surpassed. The *Credo* from *Othello* is a masterpiece of characterization, paired with some vocal fireworks, in *Ich der geist der stets verneinet* from Boito's *Mefistofele* (F525). The remaining solos are all individually interpreted, the *Torerolied* being especially fine (together with *Hei Adamastor* from *Africana*, F534). It is a pity that he takes liberties with the vocal line for the sake of effect—but the effect is undeniable. *Die Frist ist um* from *The Flying Dutchman* is a slightly disproportionate recording, but worth having for the artistry of performance. The duets with Eva Hadrabova are not so satisfactory—the *Te Deum* from *Tosca* is too loud to be pleasant, and the performance of the duet in *Aida*, except for some thrilling moments (in every case not written by the composer), is strangely pedestrian. If one hears the record this will become quite clear. There are also some old Odeon records of Wagnerian excerpts and songs of some interest; the company will only re-press them, however, if the demand is sufficient, so if anybody wishes to have the particulars I can send them a list.

The author saw Rode in the *Mastersingers*, *Valkyrie*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Lohengrin*, and the *Tales of Hoffmann*. In the *Mastersingers* the cast was:

HANS SACHS	Rode
BECKMESSER	Ries
POGNER	Sterneck
KOTHNER	Hann
WALTHER	Fischer
DAVID	Carnuth
EVA	Feuge
MAGDALENA	Fichtmüller

The performance was perhaps the best of the festival, under Knappertsbusch's baton; the scenario in general, and particularly the lighting in Act 2, were very fine. Only Rode to my knowledge has recorded. Knappertsbusch is represented on the Decca-Polydor list by a rather lukewarm performance of this Opera's Overture, on Parlophone by Beethoven's seventh, and on H.M.V. by some Strauss Waltzes. Fischer has a fine voice, but being built on Melchior-esque lines without the latter's height, he scarcely looks the part. Rode himself was perfect, a far finer Sachs than Schorr or Nissen. In *Lohengrin*, his Telramund rather outweighed the remainder of the cast, both vocally and in the vehemence of his acting. He was ably supported by Gertrud Kappel's Ortrud. The remainder of the cast was:

LOHENGRIK	Fischer
ELSA	Hüni-Mihacsec
KING HENRY	Hann
HERALD	Hager

Fischer was less incongruous as Lohengrin than as Walther, but his acting—especially the habit of remaining fixed in a dramatic pose—was uninspiring. Hüni-Mihacsec made an attractive Elsa. Of the other Wagner Operas, *Tannhäuser*, the *Flying Dutchman* and the *Ring* were given, the latter two with Rode as Vanderdecken and Wotan respectively. *Siegfried* had a new setting which I am told was very effective. Knappertsbusch, easily recognizable again by his blonde hair, conducted *Tristan*, in which the cast was:

TRISTAN	Fritz Wolff
ISOLDE	Kappel
KING MARK	Paul Bender
SAILOR	Patzak.

Fritz Wolff seems scarcely to have lived up to his former promise as the future heldentenor *par excellence*, but he looks the part. Patzak has a pleasant light tenor voice, and is a permanent member of the Opera; he has made numerous Polydor records, of which one 10in. has so far been issued in England—*Lebewohl mein Blütenreich* from *Butterfly*. Paul Bender is represented on Ultraphon by a magnificent Loewe ballad record *Odin's Meeresritt* and *Kleiner Haushalt* (E415), obtainable either from stock or by order from the Gramophone Exchange, with any other Ultraphon record.

Rehkemper, whose magnificent performance of Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* has just appeared on Decca-Polydor, sang the name part in Rossini's *William Tell*, supported by Feuge, Helsing, Griffit, Gerlach, and Fichtmüller. Elmendorff, the Bayreuth conductor of Columbia's *Tristan*, was in command. Patzak, mentioned just above, appeared as Hoffman in the Offenbach opera, supported rather overwhelmingly by Rode as Coppelius. Fritz Jokl, a Polydor artist whose Decca releases we are still awaiting*, appeared to great effect as the doll Olympia. Other National theatre productions included *Rosenkavalier*, *Zauberflöte*, *Aida*, *Othello*, *Zigeunerbaron*, and *Fidelio*. The cast of the first-mentioned opera included Kappel, Sterneck, Hann, Helsing, Sendel, Fichtmüller, Kries, Griffit, Graf and Carnuth, amongst which profusion of stars Kappel was outstanding, though on one occasion she sounded very tired. Fichter was a far greater success as Othello than in the previous operas, and the death scene was especially effective. Hüni-Mihacsec took Elisabeth Schumann's famous part of Pamina in *Zauberflöte* and brought it off very well.

The plays performed during the festival included *Prinzessin Turandot*, *Friedrich Friesen*, *Freie Bahn dem Tüchtigen*, *Jewelrand in der Kärntnerstrasse*, Shakespeare's *Wie euch es gefällt*, and others. Adolph Busch and Rudolf Serkin gave a series of concerts of Beethoven's Violin and Piano Sonatas. The quantity and the excellence of the entertainment at Munich amazed a Londoner such as myself, in whose town two simultaneous major operatic performances would be impossible. But what a pity so many of the excellent Munich artists are unrecorded!

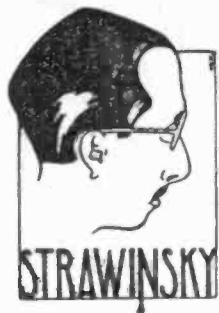
P. B. MEDAWAR.

*[But she is already in the Parlophone Catalogue.—LONDON ED.]

The Forty-Eight Society

Mr. Gerald H. Hayes, the Hon. Secretary of The Dolmetsch Foundation, invites any of our readers who would be likely to subscribe to a Society formed under Columbia auspices for the recording of Bach's "48" and Chromatic Fantasia by Arnold Dolmetsch on the clavichord to communicate with him at 37, Clanricarde Gardens, London, W.2.

It is hoped to start the recording as soon as the Haslemere Festival is over, and to issue four or five records at a time in a portfolio at about two guineas. But the details are still vague, and at this juncture it is only advisable to get the names and addresses of everyone who would be interested.



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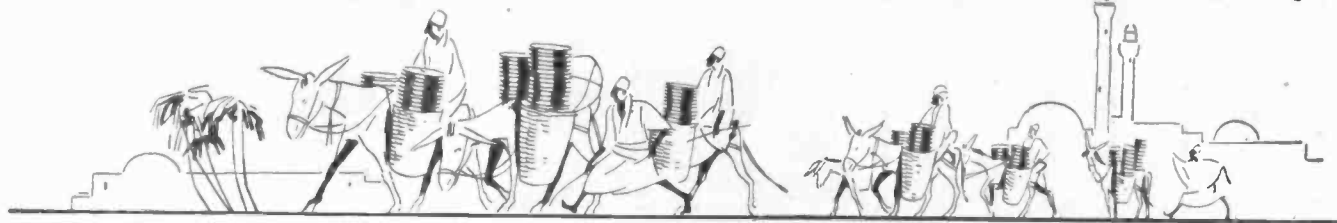
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DECCA POLYDOR SERIES

CHAMBER MUSIC AND THE GRAMOPHONE

(Continued from page 544)

by CYRIL M. CRABTREE

Beethoven's 6th String Quartet (Op. 18, No. 6, in B flat).

The Virtuoso String Quartet, H.M.V. D1206-9 (four 12in., 6s. each); Album No. 37. Miniature Scores: Goodwin & Tabb, and Boosey & Hawkes.

Almost every letter I receive on the subject of these articles removes all doubt of this working principle: that nothing which goes to elucidate the actual notes is wasted, or can be skimmed. (We have to recall continually, of course, that mere labelling of the actual notes is no more than mere labelling of characters and incidents in a drama; but it certainly seems hardly sensible to suggest that anyone completely ignorant of the characters and incidents knows anything about the drama.) For that reason, it seems to me, after all, I must give a description of one of Beethoven's first quartets, Opus 18; and I choose, only too readily, the sixth and last of them, in which I find much of the most untiringly delightful music Beethoven ever wrote.

After the first movement we may find comparatively little to describe. But the work, as a whole, raises an important question of appreciation, and especially of the widely divergent reactions of to-day to Beethoven.

I have already said that I choose this particular Quartet in defiance of Sir Henry Hadow, who considers the second of the six—to me one of the weakest—one of the best, and says of this one: "no part of the first movement is on Beethoven's customary levels of thought, and the greater part is far below them." To what I said in January on this general question I will add this: Music is indeed concerned with life itself, and with the eternal verities—is, in fact, essentially mystical. But the best mystics, the great saints, have never been over-solemn, sombre, heavy people. They can indeed afford not to take themselves, even life itself, too seriously.

Isn't the gravest charge against the nineteenth century, and Romanticism (in this respect the very opposite of true Romance), egoism? Beethoven is at his very greatest in certain exalted, almost visionary passages, sometimes merely a brief melody, sometimes merely a few phrases; in all he wrote there are very few, if any, whole movements on that level. At many other times he is as a giant rejoicing to run his course. For the rest, he is at his best when he is easy-going. At other times, he was not enough the true mystic. And I am not sure that those phases are really so very distinct. It is certainly worth noting that we find solid, rock-like structure, consistency, inevitability, consummate mastery in such movements as the first and last of this Quartet, however slight they may seem, and the exquisite nonchalant *Scherzando* of the eighth symphony.

There remains the question of key—and since Beethoven was inclined to consider the key relevant to the music's character, it cannot be ignored in, at any rate, his music. Only one of Beethoven's symphonies is in the key of this quartet (B flat), the fourth. Of that, the first movement is not quite such plain sailing as this, but it has the same exhilaration, somewhat heightened and strengthened, and both its first subject and the scherzo are actually related thematically to the first movement of this quartet, though much more complex. I have already cited the *Scherzando* of the eighth symphony. It is in the same key. It may seem a far cry from this quartet; but I am not sure there is not a family feeling. But the real striking likeness (not perhaps so obvious in the actual notes as in general manner, mood, personality) is of the finales of this quartet and the early B flat piano sonata (Op. 22).

Beethoven chose the key of B flat for the *Hammerklavier* Sonata (Op. 106), the *Great Fugue* quartet (Op. 133), the late quartet, Op. 130, and the Creed in the Mass in D. Obviously this childlike quartet knows nothing of such titanic life; but I suggest that Beethoven did not choose the key by tossing a coin. It might, or might not, be foolish to attempt a thorough comparison of all these works; but in the light of the early quartet I find in the later something of the same happiness, gentle exhilaration, even, fundamentally, simplicity; I find in the finales of the two, not only obvious difference, but striking similarity; and, in the Creed of the Mass, I find in the last—and best—part the same happy simplicity of spirit.

To come at last to the records. Though by no means a recent recording, this set is not merely good enough for one to be able to choose it for the sake of the work. It must be included among the almost ideal, such as the Budapest *Rasoumoffsky* set and the H.M.V. Schubert Trio (the last two subjects, before this, of these articles). This performance may possibly stop just short of real greatness. It may perhaps be a little rigid, sometimes lacking even legitimate freedom. But if it has not always the fire, brilliance, masterliness of the *Rasoumoffsky* and Schubert performances—and it is difficult to say even that much without possible injustice—it is of that company. Like them, hardly once does it sin, either by commission or omission, against Beethoven's written notes and directions; therefore it takes a place which must be denied to hosts of performances, some of them perhaps more showy. Here, as elsewhere, a merely good performance, in which every nuance of Beethoven is observed—little else is required. And for the rest, ensemble and so on, we need ask for nothing better; and the recording is uniformly good.

For this work, this set of records is on the costly side; but I should prefer to start with two or three records of this set rather than the complete set of any other recording. The first record has the first movement complete; probably the second choice for most people would be the second record, on which is the contrasting second movement, complete, but I'm not sure that I should not myself prefer the last record, though the finale proper takes only one side of this, the other being filled with the most popular Schubert *Moment Musical* (No. 3, in F minor).

First Movement. It would be difficult to find a much simpler or clearer movement than this. As many readers will get a general grasp of it with two or three complete hearings, I will give first an outline in a few sentences. The First Subject takes roughly $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. The episode, or bridge, repeats a good deal of it, and goes off into another theme nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. after the start. Second Subject, $\frac{3}{4}$ -in., Codetta (1st subject and bridge themes) just under $1\frac{1}{2}$ -in. after start. Exposition repeated (as directed, literally unchanged), second half of 1st side. First $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. of side 2, 1st subject developed; then bridge theme. $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. after start, long preparation (dominant pedal, either actual or understood) for recapitulation, starting from 1st subject theme. Last $1\frac{1}{2}$ -in., Recapitulation: beginning of bridge changed, introducing a casual little tune; otherwise no change.

Violin 2 and viola provide a core of accompaniment to the First Subject. Above them violin 1 leads off with a phrase that jumps up and down the chord of the keynote; he repeats his phrase an octave higher; 'cello answers in the bass; violin 1 echoes the answer; 'cello repeats it, and adds a cadence (which takes us for a moment into the dominant key). Violin 1 then

gives two little detached calls, each answered by 'cello, who at last brings us back to the main key. It is this first subject especially, with its "alternations of tonic and dominant," that Sir Henry Hadow objects to, comparing it unfavourably with the Trio of the fourth quartet. But the comparison might quite well confirm our interest in this first subject, especially when we realize that the Trio is self-contained, whereas this is building material, and, I think, provides us with a very good edifice.

Notice that every phrase of the first subject begins with a quick "turn." It is in grasping such details that we get a real, firm grasp of logical, organic music. A good composer, like a good author, never leaves the idea of the moment, unless for deliberate asides. More than that—music has a real life, that literature cannot have; and such details are the germs from which musical organisms grow.

After $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. we begin all over again—but there are modifications. At the second phrase violin 2 joins violin 1 an octave below (the effect being perhaps a little coarse), and then takes over the answering phrases, originally the 'cello's. The cadence is changed, and prolonged, and takes us this time further afield, into the supertonic key, from which, presently, we shall be able suitably to enter the second subject (in the key of the dominant).

If Beethoven had just put a full-stop here, then carried straight on with the second subject, we should have merely a bald statement, as a matter of business, of the material. But this is living music; and now (nearly $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. after the start) he rounds off this bridge passage with a theme of its own, one which couldn't possibly be an opening theme of a movement (1st subject), nor even stand as a second subject proper, but yet has its own character, and gives the bridge passage its own individuality. But more—we shall find that it is not merely a bridge from 1st to 2nd subject, but a living part of the whole organism. Notice, therefore, its two halves—a quick, upward-running scale, and a reiteration of the top note. Violin 1 plays it twice; each time the second half is accompanied by a downward scale in violin 2 and viola (parallel), the second time by the upward scale itself also, in the bass ('cello).

After a quite definite stop (at $\frac{3}{8}$ -in.) comes the second subject, "a far more characteristic melody," says Sir Henry Hadow. Detractors may add "unfortunately," and compare it to a nineteenth-century part-song, but it is a quietly, thoughtfully expressive theme which takes a gradual hold on one. Notice how perfect, and attractive, are its articulation (the exact length, or shortness, of each note, the stresses, the swellings and fadings) and its harmonization, especially (as Sir Henry points

out) its alternation of major and minor mode (Beethoven attached great significance to that contrast).

After a while, the music gradually stirs out of this more passive mood, gathers impetus, and ends (just under $1\frac{1}{2}$ -in. after the start) in a sparkling little triple shake (violins and viola), like a dancer's fluttering gesture. (Don't listen for a prolonged shake—it lasts hardly a second.) A short Codetta brings back the 1st subject idea—in viola, then violin 1, then in the bass ('cello), augmented by viola and violin 2. This last time violin 1 brings in the bridge theme above it. The Exposition comes to an emphatic close, and the second half of this record side is occupied with the repetition which Beethoven indicates.

Next, Beethoven sets off developing fully his 1st subject; but before this development can degenerate into mere meaningless formality—perhaps even before he need have done—he breaks off. He does so abruptly (less than $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. after start of side 2), then, after a long pause ($1\frac{3}{4}$ bars), gives us an interesting fugato on the bridge theme. He uses the whole theme; each entry (after the first) overlaps the preceding; in many entries the scale starts below, and rises above, the other part. 'Cello leads off in the bass; viola enters next (starting below); then violins (running parallel, and starting below viola); then 'cello again in the bass—and so on, the two halves of the theme always being heard simultaneously. The second (repeated-note) half is often in octaves—perhaps a little rough, certainly orchestral, in effect.

We come to rest on the dominant ($\frac{7}{8}$ -in. after the start of the record), and prepare at some length (on a dominant pedal, always either heard or implied) for the Recapitulation. This preparation springs out of the answering phrase (first heard, originally, in 'cello) of the 1st subject; it strikes us as the very purpose for which that phrase was born, and we now realise that Beethoven left it severely alone in his "development." This preparation is notable for the lovely, suavely expressive, antiphonal responses of violins (together) and viola-and-'cello (together). This performance gives full effect to them.

The Recapitulation occupies the last $1\frac{1}{8}$ -in. of the record. The 1st subject is repeated note for note. But the bridge passage, instead of starting to repeat it, now gives us a further, somewhat strenuous, development of it—then suddenly ($1\frac{1}{4}$ -in. before the end) slips with perfect inconsequence into one of the most casual yet swaggering bits of tune ever penned. Beethoven at once, however, takes it firmly, even severely (notice the change to the minor mode) in hand—this is, after all, the first movement of a string quartet—and allows not one more note of licence from here to the end of the movement.



Gramophone Societies' Reports

Some belated reports show that a few of the Societies have kept going through the summer months. The **South West London Gramophone Society** (Hon. Sec., 2, Marlborough Mansions, Hetherington Road, S.W.4) had three particularly good programmes, Mr. J. L. Crow supplying and commenting upon a Decca-Polydor programme and a truly varied Variety programme, while Mr. J. H. Benson, the Hon. Sec., arranged "A Gramophone Promenade Concert" with L.S.O. records and the Schnabel Emperor Concerto. Norman Allin and Elsie Suddaby were the singers.

Mr. Ivory, the director of the North London Gramophone Society, rejoiced the **South London Gramophone Society** on June 25th with one of his notably well-chosen programmes—"good stuff" from start to finish; and the **Acton and District Gramophone Society** brought a successful season to an end with a Grieg-Tchaikovsky type of programme arranged by Mr. Daniells and is having summer meetings on August 15th and September 19th. The Hon. Recording Sec., 8, Friars Place Lane, Acton, W.3, will supply particulars.

The **Leeds Gramophone Society** wound up their season with a mixed programme ranging from Tito Schipa to Raie da Costa, which apparently entertained everyone.

From further afield a puzzling report comes from the **Liverpool and District Gramophone Society** (Hon. Sec., No. 3, 43, Castle Street, Liverpool). "On May 11th," it runs, "the ladies presented their first programme, appropriately choosing music inspired by such figures as Helen, Salome and Isolda."

Should that word be "first" or "flirt"?

Too Late Now

"A customer who entered the shop promptly at nine o'clock on the first morning of the sale informed us that he had waited outside from eleven o'clock the previous night in order to make sure of the bargain he wanted."

Coo! This is from the report on Imhof's recent clearance sale, which must have been full of bargains seeing that the surplus stock was entirely cleared by the twelfth day.

If the one-man queue is among our readers we should like his address so that we may send him a souvenir of the occasion.

THE ORGAN, ITS MUSIC AND THE GRAMOPHONE

by A. C. D. DE BRISAY

IT is strange and superficially inexplicable that in the case of an instrument which, of all keyboard instruments, has had the longest and most distinctive history, dating back, as it does, to the very beginnings of Mediaeval Catholicism, an instrument, moreover, which has continuously enriched its repertoire and its resources—it is strange that not one single modern performer upon it, with the possible exception of Marcel Dupré, is regarded by the critics and the self-styled discriminatory concert-goers as in the same artistic class as a Cortot, a Casals or a Kreisler. Lists of virtuosi in various branches of music invariably omit mention of the organist with the same regularity as the critic demurs from listening to his playing or treating his instrument with serious regard.

This scarcely concealed contempt in high quarters for the organ and its music is shared by the general public to this extent that, whilst not averse to listening to organ playing, more especially if what it is playing has some sentimental or bombastic appeal, it does so unaware that much of the world's most lofty and ennobling music has been written for the instrument and that conscientious artists spend their lives trying to render such music with the same perfection of technique and interpretation as do the pianists, the 'cellists and the violinists. To the uninitiated organ music remains a "robot" type of music.

That the public, as a whole, has not realised the musical qualities and possibilities of the organ is not nearly so strange or inexplicable as is the case with the critics; indeed, there is every reason to excuse the former for knowing no better, for they have had until recently singularly little chance of hearing the best organ music properly performed. The critics' objections are less excusable though they are cloaked under more recondite considerations. They do not deny that there is much fine music written for the organ (did not Mr. Ernest Newman even write a pleasant preface to Dr. Harvey Grace's work on Bach's Organ Music) but they are obsessed with the idea that the mechanical nature of the organ makes it impossible for such music to be adequately performed upon it, that rhythm is impossible, that touch and expression are meaningless attributes, and that Bach would have preferred the clavichord to the organ had it possessed some of the more important qualities of the modern piano. In a word, that the organ is not a musician's instrument.

Support is lent to some of these contentions by the organ's long and peculiar associations with the Church where, save for the excellent standards to which we are nowadays becoming accustomed in our cathedrals and greater churches, for too long any standard of performance was regarded as adequate and which, as a result, tempted the organist to mishandle this instrument even more carelessly than he need have done or would have done under stricter conditions. It has been, indeed, the tragedy of the organ that its long incarceration within the shelter of ecclesiastical patronage and its immunity from external criticism or contact with prevailing secular standards has made it the boggy-man of music.

Let us grant all that of the past, but the critics are out of date if they seriously imagine that the present-day inhabitant of the organ loft is merely a Church musician content to remain at his post in the penumbra of Victorian mediocrity and concealing his insufficiencies by a lavish resort to registers. We have changed all that and it may truthfully be said of the organists of to-day that never were they more conscious of the artistic rôle which they are called to fill by the close focussed attention which the Gramophone Record and the Wireless Broadcast have brought upon them: nor ever more on their mettle than now to assume the responsibility of proving themselves artistic interpreters of a rich heritage, a responsibility so conspicuously evaded by their predecessors.

It is the duty of the critic to verify his standards from time to time, and, if needs be, correct them. In no respect do the standards of the musical critics require more drastic revision than in this matter of organ music, and an excellently simple way of doing this would be for some of them to listen seriously to the musicianship of the finest performers, both here and abroad, in Church and Concert Hall. The judgments of a serious musical critic should not repose upon prejudices aroused by standards of play twenty years ago.

When first the adequate recording of the organ became feasible, a unique opportunity presented itself to the recording companies of encouraging and establishing better standards of performance and appreciation in this branch of music. Unfortunately they allowed themselves to be influenced by second-rate counsel, or more probably by no particular counsel at all, and a glance at the bulky but heterogeneous lists of organ records shows clearly that instead of a coherent and carefully planned repertoire of legitimate organ music, a mere jumble of assorted musical confectionery has come, bit by bit, into being. The disproportion of incongruous trifles as compared with works having real musical value and a proper affinity with the instrument, is unmistakable. Especially deficient are the Catalogues in the historical presentation of the instrument's repertoire, the delightful early Schools of organ composition in Italy, France and Germany being entirely unrepresented save by J. S. Bach as the ultimate classic; whilst of modern nineteenth century organ composers, to take the Germans first, of the 26 Organ Sonatas which between them Rheinberger and Mendelssohn wrote, not one has yet been issued in complete form, though if one hunts about in the H.M.V. Catalogues a certain jig-saw satisfaction can be achieved in the case of Mendelssohn. Of the great French Organ School dating from César Franck's foundation of the organ class at the Paris Conservatoire and culminating in the Symphonies of Vierne, we have scarcely a single fragment of the latter, whilst of the former's great trilogy of Chorales, his Swan Song of mysticism, the No. 2 and the most beautiful, is still unrecorded, as are numerous others of his finest pieces. After such a confession as that it need hardly be stated that English organ music is practically non-existent in the catalogues, though Parry and Stanford, of those who are gone, wrote works which should endure, and of the living, Herbert Howell's Three Rhapsodies and Basil Harwood's Sonata in C sharp minor have a permanent place in English organ music, and should have one here.

It may well be replied that this ideal presentation of organ music comes hopelessly into conflict with the commercial aspect of the matter, and by now, at any rate, one is perfectly conscious that commercial considerations control every side of recording. But I find it difficult to believe from what I know of the sales, that this piecemeal, truncated method of delivering organ music is one which had not better be scrapped in favour of one offering more lasting and reasonable satisfactions. Ultimately (and there Broadcasting is proving most valuable) standards of taste and requirement are bound to rise, and sooner or later recognition will be more general of the level to which artistic organ playing ought to attain and detestation more vehement of the type of music which vitiates and degrades that level.

In view, therefore, of the unsatisfactory state of the recording of organ music, it is gratifying to learn that The Gramophone Co. have decided in principle upon the formation of a Society to be known as *The Bach Organ Music Society*, of which full details will shortly be available. The support of all lovers of organ music will be an essential for the success of the scheme.

A. C. D. DE B.

ANALYTICAL NOTES AND FIRST REVIEWS

[The prices refer only to the United Kingdom.]



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CA8091 (12in., 5s.).—Berlin State Opéra Orchestra, conducted by Klemperer: Overture to *Coriolanus* (Beethoven).

LY6002 (12in., 4s.).—Same orchestra, conducted by Melichar: Concert Waltz, Op. 47 (Glazounov).

LY6025 (12in., 4s.).—Lilly Gyenes and "Hungaria" Gipsy Girls: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt).

The old tag about the winter of our discontent is reversed by our recording friends, who apparently expect us to aestivate. We cannot usefully question their knowledge of the market, but I still have a feeling that serious music could be more fully "pushed" in summer: though it might take a decade for dealers to find out how to do it.

The last *Coriolanus* record was Columbia's (June, page 19). The music is so big that no conductor could fail with it, if he did no more than beat strict time and let the band play the notes. It is almost fool-proof music, and I wish there were more works of which that could be said. Klemperer's aim seems to be consistency: so he does not play about with the so-called "feminine" second subject. It is in the working up that I feel he gets rather dull, and in such stretches as the latter half of side one there might be more light and shade. At the end one has the sense of a very honestly laid-out exposition: not an "interpretation"; but then, only foreign languages need interpreting, when we haven't learnt them: and music is a language that cannot be interpreted in any other terms than those of its own life—not even by conductors. All they can do is to play the notes honestly; actually, it is the conductor who needs to be interpreted, and the only means of doing that is through the score, which in turn has to be interpreted in the light of our knowledge of the composer's ways of thought, and the light of history. And then the record does its bit, interpreting sounds into something not quite like the original: and after that our ears get to work, and interpret the result: and who is to be blamed or praised when all is done, goodness knows. The only thing certain is that great music is bound, after all these vicissitudes, to prove it is great: it couldn't last through them all if it weren't. That is a comfort when we are confronted with apparently jumbled sounds: they are bound to find their level—nothing can stop them. *Coriolanus* is girded with honesty and truth: so we feel; yet how could we explain that we know that? A record of it is for every music-lover one of the touchstones of those qualities, and this is an honest, fair-spoken record. The story could be still more grandly told, obviously, but I like a simple tale, in which something is left for me to do.

Glazounov is not highly original in his lighter music. There is good stuff in some of the symphonies, which might be more frequently broadcast. This waltz came just before the Fourth, in 1893, when he was twenty-eight. I like the gracious care with which its well-diversified themes are expounded. Melichar plays the ideal head-of-the-department showing off the season's goods—which so rarely are really new. Glazounov's are not very different from anybody else's, or any other season's, but why worry about that, when the colours are so luscious, the

material so velvety and the patterns so satisfyingly dignified? This richly-recorded souvenir of the gaily decorous side of the 90's should be snapped up by the picture-makers, for use in shots of high-life assemblies. It has the right sense of elegant artificiality.

There seems to be a move, in entertainment, towards gipsy and string bands. The brass is quite mute, in some—a nice change from the muting that has degraded fine instruments. These twenty girl players lay on the butter thick, and their arrangement is quite as good as most of the small bands', if a certain shrillness, and exaggerated rubato here and there, are not objected to. I have no means of knowing how Hungarian it all is, but I think most of us find anything in the gipsy line attractive, and Liszt's music is the ideal material for such bands, because we feel that such a fine showman wouldn't have minded their playing about with his stuff. Nearly all small entertainment bands lack balance, of course—chiefly in the middle.

DECCA.

K668 (12in., 2s. 6d.).—New State Symphony Orchestra: Tannhäuser Fantasia.

The conductor is not named, and the band's title is new to me. I wish the makers would not put Wagner's name on the record. He didn't write the Fantasia—probably couldn't. This is remarkably powerful, close-to-the-ear recording, well worth hearing. This quality, while not perhaps quite ideal in everyone's ear, is exceptional at the price, even to-day. If only the choice of music kept pace with cheap recording! But it doesn't, and that should be said plainly and often. We cheer the pluck shown in doing big works, and wonder why the other end can't be as well attended to. Is there such a gap between the interests and sensibilities of those who have become, or want to be, freemen of music, and those who (not necessarily through laziness) know very little?

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

C2442 (12in., 4s.).—New Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sargent: Selection from *Tom Jones* (German).

Old-fashioned I may be, but the middle of side one gave me a pang. Happy 1907! I wonder if German at 70 looks back at those days of easier—perhaps too easy—minds and hummer tunes with the same longing as the middle-aged and some of the younger end? The praiser of past times has the scale weighed against him—"frump" and "Victorian," and he is disposed of—possibly with the addition of "kill-joy," to make sure. He retorts with "kill-tunes," but since so few are allowed to know what a tune is, how can that be proved? This test, at the moment, may not be quite fair, but shall we try it in 1942—take a hundred passers-by at Piccadilly Circus, and ask them to hum tunes of pre-war days, and of the period 1918–1932—as many of each as they can. I wonder what would be the result? German's airs are rather too loudly played: a lighter hand is fitting for some of them; but the conductor is very young.

COLUMBIA.

DX361 (12in. 4s.).—Orchestre Symphonique, Paris, conducted by Bigot: Overture to *Si j'étais roi* (Adam).

Adam has been in the news lately, his *Giselle* ballet having been revived by the Camargo Society. I am afraid he is not very full of nourishment, or even of amusement. His tunes were too derivative, even in the first half of last century. This record is mild sport, and it is very well recorded indeed. There is a little lack of rhythmic precision now and again, but the spirit is charming. Two things about Adam stand out: one makes him real, the other unreal. He lost his money,

with splendid courage set to work to build up again, and won respect by his success. Another sort of success is recorded. Grove says "Although a critic, he succeeded in making no enemies." All I can say is, he can't really have been trying!
W. R. A.

(NOTE.—The omission of a line, owing to Satan's guiding the scissors, made me, in the review of Mr. Scholes's *Columbia History*, seem to class Emanuel and J. C. Bach with the Mannheimers. I remarked that I knew little of the Mannheimers, but I do know a little more than that! Please note also that this is the first slip in *all* history which is not "a printer's error."—W.R.A.)



INSTRUMENTAL

Two ten-inch records are all that merit any considerable attention this month in the instrumental recordings. One is Cortot's playing of two Chopin pieces, the *Valse in A flat*, Op. 69, No. 1, and the *Tarantelle*, Op. 43 (H.M.V. DA1213, 4s.). The languors of this particular valse, usually called *Valse des Adieux*, are well emphasised—perhaps a little too well; and I personally prefer a greater contrast when it comes to the third section. The *Tarantelle*, as Cortot plays it, is a tumultuous, rather flashy affair. After hearing the record once or twice, I find myself asking, Why quite so much tumultuousness and why not a little more clarity and why that unlovely suggestion of a scamper at the close? No, this is not one of Cortot's best records, by any means—and that despite the admirable quality of the recording. . . . The other disc worthy of attention at any length is Mischa Elman's playing of the Tchaikovsky *Melodie*, Op. 42, No. 3, and Saint-Saëns' *Le Cygne* (H.M.V. DA1143, 4s.). Elman's bold, outspoken tone finds plenty of scope in the long, lush phrases of the Tchaikovsky and he obviously enjoys playing them. His accompanist, Carroll Hollister, is ill-served in the uninteresting background Tchaikovsky has set his lazy, heavy melody against; and if the effect is therefore a trifle wooden, the fault

is hardly his. The Saint-Saëns is appealingly, touchingly played; and that is how I suppose it ought to be played. But both these pieces wear their heart too obviously on their sleeve to be taken seriously. Throughout, the recording is first-rate.

Columbia contents itself this month with a Lionel Tertis record, poor in matter and pale in the actual recording. The pieces chosen are Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*, Nos. 1 and 20 (DB855, 2s. 6d.). I do not know how many years separated these works; but the one is Opus 19 and the other Opus 53, and that, surely, should represent some measure of growth in a composer? Not so here, however: substitute one opus number for the other and none would be the wiser. Both songs swing nonchalantly along over a businesslike accompaniment; and though one is called *The Fleecy Cloud* and the other *Sweet Remembrance*, there is little to choose between them. Tertis plays them both briskly, but in a tone strangely withheld—though that may well be due to the recording. Praise is due to his accompanist, Ethel Hobday, who makes the most of her few opportunities. An uninviting record.

Then from Parlophone comes a Welte Organ solo: the *Prelude and Wedding March from Lohengrin*, played by Gerrard Gregor (R1248, 2s. 6d.). On this instrument the *Prelude* loses all its shimmering white tone and becomes almost blatant. The *Wedding March* is accurately played, but dull. The recording is bright and unsmudged. And there is no more to say about either.

Lastly, there are three Decca records, of which two are in the Polydor series. Of them the one that comes nearest to any worthwhileness is Hans Bottermund's playing of the *Adagio* from Haydn's *Cello Concerto* in D major (PO5026 2s. 6d.). Even so, this is not good Haydn—for him, in fact, a strangely sticky tune—and the 'cellist is not too well matched in his orchestra (conducted by Alois Melichar). Nor is the tone always very sure. . . . The other Decca-Polydor is Walter Rehberg's playing of a concert-paraphrase, by Bass, of Strauss' *Voices of Spring* (PO5041, 2s. 6d.). Not much can be made of this quite undistinguished paraphrase; and should the accompaniment—which surely serves mainly to point the rhythm in a waltz?—be brought out so strongly? Then, too, there is a strange lack of essential rubato in the whole thing. . . . The remaining Decca (F3053, 1s. 6d.) is "Master" Wilfred Worden playing Liszt's *Dance of the Gnomes* study and Chopin's *Nocturne in F sharp minor*. "Master" Worden's playing, though brisk and clear and accomplished, has not enough abandon for the Liszt nor enough poetry for the Chopin. He has so much to learn, despite all his dexterity, that it is a pity to see his early abilities exploited in this manner. Incidentally, there is a faint and rather tinny quality in the recording that is too reminiscent of the piano-organ to pass muster to-day.

C. H. W.

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SOME SHAKESPEAREAN RECORDS

If I were asked to suggest a handful of English records for a foreigner—or for that matter an Englishman!—I should, of course, think first of the great sixteenth century. Two records would be the minimum for that period—probably two of the St. George's Singers Columbia records, say 5546-7, also if possible 9877. Mr. Scholes's Columbia History would have to be considered, especially records 5715 and 5717. I should insist on both the Matthew Locke and Purcell N.G.S. records, Nos. 143 and 142, and also the Allin-Williams Purcell duet record, Columbia 5438. If making it a round dozen, without touching contemporary music, I should then be inclined to suggest all these five Shakespearean records which H.M.V. have now issued, B4199-4203 (10in., 2s. 6d. each). The most important fact about them can be expressed in three words: good Shakespearean records. Obviously a set of records of first importance. With one exception, which is virtually no exception and which I will describe presently, there is nothing later than Arne. What Shakespeare would have made of Arne's settings of *Under the greenwood tree* and *Blow, blow, thou winter wind* we cannot guess with any precision; but I fancy he would have found them pleasant and not utterly inept.

The difficulty with the music called for in Shakespeare's plays is that no complete, systematic, contemporary collections have come down to us. In many instances no setting is known to exist. And most latter-day settings are quite foreign to Shakespeare.

The Oxford University Press has lately published an excellent collection of music to each of three of the plays, under the general editorship of **Steuart Wilson**, and it is that music that has been recorded here; "Under the direction of Steuart Wilson," each label tells us. Most of the songs are sung by Steuart Wilson himself, helped, in the rounds, and very effectively in such songs as *Farewell, dear heart* in *Twelfth Night*, by two or three men. In *Wedding is great Juno's crown* and part of two other songs we hear a contralto—or is it a male alto?—to me more puzzling than satisfactory. Had Mr. Steuart Wilson in mind the playing of Shakespeare by all-male casts? Surely fidelity to Shakespeare's intentions and conceptions doesn't prevent an ordinary woman's part being played by a woman! The instrumental music and accompaniments are played by an "Instrumental Trio"—piano, violin and 'cello. We may mildly regret that the Dolmetsch family was not enlisted, with the instruments of Shakespeare's day; but this piano trio plays sympathetically, and with excellent effect.

The first two records give *As you like it* music, arranged by Dr. E. H. Fellowes. On B4199 are *Under the greenwood tree* and *Blow, blow, thou winter's wind* (both Arne); on B4200, *What shall he have that killed the deer* set as a round by Hilton, Morley's famous *It was a lover and his lass*, and Corkine's *Wedding is great Juno's crown*. The Morley is especially interesting—quite different from what most people know. There used to be some difficulty in gaining access to any early version of this song. I have not yet seen the O.U.P. publication, so cannot quote particulars of this version, but from internal evidence it is obviously as good as we should expect one edited by Dr. Fellowes. Notice especially the flat seventh, and the varied rhythm.

B4201 is occupied with *Twelfth Night* music, with the ravishing *O mistress mine* (Morley's) and *Come away, Death* (anon.), the round *Hold thy peace* (attributed to E. Maconchy, but I think old, arranged by him), *Farewell, dear heart* (R. Jones), *I am gone, sir* and *When that I was* (the last two anonymous). The last two records are both filled with *Midsummer Night's Dream* music. The labels say "arr. Cecil Sharp," but I gather from the O.U.P. catalogue that much of the music is, as we should guess from hearing it, actually composed by Cecil Sharp. It is exactly right, and full of the charm of this play. The songs are, of course, in English folk-song idioms.

On B4202 we find *You spotted snakes* (starting with *Sellenger's Round*—exactly right, and a happy thought), *The ousel cock*, incidental music to Act 4, Scene 1, the Bergomask Dance (a version of *Greensleeves*), and a *Wedding March*. On one side of B4203 are a Song and Dance, Act 5, Scene 1. The other side is labelled "Final Dance and Exit, Act 5, Scene 2," but seems to be an exact repetition of *What shall he have* (on B4200). If there is no difference, surely this is misleading?

Steuart Wilson pitches some of the songs rather low, e.g., *Under the greenwood tree* (key C major, I think). But we may be gratefully appreciative, for this of all music is not music to be shouted and screamed. Incidentally, it is a testimonial to Steuart Wilson's singing, for the very low notes (for a tenor) sound very resonant.

C. M. CRABTREE.



CHAMBER MUSIC

"Spare the mark," I was inclined to add to the title. Chamber music is nearly dead, if we may judge by the output of records. Yet the *Daily Telegraph* is offering £225 in prizes for new works. The only original chamber piece this month is half the 1839 Mendelssohn Piano Trio, Op. 49, played by the Concertgebouw Trio of Amsterdam (Parlophone E11206, 12in., 4s.). The *Andante* is a pretty song without words (*religioso* flavour), and the *Scherzo* does the old familiar fairy tricks, here somewhat solidified by reason of the style. In the slow movement the 'cello's filling-up is apt to be heavy. The instruments are praiseworthy realistic, the strings being the best; the performance sober and straightforward, every note easy to follow, but without much excitement or special distinction. But the movements do not ask for that, being just competent work in very familiar Mendelssohnian veins.

Columbia's offering consists of DX362 (12in., 4s.), whereon J. H. Squire's *Celeste Octet* plays a Liszt *Liebestraum* that I seem to have heard before somewhere, and an undiscovered Chopin *Nocturne in E flat*—comparatively undiscovered, that is, since I do not remember more than a couple of dozen arrangements of it. Willoughby is the arranger here. With Whitman, I salute the pioneers. So, doubtless, will half the café frequenters of the kingdom. These players do things so nicely that I wish I could believe that they would care to play something new. But I am afraid they never will. Why should they?

Decca-Polydor is equally modest—more so in numbers, for it only engages a trio, Paul Godwin's, to perform a certain *Largo* and an *Ave Maria* fathered on "Bach," *tout court*. But Bach had enough children of his own, and the court will have to call somebody else to pay, this time. The playing is pleasantly modest, less loud than the Amsterdam people's. There is, for a wonder, no excess of rubato. The piano needs to make a solid background in the *Largo*, which is slightly hurried. Only one chord is altered, a 6/3 in place of a 6/4, 15/32 of an inch from the end. I merely mention this to show that I really was listening, despite temptations which my readers, looking over these titles, will surely pity and forgive.

W. R. A.



OPERATIC AND FOREIGN SONGS

ADELE KERN (soprano). *Solveig's Song* from *Peer Gynt* (Grieg) and *The Flower Song* from *Faust* (Gounod). In German. With the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Alois Melichar. Decca-Polydor PO5031, 10in., 2s. 6d.

JULIUS PATZAK (tenor). *Serenade* (*Ständchen*), Op. 17, No. 2, and *Cäcilie*, Op. 27, No. 2 (Richard Strauss). In German. With the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Julius Prüwer. Decca-Polydor PO5035, 10in., 2s. 6d.

LUCIEN VAN OBERGH (baritone). *Bel enfant amoureux et volage* from *The Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart) and *Ah, madame, les exploits* from *Don Juan* (Mozart). In French. Orch. acc. under A. Wolff. Decca-Polydor LY6029, 12in., 4s.

CONCHITA SUPERVIA (mezzo-soprano). *Printemps qui commence* from *Samson and Delilah* (Saint-Saëns) and *Connais-tu le pays?* from *Mignon* (Thomas). In French. Orch. acc. under G. Clötz. Parlo. R20192, 12in., 6s.

RICHARD TAUBER (tenor). *Ich liebe dich* (E. Grieg—F. von Holstein) and *Last Spring* (E. Grieg—M. Lobedanz). In German. Orch. acc. under Dr. Weissmann. Parlo. RO20191, 4s.

HERBERT ERNST GROH (tenor). *Come in the Gondola* from *A Night in Venice* (Joh. Strauss). And with **EMMY BETTENDORF** (soprano). *Who tied the knot?* from *The Gipsy Baron* (Joh. Strauss). In German. With Chorus and Orchestra under Otto Dobrindt. Parlo. R1257, 2s. 6d.

TITO SCHIPA (tenor). *Napulitanata* (Costa) and *Chi se ne scorda occhiù* (Barthelemy). In Neapolitan. Orch. acc. H.M.V. DA1054, 10in., 4s.

GRETEL VERNON (soprano). *Heut' Nacht hab'ich geträumt von dir* (Kalman) and *Das Lercherl von Hernald* (Ascher). In German. Orch. acc. H.M.V. B4215, 10in., 2s. 6d.

Adele Kern.—In the June number I had to speak in favourable terms of this young soprano's recording of Johann Strauss. I must now find similar praise for her singing of Grieg and Gounod; and I do so without reserve because I can hardly hold her responsible for the funereal pace adopted in the case of one if not both songs. Let me assure Herr Alois Melichar that Grieg, when he accompanied his wife in the *Peer Gynt* air, took it about half as fast again. I will not deny that the short introductory passage sounds rather fine on the violins of the Berlin Opera orchestra, but when the voice begins it should be at an altogether quicker tempo, with yet another acceleration on the refrain. Otherwise we are listening to Melichar and not to Grieg. Just the same fault is to be found with the rendering of Siebel's flower song, which I had always imagined to be in regular waltz rhythm, not the slow, ponderous tune that it is made into here. In spite of these errors of judgment on the part of the conductor, both pieces are sung with a good deal of charm, for Frl. Kern has one of those sweet, flexible voices that sound well in almost any kind of music.

Julius Patzak.—The same orchestra, under Julius Prüwer, is heard to advantage in two well-known songs by Richard

Strauss, of which the *Cäcilie* more especially bears clear evidence of having been conceived in the orchestral vein. I am not equally sure about the *arpeggiando* figuration of the *Serenade* (*Ständchen*) when transferred to the gramophone, because the piano can always make it sound more crisp than the violin. But about the *Cäcilie* there can be no doubt whatever, and a heroic tenor of Patzak's calibre proves that he is capable of making a very dashing and brilliant affair of it. I regard this song as in a different class to the Lieder with piano accompaniment composed by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, and the transfer to the orchestra which is utterly wrong with most of them is thoroughly justified in the present case. I liked the record so much that I played it over three or four times for the sheer pleasure of listening to it. The tenor quality, moreover, is singularly pure.

Lucien van Obbergh.—It is extraordinary to what an extent nationality and language can colour the presentation of our oldest musical acquaintances, making them, in fact, so different to their ordinary aspect that we can hardly recognize them. The very titles put one off the scent, to begin with; none but the well-informed would guess at a glance that *Bel enfant amoureux et volage* is supposed to be the French equivalent for *Now your days of philandering*, or that *Ah, madame, les exploits* is only another way of starting off *Madamina, il catalogo è questo*. In short, the two most familiar solos sung by Figaro and Leporello in course of their respective operas, and here interpreted in the traditional French style by a worthy baritone whose Dutch or Flemish name I have never previously written. Whether to recommend our old friends to you in their strange guise I am not altogether certain. At least you will find them lively and full of high spirits, if rather fussy and in a hurry to get it over; while the words are so well enunciated that you will not need to miss a single syllable. The voice, too, is of that pleasant, sympathetic timbre—not quite so nasal as usual, perhaps—which seems to be an innate adjunct of the school. Anyhow, if you are fond of Mozart sung in any language why not try him in French?

Conchita Supervia.—With Saint-Saëns and Ambroise Thomas the case is not the same. They were Frenchmen and their music is essentially French in character; consequently the latter should be sung for choice in the text to which it was composed. The vocalist may even be of Spanish birth, but, if she can pronounce with as good an accent as this lady does, no harm will ensue. For my own part, if I wanted to hear her at her very best and enjoy the fruits of her genius in their most delightful aspect, I should unhesitatingly go in for one of her Spanish records, which are alike incomparable and irresistible. On the other hand, if I merely wished to possess a good record of Conchita Supervia in airs from *Samson* and *Mignon* I should certainly consider that I had it here.

Richard Tauber.—The versatile hero of the *Land of Smiles* turns his attention, now to one popular composer, now to another, and contrives to mete out to them all some measure of justice. The latest is Grieg, and, candidly speaking, I would as lief hear him sing the songs of the romantic Norwegian as those of any other acknowledged master. *Ich liebe dich* just suits him perfectly, of course, and he also infuses no small amount of grace and sentiment (of the right sort) into *Letzter Frühling*. I need not say more, unless perhaps to award a word of praise to Dr. Weissmann for the delicacy of his orchestral accompanying.

Herbert Ernst Groh and Emmy Bettendorf.—The first of these names belongs to an agreeable tenor whom I fancy I have already at some time or other described as a frank imitator of Richard Tauber. I daresay many people will think him none the worse for that, since, whether natural or assumed, the resemblance is so ridiculously close that it may be compared to that of Shakespeare's two Dromios, and might, if it were a case of listening and not looking as well, lend to complications as amusing as those presented in the *Comedy of Errors*. For example, a lady accepting this polite invitation to "come in the gondola" would probably do well to make sure beforehand

whether her host was to be Richard Tauber or Herbert Ernst Groh, especially if it happened to be a very dark *Night in Venice*. Either, no doubt, might prove an especially pleasant companion, and the two voices would assuredly utter the same flattering confidences in the same fascinating manner. Hence the need for making sure. The duet from *The Gipsy Baron* brings to the fortunate tenor a very gifted vocal coadjutor in Emmy Bettendorf, who is, to my thinking, a good deal above the level of her task. I find it simply irritating to hear such an artist wasting her talent upon a dozen bars, and no more, of a comic opera duet.

Tito Schipa.—These Italian trifles make up a charming record. There is really nothing to say about them, except that they are of the lightest, prettiest Neapolitan kind, and just the type that the popular tenor, imitating others before him, likes to lend the attraction of his sympathetic voice and versatile art. The consequence is that they can be listened to with pleasure.

Grell Vernon.—The new Viennese star whom I wrote about last month does not scintillate with quite so much sparkling coruscation here as she did in the efforts that led me to mention her in the same breath with our unique Gracie Fields. Nevertheless, she again impresses with the cleverness of her legitimate vocal tricks and enables you to admire in her the welcome qualities of a natural singer; one, moreover, who possesses the true Slavonic instinct for rhythm. Her bell-like head tone does not offer so much variety as her medium, which is ideal for a perfect diction; but it is always clear, bright, and penetrating, like that of the lark (why "larks" on the label?) whose song she adroitly imitates not only in her singing, but with her whistling.

HERMAN KLEIN.

PATCHWORK

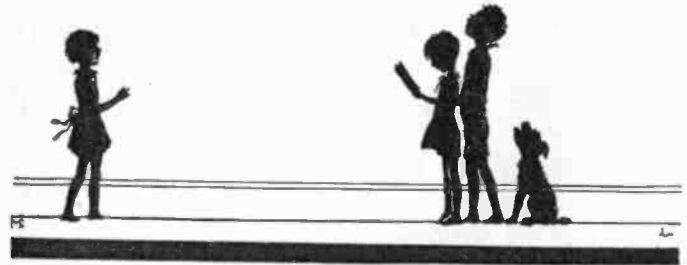
A lively entertainment at the Faculty of Arts Theatre on July 14th and 15th, "Patchwork, collected and designed by Viola Compton and Charles Hickman," cleverly displayed the versatility of a youthful company from the Fay Compton Studio of Dramatic Art. "The Jackdaw of Rheims," admirably mimed by most of the company, Max's "Happy Hypocrite," and Ravel's "Bolero" were among the more ambitious patches, and a dazzling piece of material was a mock pantomime which went with a roar.

Some striking songs made their first appearance, and not, I hope, their last. Hampson's "One of those Men" was charmingly sung by Marjorie Soar, whose surname is prophetic; "Roaming Along," a gypsy number by Pat Stuart; "Get Together" by Hampson, with ingenious verses by E. Cox; "Chasing the Blues away"—all these should be heard again.

A budding Vesta Tilley, Susie Ward, sang "Aubrey the Strawberry" (Hampson and Cox) very smartly, and in another patch appeared as a delightful Cupid, and again as Whittington's Cat, which had got into the wrong pantomime. This child has a future. So, we should predict, have Mavis Clair, Marjorie Soar before-mentioned, Ronald Hickman, Clifford Sticklen, who sticks at nothing and sang "Mingle with the Men" (Hampson) in the best music-hall tradition.

But anyhow, congratulations to Fay Compton on her pupils, and to her pupils for being her pupils, and having Miss Viola Compton to inspire them, and Miss Anderton and Miss Whitaker to teach them dancing and miming. If I may make a criticism, I should suggest that the ladies should not be afraid of making too much noise when they sing solos. They let us have it in the choruses, but, with the exception of Marjorie Soar, who produces her voice well, and Susie Ward, who gets across without difficulty, when it came to a solo the timid voice bolted down the throat and took cover in a corner till it was all over. This is of course a slight exaggeration, but it was the only flaw in a show remarkable for its originality, its excellent team-work, and its high spirits.

F. SHARP.



SONG AND CHORAL

There are some good Irish records this month. One side of H.M.V. DA1234 (10in., 4s.) is one of the most enchanting records ever made, even by **John McCormack** (tenor). His *By the short cut to the rosses* is one of those rare miniatures that strike one as quite perfect. One could write a whole article on it, especially analysing the almost perfect expression of it as a whole, words and music—that expression which (as Mr. Newman has often remarked) McCormack, at his best, achieves so marvellously. The song is not, I think, a folk-song (it is attributed to Hopper and Fox), but is almost worthy of *Trottin' to the fair*, which it brings to my mind. And if you think its poetry too fanciful, leave the record alone, for you are not for anything Irish. McCormack's other song is *The Irish Emigrant* (Barker), a re-recording, for which I am grateful in that it has now brought *By the short cut to the rosses*. Count McCormack's accompanist, Edwin Schneider, is as apt as ever.

If we hadn't Richard Hayward's Ulster records, we should probably go wild over two Regal records, MR597-8 (10in., 1s. 6d. each), by **Sam Carson** (barytone). For some people they will be indispensable, for instance, for everyone who wants every good Ulster record. Neither singing nor, I think, songs are quite so pristine as Hayward's, but anyone who wishes may safely go by the titles. One of the best songs, *The jug of punch*, on MR598, does not seem to have been recorded by Hayward. A version, practically identical with this, is in Charles Wood's album, *Irish Folk-Songs* (Boosey). The other song on MR598 is *The Royal South Down Militia* (Col. Wallace), lively, but less genuine. On MR597 are the well-known *Ould Orange Flute* and *The Aughalee Heroes* (with its "flat seventh" well brought out).

To play his record immediately after a good McCormack is a severe test for any singer, especially a young barytone. By this test, in *Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl*, **Keith Falkner**, supported by a **Male Chorus** and an orchestra, seemed rather dull, even respectable. But this song (perhaps better recognised by some readers by its refrain, *For to-night we'll merry, merry be*), though good enough for a convivial sing-song, is not very inspiring, and could hardly make much effect on the gramophone, except perhaps if quite uproarious. Of the popular eighteenth-century *False Phyllis* (arr. Lane Wilson) Falkner makes much more. Even here, however, I find him just a little polite and "gentlemanly." False dignity can be found even in a singer's tone and enunciation. This may seem an unnecessary amount of criticism for such a record; but the art of singing itself is involved. In developing and perfecting his art a singer may well need to learn to sing a commonplace song naturally. But at any rate this record, H.M.V. B3991 (10in., 2s. 6d.), is one of the best old English song records.

Other H.M.V. song records are B4217 and B4219 (both 10in., 2s. 6d. each). **Walter Glynn** (tenor) has an unerring feeling for the more pathetic ballads of our fathers and grandfathers, as anyone will find who is the least susceptible to *Won't you buy my pretty flowers?* (Persley) and *Sweet Genevieve* (Tucker, arr. Adams). In these, on B4217, he is helped sympathetically by a **Male Chorus** and an orchestra. On B4219 **Peter Dawson** (bass-barytone) sings *Hills of Devon* (Jalowicz) and *Devil-may-care* (Valerie-May) with accustomed ease. I wish Mr. Dawson would attend to certain points of diction,

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Keith Prowse Critic interviews Kajanus after the Sibelius Concert

Richard Holt's exclusive interview with the famous Sibelius Conductor . . .

A few points from my interview with Professor Robert Kajanus may interest Sibelius enthusiasts. Professor Kajanus is the life-long friend of the great composer. He does not speak English.

I asked him how he would define the periods or style of Sibelius. He replied: "They flow imperceptibly into each other, and are the result of a psychologic process whereby his thought has progressed from general and nationalistic meanings to personal and philosophic. In his latest works he has deferred to the spirit of the times by making them briefer, but this brevity has resulted in an added depth, they become more severe, more cryptic."

Which work do you consider his masterpiece?

"The Fourth Symphony" was Professor Kajanus's reply; "that is, for the true musician: for the public, no. His first two Symphonies in Finland as well as abroad are best liked."

But they are not the ultimate Sibelius, I said. Do you think the later Symphonies will become popular?

"Not the Fourth, I think, but the others may do when they are better known."

Would you say Sibelius was a pessimist, Professor Kajanus?

"Only in the sense that Nature is. His melancholy is personal, his pessimism is the voice of Nature, impersonal. He is the spokesman of Nature in music."

What are his favourite pursuits? I asked.

"Walking in the woods and literature" was the answer. "He sometimes walks all night. Sibelius and Nature are inseparable."

Does he do much conducting? "No, he leaves that to me. He plays the piano and violin a lot."

Do you think he will compose more music?

"Why not? He is still a 'youngster' in spirit and has just finished the Eighth Symphony which will receive its first performance in America in October, and in England in November."

Do you agree with the statement that the greater part of his music is "serene and genial," as a well-known writer says that the Third Symphony, for instance, is in a mood of

"unclouded serenity and sunny gaiety throughout." Can the middle movement, for example, be termed sunny?

"I do not think Sibelius is a serene and sunny composer, and the movement you refer to is to me traurig (sad); also I think that the darker moods of struggle and search predominate greatly in his work as a whole. It is a struggle to attain sunlight. In the Fourth Symphony, for instance, the atmosphere clears like a London fog."

Is Sibelius the successor to Beethoven, do you think? I asked.

"He builds on classic foundations and the sense of struggle is common to both: there the resemblance ends, I think."

What element is the chief one in his music, themes, harmony or rhythm?

"I would place them thus: rhythm, melody, harmony."

Do you think Sibelius has become too elliptical in his style?

"Er geht direkt nach dem Ziel" (goes straight to the object) was Professor Kajanus's reply. "His harmony is not modern, and he is not an atonalist."

Gott sei dank! I replied. Professor Kajanus laughed.

What is your relationship in Finland to Russia?

"Politically we are estranged: in culture we are friends."

Is much English music played in Finland? I enquired.

Professor Kajanus replied: "Yes, we play the Elgar Symphonies, the Enigma Variations, 'In the South' Overture and the Scandinavian Symphony of Cowen."

Is the gramophone popular in Finland? "Yes, we are quite enthusiastic."

Were you satisfied with the orchestra at the concert? I asked. "Quite, I liked it better than my own." My look expressing incredulity, to which I gave expression, Professor Kajanus smiled and I gathered that courtesy had entered the domain of hyperbole.

What of jazz? I finally queried.

"Es ist nicht so schlimm wie bei Ihnen" (Not so bad as with you) was the ironic reply. "Few regard jazz as an end in itself. More young people like good music."

Having passed a delightful hour, I then wished Professor Kajanus Auf Wiedersehen and, savouring the odours of a Finnish cigarette, departed.

Call and hear a selection of Sibelius and other unique recordings in a comfortable Keith Prowse Salon

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especially certain vowel formations. With many of his songs I am not familiar and seldom get through so much as one verse without missing some words.

Columbia DB857 and DB863 (10in., 2s. 6d. each) are the best I remember hearing by either **Harold Williams** (barytone) or **Heddle Nash** (tenor). On DB857 Williams goes very far to converting me to Sir Frederic Cowen's setting of *Onaway! Awake, Belovèd* (from Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*). But there can be no salvation for that metrical, school-"repetition" notion of "rhythm," bumping heavily on every "but" and "of," as it happens to in these particular *Hiawatha* lines. If anything could make Longfellow turn in his grave, surely he did so when that calamitous conception was fixed in a musical setting. If we can ignore the travesty of rhythm, we may find more in this setting than we had before, thanks to Harold Williams, who really does give a fine performance of it. He is greatly helped by the orchestra—and, by the bye, if you've not heard this song with its full orchestral accompaniment, you don't know it. The opening at once subtly sets a primitive tone, and the whole conception is entirely distinct from Coleridge-Taylor's, and interesting. The orchestra is also notable in Allitsen's setting of Watson's *The Lute-Player*, and again Williams is excellent, almost persuading us here by his drama that the music is more than a monument of pretentiousness. On DB863 Heddle Nash gives *I know of two bright eyes* (Clutsam) and *Eily Mavourneen* (from *The Lily of Killarney*, Boucicault, Oxenford, and Benedict). Each song could hardly be sung better. Nash's tone could sometimes be still better placed. Gerald Moore's accompaniment is an asset.

Tom Burke (tenor) gives another Imperial bargain, Z128 (12in., 2s.), with *Lover, come back to me* (from *The New Moon*, Hammerstein and Romberg) and the *Donnelly-Romberg Serenade* from *The Student Prince*. What a refreshing treat to hear songs of the present vogue sung with healthy virility! The more intimate passages are the most effective. When Burke is singing with more voice, there is a distinct change to backwardness, or throaty tightness. Is it his production, or that he gets too far from the mike, or the recording? I suspect the first chiefly, possibly the second slightly—not the third at all, for in the intimate passages it is so excellent. It is worth attention, for one of these days Burke may record something really worth while.

That excellent bass **Robert Easton** has made an excellent Broadcast Twelve (3211, 2s.) of *The Cobbler's Song* from *Chu Chin Chow* (Norton). That lofty-principled, highly moral song's renewed popularity is one gleam of hope in the world crisis! *The village blacksmith* (Weiss) is nearly as good, and has effective touches of male quartet, orchestra, and organ.

On Decca F3032 (10in., 1s. 6d.) **Titterton** (tenor) is almost enjoyable even *In an old-fashioned town* (Squire), and does all he can for *My dear soul* (Sanderson). A first-rate record for those who want these songs.

You will like **Foster Richardson** (bass-barytone) in *I travel the road* (Parsons and Thayer), if you don't find the song insufferably pretentious, and the tone, especially of the accompaniment, loud and rather harsh and shrill. Neither Foster Richardson nor his accompanists have caught the "allure" of the *Lullaby of the Leaves* (Petkere and Young). Foster Richardson's vowels still need considerable correction. This is Imperial 2728 (10in., 1s. 3d.).

If a musician cannot follow a good deal of *An Italian Salad* (Genée) as sung by the **St. David's Singers** (male-voice choir) on Decca F2953 (10in., 1s. 6d.), how will The Great B.P. get on with it? And I spotted one shocking howler—"de-crescendo"! Nevertheless, you may find it an amusing record.

The **Russian Choir** (Decca K667, 12in., 2s. 6d.) is, I think, new to us. It is very similar to the Don Cossacks, and, if less brilliant, very good. Their *Song of the Volga Boatmen* (traditional) will satisfy most people; their *Appeal to the Cossacks* (Kolatilin) is not remarkable.

C. M. CRABTREE.



MISCELLANEOUS

Orchestral

There are a lot of orchestral records this month, ranging from Tchaikovsky to Ketelbey. The Tchaikovsky is called *At the Tchaikovsky fountain* and is arranged by Urbach and played by **Marek Weber and his Orchestra** (H.M.V. C2440, 12in., 4s.), and is full of slow, lovely melodies, and the Ketelbey is his *By the Blue Hawaiian Waters*, played by a **Salon Orchestra** (H.M.V. B4078, 2s. 6d.), and is full of synthetic Hawaiian waters.

C. Millöcker is responsible for "The Poor Jonathan," from which there is a *Potpourri* played by a **Grand Symphony Orchestra** under Dr. Weissmann (Parlo. R1255, 2s. 6d.). Well played but unfamiliar.

There are some really charming trifles headed by **Sandler and his Orchestra's** rendering of *Gipsy Moon* and Eric Coates' *Bird Songs at Eventide* (Col. DB853, 2s. 6d.) and followed closely by **De Groot and Herbert Dawson** playing *Love's old sweet song* and *Love's garden of roses* (H.M.V. B4185, 2s. 6d.). **Orlando and his Orchestra** are also very much in the running with another *Clock Store* and *Little Flatterer* (Decca F3041, 1s. 6d.) and **Victor Ricardo's Quartet** maintain their high level of excellence with *Becce's Serenata d'Amalfi* and *Un peu d'Amour* (Decca F3042). *Love everlasting* and *A thousand kisses* are appropriately coupled by the **Melotone International Orchestra** (Panachord 25208, 1s. 6d.), and **The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra** play *Rosewood Riddles* and *The Dicky Bird Hop* (Col. DB854, 2s. 6d.), although these are little more than excellent xylophone solos by **W. W. Bennett**.

The international element is represented by a rather noisy selection called *Songs of Italy*, played by **Alfredo Campoli and his Salon Orchestra** (Decca F3049, 1s. 6d.); and by a cheerful "medley of Hungarian and Viennese airs" called *A night at the Hungaria* and played by **Colombo and the Tzigane Orchestra** of the Hungaria Restaurant (Col. DB872, 2s. 6d.). I must visit the Hungaria.

Dave Apollon and his All-String Orchestra make a jolly rattle called *Russian Rag* (Brunswick 1321, 2s. 6d.), and I was delighted by *Valse B eue* and *Ciribiribin* played by **Gino Bordin and his Hawaiians** (Parlo. R1247, 2s. 6d.).

More Viennese waltzes are played by **S. Translateur and his Viennese Orchestra** (Parlo. R1254); they are his own compositions and are called *A dream after the ball* and *Viennese birds of passage*. You should hear what **Gracie Fields** has to say on the subject of Viennese waltzes on H.M.V. B4214 (2s. 6d.).

Marek Weber continues his delightful *Potpourri of Waltzes* on H.M.V. B4216 (2s. 6d.) and it is interesting to compare this with our own **Henry Hall's Musical Comedy Waltz Concoction** played by the **B.B.C. Dance Orchestra** (Col. DB861, 2s. 6d.). I should like to possess both.

Paradise evidently attracts the accordeonists, for it is played with equal agitation by **Billy Reid and The London Piano-Accordeon Band** (Regal MR604, 1s. 6d.), **The International Accordeon Band** (Zono. 6157, 1s. 6d.), and by **The Scott-Wood Accordeon Quartet** (Parlo. R1258, 2s. 6d.).

I thought **Reginald King's Orchestra** played it very attractively on *Regal MR603* (1s. 6d.). With *Auf Wiedersehen* as a backing this is a bargain for anyone who is looking for pretty tunes.

Another bargain of the same sort is *Songs everybody is singing* played by **The New Mayfair Orchestra** (H.M.V. B4206, 2s. 6d.) and another winner for the **Debroy Somers Band** is *Dixieland* on Col. DX360 (12in., 4s.).

Two really rowdy records are Zono. 6158, a *Medley of Marches* and *Great Little Army March* played by the **Widnes Star Novelty mouth-organ Band** (1s. 6d.), and the **Argyle Flute Band** in *Le Tambour-Major* and *The Coons' Parade* (Decca F3003, 1s. 6d.).

Musical Comedies, Past and Present

"Tell Her the Truth" and "Out of the Bottle" both seem to be settling down to long runs in London, and this month there are records by the original artists of both shows. I have not seen either, but I can imagine that *Horror-torio* as performed by **Bobby Howes, Wylie Watson, Peter Haddon and Jack Lambert** is uproariously funny and I think even the record will entertain and amuse most people (Col. DB870, 2s. 6d.); **Wylie Watson, Peter Haddon, Bobby Howes and The Carlyle Cousins** perform *Sing, Brothers* on DB874, but, as often happens, I found some of the other records of this bright song more enjoyable. **Quentin Maclean's**, for instance, is a really bright effort (Col. DB875) and **Raie da Costa's** brilliant playing will appeal to lots of people (H.M.V. B4209, 2s. 6d.). I thought the playing of the **International Accordion Band** in *Hoch, Caroline and Sing, Brothers* a little cumbersome (Zono. 6156, 1s. 6d.), and did not care much for **Eddie Clifton's** efforts (Parlo. R1244, 2s. 6d.). **Ross and Sargent** are as neat as ever in *Sing, Brothers*, backed with a new song called *You can make my life a bed of roses* from the American show "Hot-Cha" (Decca F3046, 1s. 6d.). There is a first-rate *Selection* by **Wynne Ajello, Dan Donovan and The Three Ginx** on Broadcast 3217 (1s. 6d.) and competent ones by the **Scott-Wood Accordeon Quartet** (Parlo. R1259, 2s. 6d.) and **The New Mayfair Orchestra** (H.M.V. C2439, 12in., 4s.). Both these are backed with *Selections* from "Out of the Bottle." **Debroy Somers' Band** take up two sides of a twelve-inch disc for their *Selection* from the latter (Col. DX364, 12in., 4s.), but it is a good performance, and there are two records by **Frances Day and Max Kirby** (*Everything but you and I don't want you to*, H.M.V. B4223, 2s. 6d.) and **Polly Walker and Clifford Mollison** (*Put that down in writing and We've got the moon and sixpence*, H.M.V. B4224). Both are remarkable for the clarity of the diction.

"The Dubarry" and "Casanova" are still with us, and are represented on records this month by a good *Vocal Gems* of the former by **Thea Philips and Trefor Jones with Chorus** (Broadcast 3216, 1s. 6d.) and by an elaborate arrangement of the *Nuns' Chorus*—which was thought by some critics to be a distinct blot on the London production—performed by **Anni Frind and the Chorus and Orchestra of the Grossen Schauspielhauses, Berlin**, and backed with the same orchestra playing the *Spanish Romance* from "Casanova" (H.M.V. C2435, 12in., 4s.). The whole effect is as unwieldy as the name of the orchestra.

"The Merry Widow" will never die and **Lehar's** delightful music is deliciously sung by **Else Kochhann and Helge Roswaenge** on Decca-Polydor DE7007 (4s.). The English Viennese music of **Posford's** "Goodnight, Vienna" may not have stood the test of years yet, but it is very attractive, and **Jack Hylton's Selection** on Decca K666 (12in., 2s. 6d.) is very welcome.

The **Light Opera Company** of H.M.V. are so seething with talent that anything they do is noteworthy. C2443 (12in., 4s.), "Monsieur Beaucaire" *Vocal Gems*, will be much appreciated.

For those who saw "Ronny" when it was on at the Rialto I strongly recommend the *Selection* played by **Ilya Livschakoff's Dance Orchestra** (Decca-Polydor PO5039, 2s. 6d.) and *You are my true love* and *Oft I dream of happiness* (PO5038) played by

the same band. I am not sure that the music is attractive enough to be worth having unless you know its context.

Another German film that we shall be seeing shortly with **Lillian Harvey and Willy Fritsch** as the stars is "Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag"—English title as yet unknown. The first record of the music, which is by **Jean Gilbert**, is of a tune called *My Baby* and is played by the buoyant **Jack Bund and his Bravour Dance Band** (Parlo. R1246, 2s. 6d.). I look forward to more records of this sort.

Tangos

The **Orquesta Tipica Francisco Canaro** are the real thing where tango orchestras are concerned and their records are always interesting even if the titles frequently get the London Editor completely tongue-tied. This month they play *Rancho Embrujao* and *Pensalo Bien* (Parlo. R1253, 2s. 6d.), both of which are first-class recordings. **The La Plata Tango Band** does not seem quite so genuine, but *Remembrance* and *I saw you dance a tango* are pretty tunes (Decca F3037, 1s. 6d.). **The Dajos Bela Dance Orchestra** may lack a little of the fire of the South Americans, but the band is a pleasure to listen to. They play *Nothing but a lie* and *I could be happy with you* (Parlo. R1245, 2s. 6d.), which latter is also played by our own **Geraldo and his Gaucho Tango Orchestra**, who have, by the way, acquired a really fine vocalist. The backing is a *paso doble* *Let me be your Carmen for to-night* (Col. CB467, 2s. 6d.) and their other contribution to the rhythm of the month is *Rosita*, a tango, and *Reginello*, a Neapolitan song in waltz time with the vocalist singing in Neapolitan (Col. CB470). All excellent, and British-made too!

Instrumental

There is only one other instrument besides the ever-purring cinemaorgan this month, and that is the guitar of **Len Fillis**. What a wizard this man is! He can make *Auf Wiedersehen* and *Day by Day* sound like masterpieces of quiet harmony (Decca F3036, 1s. 6d.).

The Cinemaorganists are nothing if not versatile, and **Reginald New** has turned out **Rachmaninoff's** famous *Prelude in C sharp minor* on a little nine-inch Broadcast (867) backed with *Polly* for 1s.! The *Prelude* for sixpence! **Reginald Dixon**, on the other hand, has made a twelve-inch record of a "Lilac Time" *Selection* (Stern 8030) which costs 2s. 6d., but which is varied and well played and well worth the money. His *Dixieland* (Stern 989, 1s. 3d.) is not one of his best efforts, but I expect *Paradise* and *Gipsy Moon* (988) will please all his admirers. I did not find *Cathedral Chimes* and *Weymouth Chimes* played by **Terance Casey** with bells (Col. DB873, 2s. 6d.) much to my taste and preferred the vivacity and brilliance of **Sidney Torch's** playing of *Round the Marble Arch* and *Lullaby of the Leaves* (Col. DB862), which I consider is one of the best organ records of its class that I have heard since *Choo-Choo*.

Sydney Gustard has managed to crowd eight tunes on to H.M.V. B4207 (2s. 6d.), which he calls *Hits of the Moment, Summer 1932*, and also plays a pleasing *Irish Medley* on H.M.V. C2444 (12in., 4s.), and **Reginald Foort** turns to the old songs in *Songs that are old live for ever* (Imperial 2722, 1s. 3d.).

Hill-Billies and Yodelers

We are still reaping the benefit of **Carson Robison's** visit to this country, and this month he and his **Pioneers** are in various moods on various companies. All I can do is to tell you which my choice would be and to enumerate the records in order of personal preference. *The Back Porch* (Zono. 6160, 1s. 6d.); *Ain't ya coming out to-night?* and *Swanee Kitchen Door* (Broadcast 3214, 1s. 6d.); *Goin' back to Texas* and *Why did I get married?* (Stern 994, 1s. 3d.); *Open up dem pearly gates* and *Meet me to-night in the valley* (Regal MR600, 1s. 6d.); *Steam-*

boat keep rocking and the old favourite *The Runaway Train* (Sterno 995); and lastly, the sad story of *Stack o' Lees* (Decca F3026, 1s. 6d.).

Our old friend **Jimmy Rodgers** turns up again this month with two really depressing songs the titles of which speak for themselves, *Ninety-nine years* and *My time ain't long* (Zono. 6150, 1s. 6d.), and **Johnny Marvin** is on Imperial (2723, 1s. 3d.) with *Our old Grey Mare* which is an epic of an antique filly. The backing is of that very old song which Gordon McConnell unearthed for one of his "New Songs for Old" programmes, *I'll take you home again, Kathleen*, sung by **Jack Feeney**. Amazing whoopee!

Kate Tellheim is a clever yodeler and yodels for our benefit *The Blue Danube* and *Vienna, city of my dreams* (Decca F3012, 1s. 6d.), while **Vanco** (Decca F3054) and **Ernst Ruckstuhl** (H.M.V. B4047, 2s. 6d.) give the more conventional kind of yodeling in *The Yodeling Blues*, *A Yodeling Romeo*, *Swiss Yodeling Song* and *The Herdsman's Delight*. Wild, untamed talent.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

There are several so-called humorous sketches this month, most of which make me feel as melancholy as the *Channel Swimmer* in the sketch of that name on Columbia DB865 (2s. 6d.). But I suppose most people are more easily amused. **Sandy Powell** is funny as *Sandy, the Grocer* (Broadcast 864, 1s.), but **Jock McKay's** jokes about building a bungalow are distinctly whiskery (Decca F3024, 1s. 6d.), and **Haver and Lee** are not as amusing as they were in their first record in *Horse Sense* (Col. DB858, 2s. 6d.). *North sees the family off* is a good idea and apart from one or two minor irritations is a success (Parlo. R1249, 2s. 6d.); but nine times out of ten the monologue or comic song are far more successful on records than these sketches.

Our old friend *Old Sam* turns up again under the name of **Fred Vernon** on Decca F3044 (1s. 6d.) and I could hear no difference at all between Fred and Stanley. Perhaps there is none.

Naunton Wayne has been successfully compèring the non-stop variety at the London Pavilion with his *Nonchalant Nonsense* (Col. DB864, 2s. 6d.), but most of the recorded nonsense is a little near the knuckle, and not as funny as his apparently spontaneous remarks about the artists at the Pavilion.

Charles Penrose and Company are at it again and I am afraid they make me giggle as much as ever with their infectious laughter (Col. DB856, 2s. 6d.).

Charlie Higgins sings two songs on old, old subjects called *Round at her mother's on Sunday* and *That's why women were born* (Broadcast 869, 1s.) and **Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell** wax eloquent over *It's the woman who pays* and *My wife's first husband, John* (Col. DB886, 2s. 6d.). Give me *The "Oi"*

Song, which looks like being a riot, played and sung by **Billy Seymour and the Boys** (Sterno 1004, 1s. 3d.).

Those amusing duettists **Kenneth and George Western** have recorded two of their not-quite-so-topical songs on Broadcast 3209, *Old King Cole* and *It was bound to happen in the end* (1s. 6d.), and **Leslie Holmes** has struck a winner in *B-B-B-Bertha* and *Rounderer and Rounderer* (Imperial 2726, 1s. 3d.).

Songs and Choral

I suppose it is neither stylish nor modern to choose a *Medley* of **Melville Gideon's** old songs sung by himself as the best of this group; but I make no excuse for my choice, and if H.M.V. C2441 (12in., 4s.) is not your choice, I hope you are one of a small minority. Perhaps you will prefer his singing of two new songs *Roses at dawning* and *When a pal bids a pal good-bye* (B4221, 2s. 6d.); I think these are just waste of talent. **Birrell O'Malley** can sing *Roses at Dawning* until he is as green as the Zonophone label (6150, 1s. 6d.) and **Dan Donovan** (Broadcast 870, 1s.) and **Cliff Connolly** (Decca F2492, 1s. 6d.) can use their blarney in equally soppy songs as long as I don't have to listen to them more than once a month. I prefer the delicate sentimentality of **Melville Gideon** every time.

Cliff Connolly is one of the army who sing that very pretty song of the moment *Lullaby of the Leaves* (Regal MR602, 1s. 6d.); others, in order of ascending merit, are **Derickson and Brown** (H.M.V. B4211, 2s. 6d.), **Sam Browne** (Zono. 6154, 1s. 6d.) and **Maurice Elwin** (Decca F3009, 1s. 6d.).

I am glad to see that **Ord Hamilton** is sufficiently restored to health to record again, but I wish he had chosen something a little more original than *Don't take my river from me*, which I see is his own composition and a too obvious attempt to repeat the success of *River, stay 'way from my door*, and *Now that I have you* (Decca F3010, 1s. 6d.) for his come-back. **Carl Brisson**, too, is not being very well served in the matter of titles; this month he has those super-soppy songs *My Mom* and *I'm so alone with the crowd* (Decca F3011, 1s. 6d.) to fascinate the flappers.

Patrick Waddington, on the other hand, has very suitable material in *The echo of a song* and *What makes you so adorable?* (H.M.V. B4213, 2s. 6d.), and **Leslie Hutchinson** is good in *When work is through* and *Disappointed in love* (Parlo. R1250, 2s. 6d.).

But **Singin' Sam** is really convincing in *Got the South in my Soul* and *The voice in the old village choir* (Broadcast 3210, 1s. 6d.). And what a difference conviction makes!

When work is through is also sung by **The Three Ginx** in their own kind of harmony (Broadcast 871, 1s.), while **Bob and Alf Pearson** (Imperial 2727, 1s. 3d.) and **Layton and Johnstone** (Col. 859, 860, 868 and 869, 2s. 6d. each) make the sort of records we expect of them.

Jeannette Macdonald and **Helene Cals** lift up their voices as high as a soprano of their class should, but apart from the fact

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that Jeannette Macdonald sings *We will always be sweethearts* and *One hour with you* (H.M.V. B4210, 2s. 6d.) in her latest film I can see no reason for recommending either of the records. **Helene Cals** sings *Only a Rose* and *The Songs of Songs* (Parlo. R1256, 2s. 6d.) but I am frankly disappointed.

Elsie Carlisle and **Gertrude Lawrence** may not possess voices which can be labelled "soprano" but they are both excellent microphone artists, and **Elsie Carlisle** makes everything possible out of '*Leven pounds of Heaven* and *Hangin' on to that man* (Decca F3038, 1s. 6d.) and **Gertie Lawrence** is as wayward as ever in *Tired* and *Shadows on the window* (Decca M412, 2s. 6d.).

The Carson Sisters evidently think they are well on the road to becoming as hot as the **Boswell Sisters**; they have four titles out this month, *If it ain't love*, *We've got to put that sun back in the sky* (Parlo. R1242, 2s. 6d.), *Lullaby of the Leaves* and *Mean Music* (Parlo. R1251), but—well, compare the second title with Brunswick 1284 and you will see just how far they are along the road.

Elsie and Doris Waters are quite unique, and although neither of their songs is particularly funny this month, they are both entertaining and neat and perfectly recorded. The titles are *The Cuckoo in the nest* and *The seaside band* (Parlo. R1243).

Anona Winn and **Allan O'Sullivan** sing duets of *Luana*, which is described as a "Love Song of Hawaii," and *My sunny Monterey* (Regal MR601, 1s. 6d.) attractively enough for most people, and **Mellow and Rich** have had the bright idea of making a collection of the soppy songs of a past generation and calling it *Sweetheart songs of long ago* (Broadcast 866, 1s.). **The Eight Famous Choristers** sing well, but I cannot quite see how *Cockles and Mussels* can be called a *Song of Love* (Broadcast 3215, 1s. 6d.). **John Thorne** directs a *Community Singing* record (Imperial 2725, 1s. 3d.) which is surprisingly successful.

Oddments

A July issue that came in too late for review last month but which must not on any account be overlooked is a *Medley* of their famous songs sung by **Ellaline Terriss** and **Seymour Hicks** (H.M.V. C2432, 12in., 4s.). All of you who have memories will treasure this record. The two records of this year's **Aldershot Tattoo** were also too late for review last month, but they are magnificent examples of recording skill; I advise everyone who is impressed at all by the majesty of **Massed Military Bands** to buy H.M.V. C2438 (12in., 4s.) for the *Slow Movement* from Handel's "Berenice" at least.

From the **Massed Bands** to a **Monster Fair Organ** sounds rather an anticlimax, but I expect there are lots of people who love the jolly atmosphere created by these fair-organ records and will be glad to know that they can get a new one for 1s. on Broadcast 872.

The Casey Kids have been on their *Seaside Outing* since we met them last, and apparently they enjoyed it immensely, and you will enjoy hearing about it on Regal MR599 (1s. 6d.).

PEPPERING.

English Speech

The virtue of the album of five records with a booklet giving the text used by **A. Lloyd James** in his *Talks on English Speech* (Linguaphone Language Institute, 30s. complete) lies in its authoritativeness no less than in its good sense. Mr. Lloyd James, as Reader in Phonetics to London University and Secretary of the B.B.C. Advisory Committee on Spoken English, is recognised as the authority on his present subject; his wide experience in teaching and his complete absence of pedantry give confidence from the start and leave one at the end wishing that he had had more time to devote to the rhythm and intonation of English speech, subjects much more interesting than vowel-sounds. Doubtless these component factors in pronunciation will be further dealt with in subsequent records.

This album is intended for the close study of foreigners and of people conscious of having what Mr. Lloyd James kindly calls "irregular" methods of pronunciation. But it will interest *anyone* and the sales ought to justify a lowering of its price.

German Songs

Incidentally, from the Gregg Publishing Co., which has already done much for teaching languages by palatable methods, comes a shilling booklet of *Lieder und Gedichte* collected by Frank N. Dixon and K. Gee. It contains the German words and the melody of twelve songs (all recorded, but not all in English lists), and the German words of a further eighteen songs such as *Erkönig*, *Die Grenadiere*, *Der König in Thule* and *Elfenlied*.

We can lend a copy of the words of Schumann's *Dieterliche* to any reader who wishes to copy them if a stamped and addressed envelope is sent and if the borrower will not keep them too long. The records by **Thomas Denijs** referred to by the Editor on p. 2 and by Mr. Klein on p. 59 are of course the same as those mentioned by Mr. Potter in his article on "The Song Cycles of Schumann" in February 1930 (Vol. VII, p. 396).

An Apology

By a stupid slip of the pen last month, I mentioned Mr. Hubert S. Ryan as Editor of *The Talking Machine and Wireless Trade News*. Though he is a constant contributor and musical critic, the editorial chair is occupied by Mr. H. E. Binstead, to whom I now apologise.

I am sorry I said it or
Thought that the Editor
Was Hubert S. Ryan.
Next time I must try and
Say Binstead
Instead.

Stop Press

Here are two pieces of news that ought to have been on more appropriate pages.

The long promised *Collectors' Who's Who* about which Mr. P. G. Hurst wrote last January can now be reproduced in typewritten characters for the price of 2s. 9d. a copy, post free: so will those readers who have already booked a copy please send the money to Mr. Hurst, who will immediately put the work in hand.

Following the demonstration of new H.M.V. models at Hayes last Monday (described on p. 119), news comes of the 1932-3 Columbia models, which must be considered in detail next month. There are no less than nine Radio models and six Radio-graphophone models in the new catalogue, ranging in price from less than £5 to just under £100, and covering the range of the public's wants from the small battery set to the latest radio-graphophone *de luxe*.

CHRISTOPHER STONE.

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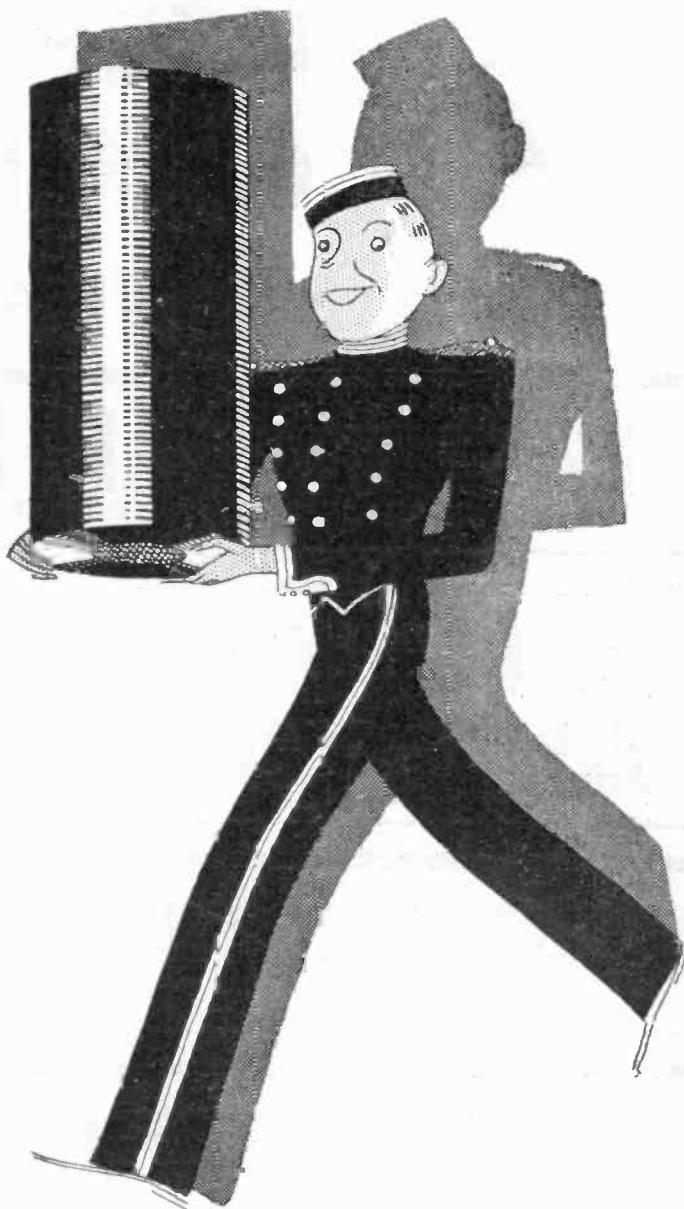
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(See page v)

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GILLIE POTTER
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F3009, 1/6

KATE TELLHEIM
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Dreams F3012, 1/6

CARSON J. ROBISON & His Pioneers
Stack O' Lee Blues F3026, 1/6

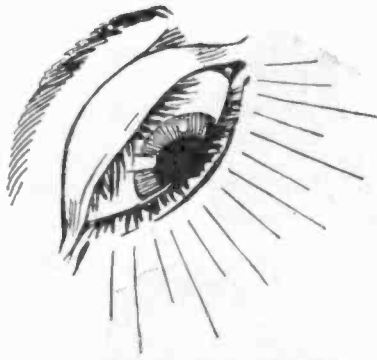
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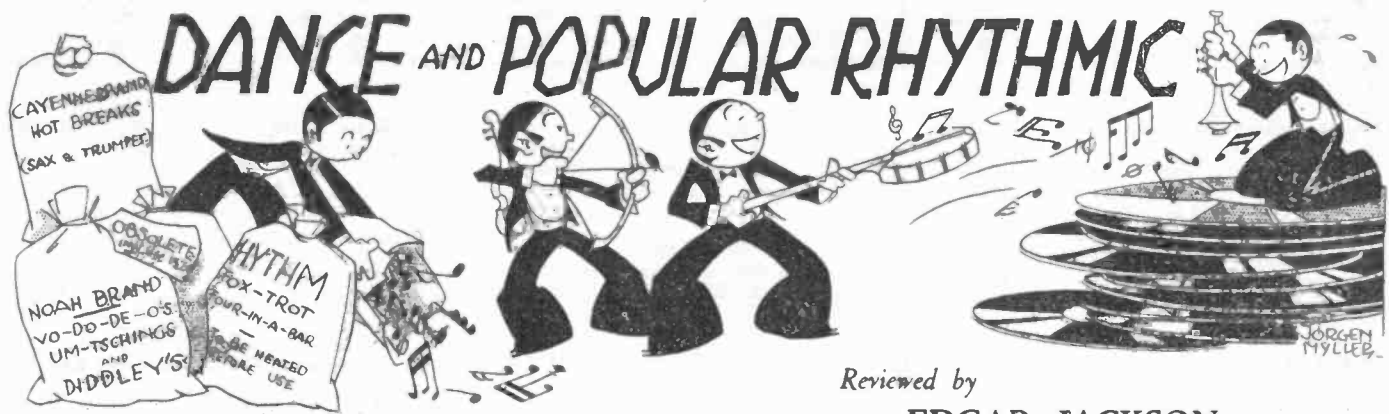
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Reviewed by
EDGAR JACKSON

Hot Dance Bands

Louis Armstrong at the Palladium —and four new records to mark the occasion

FOUR new releases by Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra (Amer.)—*Keeping out of mischief* (v) and *Love, you funny thing* (v), two popular dance tunes of the moment, which are on Parlophone R1260, and, on R1261, *I can't believe that you're in love with me* (v) and the classic of "jazz" *I ain't got nobody* (v)—would be welcome at any time, but they are doubly interesting at the moment because the famous Louis has just made his first personal appearance in this country at the Palladium, London, where he commenced a two weeks' engagement on Monday, July 18th last.

The preceding week I dined with Louis.

The first thing that struck me about him was that he has shrunk. He seemed to be only about half as stout as he was when I last saw him in New York, and instead of the loss of width having given him added height, he seemed to have diminished that way too. In place of the robust figure was a diminutive little chap. But there was no mistaking the close-cropped curly hair, wide nostrils and pearly teeth which flashed whenever he produced his ten-inch grin, which was about every ten seconds. At heart he was, and probably will be until he dies, the same exuberant, baby Louis.

On the Monday, I decided to give the first house a miss to allow the one and only a chance to get into his stride, and went to the 9 o'clock one instead.

The band difficulty

The first house, they told me, had been a tight fit, but the second was literally packed out. I found Mrs. Owen, the Palladium publicity manageress, almost in tears trying to get hold of two seats for Mr. Francis of Parlophone, who had turned up with Mr. Langley of Columbia, and in the end I sat in the seat reserved for Philip Page, who luckily for both of us (how Louis would have seared his classical soul!) did not turn up.

Louis was advertised to appear with his "New Rhythm Band." On hearing it I re-christened it the "No Rhythm Band."

Things seem to have gone wrong in this way. Obviously to bring Louis' own coloured

band from New York for such a short season would have been too expensive, so they decided to form one for him here. Personally I should have put a white band behind him. A good one could easily have been formed from London musicians, many of the best hot players being available. But the powers that be decided that the public would expect a coloured band, and so there had been a hunt round for Negro musicians. I had been asked if I knew of any, and had said right away they could not be got in England. A good deal of time was wasted proving my words, and in the end they decided to see what Paris could provide. Paris proved little better than London. The quantity was obtained, but the quality was dire. As Keats put it, the design was bright, the colour was right, but the sound was an absolute failure. One or two people in the band seemed good—notably the pianist, first trumpet and one of the saxophones—but the ensemble . . . well, it wasn't. The band sounded about two strong, and out of tune at that. It tried to play Louis' record-

ing arrangements, but all one could recognise was a bar or so here and there.

With this millstone round his neck, Louis worked like a Trojan, and in spite of it scintillated with dazzling brilliance during every second he was on the stage. If you think he has personality in a record, you should see him in the flesh!

What Louis told the Mike

The grotesque dynamic little spark was everywhere at once. Those high Fs tumbled out of his trumpet one after another, and, with the amazing expressions which rapidly chased each other across his face, to appropriate antics from his lithe body, his crazy singing became a thing of even greater wonder and entertainment.

He appeared with a microphone which became a vital thing if only because he treated it as such. He coaxed, bullied, cajoled, leered at and caressed it, and, believe it or not, that microphone replied. No one heard it speak, but every sentence it uttered was clearly reflected in the expression on Louis' face.

Louis had made his entrance with a trumpet in one hand—he has discarded his little squat cornet for an instrument of artistic slenderness and nearly as long as a coach horn—and a handkerchief more like a sheet in the other. With this he continually mopped the beads

THE BEST OF THE MONTH

DANCE BANDS.

- All of a sudden and Happy-go-lucky you by *The Casa Loma Orchestra* (Bruns. 1318).
Flies crawled up the window (The) by *The Blue Lyres* (Zono. 6153).
Humming to Myself and Soft lights and sweet music by *Ambrose's Orch.* (H.M.V. B6205).
I've gone and lost my little Yo-Yo by *Billy Cotton and His Band* (Regal MR609).
Please don't mention it by *The Blue Lyres* (Zono. 6152).
Put that down in writing and We've got the moon and sixpence by *Ray Noble's New Mayfair Orch.* (H.M.V. B6203).

VOCAL.

- How'm I doin' and Try getting a good night's rest by *Don Redman's Orch.* (Bruns. 1320).
Shine by *Bing Crosby and the Mills Brothers* (Bruns. 1316).

HOT DANCE BANDS.

- At the Prom by *Irving Mills and His Modernists* (H.M.V. B6204).
Be Bo Bo by *Jack Purvis and His Orchestra* (Parlo. R1252).
Casa Loma Stomp and Good-bye, Blues by *Connie's Inn Orchestra* (Bruns. 1319).
Growl (The) by *Baron Lee and His Blue Rhythm Band* (Bruns. 1325).
I ain't got nobody, I can't believe that you're in love with me, Keeping out of mischief now and Love, you funny thing by *Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra* (Parlo. 1260 and 1261).
Little Buttercup by *Joe Venuti's Blue Four* (Parlo. R1252).
Way I feel to-day (The) by *Mc Kinney's Cotton Pickers* (H.M.V. B6204).

of perspiration which flowed in torrents from his glistening chocolate skin.

His show was all too short. A few snatches from *Sleepy time down South*, *Them there eyes*, *When you're smiling*, *You rascal*, you and *Chinatown, my Chinatown*, all as nearly like the records as the band could help Louis in making them sound—and it was over.

The fans roared their applause. Louis catapulted himself from behind the curtain, and stood bowing and grinning, his eyes now gleaming as whitely as his teeth. He promised an encore, but the band had gone, the scenes had been changed, and Louis disappeared as he had arrived—in a flash that could almost be seen.

After the party

The last I saw of Louis that night was after the show as his manager, a real tough Yankee with Chicago written all over him, was dragging him by the hand from the stage door—like a naughty little boy being taken home to be spanked.

I am writing this during the first week of Louis' appearance here. What will happen after we go to press and by the time you are reading this remains to be seen.

If the country consisted of musicians and fans Louis could stay here six months with his present act. No one who can understand Louis cares much about the band. Louis is enough. But the public may find him too much of a mouthful, and if G.T.C. are wise they will scrap the Negro band and for the second week put a good white combination behind him that can give us some good rhythmic music. Why not Spike Hughes and His Orchestra?

The exquisite Four

The four Armstrong records are of course Parlophone "Rhythm-Styles," and in the same series (on Parlo. R1252) Joe Venuti and His Blue Four (Amer.) and Jack Purvis and His Orchestra (Amer.) make reappearances, after too many months' absence, in, respectively, *Little Buttermilk* and *Be-Bo-Bo* (v).

The Blue Four seem to consist of Venuti, Lang, Jimmy Dorsey and Frank Signorelli, and their performance is mainly in the way of being a little light rhythmic music. It could hardly be anything else in view of the combination—no drums or bass, you will notice—but more because of the nature of the tune. *Little Buttermilk*, composed by Signorelli, is a fragile little melody, and would be spoilt by any but a delicate treatment, but a delicate treatment has not prevented the four from exhibiting their great virtuosity, any more than it has prevented them from indulging freely in those little flights of fancy for which we hail them as the great artists they undoubtedly are.

That three-crotchet rhythm

Be-Bo-Bo, on the other hand, is a real hot dance record. The basic idea of the original melody, as featured in the first chorus, seems to be to illustrate how very rhythmical three straight crotchets in a bar—the first three, with a rest on the fourth—can be made to sound when properly interpreted. This is a rhythm which you find in all sorts of odd places in various hot records, but this is the first composition based on it that I have heard.

All sorts of interesting people seem to be in the band, and, although the record was

not made at the same session, I should say that the personnel is not very different from that which Purvis used for *Poor Richard* (Parlo. R992). Rollini, Froba and Higginbottom seem recognisable in the bass saxophone, piano and trombone solos respectively, and of course Purvis himself, whom I have always thought a fine hot player, is responsible for all the trumpet work. On the whole I cannot, however, say that I think the record quite as good as *Poor Richard*.

A new Casa Loma Stomp

A new recording of *Casa Loma Stomp*—the number with which, under the name of the O.K. Rhythm Kings, the famous Casa Loma Orchestra made their sensational debut in this country on Parlophone (R890)—is issued on Brunswick 1319 by Connie's Inn Orchestra (Amer.). The arrangement is identical with that scored by Gifford for the Casa Loma, but the solos are of course different, and this equally lively and generally excellent second version of the piece is well worth getting for this reason alone.

On the reverse the same band plays *Good-bye, Blues* (v). There is little particularly outstanding in the way of solos unless it is that of the trumpet, but the arrangement is good and the band puts it over quite effectively.

Exactly who Connie's Inn Orchestra are this time may be open to argument. Personally, I think they are Fletcher Henderson's bunch, but this band not only left the Inn some weeks ago, but is now broken up. In the meantime, Don Redman and his crowd, amongst others, have been at Connie's, and there is a chance that the record is by one of the bands which followed Fletcher.

I really must congratulate Decca on the way they are handling these Brunswick discs. The August supplements contain chatty little paragraphs on each of the hot records, which suggest an unusually enlightened outlook. Listen to this, for instance, about these Connie's Inn efforts:

"This form of dance music is not of the simplest, and it is often necessary to hear the records a number of times before the significance of all that is taking place is apparent. But do not be impatient. To-day the only people who decry hot music are those who do not understand it, and the person who professes to scoff at it not only loses prestige . . . but denies himself of one of the most fascinating forms of entertainment."

This is almost as good as some of Parlophone's "Rhythm-Style" pamphlet-chats.

Real Negro music

If you have a soul that can feel the spirit of real Negro music, and are not one of those who call jungle trumpets ugly noises because you fail to respond to the atmosphere of the interpretation as a whole, you will, I think, enjoy the blue rhythm number, *Heat Waves*, and the rather quicker *The Groul* by Irving Mills' Blue Rhythm Boys, who, being now directed by Baron Lee, have been re-christened *Baron Lee and His Blue Rhythm Band* (Amer.) (Brun. 1325).

I readily admit these are not everybody's meat. Rough stuff from the brass gives a savage touch to the eerie melancholy of the music and one has to abandon oneself to the paganism of it all. But if you can do this, you are at least half-way home to appreciating that stark nakedness at least has the virtue of truth, even though it may shock at first sight.

If you are more concerned with looking upon this sort of thing simply as hot music, to debate whether the saxophone here, for instance, has a better style than the player in Mr. So-and-So's band, you will find that *The Groul*, particularly, is a clever and stylish record. The brilliant piano solo is by Edgar Hayes, whose technique you can judge for yourself.

The Cotton Pickers again

The way I feel to-day (v), by McKinney's Cotton Pickers (Amer.), and *At the Prom*, by a combination collected for recording by Irving Mills, and called for the occasion His Modernists (Amer.), comprise the August H.M.V. Hot Rhythm Series disc (B6204).

The Cotton Pickers' contribution may not be idiomatically the hottest thing that has ever happened, but the number is a most tuneful one and the orchestration, which contains an unusual amount of varied and attractive colour, is simply great. Right from the most original introduction there is never an uninteresting moment. Don Redman is probably responsible for this arrangement. At the time this record was made he was director and first saxophonist of this coloured combination, and no one who has ever heard him sing will fail to recognise him in the appealing vocal refrain. There is no one who can murmur a chorus with more coaxing intimacy than Don. Taken all round this is about the most alluring hot record of the month.

Fiddlers' fireworks

At the Prom is one of those affairs which get home on their all-round brightness. Early on a large chunk of the record is devoted to some good hot playing by a section of three fiddles, which is not only rhythmical, but so well drilled that it might be one man. The alto solo, played I think by Jack Pettis, is good, so, on the whole, is the trumpet solo, the lead-in to which is like a tonic after the rather unnecessary efforts of somebody trying to sing scat. A saxophone section which has tone, balance, precision and style is another feature of the performance. The record has the advantage of being sufficiently obvious in every way to appeal as strongly to the average listener as it should to the hot enthusiast.

Vocal and Instrumental

THE tie-up between the Mills Brothers and Bing Crosby (Amer.), which resulted so happily in *Dinah*, has been repeated with even greater success in a revival of *Shine* (Brunswick 1316). Bing sings just as he did in the days of the Rhythm Boys, before he became all sex-appeal and sugar, and the Mills Brothers are as neat and musical as ever. The whole construction of the record is good, and it is difficult to imagine a conception that would have suited these artists better. The orchestral accompaniment is all that could be desired.

On the reverse, Bing Crosby revives another good rhythmic tune of earlier days, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, in which he is accompanied by Isham Jones and His Orchestra. The

band, which seems to be greatly improved, has quite a lot of the record to itself.

Try gettin' a good night's rest and How'm I doing (Bruno. 1320) by **Don Redman and His Orchestra** (Amer.) are under this heading, because they are practically all singing by Don Redman, with the orchestra merely supplying accompaniment—and what an accompaniment it is! Don puts over both the numbers with that quaint chatty intimacy that makes him such an irresistible entertainment.

Although she keeps them very straight, **Connie Boswell** (Amer.) is as charmingly seductive as ever in *Lullaby of the leaves*, and, in rather faster tempo, *My lips want kisses* (Bruno. 1315).

On H.M.V. B4212 **The Pickens Sisters** (Amer.) are very musical in *Lard, you made the night too long* and *Dream Sweetheart*.

They still lack the arrangements, accompaniments and to some extent the dash and rhythm of the Boswell Sisters, but they are

getting on that way nicely. I am sorry to have to keep on comparing the Pickens Sisters with the Boswell young ladies, but after all, the latter are the standard by which all newcomers must submit to being judged.

If you like the popular songs of the moment sung in straight rhythmic ballad style, you cannot do better than get *When work is through* and *Lullaby of the leaves* as **Sam Brown**, who is of course the vocalist of Ambrose's band, features them on Zonophone 6154.

More Elizalde Solos

Two new piano solos by **Fred Elizalde**—*When work is through* and the waltz *Paradise* (Decca F3034)—are essentially "commercial" performances, but even so the more sophisticated listeners will find much in them that is of interest. Elizalde is never at a loss for novel ideas, and manages to work in a few even when playing in the more obvious manner necessary to appeal to the public at large. I thought the waltz a delightful record.

Dance Bands

The Savoy Hotel Orpheans Liven Up

READERS of last month's GRAMOPHONE will remember that I was able to give the news that the **Savoy Hotel Orpheans**, who hitherto had been under the joint direction of Carroll Gibbons and Howard Jacobs, had been reorganised and that Gibbons was taking over exclusive control, Jacobs having gone back to the Berkeley Hotel with a small band of his own.

It would seem from this month's records by the Orpheans that the changes in the style of the band, which I suggested might be expected as the result of the alteration in its direction, have come about even sooner than was anticipated. Its performances are altogether brighter and more rhythmical, and if it is not yet quite as up-to-date and original as its excellent musicians should be able to make it, there are certainly indications of a more ambitious outlook.

Probably the Orpheans' best record is *Carefree* (v) (Col. CB468). Nothing much happens in this until after the vocal chorus. The excellent trumpet in the first chorus is not well supported by the saxophone, which phrases badly and lacks attack, and the celeste may be pretty but seems rather effeminate. After the vocal, however, things wake up. The orchestration is good, the band plays with rhythm, and, excepting where there is some more sloppy celeste, the record is almost inspiring. The backing is a slow melody, and the band plays it quite nicely. It has the futile title of *My Mum* (v) and the lyric runs:

*My Mum, I love her,
My Mum, you'd love her,
Who wouldn't love her, My Mum?*

What can any band be expected to make out of such drivel?

Also by the Orpheans are *By special permission of the copyright owners* (v) from "Fanfare" and *What makes you so adorable?* (v) (Col. CB469), the latter with vocal by **Al Bowly**. If neither of these is what you would call brilliant, both are at least a

healthy improvement on the ultra pedantic, rhythmless stuff which most of the Orpheans' earlier records have been.

Since last month I have learnt that **Howard Jacobs'** transfer to the Berkeley Hotel may have a most surprising sequel. It is said that he may be severing his connection with the whole circuit of hotels in the Savoy Berkeley group, and shortly after you have read these words may even be on his way back to America.

When work is through (v) by **The Masqueraders** (Col. CB471) has one of the best last choruses I have heard for some time in a commercial melody record. Their *It ain't no fault of mine* (v) on the reverse is rather weak. The vocalist lacks the right personality to put over a comedy song and the number is treated too circumspectly by the band. Roy Fox's version on Decca is much more fun.

Ambrose at his best again

Ambrose and His Orchestra certainly had one of their good days when they recorded **Irving Berlin's** latest delightful slow melody, *Soft lights and sweet music* (v) (H.M.V. B6205). Everything seems to have gone right with it. **Ronnie Munro**, who as a rule has seemed more at home with presentation and comedy numbers, has excelled himself with an orchestration ideal for the type of number, and the performance is immaculate. This is one of the most captivating sweet records I have heard for some time. Even the recording, which lately has not always been too kind to either Ambrose or H.M.V., has played its part magnificently. If the backing, *Humming to myself* (v), also arranged by **Munro**, is not quite so good, it only loses by a short head.

I also liked the arrangement (probably by **Sid Phillips**—this is a **Lawrence Wright** number) of *Say you're only teasing me* (v) (H.M.V. B6195). Like **Munro's** work, there

is no attempt by the arranger to show off, but the score, like the performance, suits the tuneful number and puts it over to best advantage. On the reverse of this **Ambrose and His Orchestra** play *Shadows on the window* (v) and I must compliment Messrs. **Young and Washington** on a nice melody—but then *Body and Soul* always was a good tune. This sounds as though it might be a **Phil Cardew** arrangement, and because **Cardew** is one of the best arrangers in the country I was rather surprised to find that I did not like it more. I certainly enjoyed his (I think) orchestration of *When work is through*, which **Ambrose** plays on H.M.V. B6200, and backs with a nice slow version of **Matt Malneck's** 'Leven pounds of Heaven', the vocal refrain of which is sung by **Elsie Carlisle**.

The remaining **Ambrose** disc (H.M.V. B6196) consists of *Sing, Brothers* (v) and *Hoch, Caroline* (v), two English numbers by **Jack Waller** and **Joe Tunbridge** from "Tell her the Truth," which looks like enjoying a long run at the Saville Theatre. Both sides are, I suppose, appropriate treatments of these musical comedy numbers, but I cannot work up a great deal of enthusiasm about them, and prefer the **Savoy Orpheans** record (v) (Col. CB473) in spite of the vodo-de-o singing by some young ladies who ought by now to know better.

On the other hand, **Ambrose's** best records this month are far and away ahead of any by him issued last month, and the band seems to be getting some of its old recording form back.

From "Out of the Bottle"

Ray Noble and His New Mayfair Orchestra's *We've got the moon and sixpence and Put that down in writing*, both from "Out of the Bottle," at the London Hippodrome (H.M.V. B6203), may not be the finest things they have done, but there is the Noble touch of brightness and ideas in them and those who have seen and enjoyed the show will not be the only ones to find them worth hearing.

The same titles by **Debroy Somers and His Band** are coupled on Columbia CB477, but even though the Columbia recording is the better, the H.M.V. is the better record. For one thing, the style of the rhythm is more up to date.

Two new Rumbas

Mariana (v) and *A penny for your thoughts* (v) are played on H.M.V. B6185 by **Don Azpiazu and His Havana Casino Orchestra** (Amer.), who are probably the best exponents of commercialised Rumba rhythm that one can hear. The latter title is labelled fox-trot, but I have failed to appreciate the distinction which calls for such a description, when *Mariana* is labelled Rumba. Rumba would seem to have been the most practical description of both of them.

From the Victor catalogue

Kinda like you (v) from "Through the Years" by **Leo Reisman and His Orchestra** (Amer.), backed with *Let that be a lesson to you* (v) by **Coon-Sanders' Orchestra** (Amer.) (H.M.V. B6198); *I'm so alone with the crowd* (v) and *Gosh Darn* (v) (H.M.V. B6197) and, on B6202, *There I go, dreaming again* (v) and *You can make my life a bed of roses* (v) all by **George Olsen and His Music**

(Amer.); the waltz *Goodnight, my love* (v) by Jack Denny and His Orchestra (Amer.), and *Music in the Moonlight* (v) by Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra (Amer.) (last two H.M.V. B6201), which are from the American Victor catalogue, are all straightforward commercial melody performances. Nothing new or clever happens and the rhythm consists merely of keeping time, but for what it is worth as compensation you get a good standard of legitimate musical efficiency. As usual, Reisman's Orchestra seems to be the best in this respect, and the Coon-Sanders unit the weakest. None of the tunes seem to be anything special—at least, not as these bands feature them.

A Casa Loma come-back

After a period during which they have been rather off-colour, the Casa Loma Orchestra (Amer.) in *Happy-go-lucky you* (v) and *All of a sudden* (v) (Brun. 1318) have produced two records which will come as a great joy to those who are sick of the pretentious mouthings of bands which endeavour to cover up their rhythmic failings by fulsome and over orchestration. Neither of these is a hot record. Excepting for some first-rate hot playing by the tenor saxophonist they are commercial records in every sense of the words, but they are dance music at its best for all that, and only go to prove that you don't have to be hot to be rhythmical and stylish. The orchestrations are of the simplest—practically plain block scoring with occasionally a rhythmic phrase to fill up a gap in the melody, but the tone colours have real atmosphere, the bridge passages and modulations are modern in conception, and the scores as a whole are extraordinarily effective without being pretentious. But perhaps the real success of the performances lies in the good balance of the ensemble and the sense of rhythm with which every phrase is interpreted.

It just goes to show what can be done with quite simple arrangements when a band feels the rhythm. This is what is wrong with even the best of our English bands. You have only to compare these Casa Loma records with their work to realise that hardly one of them knows how to interpret even the more simple of modern rhythmic phrases, and that not even the best have what one could call a perfect sense of rhythm. In fairness to the musicians, however, I must say that the leaders are chiefly to blame. The majority of them can't even hum a phrase rhythmically, much less explain how it should be played.

The vocal choruses are exceptionally good. No robust tenors trying to be sentimental and merely sounding silly, just a most fascinating style of neat rhythmic delivery.

With lots of strings, a harp and a Cor Anglais, Victor Young and His Orchestra (Amer.) have made *There I go, dreaming again* (v) (Brun. 1324), one of the numbers from the American musical production, "Hot-Cha," sounds very ambitious and sugary. In fact, the large combination would be more suited to the concert platform. Still, I liked the arrangement, and will concede that of its kind this is not only a good record, but should be a seller. On the reverse, their *You can make my life a bed of roses*, from the same show, is just ordinary.

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians (Amer.) in *A great big bunch of you* (v) and *My extraordinary girl* (v) (Brun. 1317) could

hardly be mistaken for any other band, but I have heard records by this very competent unit that I have liked better.

Plinky-plonkers score a bull

Whatever else you may have to say about them, good or bad, you will at least have to admit that Dave Apollon and His All-String Orchestra (Amer.), who appear on Brunswick 1321 in *Mandolin Blues* and an arrangement of their own of the old rag-time favourite, *Russian Rag*, are something of a novelty.

They are a mandolin band, and if their technique is rather more obvious than the up-to-dateness of their rhythm, they are at least nearer to being stylish than any like combination I have heard.

During last month the band appeared at the Palladium, and was such a riot that it was kept on for a second week before proceeding to the Holborn Empire. It must be admitted, however, that its success was due chiefly to the amazing showmanship ability of its leader. He is one of those slick, quick personalities, and for stage presence has Ted Lewis, and all the others whom the Americans say are their best showmen, licked to a frazzle.

Dave Apollon is a Russian, and dresses in Russian costume. He leads on the mandolin, the strings of which he can cover at an astounding speed. The rest of the band is dressed in Mexican costume and may have come from anywhere South of the Equator. The discipline is amazing.

All shapes and sizes

The band, which is about ten strong, consists of the most varied members of the mandolin and guitar families you could meet. They range from little baby mandolins to a guitar as big as, and taking the place of, a string-bass.

To realise what an act it is you have to see the band. The records give you only an idea of its music, which is quite secondary to its showmanship, and the comedy provided by dialogue which contains a number of original and clever gags, all smartly put over.

Mandolin Blues is the better of the two sides. It has claims to be hot, and considering the instrumentation is by no means too bad.

Some of the Deccas

Unfortunately at time of going to press I have received only three of the month's Decca records—F3033, on which are *Sing, Brothers* (v) and *Hoch, Caroline* (v), F3030, on which are the waltz *Paradise* (v) and *Dream Sweetheart* (v)—these four are all played by Jack Hylton and His Orchestra—and F3048 on which Billy Merrin and His Commanders at the Nottingham Palais de Danse play *It's that little extra something* (v) and *Good-night, Baby*.

The Hylton's are all honest to goodness straightforward dance interpretations. *Dream Sweetheart* is very pleasing. The bass is a bit stodgy, but the arrangement is good—effective, with some nice rhythmical phrases, without being over-done.

Billy Merrin's band is good enough to have been given two better titles.

Oh yeah?

I think Zonophone must be doing a little leg-pulling. The following titles—'Leven pounds of Heaven' (v) and *Please don't mention it* (v) (Zono. 6152), *In Sunny*

Monterey (v) and *When Yuba plays the Rumba on the Tuba* (v) (Zono. 6151), and on Zono. 6153 *I want to cling to Ivy* (v) and *The flies crawled up the window* (v) both from the film "Jack's the Boy"—are, according to the labels, by The Blue Lyres, at the Dorchester Hotel, London, but anyone who takes the trouble to study even slightly the styles of the West End dance bands will know not only that they are not by the Blue Lyres but which band it really is. Good as the Blue Lyres are, the band that actually made these records is even better. Now, see if you can spot which one it really is.

Capital Cotton comedies

I shall not be the least surprised if I hear in the near future that *I've gone and lost my little Yo-Yo* (v) and *The "O" Song* (v), two of a number of Regal recordings by Billy Cotton and His Band (MR609), have achieved record sales. As Cotton plays them, both these comedy numbers are the brightest of entertainments.

Twelve-pounder misfires

Things to which twelve inches of good wax are given should be exceptional. The mere additional inches are insufficient compensation for the additional cost. One expects outstanding interpretation of outstanding works, or at least of outstanding arrangements.

For this reason both *Laud, you made the night too long* (v) and *My silent love* (v), which are on 12in. Brunswick 107, are to some extent disappointments.

Laud, you made the night too long is by Bing Crosby, The Boswell Sisters and (vide label) an "orchestra conducted by Don Redman." The sight of such names is enough to excite anyone, but those who can feel equally elated after they have heard the record must be easy to please. The side is dull and uninspired. The chief weakness is the orchestration. It wends its way drearily with little to relieve the monotony. Bing and the girls do what the arranger calls upon them to do with their usual competence, but there is simply nothing in the material for them to work upon. The same may be said of the band. The score is trite and fruitless, and I could see no reason for getting Don Redman to direct, unless it was that they wanted his name as an added attraction for those who buy names. The puzzle was eventually solved when, on looking through the American Brunswick supplement, I discovered that the band is actually Don Redman's. Brunswick over here have been more than wise in concealing this, for the band has little chance to show its real ability, and what it does is not likely to be much of an advertisement for a combination that, given music suited to it, is one of the hottest and best that there are.

As regards the backing I can usefully add little to the remarks of my enlightened American colleague, R. D. Darrell (see page 116), with which I fully agree. The best one can say about this pretentiously and erroneously described "Jazz Nocturne" is that musically it may be one class above the ordinary dance tune. On the other hand, it has not the catchiness of most of them. The performance by Victor Young and His Orchestra (Amer.) is competent. The best part of the record is Frank Munn's singing.

EDGAR JACKSON.

HOT

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1318. All of a sudden
10". Happy-go-lucky you

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The reception given to our new book, *Gramophones, Acoustic and Radio*, has been as warm as the weather, and I need no longer hesitate to urge that every single reader of THE GRAMOPHONE ought to possess a copy. It is evidently exactly what everyone has been waiting for—which is what we meant it to be.

In response to requests we have had some copies bound in dark blue buckram, and these cost 2s. each.

Decca and Selfridge

They had fine weather and dullish cricket at Lord's during the week devoted to the Oxford and Cambridge match and the Eton and Harrow match. In the Palm Court at Selfridge's it was neither cool nor dull. It was excessively hot. The draperies that had turned it for the week into a Decca recording studio made the atmosphere so warm that the wax blanks needed a refrigerating rather than a warming cupboard. I saw no palms in the Palm Court, but I touched a good many and they were as clammy as my own.

In fact, if it had not been a most amusing and entertaining and instructive week it would have been quite intolerable to have sacrificed Lord's for it.

The public was admitted free, on application for tickets to the gramophone department, and was privileged in the mornings to witness the tests of competitors in the recording contest (for amateurs), of which the preliminary stages had been completed in the Decca studios at Chelsea in the previous week. Fifteen hundred of them had been reduced to fifty. These made further tests at Selfridge's before a committee of three (of whom I was one), and by the time that Friday came we had reduced these to eleven who performed in the final session before the three judges—Sir Sigismund Mendl, the chairman of Decca, Mr. Gordon Selfridge and Mr. Noel Coward.

The award for a female singer went to Miss Elsie Miller, soprano, for a male singer to Mr. Irving Naismith, baritone, and for an instrumentalist to Mr. Hall, who played *In a Monastery Garden* on a musical saw. Each of these gets a year's contract with Decca and it is to be hoped that the results will be gratifying to all concerned.

I was so much impressed by the low level of achievement among the amateurs that were presumably the best of the original fifteen hundred, that I ventured to suggest to Mr. Selfridge that the next competition should be for professionals. So few of them ever get a chance of recording that surely some real finds, at present only locally appreciated, would emerge from a competition; and I am glad to say that Mr. Selfridge agreed.

I hope that when the time comes Decca will again be associated with the enterprise because one and all the Decca people put up a wonderful show. Every afternoon there were two sessions at which well-known artists appeared and made records in front of the audience.

Gertrude Lawrence, gloriously tanned by the Riviera sun, had arrived from Monte Carlo by air to grace the opening day, and it was she who struck the key-note that pervaded the whole week by her sunny friendliness and infectious industry. Nothing was too much work for her, and the charming drag in her voice when she recorded *I'm Tired*, though it symbolised the feelings of all of us, was pure acting. The next moment she was as lively as ever.

Others who followed her lead were Carson Robison and his Pioneers, Roy Fox and his Band, Len Fillis, Roy Henderson and Frank Titterton; and particularly interesting for anyone

who was anxious to study recording technique, Olive Groves, Elsie Carlisle, Al Bowly, and, above all, Maurice Elwin.

The enchanting Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger (Edythe Baker) was lured on to the platform to play the piano again with that hovering impersonal smile and infectious personal rhythm that in the historic *My heart stood still* roused the audience to the old London Pavilion enthusiasm; and, on the last afternoon, George Buck came to amuse everyone and to make the audience join in the choruses of his songs.

It was a memorable week for many reasons, but chiefly, as I tried to explain to each audience, because for the first time the man in the street was witnessing the complete process of recording in one room—the artist at the microphone, the engineer manipulating the needle and the wax blank and the engineer at the control knob; and was hearing, through loudspeakers in the Palm Court, what was passing from the microphone to the wax and how it sounded when it was played back. There was, too, an admirably labelled series of exhibits in show-cases from the rough wax to the finished record.

I only wish that all our readers could have shared this illuminating experience.

The Critics in Conclave

One lovely evening (in the same week) I sat in the White Room at the Savoy, well fed and nobly cigared, watching the dusk over the Embankment and the lights of the passing trams, while many of the London music critics, Frank Howes, Herbert Hughes, J. A. Forsyth, Basil Maine, Scott Goddard, Gibson Young, W. J. Turner, and our own W. R. Anderson and C. Henry Warren, were listening to some of the latest H.M.V. recording achievements—fragments of the Emperor Concerto and of the issues of the Haydn Society, the Sibelius Society, and even a specimen from the next Hugo Wolf album. Sir Landon Ronald was the host, and he and Mr. Haigh (the pivot of H.M.V. activities in this country) explained the position and the purpose of the various Societies and of the Connoisseur Catalogue with great candour. It now remains to be seen whether the music critics will do their duty to the public by giving adequate consideration to the appraisal of the musical treasures stored in the H.M.V. catalogues, and issued month by month.

Doubtless they would agree that THE GRAMOPHONE fulfils this duty already. But possibly their own writings reach a number of gramophone music lovers who still live in outer darkness. Our circulation is not what it ought to be.

Anyhow, these dinners are a great idea.

John Barbirolli

If the reviewing of the recent additions to that same Connoisseur's Catalogue does not claim too many pages next month, there will be an amusing article in the September number by John Barbirolli on the problem of the foreign musician. He tells how, after conducting an opera at Covent Garden, he saw the crowd of enthusiastic women melt from him as soon as he confessed that he was not a foreigner, but an Englishman born and bred, and that he lived in London.

However, that's for next month. At the moment, John, who, let us never forget, did such splendid work for the N.G.S. in its early days, and his comparatively early days, has hardly settled down to married life, and the last I heard of him was a picture postcard from Bruges, where he and his delightful wife (Marjorie Parry that was) were honeymooning.

Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies

An interesting article on this subject by Mr. Moses Baritz in the July *Musical Times* reminded me that I had asked Mr. W. L. Streeton (of The Gramophone Co.) to let me have a note on the same subject for the benefit of readers who are as ignorant as I am about the piano and orchestral versions. This was what he sent me: "Fifteen Hungarian Rhapsodies were written for the piano and published during his lifetime (four others subsequently published are not generally known or included in the published set).

Of the set of Fifteen Rhapsodies, six were orchestrated by Liszt, assisted by Franz Doppler, and the following will indicate the orchestral numbering as against the numbering of the original pianoforte edition:

No. 1 for orchestra (No. 14 for pianoforte).

No. 2 for orchestra (No. 12 for pianoforte).

No. 3 for orchestra (No. 6 for pianoforte).

No. 4 for orchestra (No. 2 for pianoforte).

No. 5 for orchestra (No. 5 for pianoforte).

No. 6 for orchestra (No. 9 for pianoforte).

No. 1 for orchestra (No. 14 for pianoforte) was also arranged by Liszt as a Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, and is well known under the title of *Hungarian Fantasia*.

A further confusion over the numbering of these works has arisen owing to the fact that the most popular of the Rhapsodies (No. 2 of the original pianoforte edition), although first published as No. 4 for orchestra, is nowadays played in many different arrangements and is to-day generally announced as No. 2 whether played on the piano or in any of the orchestral or other arrangements."

Short Commons

The records of the National Gramophonic Society are more often broadcast from Swiss stations than from those of any other country. This is chiefly due to the energy of the local agents, the Starr Piano Company of Zurich, and of M. E. A. Berther in particular.

An appreciative article on N.G.S. records by P. Donostia appeared recently in the Spanish *El Dia*.

In connection with Mr. Klein's review of the new Siegfried records we have received from a reader a note on the H.M.V. records of Siegfried up to date, with references to the Breitkopf and Härtel vocal score. We shall be glad to send this note, on loan, to any reader who forwards a stamped and addressed envelope.

In due course we shall get Christmas Carol records made last month by no less than "fifty famous British men vocalists, all soloists in opera, musical comedy, and on the concert platform." They are to be issued by Columbia in aid of professional charities, and it is reckoned that if the artists had been paid their fees the recording session would have cost £2,000.

Our Indian readers—and they are many—will have welcomed the news, which reaches us from the London Manager, Mr. W. T. Day, that a strong group representing Ruling Chiefs and business men under the leadership of the Hon. Mr. J. P. Grivastava, Minister of Education for the United Provinces, has acquired *The Pioneer*, with a definite purpose of rallying stable elements in India and breaking up the trade boycotts. Great things are expected of this important development, which will closely affect the gramophone and record trade.

Our London staff took a day off on the 12th, and left the office in charge of an ex-member who gallantly volunteered to run the show alone with the help of a dog and an unquenchable laugh. The rest of us lunched in a Sussex garden and played tennis—Executive inflicting a notable defeat on Editorial. Thence to Worthing for bathing and tea, and back to London by road. The next morning the dog and its owner had gone but the walls still echoed with unquenchable laughter.

In case any of our readers telephoned or called on the 12th, this is the true explanation.

The great Decca "Anna Gramm" competition, in which Jack Hylton takes a prominent part, begins this month; and as I have been invited to be one of the judges in October I shall be deeply disappointed if I cannot award the £500 prize to a staunch reader of THE GRAMOPHONE.

CHRISTOPHER STONE.



Americana

Midsummer doldrums. A new tax on both records and radio. A failure of the Barnum antics of the Democratic convention to stimulate radio sales (although the broadcasts handled it so capably that the daily newspapers were thoroughly and consistently scooped). There is nothing new in an American recording worthy of serious notice, although two recent essays in semi-jazz idiom have stirred up a mild pothor. Dana Suesse's *Jazz Nocturne*, a pretty, inconsequential piece, has caught on to some extent, and following Victor's release of an orchestral version the work has been measured for words, re-titled *My Silent Love*, and put out in a variety of dance and croon performances. More ambitious, but scarcely more significant, is Ferdy Grofé's musical Cook's tour: the *Grand Canyon* suite—properly descriptive impressions of Sunrise, Painted Desert, On the Trail, Sunset, and Cloudburst. There is nothing to the music beyond a few orchestral tricks produced from the bag that gave us *Metropolis* several years ago, but the performance—in which Paul Whiteman's orchestra is augmented by a number of Philadelphia Symphony men—is more arresting.

Columbia having found its longer-playing ten-inch disc (playable at the usual 78 r.p.m.) to possess some sales appeal, even when issued at 85 cents, now brings out a twelve-inch longer-playing record selling at the conventional black label price, \$1.25. Ted Lewis and Kate Smith share the opposite sides, the former with a miniature dance program featuring *Dinah* and *Lonesome Road*; the latter is a soulful "memory program" going back as far as to *Seeing Nellie Home*.

It is too early to determine the public's reaction to Columbia's efforts to popularize a 78 r.p.m. longer-playing record and Victor's attempt to put across the 33½ r.p.m. disc. Judging from the interest exhibited in the new Dual-Speed turntables selling for \$7.50 (mentioned last month, but just going on public sale at this writing), it seems obvious that Americans want long-playing records, but do not (or cannot) afford to scrap their present phonographs and replace them with new models especially designed to play both new and ordinary records.

Miscellany

The Flonzaley's legacy continues to be doled out: this month Victor issues a ten-inch disc containing Pochon's arrangements of two American and one British quasi-folk tunes: *Old Zip Coon*, *Turkey in the Straw*, and *Sally in our Alley*. . . . From Europe comes the last and best word on American jazz: Robert Goffin's *Aux frontières du Jazz*, published in the Editions du Sagittaire, Paris. M. Goffin's work—which appeared originally in the Belgian magazine *Music*—is concerned primarily with hot jazz and reveals a knowledge of American jazz bands, their personnel, styles, and influence, that is altogether amazing. Participants in the controversy over "rhythmic music" (moronic term!) will find additional fuel for heated debate in these pages. . . . That perfectly American journal, *Variety*, chronicles our musical trend: "Fandango-Bolero, the first high-hat cooch, started a vogue that was attuned to its day—harsh, angular, percussive, syncopated. Economic conditions have retarded a world paced to hysterical tempos. Popular music has grown more melodic, less tortured by restless, feverish rhythms. Air waves are liquid with the wilting soft cadences of radio crooners. . . ."

R. D. DARRELL.

TECHNICAL REPORTS

The Marconiphone Moving Coil Speaker, Model 136 Price £8 10s.

Although in external appearance this permanent magnet type speaker is very different from its predecessor, the Marconiphone model 131, the chassis of the two models appear to be very similar (we nearly said identical). At any rate, if any modifications have been made, they are not visible from the open back of the cabinet. In its reproducing abilities, too, the resemblance is most marked. The bass response is particularly strong for a speaker of this type, but despite the dome shape cabinet, which must add a little rigidity as compared with a square or rectangular cabinet of similar thickness and quality of material, this register, in some orchestral items, is coloured a little by cabinet resonances, which, in model 131, were almost negligible. What resonances there are, higher up the scale, are not obtrusive enough to spoil the quality to any noticeable extent. Speech and piano tone are undoubtedly good, but we should prefer a little more "life" and attack imparted to the higher strings and wood-wind. The flavour of the oboe in particular is rather that of the "orange" than that of the "lemon." In other words, the tone of this instrument is too round and sweet.



The sensitivity of the speaker is appreciably greater than others of the same type; in fact, with the exception of our newly acquired standard—the 1932 Baker's Selhurst A.C. speaker—it is almost as efficient as our own electro-magnet standard speakers. The ability of the 136 to operate at very large or relatively low volume levels with very little depreciation in quality is a feature not very common to permanent magnet type speakers.

An unusually large claw type magnet is used to provide the necessary magnetic field and to the base mounting of the magnet an input matching transformer is fixed. This is adjustable to give appropriate ratios for matching the low impedance speech coil to all types of output valve and, if desired, the transformer can be connected direct in the anode circuits of valves in push-pull.

Simpsons Electric Turntable Price 39s. 6d.

Some two or three years ago a gentleman walked into our office (we still have his business card—Heasman was his name) with a suitcase. Inside that suitcase was an embryo model of the motor under review. After discussing the scheme Mr. Heasman had in mind, we very definitely came to the conclusion that if, as he intended, the turntable could be so made as to form the rotor of the motor and the numerous snags with which he was beset at the time could be surmounted, the final design might well prove to be a very good commercial proposition. At a later date Mr. Heasman paid us another visit to discuss the various problems and possibilities of the design. The next news we had of the motor was when we were invited to a Press demonstration at Cannon St. Hotel given by Messrs. Simpsons Electricals Ltd., who in the meantime had taken over the manufacturing rights and

who have since installed special plant solely for the making of this motor.

This does not surprise us in the least, for our tests show that the motor is remarkably efficient, very well made and ridiculously inexpensive. Being of the synchronous type it is only suitable for use in conjunction with A.C. supplies of certain periodicity. The electrical and magnetic elements are so arranged that the turntable revolves at 79 r.p.m. when connected to mains voltages between 200–250 with a periodicity of 50 cycles. It is unsuitable for use on mains of any other frequency. The fact that the predetermined speed is 79 r.p.m. need cause no undue alarm for only a side-by-side playing test using duplicate records, one running at 78 r.p.m., would reveal the slight variation in pitch. With this type of motor some of our usual efficiency tests could not be applied, e.g., since the motor will only run at 79 r.p.m. or sub-multiples of that speed (i.e., $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$ and so on) it is impossible to measure the torque required to reduce the speed from 80 to 78 r.p.m., but we are perfectly satisfied with its performance under the most rigorous tests we could devise at the time. There are no radio-frequency or electrostatic disturbances; the magnetic interference (hum), though noticeable when the pick-up is held close to the centre of the revolving turntable, is not sufficiently strong to be heard when actually playing even a lightly recorded disc. The mechanical noise, the temperature rise and the consumption (about 6 watts) are the lowest of any motor that has passed through our hands. Stringent mechanical tests as well as playing tests with steel and fibre needles, using the heaviest recordings we could find (including the usual tell-tales of pitch variance—organ, piano and heavy orchestral recordings with sustained string notes), proved conclusively that a uniform speed is maintained under fluctuating loads. A weight of $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. on the needle point with the needle on the outside grooves of a 10-inch record did not succeed in reducing the speed.

The motor is rather aptly named since a number of small bar magnets are fitted to the underside of the turntable, the assembly actually forming the only moving element—the rotor. There is no governor and the only other component part is the stator which also forms a bearing for the turntable to revolve in. The turntable spindle projects beyond the underside by about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and is so shaped as to register with two conical bearings centrally located in the stator. The lower bearing surface of the spindle revolves in a small adjustable "centre point" steel bearing while the upper conical bearing surface revolves in a phosphor bronze (or maybe it is manganese bronze) bearing. The stator, too, is free to oscillate backwards and forwards by a limited amount and is fitted with a ball race and a cushioning device, presumably to ensure that the motor remains in synchrony with the mains under varying loads.



This method seems to be entirely satisfactory as there is no undue friction and no "play" between the spindle and bearings. It may be that at some time or other a little looseness may develop, but this can easily be remedied by the adjusting device provided on the underside of the stator.

The motor is simplicity itself to fix, as only a single hole need be made in the motor-board, the stator inserted and clamped by a single nut on the underside. The maximum projection beneath the motor-board is only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches—a great boon where space is limited.

Some may argue that it is a disadvantage that the speed of the turntable cannot be varied, but surely it is an advantage not to have to test and adjust the speed before one begins to play records and to know that there is no governor mechanism to get out of order. The only disadvantage with this particular motor is that the turntable has to be set in motion by a fairly vigorous flick of the hand, so that it momentarily runs *above* synchronising speed, when the oscillatory movement of the stator very quickly brings it into synchrony. It may happen that, if insufficient vigour is imparted to the starting

motion, the turntable will revolve at half-speed, and then the soprano singer becomes a buxom contralto, and the fiddle assumes all the majestic tone of the 'cello. But one very soon acquires the right strength of starting motion to impart to the turntable. To stop the turntable all one does is to apply a pressure with the hand, but it should not be left with the current flowing through the stator for any considerable time; it is advisable to fit a switch in one of the mains leads to prevent overheating and unnecessary current consumption, however small it may be.

TRADE WINDS AND IDLE ZEPHYRS

"Gramophones, Acoustic and Radio"

It has been suggested by a number of readers that we should issue a limited number of copies of our new handbook bound in stiff covers. In deference to these readers we have had a hundred copies bound in dark blue stiff covers with the title impressed in gold lettering on the front. The price of these special copies is 2s., by post 2s. 3d. Will all those interested please send their orders at once?

Incidentally the British Needle Company Ltd., the makers of Golden Pyramid needles, inform us that the Pyramid Talkie needles mentioned in the text on page 13 of the handbook have been renamed "Golden Pyramid—Radiogram" needles, which the firm advertise on page v of the book.

Errata.—It was inevitable that there should be the usual printer's errors (on page 11, line 8, "etnd" should be translated into "tend," on page 57, line 25, "preceeding" should of course be "preceding," and on page 88, paragraph 3, line 4, "seen" should read "soon") but there is no excuse for the silly grammatical error on page 26, paragraph 2, line 14, where it is said, "As the frequency of A.C. mains *are* constant . . ."! And there is less excuse still for the erratum note published at the foot of page 84 of last month's GRAMOPHONE, where we attempted to correct the caption to the Baker's Selhurst speaker by saying that "the step-up mains transformer, metal rectifier and electrolytic condenser are incorporated in the speaker base." The condenser, of course, is of the ordinary type and not of the electrolytic type.

Maybe it is the holiday spirit creeping upon us that is to blame; on the other hand, it may be sheer carelessness—who knows?

A G.E.C. Radio Revue

*Heigho! Heigho!
Make of ev'ry to-morrow
Heigho! Heigho!
A G.E.C. Radio day.*

Sung to a "Maid of the Mountains" tune—*Live for to-day*—this was the final chorus of the show presented by the work-people of the General Electric Co., Ltd., in their own ballroom on the occasion of Radio Wholesalers and Press visit to the G.E.C. works at Coventry on July 8th, 1932. Seldom, if ever, have we seen a range of new instruments presented in such a novel and convincing manner, for although the producer and those taking part had no professional experience in stagecraft

the whole performance (including that of the G.E.C. Works Orchestra) was one of almost perfect finish. The lighting effects were really beautiful. The illustration on this page shows the final ensemble which was gradually built up to the accompaniment of ever changing scenery and lighting effects and compered by the two large size parrots situated at either side of the proscenium. These wise birds—the "young Obadiah" and the "old Obadiah," to give them their stage names—croaked out an appropriate and most amusing lyric as the show progressed and as each new G.E.C. instrument was introduced by the various characters.

But this masterly presentation was only the finale to the "business" of the day; previously each of the G.E.C. 1932-33 instruments—the Osram Thirty-Three Kit set, the Nomad D.C. receiver briefly described on page 84 of the July 1932 issue, the "Gala" 3-valve A.C. set, the "Viking" 4-valve A.C. set, the Superhet A.C. receiver, the "Carnival" A.C. radio-gramophone and two loud-speakers—one a moving-iron model and the other a permanent magnet moving-coil instrument—were introduced and described in both non-technical and technical language. Not the least interesting item of the

day's proceedings was a short lecture, the subject of which was the new Wembley Filament with which all the Osram valves are fitted.

If the new G.E.C. instruments prove as efficient as the way in which they were presented on this occasion, then the parody of *Live for to-day* may well be altered to:

*Heigho! Heigho!
We've made of ev'ry to-
morrow
Heigho! Heigho!
A G.E.C. Radio day.*



A New Loud-Speaker

After all the demonstrations of instruments embodying unorthodox ideas that we are asked to attend, it is seldom that we come away with any other feeling but that both we and the inventor are simply killing time and that the latter, poor soul, is wasting money. There are exceptions of course and one notable occasion was when we responded to an invitation to hear a new type moving-coil loud-speaker which has been developed by Midgley Leighton Ltd., Wembley Hill Estate, Wembley, Middlesex. Not since we first heard the Pamphonic Reproducer have we been so impressed with a large power equipment. The range of this new speaker and the associated amplifier is unquestionably a long one; the reproduction of the bass register is about as deep and as solid as ever we have heard it and the treble end of the scale is reproduced in well nigh correct proportions. Although it was difficult to be sure

on the point, owing to room reverberation, the overall response seemed to be particularly free from obtrusive mechanical resonances. One noticed this particularly when speech was reproduced.

The speaker differs from the ordinary electro-magnet moving coil instrument in that it uses a flat circular metal diaphragm round the circumference of which is mounted a metal inertia ring so arranged that it only moves with the diaphragm at low frequencies. At high frequencies the ring is practically stationary. In this way the motional impedance of the system is lowered at low frequencies and raised at high frequencies. The equipment we heard consisted of two of these speakers mounted on a directional baffle about 5 ft. long with a mouth opening of some 4 ft. square, a special three-stage amplifier using a Mullard D.O.60 valve in the last stage (which delivers about 12 watts undistorted output), and the pick-up used was the new Marconiphone model 17.

We shall be very much surprised if the world at large does not hear a good deal more about this speaker in the very near future.

The R.A.D.A. and E.M.G.

The latest achievement of E.M.G. Handmade Gramophones, Ltd.—a 15-watt amplifier with twin turntables—made its debut at the Royal Society of Dramatic Art, where it was used to provide the music to a mime performance given on July 14th, 1932, by members of the Society, in their little theatre. Throughout the whole performance the equipment functioned splendidly: the analysis of the orchestra, especially in the higher strings and wood-wind register, was really first-rate. There was a touch of realism about the reproduction as a whole that is very rarely heard in public halls and theatres where "canned" music is the order of the day. One noted particularly the 3-dimensional spacing of the instruments, the "point-source" effect being practically eliminated. This, no doubt, was partly due to the judicious placing of the three loud-speakers, and partly to the discriminating use, by the operator, of the independent volume controls connected across each speaker.

Of course, E.M.G. fibres needles were used, and in Marconiphone pick-ups too!

Stand No. 55, Olympia

Make a note of this stand before you visit the Radio Exhibition, which commences on August 19th. From the information to hand, it promises to be a shining super structure, as colourful as the instruments with which it will be bedecked, and as untarnishable as the name they bear. Moreover the story it has to tell will undoubtedly be of a "Super" nature, displaying, as it will, at least four super-heterodyne circuits in battery-operated transportable form, in console A.C. receiver form, in radio-gramophone form and Autoradiogram form. Added to these there will be slightly modified versions of receivers, radio-gramophones, loud-speakers, record players and auto-record players, with which the majority of our readers are now familiar. It is no hazard to say that the cynosure of all eyes will be a special show model of a 10-valve super-heterodyne automatic radio-gramophone built into a glass cabinet so that the intricate mechanisms and chassis can be seen while the instrument is operating. Practically every complete instrument shown on this stand will be duplicated on chassis form, which visitors will be at liberty to examine.

Having briefly summarised the exhibits on Stand 55, it is not improbable that your appetite will be whetted for some details of the new models. Here they are.

The battery-operated super-het is a self-contained portable receiver, fitted into a walnut cabinet with turntable. It uses six valves—the last of which is a pentode. There are only four controls, namely: a single knob for tuning, a fine tuning adjustment, a volume control and a combined wave-change and on-off switch. The loud-speaker is a moving-iron instrument, and there are terminals for the connection of an external speaker as well as for a gramophone pick-up. The accessories included with the set are a 108-volt H.T. battery and

an L.T. accumulator. There is no grid-bias battery, the biases being obtained automatically through appropriately placed resistances in the circuit. This receiver will be subsequently known as "*The Superhet Portable Six*" (model 459). The price is 17 guineas.

Another super-heterodyne circuit will be available in two forms: as an all-mains A.C. console receiver, and as a radio-gramophone. The circuit uses seven valves (including mains rectifier), a variable "mu" first H.F. oscillator, first detector, intermediate H.F., second detector and a super power valve in the output stage which delivers about 2 watts undistorted output to the electro-magnet moving-coil speaker. Single-knob tuning with wave-length calibrated scales are again employed, there is a tone control, the usual wave-change switch and a volume control which is operative on both radio and gramophone. The twin tuning scales are illuminated in rather a novel manner, details of which must be left over until later. There is provision for additional loud-speakers, a remote volume control and on the console receiver there are sockets for the connection of a pick-up.

The console receiver has been christened the *Superhet Lowboy Seven* (Model 470), and the radio-gramophone will ultimately be known as the *Superhet Radiogram Seven* (Model 523). The prices are 32 guineas and 50 guineas respectively.

But as we mentioned earlier in these notes, the chief attraction on Stand 55 will be the *Superhet Autoradiogram Ten* (Model 532). This will be available in two types of cabinet: the standard walnut model which costs 80 guineas and in a special cabinet of ultra-modern design in figured walnut and ebony costing 95 guineas. As the name of this instrument implies, the circuit includes ten valves, including a push-pull output stage with a 5-watts undistorted output. In addition to the usual controls there is a tone control, local-distance switch and a loud-speaker selector switch which allows the built-in speaker or an external loud-speaker to be used independently. The automatic record-changer is fitted with a three-position switch, so that records can be played in sequence, or repeated any number of times, or the automatic mechanism can be thrown out of operation and the instrument used in the ordinary way. There are other up-to-the-minute refinements incorporated in this super-het too numerous to mention in a cursory note of this kind; fuller details of all models will be given in future issues of *THE GRAMOPHONE*. Neither do we intend to give further details of the *De-luxe Four* all-mains receiver or the *Transportable Radiogram* or the automatic radiogram, model 522, or of the *Super Power* and *Universal* moving-coil speakers. All these will be exhibited on Stand 55 and are well known by most readers. It is sufficient to say here that in most cases the existing prices will shortly be reduced.

Finally, do not forget Stand No. 55 will be the exhibit of The Gramophone Co., Ltd. All the "dogs" in creation will be there.

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TECHNICAL TALK

by P. WILSON

A "Super" Story

*Hallo! my lads, hallo!
I'll tell you the tale of a super:
A set that brings in Ohio,
A veritable whooper!
About this set you ought to know:
Hallo! my lads, hallo!
The owner's name was Whillson Pee,
A Civil Servant poor was he:
The Treas'ry docked him half a crown,
So he played his super-hetro' as his screw went down.*

*The bonus cut came all too soon,
The super hadn't played a tune:
Not a drum was heard nor a big bassoon
When he tried his super-hetro' as his screw went down.
Six valves went bust so he bought ten more:
Said Whillson Pee: "That makes two score:
But I think I'd best have eighty-four,
If they leave me any money when my screw goes down."*

*The A.C. Mains were all D.C.:
The sparks flew fast from the sixth S.G.:
And Whillson sang: "Come, sing to me,"
As he bunged another thousand on the last H.T.
The output valves were clearly "dud,"
The speaker gap was full of mud:
And the tuning coils were all baked brown,
When he tried his super-hetro' as his screw went down.*

*They wirelessed from the B. of E.:
"Have you seen aught of our dear Pee?
We think he must be still alive,
But he may have got entangled with his A.F.5."
The leaks won't leak, and the chokes won't choke:
Said Whillson Pee: "I'm nearly broke,
But if the whole darned shoot goes up in smoke,
I'll have the blighter working as my screw goes down."*

*He switched it on and the row began:
The dogs and cats and the fowls all ran:
Said Whillson Pee: "This ought to drown
The crying of the children as my screw goes down."
The roof went up and the walls fell in:
The fire brigade increased the din;
Then Whillson Pee gave up the ghost—
Now he plays his super-hetro' with the heav'nly host.*

And the Next

I quote these lines from the *Electrovox*, that live journal of the Agricola Gramophone and Radio Society. My wife was charmed with them, my children, bullied into silence for weeks past, seemed to hear a voice in tune (There! I can't avoid these wireless terms) with their innermost feelings, my friends all chuckled with glee, and I myself—well, at the least I was thankful for the promise held out in the last stanza, for I had had visions of becoming one of the lost souls. For, I must confess, the tribulations endured during the past few months with the sight of the promised land just ahead, and still just ahead, had begun to try even my patience. I have been making a new gramophone amplifier and radio receiver for my own use. It is now finished, or it will be as soon as I have replaced a number of valve sockets with others in which the modern

solid pin valve will make certain contact. Bad contacts and faulty components have given me endless trouble. I have had condensers break down, resistances burn out, valves go phut, coils refuse to function, and pieces of metal show a strange reluctance to unite themselves to other pieces of metal to which they should have had the closest possible affinity. I hate the solid pins of modern valves with an intensity that cannot be adequately expressed in print. But, these tribulations now past, I can take satisfaction in having designed and built a receiver which has several very unusual and desirable characteristics. It is free from hum, even at a 10-watt A.C. output; there are no parasitic oscillations; the maximum L.F. amplification is of the order of 1,000; the H.F. amplification, I should guess, is of the order of 100,000, so that the full 10 watts output can be obtained from Radio Valencia on a frame aerial; there is a diode detector which functions in as nearly perfect a manner as I ever dared hope for; there is an automatic volume control which suits the H.F. amplification of the receiver to the strength of the input signal, so that it is possible to tune in London Regional after being tuned to a distant station without having to rush to reset the volume control; there is a minimum of fading and a minimum of atmospheric disturbances; there is a tuning meter to show definitely when any station is accurately tuned in, and two other meters in the L.F. part of the set to give warning both of overloading and of untoward happenings in the set itself or in the mains units; there is a frequency response corrector which can be set to lift up both the high treble and the very low bass; and above all there is a quality with my old Electrogram moving-coil speaker, specially reconstructed for the purpose, which charms me more than any reproduction I have ever heard at any time or anywhere. I am hearing deeper bass than I have ever heard before, and the quality is smooth and not in lumps; I am hearing as high a treble as ever I heard, and the sensation is clean but not keen. The most interesting feature of all, perhaps, is that in these circumstances one can tolerate a much greater volume than usual in an ordinary room without feeling in the slightest degree incommoded. But even now I cannot tolerate Christopher Stone's American dance records. Louis Armstrong makes me ill.

Patience

I cannot promise how soon I shall be able to describe the equipment in detail; I will try to get everything ready in time for the October issue. In the meantime, the following general specification may serve to whet your appetites.

The set is in four separate units:—

(a) L.F. unit consisting of three stages, namely input volume control, MHL4 valve, R.C. stage with frequency corrector, MHL4 valve, A.F.5c transformer, two LS6A valves (or DO25's or PP5/400's) in push-pull.

(b) L.F. mains unit feeding (a) with speaker field used as smoothing choke.

(c) H.F. unit (fed from frame aerial) consisting of first detector, 2 variable-mu intermediate frequency valves with automatic volume control, second detector in the form of a special diode circuit with tuning meter, oscillator.

(d) H.F. mains unit feeding (c), which can be switched off when gramophone records are being played.

The scheme is such that (a) and (b) can be constructed alone as a power gramophone amplifier; or (c) and (d) can be constructed for use with an existing amplifier—e.g., as a feeding bottle to Pamela.

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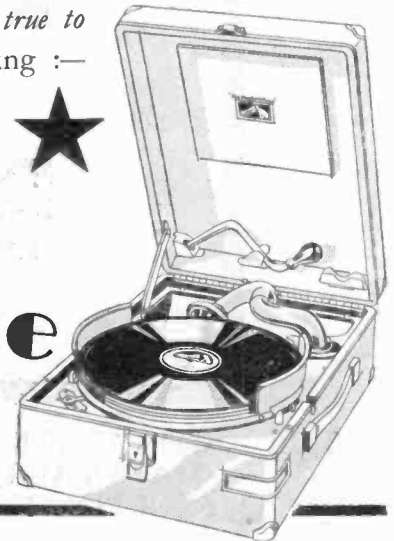
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COLLECTORS' CORNER

[Collectors wishing for replies to queries by post are asked to enclose stamped addressed envelopes.]

It is only natural, I suppose, that C.C. should be feeling a little puffed up by the handsome recognition it received at the hands of the B.B.C. by their broadcast of a programme of my records which took place early in June; and by the attention that was called to it by the *Radio Times*; also the appreciation of "Samuel Pepys, Listener," of that journal.

This programme was supplemented by some special rarities from the fine collection of Mr. M. Hurtle, who, from his remote fastness beyond Thirsk, keeps in touch with collectors in all parts of the world, and whose wide knowledge of the subject has been freely placed at the disposal of Collectors' Corner since its beginning.

A matter for great satisfaction was the amount and the unanimity of the approval which we subsequently received—much of it written spontaneously before going to bed! To win the appreciation of the older generation by a recital of this kind is the highest object we can hope to achieve, and it was largely these who responded so charmingly; and if collectors could see some of these letters, I feel that they would agree with me that their hobby was something more than an idle pastime—being able to evoke such solemn recollections of the past in so pleasurable a manner.

Mr. Klein's very kind appreciation in his July article was a most delightful surprise for me, and set the seal on what I am bound to conclude was a most successful occasion.

There was a correspondent who sang in the opera company with **Tamagno** and **Maurel** at the Lyceum, in "Otello"; another who cannot bring himself to see "Cavalleria" after the perfection of **Calvé** and **De Lucia**; and I could embrace those correspondents who declared that the purity and perfection of **Suzanne Adams'** *Jewel Song* brought tears to their eyes! Two confessed to having wept at hearing the voice of **Edouard de Reszke**—and who shall blame them? One of them used to sing with him.

There was also a letter from one who described herself as a "very old woman," who had heard all the singers in the programme; and I could not help reflecting that collectors are specially privileged, if their specimens can bring forth such a response. And yet record-collecting is probably the youngest hobby in the world; it is certainly something to think about.

The **Maurel** record has been ordered, and barring wranglings with the Customs authorities, should be in the hands of subscribers before long; and I will leave it to collectors to decide what, if anything, they would like next. Particulars of the records which are available have been given in the last two issues of *THE GRAMOPHONE*, but I think that there can be little doubt that the choice will lie between another **Maurel**, say *Era la notte*, and the **Don Giovanni Serenade** (coupled) and the Schumann songs by **Van Dyck**. I can assure collectors that the number of these re-pressings already issued, or likely to be issued, is small, so that those who have been enterprising enough to order them may be assured of having secured what is a rarity from the beginning. The number of suitable records available for re-pressing being so small, there need be no apprehension of repeated demands upon the pocket, so I advise collectors to leap at the opportunities which are offered. In the meanwhile, however, I will ask them not to forward subscriptions, but to let me know their wishes.

It was in March 1904 that The Gramophone Co., with justifiable pride, announced the first records by **Edward Lloyd**, in a special supplement, which bore a portrait of the great British tenor, with a facsimile of a letter, written by him from his home near Five Ashes, Sussex, in which he expressed, in the usual terms, his complete satisfaction with the result. Cynics might have said that he was easily satisfied, but "Collectors' Corner" is not meant for cynics, so we need not let them bother us. And in any case, they had not heard the records played on a modern reproducer; nor, unfortunately, had Lloyd himself—his records were much better even than he thought them. His first issue consisted of *Songs of Araby*; *The Holy City*; *The Death of Nelson*; *Alice, where art thou?*; and *Yes, let me like a soldier fall*. Not an extraordinarily thrilling selection, but the *Songs of Araby* deserved a better fate than to be relegated to limbo in favour of the later 12in. recording which is still to be found in the No. 2 catalogue. A few months later came another batch of classic ballads, including *Bonnie Mary of Argyle*—one of the most completely satisfactory records he ever made. In 1906, the Company saw fit to withdraw all these, and replace them with re-recordings accompanied by an orchestra! This was not quite so bad as it sounds, since the piano accompaniments, though artistically correct, were mechanically very imperfect, and the popular clamour was for orchestras for everything. But by that time Lloyd was at an age when every year made a difference, and there was a perceptible loss in that direction.

His first 12in. discs appeared early in 1905, the first to be issued, despite its serial number, being *The Prize Song*. This record (one of those which we broadcast) was a triumph, and fully vindicated the declarations by **Hans Richter** and **Herman Klein** (as I am informed) that no tenor, past or present, not excepting **Jean de Reszke**

himself, surpassed Lloyd in this song. I was all the more pleased, therefore, to receive special appreciations of the record after the broadcast. The recitative and aria, *Lend me your aid*, followed immediately. Unfortunately, I find it impossible to dissociate this fine declamatory passage from **Bunthorne's** soliloquy, *Am I alone?* I have always supposed this to be an intentional skit; can anybody inform me?

I think that **Lloyd's** very last record was of the Coronation anthem, in which he sang the solo part in the Abbey; and so brought his great career to a close in truly majestic fashion.

A Swedish correspondent sends me a most interesting programme of a gramophone concert given at the Royal Palace, Stockholm, in 1903, which includes that unsurpassed rendering of *Vesti la giubba* by **Caruso** (52440, 10in.); *La donna e mobile*, by **De Lucia**; and others by **Tamagno**, "**Carmen Sylva**," **Michailowa**, and **John Forsell**. Those who were fortunate enough to hear **Forsell** in "Don Giovanni" at Covent Garden in 1909 had no hesitation in describing him as one of the finest Dons of their experience. My correspondent tells me that this great artist is now director of the Swedish Opera. I have seen a copy of one of his records, but they were not, I think, issued in this country.

My correspondent in Saxony reports some good progress, including some early Columbias by **Fremstad**, **Rosa Olizkha**, **Arimondi**, **Van Rooy**, and **Bispham**. These are important "finds." **Bispham's** singing of *Der Erlkönig* was a remarkable vocal feat, as he really succeeded in reproducing the three



EDWARD LLOYD

different voices without any damage to his faultless production.

J.B.B. (Maida Vale) reports having found a Fonotopia disc of **De Luca**, the famous baritone, who appeared in the 1903 H.M.V. celebrity catalogue. In reply to J.B.B.'s enquiry, I think I am right in saying that all the four Caruso-Elman duets were made in 1907.

One of my correspondents is a working man, earning, as he says, less than £2 a week; but he is a regular reader of THE GRAMOPHONE and has kind things to say about C.C.; he is also a subscriber to the Maurel record. This correspondent is anxious to get a record of **Watkin Mills'** voice (he recorded on Odeon and was the first great singer I ever heard; it was at Uppingham—where I also heard **Joachim**), and has already made a good start with his collection, having found old copies of **De Lucia**, **Calvé**, **Lane Wilson**, and **Patti**. Although, as I have emphasised before, collecting is a cheap hobby, I fear there are sundry frugal wives who would like to meet me in a dark lane armed with something hard and heavy. Oh dear, oh dear! I defended myself for some time by the assurance that money spent on old records was not lost, and could be changed back again at any time; but this is wearing a bit thin as it becomes evident that I have no intention of parting with my finds!

In reply to H.T.P. (Chard), I think that **Kirkby Lunn's** *A Summer Night* was made in 1909 or 1910. It is not what I should call a collector's specimen. **Kirkby Lunn** recorded for the Berliners, and for the first (1901-2) 10in. H.M.V., and copies of these are of great interest. In my opinion she did nothing better than her *Printemps qui commence* in 1909—the year of the first performance of "Samson and Delilah" in his country.

With further reference to "Rondo's" letter, I am now informed that **Blanche Marchesi** did make records of some German lieder; they were in the German list, and not known here. **Blanche Marchesi** had not a particularly powerful voice, but was highly skilled in the interpretative side of her art, which is not surprising in the daughter of the excellent and formidable **Matilde**.

As nobody has seemed quite clear when the first 10in. records were on sale, I put this question, with a number of others, to Mr. Gaisberg, who informed me that the first list of these records was issued in December 1901, and contained titles by **Dan Leno** and the violinist **Jacobs**. In connection with the last named, I recently picked up a 10in. Berliner by him, which was the only one of this size I have ever seen or heard of.

Mr. Gaisberg added that the first records by **Gianinni** were 7in.; his 10in. were made in 1900-1.

To those correspondents who enquire about the early records of **John McCormack**, I can speak only from memory, as I am not among this singer's many admirers, nor am I interested in his records. I believe that his first were Odeons, of Irish songs, and sung with considerable brogue. Soon after his Covent Garden début in "Cavalleria," which I think was in 1907, he produced *I hear you calling me* on the first 12in. Odeon, backed by **Lolita**, in which he gave a realistic imitation of an Italian tenor. But before this he had made records for Pathé, of the type that started in the centre, and played with a sapphire.

Events are marching as regards the money value to collectors of unique historical specimens. Only last month I was clinging to the hope that such considerations might safely be discouraged; and now a private advertisement in this very magazine has blown our cherished ideas sky-high. The advertiser is offering one pound each for certain records, some of which would be of no interest except to this specialist. Added to this, our Editor has pointedly called attention to the matter in the *Daily Mirror*, with special reference to the question whether records which can be re-pressed are of less value (in an original state) than those of which the matrices have been lost or destroyed. To me, an original remains an original, whether it can be reprinted or not; moreover, we

must not lose sight of the fact that matrices deteriorate, especially in the case of records which were popular in their time; though, to be fair, it must be admitted that these are not likely to include the rarities which are so much in demand to-day. The present-day Tamagnos, however, have suffered so much from "improvements" to the surfaces, that we may well wonder what has happened to them. Such travesties as these will certainly not affect the value of the originals. But I am proposing to put the whole matter to the test, by definitely offering the following real "museum specimens," which may be acquired by those willing to pay for them. No price is fixed, but *bona fide* offers are invited, and I will let collectors know the result.

The records are in good playing order.

52443.	<i>La mia Canzone</i>	Caruso (1903).
52440.	<i>Vesti la giubba</i>	Caruso (1903).
2-2661.	<i>Piff-Paff</i> (Huguenots)	Plançon (1902) (slight crack).
52678.	<i>Di quella pira</i>	Tamagno (green label, pre-dog).
52329.	<i>Salve Dimora</i>	Ben Davies (1902).
2-2779.	<i>An Evensong</i>	Ben Davies (1902).
3291.	<i>Air des Bijoux</i>	Suzanne Adams (1902).
31171.	<i>La Samaritaine</i>	Sarah Bernhardt (1902).
Fonotopia.	<i>La famille Benoiton</i>	Victorien Sardou (1904).
	and the following two Columbias	of 1902, which have black labels pasted over the original red.
	<i>Toreador Song</i>	Campanari.
	<i>Chanson de l'adieu</i>	Gilbert.

In response to many requests, I am leaving room this month for another Sale and Exchange; and in this connection, may I say that I still have a very limited number of Berliners, at half-a-crown for three, which I can send to *bona fide* collectors.

Records for sale: prices vary from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.:
12-inch.

<i>O sommo Carlo</i> (054107)	Battistini.
<i>Mi par d'udir</i> (pink)	Caruso.
<i>M'appari</i> (pink)	Caruso.
<i>O tu che segno</i> (pink)	Caruso.
<i>Vesti la giubba</i>	Caruso.
<i>Piff-Paff</i> and <i>Ave Signor</i> (pink Columbia).	Mardones.
<i>Adelaide</i> (black)	Evan Willimas.
<i>Trio Finale</i> , Faust	Farrar, Caruso and Journet.
<i>Dio Possente</i> , Faust	Gogorza.
<i>Waltz Song</i> , Romeo	Tetrazzini.
<i>Mon coeur s'ouvre ta voix</i>	Kirkby Lunn.

10-inch.

<i>Celeste Aida</i> (abbreviated, pink)	Caruso.
<i>Brunnhilde's Shout</i> (Victor)	Gadski.
<i>Bell Song</i> , Lakme	Michailowa.
<i>Serenade</i> (Drdla) (black)	Kubelik.
<i>Una furtiva lagrima</i> (Victor)	Caruso.
<i>Spring Song</i> , Walkure	Ernst Kraus.
<i>Mi chiamamo Mimi</i>	Minnie Nast.

The following are for exchange:

<i>O dry those tears</i>	Perceval Allen.
<i>My pretty maid</i>	Dan Leno.
<i>The song that reached my heart</i>	Wm. Paull.
<i>Aida</i> and <i>Othello airs</i>	Frank Mullings.

The following records are "wanted" by various collectors:
Eames-Gogorza duets from *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Trovatore*; also solos by either.

Anything by **Clement** and **Reimers**. **Ruffo**—*L'onore, ladre and Quand' ero paggio*. **Schumann-Heink**—*Spinnerliedchen*; *Clemenza di Tito*; Rubinstein duet with **Farrar**. **Sembrich**—Strauss and Schumann lieder; *Ah, non giunge, Maiden's Wish*, *Batti, batti*, and duets with **Sammarco** or **Gogorza**. **Melba**—various 1904-6 originals. **McCormack**—*Komm Bald*; *Feldein-*

samkeit; *Celeste Aida*; *Spirito gentil* (Odeon); *Champs paternels*. **Gerhardt**—early issues. **Selma Kurz**—*Magic Flute* (10in.); *Puritani* arias. **Culp**—*Frauenliebe und Leben*; *Ave Maria* (Schubert). **Gluck**—*Michaela's Air*; *L'Heure Exquise*. **Gadski**—*O patria mia*; and Wagnerian items. **Scotti**—early issues. **Plançon**—early issues. **Journet**—*Madamina* (10in.). **Hempel-Amato** duets from *Traviata* and *Rigoletto*. **De Lucia**—*Ecco ridente*; and Fonotopia records. **Destinn**—Anything. **Battistini**—*O del mio dolce ardor*; and 10in. issues. **Farrar**—*Habanera*. **Zanelli**—*Prologo*. **Sammarco**—*Non*

più andrai. **Martinelli**—*Vesti la giubba*. **Ed. Lloyd**—*Prize Song*. **Santley**—*Non più andrai*. **Evan Williams**—*Love abiding*, *Bay of Biscay*. **Bispham**—Anything.

I have to apologise for saying last month that the Italian première in London of *La Bohème* took place on May 24th, 1890. The year should have been 1899, and the month June or July. I remember noting down this and other matters while on a visit, so cannot at the moment explain it away. I am sorry.

P. G. HURST.

CORRESPONDENCE

De Gustibus Non Est Disputandum.

[All letters and manuscripts should be written on one side only of the paper and should be addressed to the Editor, THE GRAMOPHONE, 10a, Soho Square, London, W.1. The writer's full name and address must be given. A stamped envelope must be enclosed if an answer or the return of the manuscript is desired. The Editor wishes to emphasize the obvious fact that the publication of letters does not imply his agreement with the views expressed by correspondents.]

"ATONAL."

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—When Siegfried, tootling innocently on his horn to the wood-bird, inadvertently roused Fafner from his lair, he stood astonished and pleasantly intrigued by the spectacle. Was he downhearted? No! But I, Sir, am no Siegfried, and I contemplate the formidable philological Fafner invoked by my light-hearted letter on "Atonal" with the most profound dismay. "Origin, original, originality"; "fate, fatal, fatality"; "brute, brutal, brutality"—even Wagner at his most alliterative never wrote anything quite like this, and I am overwhelmed. The resounding cadences have not spared my sleep: I fled in dreams from a debate in the House, conducted on the principle implicit in "politeness, polite, political"; I took refuge in an advanced Socialist club, and there I found the members expressing their disapproval of our English aristocracy by the slogan "tightness, tight, title."

During my waking hours I have been trying in my bungling, amateurish way to construct series of my own on the lines suggested by Mr. Kerridge's German friends. This magazine, for example, in so far as it reflects the opinions of one of its Editors, may be described, I suppose, as "Stonal." *Home Chat*, on the other hand, to which (so far as I am aware) the same Editor does not contribute, is condemned to remain "a-Stonal." But would *Home Chat* care to be called "a-Stonic"? Mr. Kerridge must satisfy me on this point before I can accept his suggested word "a-tonic." And what are we to make of this—the tonality of Beethoven's first symphony is unquestionably C major; but just as certainly the Stonality of the Editor is Major C! The problem is being investigated, I understand, by the eminent *savant* who found a lemon in the Great Pyramid. And now, Mr. Kerridge, what is the adjective of "Mackenzie"? Answer me that! For "wise are thy words, oh thou wild one!"

I must, of course, concede the philological point. Fafner has drawn blood and compelled me to admit that on philological grounds "tonal" is as much the adjective of "tonality" as of "tone" and that "atonal" is similarly related to "atonality."

So much the worse for philology.

In this controversy, Miss Lynch plays the part of the wood-bird, and whispers to me of a "glorious ally"—Dr. Dyson.

Dr. Dyson's "pure chromaticism" is a little cumbersome, but, as Miss Lynch says, it has the enormous advantage of being precise. Moreover, its signification is positive, and not negative. It may not be an ideal label, but at any rate it is very much better than "atonal" or "atonic."

Of "atonality"—and therefore presumably of "atonal"—Dr. Dyson disapproves as strongly as I do; and he bases his objection on its "ambiguity . . . the worst fault a technical term can have." The nature of this ambiguity he sets forth clearly in the passage quoted by Miss Lynch, and, as it seems to me, demolishes the case for "atonal" without reference to any of the points raised in my last letter.

Actually, Dr. Dyson's position is even stronger than he makes it. For Mr. Kerridge's philological vindication of "atonal" does nothing to remove the ambiguities of *meaning* that I pointed out. Let me recapitulate: we start with the root word "tone," to which several different meanings are attached; its adjective, "tonal," shares its ambiguity. But philologically "tonal" must also serve as the adjective of "tonality" (as Mr. Kerridge triumphantly demonstrates); and in fact it does so—in such expressions as "the tonal centre here shifts from G to C." Thus confusion becomes worse confounded. One's only regret is that both "tone" and "tonal" have acquired such long prescriptive rights that it seems hopeless to try and supplant them by new and less misleading terms.

Next there comes a group of modern composers, Schönberg, Hindemith, etc., writing experimental music of a novel kind which many people have difficulty in understanding. And what do its supporters do in their endeavour to make its aims clear to the public at large? Instead of focussing attention on the constructive work that is being done, on the ideals after which the group is striving, they insist on the merely "incidental" fact (Mr. Kerridge's word) that their music is *not* written in any key, coin the word "atonality" (regardless of the ambiguities exposed by Dr. Dyson) and foist this upon us as a name for the school. Not content with that, they continue their mining operations and produce "atonal," which combines the ambiguities of "atonality" with those of "tonal" (of which "atonal" is merely the privative form).

If they must describe the group in terms of what it avoids, they might at least have invented a word that would not plunge us into this maelstrom of conflicting meanings. But why should they so describe it? We do not call Brahms's music "a-Wagneric" (in dealing with a philologist I must be careful not to say "a-Wagnerian") or Beethoven's music "a-Bachic." To do so would be, as Mr. Kerridge puts it, "literally true, yet a gross misrepresentation of the scope of their general activities." "Atonic" avoids the ambiguities, but not the "gross misrepresentation"; "atonal" avoids neither. "Purely chromatic" is the most satisfactory expression we have had so far. Can anyone better it?

Mr. Kerridge is at pains to explain that the music of the so-called "Atonalists" is not merely negative and seems to be

under the impression that I think otherwise. This is merely the haphazard slashing of Fafner's tail. If he will re-read my last letter, he will see that I have carefully avoided any criticism of "atonal" music, some of which I sincerely admire. My quarrel is with the label "atonal," not with the thing it so ambiguously misrepresents.

Yours faithfully,
London, N.W.8. PETE, PETER, REPEATER LATHAM.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS. ABRIDGED VERSIONS.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—There are, I suppose, few private collections of records that do not include a selection from the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. The abbreviated versions that H.M.V. issued just over twelve months ago meet a very real need for those who, finding the vocal gems all too brief, yet do not wish to possess (nor indeed could afford) the complete Operas. For less than the cost of three "complete Opera" discs, one is able to obtain a very attractive abridged Opera, in album, with suitable book of words.

Up to the present time, H.M.V. have given us "Pirates," "Yeomen" and "Gondoliers," so even if we accept the Columbia "Iolanthe" into this group, there is still a real need for at least an abbreviated "Mikado" and "Patience." I understand that no arrangements are yet in hand to make any further sets, but I feel that any gesture from the record-buying public might influence The Gramophone Company, and might in time persuade them to give us a complete set of abridged Operas.

Six 10in. discs and an album for 17s. should indeed make a popular appeal. Would any of your readers care to express their interest or promise their support to The Gramophone Company, so that it would feel justified in including such records in future lists?

Yours faithfully,
Birmingham. LÉON THOMPSON.

ANOTHER SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—As it appears that important recordings will, in the future, be mainly made through special societies—a rather distressing development as it will mean a recurrent shower of subscriptions to the enthusiast of catholic taste—I shall be glad to hear from those interested in the formation of a Rachmaninov Society. If readers interested will kindly forward their names and addresses as follows: Richard Holt, c/o THE GRAMOPHONE, 10a, Soho Square, W.1, it will be possible to gauge the support likely to be given to such a society, thus enabling steps to be taken for its formation, if circumstances permit.

Regarding Mr. Keith Douglas's complaint about the quite unnecessary cuts in the recording of Rachmaninov's Third Concerto, the explanation is that the composer's acute sense of modesty and the trend of the age in the direction of non-lyrical music render him a prey to the delusion that his works are too long: accordingly he has cut the concerto for public performance. When I last met him I expressed regret at this particular truncation, and he replied that the work was "too long." But it was surely open to Horowitz to explain the matter of the odd side to Rachmaninov, and even if he proved unmovable, to play a different prelude. Still, it was enterprising of him not to record the C sharp minor!

Yours faithfully,
London, W.C.2. RICHARD HOLT.

[Mr. Fred Gaisberg, of the Artists' Department at Hayes, writes to the same effect about the cuts in the Third Concerto, and adds: "In recording important works in these days no other cuts are permitted except those that are established by tradition."—LONDON ED.]

DOHNANYI RHAPSODIES.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—In the Editorial of the July issue of THE GRAMOPHONE you quote a letter from a correspondent regarding the F Sharp Minor and C Major Rhapsodies of Dohnanyi, and as I gather from your remarks therein that you are not acquainted with these works, it may be of interest to you to know that Dohnanyi has written four works of this title, all issued as Opus 11, in the following keys:

- No. 1. G minor.
- No. 2. F sharp minor.
- No. 3. C major.
- No. 4. E flat minor.

Nos. 2 and 3 (the works referred to by your correspondent) are probably the best and are certainly the best known of these works, and we hope to find an opportunity of recording at least the C Major Rhapsody in the early future.

No. 4 in E Flat Minor, incidentally, is founded on the *Dies Irae*, which you will recall was used by Liszt for his *Toten Tanz* and also introduced by Berlioz into the *Symphonie Fantastique*—a work which appeared on our first Connoisseur's catalogue.

Yours faithfully,
The Gramophone Company, Ltd.,
W. L. STREETON,
Manager, Artistes' and Recording Dept.,
English Branch.

TONGUE IN CHEEK.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—Having an hour or two to spare, I called at a friend's house to hear his results with giving two coats of lead paint to the internal horn of his gramophone. I found that he had taken off the fretted front, he opining that this was merely ornamental. We had found previously, however, that the fretted front acted as a kind of refiner for the sounds which come through the metallic internal horn. It took us a long time to work this out. However, the coats of paint seem to have done good; we certainly heard more bass, owing to the metallic noise and echo being damped down. An acquaintance says that still another coat might kill the bass. Very curious, don't you think? I cannot explain it.

I wonder if any of your readers can tell me if Hans von Bulow, the famous German pianist of about thirty years ago, I think, really made some early cylinder records. I seem to remember reading somewhere that he did and that one of his records is buried under a building somewhere for future generations; but, of course, it is impossible for me to secure a hearing of that particular record.

Yours faithfully,
BERTRAM SWAMP.

P.S.—Tell Mr. Christopher Stone that he need not broadcast Elgar's *Cockaigne* overture, as we have now purchased a copy. Perhaps he will give us the best recording of *Poet and Peasant*, which my nephew would like to hear.



BOOKS RECEIVED

- Singing Technique.* A Guide for Students, by Percy Judd. Foreword by J. M. Levien. (Oxford University Press, 1s. net.)
- Young Masters of Music*, by M. N. Roberts. Illustrated. (Harrap, 5s. net.)
- The Oxford Album of Standard Songs.* Edited by Stuart Wilson. (Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Singer's Catechism and Creed*, by Blanche Marchesi. With illustrations and diagrams. (J. M. Dent, 8s. 6d. net.)

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