

worth so much trouble. *Spanish Gold* is well enough, but Stanford has done the same sort of thing so much better. *The Witch of Bowden* is almost, but not quite, redeemed from the commonplace by a really dramatic rendering; I liked this song the better of the two. The piano recording in both is distinctly above the average.

Roy Henderson's record is excellent. He uses his voice well, articulates properly, and his interpretation is on the right lines. With all this in his favour we can forgive him for not having a big voice, especially as that is Nature's fault, not his. Cowen's *Onaway, awake* is not nearly such a fine song musically as Coleridge-Taylor's, but it probably comes nearer to the feeling of Longfellow's words. The singer gets the last ounce out of it without once overstepping the bounds of artistic propriety. If *To the Forest* is not quite on the same level it is because of a certain lack of abandon at the climax. But this is a fault that experience should remedy, and I shall look forward to Roy Henderson's next record with interest.

Constance Willis is another singer with a good diction—it is pleasant to note how often this remark is appropriate—and her voice is adequate for the purposes to which she puts it. She sings *Ritournelle* (perhaps the best of Chaminade's songs) splendidly. Her rendering of *The Sandman* is marred by an excessive *ritardando* at the end of each verse. This also interferes with the phrasing, which is otherwise good.

These three Dvorák *Humoresques* make quite delightful band music. True they were originally written for the piano, but we can forgive bands for trespassing more easily than other people—their own repertoire is so miserably limited. Much, of course, depends on the arranger and the performance, and here there is little fault to find in these departments. The strong tunes and rhythms, which remind one irresistibly of the composer's boyhood among the Bohemian peasantry, make first-rate open-air music for a band to play. The percussion is a little obtrusive once or twice, but that is a detail.

Jelly d'Aranyi always strikes me as the best woman fiddler I have heard. She uses a "Strad," I believe, and that may help her as regards tone, but the consummate technique and the vitality of the interpretation are hers alone. The playing is as feminine as Tertis' is masculine, and where we get a violinist who can be womanly without exaggeration or "gush" the musical result is wholly delightful. Both the pieces are light, lyrical, and charming, and the recording is good—the playing's the thing.

There is no need at this time of day to insist on the greatness of Lionel Tertis. In this record it is the variety of the tone-colour that strikes me most. At times the instrument is almost a 'cello, at others its agility suggests the violin, but it never ceases to be a viola. Tertis, in fact, does with the viola all that a skilful singer can do with the voice as regards colour. My readers will probably differ about the Ireland tune. It takes a very strong melody to last through a twelve-inch record without becoming wearisome, however good the playing may be. The recording is first-rate in both these string records.

In *Jardins sous la pluie* York Bowen is happiest towards the end, when the sunlight seems to filter for a moment through the clouds. Elsewhere his desire for clearness makes his rendering a little unyielding. His own *Arabesque* he plays deliciously. It is graceful music, though here and there I find the decorations rather unnecessarily elaborate. But perhaps I'm a horrid "high-brow."

If the Bohemian Quintet wishes to be taken seriously it must give us something more than this. The Grieg *Berceuse*, for instance—charming enough on the piano—loses all its delicacy in the arrangement, and *An den Frühling* degenerates into something very like second-rate restaurant music. This is largely due to the dullness of the piano part. The lower strings, too, have not enough to keep them going. Cannot the combination show what they can do in work written originally for quintet? There is still fine music waiting to be recorded.

"Agreeable" is the word I should choose to describe Quilter's *English Dances*. They are the work of a good craftsman who knows how to manipulate his material, but the material itself is rather thin. The tunes are harmless and the rhythm is well-marked yet varied, but the whole affair seems curiously ineffectual beside Grainger's *Mock Morris*—a model of how such things should be done. The orchestra apparently felt as I do; it is only in the *Mock Morris* that the playing comes to life. The reproduction is good but my records are a little spoilt by surface noise.

P. P.

Miscellaneous Reviews

(Held over from the February Number.)

ZONO.—A.288 (12in., 4s.).—Cecil Sherwood (tenor): Yes, 'now thou art my spouse from *Il Trovatore* (Verdi) and On earth deserted from *Don Sebastiano* (Donizetti).

ZONO.—A.289 (12in., 4s.).—Max Darewski (piano): Rustle of Spring, Op. 32, No. 3 (Sinding) and Nina (Valse Caprice) (Max Darewski).

VOC.—K.05135 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra of New York: Aida (selection) (Verdi) and La Bohème (selection) (Puccini).

VOC.—K.05136 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Band of H.M. Life Guards: Flying Dutchman Overture (Wagner).

VOC.—X.9505 (10in., 3s.).—Sidney Hamilton (tenor): Love Bells and Just round the corner from Patricia (Gwyther).

VOC.—X.9506 (10in., 3s.).—Isabelle Patricola (comedienne): Doodle Doo Doo (Kassel-Stitzel) and Somebody loves me (Gershwin).

H.M.V.—C.1186 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Savoy Orpheans (augmented Symphony Orchestra): A Fragment from the New World Symphony (Dvorák).

ACO.—F.33066 (12in., 4s.).—Australian Newcastle Steel Works Band: Gems of Chopin (arr. W. Short).

ACO.—F.33071 (12in., 4s.).—Thea Phillips (soprano): Ah! was it he? from *La Traviata* (Verdi) and Elizabeth's Greeting from *Tannhäuser* (Wagner).

ACO.—F.33072 (12in., 4s.).—Albany Symphony Orchestra: Madame Butterfly Fantasia (Puccini) and In a Monastery Garden.

English versions of operatic airs continue to appear on comparatively cheap records. Cecil Sherwood's fine voice is well heard in the smooth cadences of *Ah! si ben mio coll'essere* and in the (hitherto unrecorded?) *Deserto in terra*, and makes a record which is dreary at a first hearing but grows upon one with repetition. Thea Phillips gives us *Ah! fors' è lui* and *Elizabeth's Greeting*; good enough in order to familiarise a beginner with the music, but on the whole not a real success. Neither she nor Cecil Sherwood do more than sing operatic Esperanto.

Sidney Hamilton is as mellifluous as usual, and Isabelle Patricola adds vigour to her singing with the extremely racy accompaniments of the Ambassadors in *Doodle Doo Doo*, and of a piano duet, saxophone, and banjo in *Somebody loves me*. A jolly good record this if you like noise.

The *Rustle of Spring* leaves me cold in a London fog—and I have heard it oh! so often; but it occurs to me that all the amateurs who play it might profit by studying Max Darewski's record. On the other side is his own *Nina (Valse Caprice)* which I like far better. But I am a confirmed Maxian, whether its a Beerbohm or a Darewski who entertains and amuses me.

All the orchestral and band records in this list seem to me extraordinarily successful with the exception of the *Aida Selection* and *La Bohème Fantasia* which betray "lapses of intonation"; all achieve what they apparently set out to do. But everybody has probably got adequate versions of *Aida*, *Butterfly*, *La Bohème* selections, and *In a Monastery Garden*; and the other records, *Flying Dutchman Overture* and *Gems of Chopin*, are, to most tastes, unsuitable to military or brass bands. But they are magnificently played, and I cannot conceal my grudging admiration for the virtuosity of the Newcastle Steel Works Band under Mr. Baile's direction. Their work has often been praised in these pages, so I may leave technical criticism to the band-pundits.

Lastly, the mutilated torso of the *New World Symphony* may equally not appeal to those who shrink from the idea of a syncopated symphony. But this record is a capital sample of what the audiences at the Queen's Hall have been revelling in, and no one who wants to understand what the critics have been talking about should avoid this blatant but highly interesting challenge by failing to try the record. Technically the Savoy Orpheans are as good as the Steel Works Band; and I am told that they all drive up to Queen's Hall in limousines!

PEPPERING.