

The Scherzo is in full. Excellent. Niecks, in his book on Schumann, recently issued (Dent), tells us that Mendelssohn criticised the original second trio in this movement as not being lively enough, so Schumann wrote another; that certainly is.

Last movement: Cuts from bottom line of page 45, bar 4, to middle line of page 46, bar 5; from middle of last bar, top line, page 49, to top of page 51; from middle of last bar, top line, page 52, to middle of bar 2, top line, page 53; from middle of bar 4, this page, to middle of bar 3, top line, page 55; and from bar 5, top line, page 59, to bar 7, bottom line, same page.

This does not greatly trouble us. The last movement is a splendid, exhilarating thing, but it does not seem to me to lose much by the cut, though I would have liked all of the imitative *coda*.

The strings don't sound very stringy, though they are strong; the piano is good and balances well. I should have liked better *pp* tone. The work needs a little more "playing with", I feel; but its sturdiness shows up well, and there is a brisk clarity about the performance that I like.

Those cuts, on the whole, are not so dreadful as I thought they might be, but we shall set our faces against them, on principle, I hope.

K. K.

CHERNAVSKY TRIO.—Moment Musicale (Schubert) and Trio in D minor (Scherzo) (Mendelssohn). Columbia 3738 (10in., 3s.).

Cherniavsky Trio.—Cello rather choppy, save where it has singing bit of tune. The whole effect is somewhat thin and not too well coloured.

LONDON STRING QUARTET.—Quartet—Satz in C Minor (Schubert). Columbia L.1679 (12in., 6s. 6d.). G. and T., Phil.

London String Quartet.—So many new quartets are now heard that we are in danger of forgetting old friends. The London String Quartet's purity of tone and elevation of style are always refreshing. This posthumous movement of Schubert is a fragrant thing. I am glad they give it time to sing. I think it represents their playing at its best. Others may give us greater sonority or livelier emotion, but the London String Quartet has peculiar virtues for respect and admiration. The break comes at the top of page 26 (Eulenburg).

ORCHESTRAL

H.M.V.

C.1225 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Meredith-Kay and his Orchestra: Scheihallion Reel (Eightsome).

B.2166 (10in., 3s.).—Scotch Country Dance Orchestra: Triumph and The Haymakers.

COLUMBIA.

9059 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—B.B.C. Wireless Symphony Orchestra: The Empire March (Elgar) and Krakowiak (Moszkovski).

L.1653 and 1654 (12in., 6s. 6d. each).—Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter: Siegfried Idyll (Wagner).

L.1678 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra conducted by Frank Bridge: A Christmas Dance (Sir Roger de Coverley) and Poem No. 2 ("Richard Jefferies") (F. Bridge).

L.1680, 1681, and 1682 (12in., 6s. 6d. each).—Albert Sammons and Symphony Orchestra conducted by Harty: Violin Concerto in G minor (Max Bruch).

3795 (10in., 3s.).—Court Symphony Orchestra: Cavalleria Rusticana Overture (Mascagni).

PARLOPHONE.

E.10375 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Opera House Orchestra conducted by Dr. Weissmann: Mignon Overture (Thomas).

E.10377 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Opera House Orchestra conducted by Dr. Weissmann: The Queen of Sheba, Processional March (Goldmark).

E.10378 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Opera House Orchestra conducted by Dr. Weissmann: Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80 (Brahms).

E.10383, 10384, and 10385 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Riele Quelling with Orchestral Accompaniment: Violin Concerto No. 4 in D (Mozart).

VOCALION.

A.0247 and 0248 (12in., 4s. 6d. each).—Aeolian Orchestra conducted by Dr. Vaughan Williams: Old King Cole Ballet Suite (Vaughan Williams).

ACO.

G.15830 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Grosvenor Orchestra: Norwegian

Dance No. 3 (Grieg) and Natoma, the Dagger Dance (Herbert).

G.15805 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Grosvenor Orchestra: Wedgwood Blue Intermezzo (Ketelbey) and Serenade (Titl).

G.15804 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Marlborough Orchestra: Minuet and Serenade from Pagliacci (Leoncavallo) and Overture, Marriage of Figaro (Mozart).

DUOPHONE.

A.1019 (12in., 4s.).—Mackenzie Rogan's Symphony Orchestra: Petite Suite de Concert—La Caprice de Nannette, Demande et Réponse, Un Sonnet d'Amour, and La Tarantelle Fretillante (Coleridge-Taylor).

A.1020 (12in., 4s.).—Mackenzie Rogan's Symphony Orchestra: Intermezzo Mignonne (C. Reyners) and Benedictus (A. C. Mackenzie).

POLYDOR.

65951 (12in., 5s. 9d.).—Philharmonic Orchestra (German), conducted by Otto Marienhagen: Introduction to Lohengrin (Wagner).

65891 (12in., 5s. 9d.).—Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Leo Blech: Funeral March of a Marionette (Gounod) and Prelude from Holberg Suite (Grieg).

H.M.V.—Meredith-Kay. I defy anyone to sit entirely still while this is going on. It has a great lilt. There is rather a lot of it, and the din is considerable, but what a swing of the kilt is in it! The other dances are equally invigorating.

Columbia.—The Elgar march was written for the Wembley celebrations last year, I believe. It is a good bold affair, but not the best Elgar—rather a pale reflection of the *Pomp and Circumstance* marches. The jaunty Polish dance reminds one of many others, but that is Moszkovski's way. It is a cheery specimen, for light recreation. The band's tone is rather seaside-y: good enough, but not specially fine. No subtlety is called for, of course, in either piece.

How many more *Siegfried Idylls* are to come? This is restrained, and calm. The beauty exhales slowly, and it is somehow impersonal. On the whole, I doubt if I shall like it. Still more tender, intimate expression seems to be wanted for this love-gift. On page 15 (Eulenburg) at the entry of the little five-notes-descending song, Walter is very deliberate, as also elsewhere. Not quite my ideal performance, though the playing is very clear, and sufficiently rich.

The Bridge *Sir Roger* would have astonished the good knight (even if he had anything to do with the dance). There is something more than English jollity here—a dash of Gallic spirit, surely (one recalls, without trying to, Dukas's *Apprenti Sorcier*). The revels are gay enough, any way. Is the Jefferies celebrated in the other piece the nature-lover (1848-87) who delighted in the open air and wrote so understandingly of wild things? I take it these moods, now exuberant and now more restful, with their intimations of natural sounds and the general cast of fresh-air enjoyment, were suggested by reading Jefferies. There is a Borrovia spirit here, too, I feel. Two good varied samples of the vigorous side of Bridge.

Bruch (1838-1920) was an able craftsman, though rarely an inspired one. This violin concerto (dedicated to Joachim) contains much that will please lovers of mildly sentimental and agreeably bustling music. The slow movement, while not in the least fresh, really sounds sincere and unaffected. He knew how to write for the fiddle, and how to let it show off. Sammons plays as he always does—as truly and keenly as if the music were really great stuff. There speaks the fine artist, but we wish he had chosen better stuff on which to spend three records. There is really nothing much to say about the music. The orchestra achieves as good a balance as I imagine could well be got, so the work receives every chance. The *Cavalleria Overture* is prettily played.

Parlophone.—Some delicately shaded work in *Mignon*, with agreeable tit-bits of wood-wind and harp solos. Then comes *Knowest thou the land?* and, on the other side, the *Polonaise* from Act 2, *I am Titania*. The full wind is a little cold-id-the-dose-y. Everything is admirably crisp.

How finely Gluck expressed in music the dignity and elevation of mind in the Greek subjects on which he built his operas! Wagner, who did so much to make Gluck known again in Germany, revised the score of *Iphigenia* and added a new *coda*. The themes heard he calls respectively those of Appeal (introduction), of Power (the first in the *allegro* portion), of Maidenly Tenderness (violins and flutes in a dainty lilting melody that symbolises the heroine), and

of Pity (two-note reiterations by violins, with oboe below in a sighing figure). At the end the Power theme quietly but insistently reappears below that of Appeal. I like this clearly outlined and full-bodied performance.

The *Queen of Sheba March* is not so rich in tone. It is an ordinarily decent piece of work, calling for no remark.

The Brahms has been annotated before (in the June issue, page 35). The orchestration is extremely well reproduced, save that the full yet soft parts are just a trifle underdone, so to speak. In clarity its louder moments are as good as anything Parlophone has lately given us. The middle of side two has not quite so much of body in it as one would like. By and large, the record is not so good as Columbia's, but it is distinctly good value for about two-thirds the other's price.

It is exceedingly pleasant to get two of Mozart's violin concertos in two months. A general word about them appeared on page 290 last month. This is every bit as delightful as the other. The player needs a peculiar fineness of perception that shall enable him to present the works stylishly according to the manner of their conception, with all daintiness and grace, without too much portamento (the bane of young Mozart singers)—in a word, to make the music scintillate in the quick movements and soothe us (if no more) in the slow ones. The fiddler here is uncommonly good, very nearly as good as was Miss d'Aranyi last month; and that is high praise. The capricious changes of time in the last movement are capitally treated. The orchestra is well on the mark all the time and supports lightly, while leaving the soloist a clear field for the display, not of virtuosity, but of the music's felicities.

Vocalion.—There is more than a trace of *Hugh the Drover* in this suite of music from that written for an open-air performance, I believe. The composer is not too happy in bustling music. The modal idiom becomes rather dull after a while. Mannerism seems to be creeping over him. The quieter bits here are best. I have at the time of writing no clue to the portions of the ballet that the various episodes accompany. The *Bulletin*, I hear, gives a few details of the action going on. I feel, however, that gaiety is not the doctor's strong point. Music heard away from a ballet is not always a success. It is perhaps scarcely a fair test to put it before us thus, and let it stand or fall by its effect on the ear, when the eye cannot be engaged too. There are felicitous things here—the bit of musing by a solo instrument at the end of side two, for instance, and the starting tune of side three. But I believe it would do Vaughan Williams good, big man as he is (and much as we esteem him) to get away from modalism a little more. No great composer stuck so to an idiom.

Aco.—The Grieg is pretty sedate—too many even accents. It wants more spring in it, and better stress-shading. The middle section is better. The other piece is "Red Indian" music—good enough, of its twopence-coloured kind. The playing is sound—a little harsh in a forte, but quite well blended. The other little things have no distinction, good or bad, as music. Again the playing is decent, and the surface causes little noise. The *Pagliacci Minuet* is really a descendant of the Sarabande—quite a good example, with its stressed second beat. There is some nice solo tone on this side. *Figaro* is not so well balanced tonally, though there is happy life in the performance. This record is good value.

Duophone.—Hearty rather than subtle in any way are these interpretations. The tone is clear and bright and is given out freely, with little distortion of any kind. The Reyners piece is of the conventionally skittish kind that used to delight the patrons of the Empire, after Delibes had shown the way. All this music is very obvious, and does not really test an orchestra at all adequately. There is a fair amount of surface noise. Judged by the older standards, the recording is distinctly praiseworthy.

Polydor.—The vision of the Holy Grail gradually becoming clear and fading away was in Wagner's mind when he wrote the *Lohengrin Prelude*. That ethereal violin work is very carefully done here. I could like a still finer *pp*. The surface noise is not inconsiderable. This, though a good record, does not quite, to my mind, come up to the H.M.V. performance of the *Prelude* in delicacy. The Gounod march (one of the best things he ever did) has the right solemn dryness; the pompous measure of the mannikins is trod with an air. One can see them jogging along with the whole world of toy woe in their steps, and a cast of gloom indelibly painted on their wooden countenances. A capitally scaled-down performance. Grieg's rather fussy *Prelude* comes off fairly well, though the lower string work is not too clear. The orchestration is partly at fault, but the players should have been more numerous or more powerful.

K. K.

INSTRUMENTAL

PIANOFORTE.

- YORK BOWEN.—Ballade in A flat, Op. 47 (Chopin). Vocalion X.9666 (10in., 3s.).
- PACHMANN.—Nocturne in D flat, Op. 27, No. 2, Valse in C sharp, and Etude in F minor (Chopin). H.M.V., D.B.860 (12in., 8s. 6d.).
- MAURICE COLE.—Traumeswirren, Op. 12, No. 7 (Schumann) and Scherzo in E minor (Mendelssohn). Aco. G.15801 (10in., 2s. 6d.).
- UNA BOURNE.—Le Jet d'Eau (Sydney Smith) and Rustle of Spring (Sinding). H.M.V., B.2141 (10in., 3s.).

VIOLIN.

- CARL FLESCHE.—Berceuse (Fauré) and Aria (Lotti). Polydor 65983 (12in., 5s. 9d.).
- VASA PRIHODA.—Zigeunerweisen (Sarasate). Polydor 65993 (12in., 5s. 9d.).
- EILEEN ANDJELKOVITCH.—Minuet in D (Mozart-Burmeister) and Serenata, Op. 15, No. 1 (Moszkowski). Aco. G.15802 (10in., 2s. 6d.).
- MARJORIE HAYWARD.—Serenade (Drdla) and Valse Triste (Cyril Scott). H.M.V., B.2140 (10in., 3s.).
- JELLY D'ARANYI.—Passepied (Destouches-Dandelot) and Largo and Allegro giocoso (Galuppi-Craxton). Vocalion, K.05203. (12in., 4s. 6d.).
- PEGGY COCHRANE.—La Precieuse (Couperin-Kreisler) and Vision, Op. 28 (Drdla). Aco. G.15826 (10in., 2s. 6d.).

'CELLO.

- CASALS.—Après un Rêve (Fauré) and Chanson Villageoise, Op. 62, No. 2 (D. Popper). H.M.V., D.A.731 (10in., 6s.).
- MARIE DARE.—Largo (Handel) and Harlequinade (Squire). Aco. G.15827 (10in., 3s.).
- W. H. SQUIRE.—Der Schmetterling (Harty) and Canto popolare (Elgar). Columbia D.1523 (10in., 4s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Vereinigung der Kapelle der Staatsoper, Berlin: Minuet from Divertimento No. 17 (Mozart) and Minuet from Octet in F, Op. 166 (Schubert). Polydor, 62347 (10in., 4s.).

York Bowen.—This player is always full of life, sharp set, and natty. A wee bit jerky, perhaps, for this piece. His tone is fairly round, without being very rich. There is a tang in its more highly percussive moments. The interpretation is notably well controlled and musicianly. The thirty-fifth bar from the end has a wrong note which sounds extremely odd.

Pachmann.—Is it ungrateful to complain that the new piano recording knocks our notions of familiar players' tone endways? Pachmann, thou art translated!—and not to advantage, I feel. The piano's scale is not evenly reproduced—that is the chief complaint. We get greatly increased sonority, certainly, and a greater measure of truth in some sounds, but the clangs and inequalities please me little. Others may be glad to overlook them for the sake of the benefits, which are notable. The player's style and spirit come through extremely well—and, praises be, he does not utter a word the whole time. What a fine builder he is! A piece burgeons and blossoms under his hands into sheer loveliness of tonal and architectural beauty.

Maurice Cole.—The Mendelssohn is also known, in some prints, as a "Capriccio." Mr. Cole is hard and bright, but not to the music's detriment, save that his repeated loud notes sometimes sound metallic. Tinkley the music is, and tinkley must sound if feathery and fittingly played. The Schumann *Dream Vision* is touched off dapperly. The balanced *rubato* is especially good. There is plenty of room for more cheap Schumanns.

Una Bourne.—Dear old *Jet d'Eau*, art plashing yet? Mighty pretty for the after-dinner hour when Papa loves to lie back and hear from one daughter "mild, pretty, senseless songs," as Masefeld calls them, and from the other, discourse of *Jets d'Eau*, and other harmless cordials. Sinding is a bit hardly rustled in a stiff breeze. Miss Bourne keeps on the trifling side. She would be welcomed in something meatier.