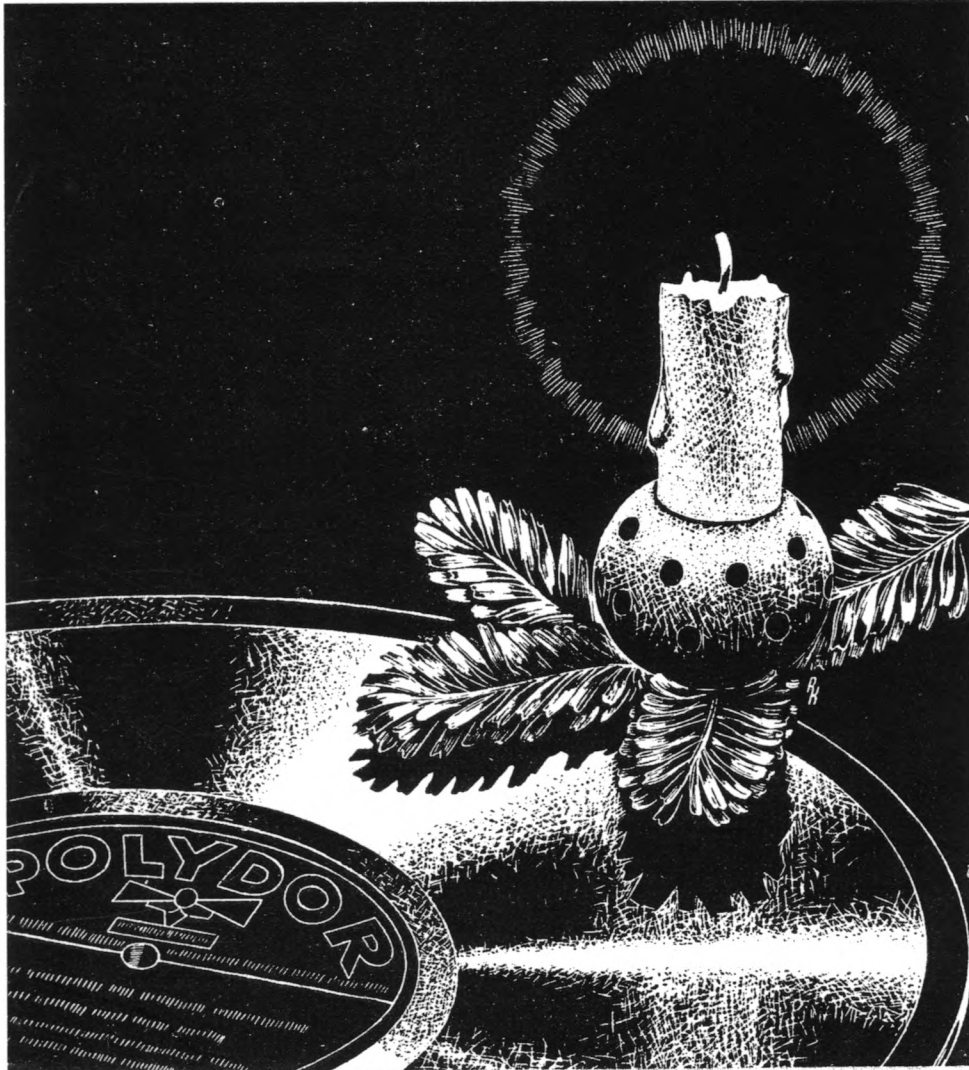


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EDITORIAL

It's not often that I'm lost for words or thoughts when it comes putting down on paper something that I hope will give readers notice of the pleasures which I hope they get from this publishing folly. I suppose it has all got to do with the mid winter celebrations, which far exceeded my expectations. To pick up the reins again and carry on as before is a rather daunting experience, which I liken to the highs and lows of proverbial feast or famine proportions.

I see this issue of the *G&T Gazette* as a bridging experience. At best it's an edition which has been born out of a person in auto drive! I haven't really extended myself. Instead I've reverted to the fallback position of thumbing through my early issues of *The Gramophone* which were given to me by Hugh McSherry, a collector who wrote many letters to the same publication in his hey-day.

What I really need is a sabbatical from these editorial duties! Would somebody please step forward and relieve me from writing for a year! The job pays well and I would continue to handle the printing and assembly?

This issue has two letters and a Christmas story.

The letters speak for themselves and provide a pretty good idea of what record collectors were experiencing before the advent of the second world war. I particularly like John Gray's reference to Lotte Lehmann and W.R.J.'s surprise that New Zealand collectors were being offered records that weren't in the English catalogues!

The major article in this issue is a Christmas story. It is thinly disguised to appeal to record collectors. I'm somewhat surprised that *The Gramophone* editor, Compton McKenzie would allow something like this to sully such a prestigious publication with this twaddle. After all, McKenzie was a very successful author himself and could surely have assessed the worth of a story like this. However, it is a very interesting period piece with expressions like "Don't be a goose" peppering the text. Then again with the author giving names like Victor Martindale-Huxley and Gladys Mary Ebsworth to his characters, what would you expect! I wish everyone in our group a Merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Bill Main



VICTOR MARTINDALE-HUXLEY had passed his twenty-ninth birthday when he made the great discovery that by waiting until he could afford things, all that was good and desirable in life was passing him by. And Gladys Mary Ebsworth, but two years his junior, shared the joy of his great discovery. They stood, as it were, solvent and isolated on the edge of life's pavement, splashed by the pleasure-thrumming wheels of bankrupts' mortgaged cars.

In desperation these two orphans of the conscience decided they too would splash, modestly and unostentatiously it is true, but theirs was to be a serious and almost indelible splash. And the gods smiled down benevolently, bestowing upon them a blessing as warm as that conferred by the Reverend Clerkenwell-Hayes. For they resolved to try out their affections in the state called matrimony.

By fiction's formula one or the other of them should, at this point, in reward for their courage, have acquired great wealth. Victor should have won ten pounds a week in a picture puzzle competition, or Gladys's rich uncle (whom she had quite

forgotten) should have died and left her an out-size in legacies. Then all would have been golden sunshine in Golder's Green, a Mostyn Seven and, in due and proper course, a Marmet-de-luxe. But this is, more or less, a true story. Fortune, fame, lucky sweepstake tickets, all the how-now and what-not of sudden affluence ignored Victor's modest lodging in Tooting and passed by unheeded of the Ebsworth flat in Balham. Instead, as we shall see, what was to them a not inconsiderable fortune came by an unexpected route, Fate choosing none other than a gramophone for its carrier. When the pushing afloat of their frail craft took place, however, Victor still continued to receive four pounds every Saturday in reward for five and a half days spent in entering and casting neat rows of figures, whilst Gladys was insulted for her very real pains in pounding a typewriter from nine-thirty till six each day (one o'clock on Saturdays) with two pounds per week, ten shillings of which was swallowed in 'bus-fares and buns.

But, having made their discovery, they waited no longer. For a time at

least they would produce a united weekly budget of six pounds every Saturday. And being of thrifty habit, one of those six precious pieces of paper should find its way across the Post Office counter to swell their common account, now intended to replace their individual savings so ruthlessly depleted in a fortnight's honeymoon and pride of their hearts-the furniture which, despite Mr. Beige's persistent beckonings, had been paid for on purchase.

Victor and Gladys first met at a concert of local talent at Streatham. Introduced by a mutual friend, V.M.-H. had escorted G.M.E. home across the rural wilds of Tooting Bee Common, its pastoral beauty unimpaired, except by continual horn-honkings and the lights of a mammoth mental institution. He told her of his evenings spent in reading, walking, bus-rides and, as a special treat, a visit to the Queen's Hall. Gladys took her cue with genuine enthusiasm. Before the lights of Balham hove in sight these two young persons had dug those foundations upon which their romance was to be built, for she too went occasionally to a Prom. Neither knew the first thing about music, both liked it (except cinema organs, for weighty discrimination and selection had to be qualified), each sometimes went alone to a Prom., and so what more natural than that in the near future they should have been seen one afternoon walking excitedly together in the neighbourhood of Langham Place!

So it had come about. A modest flat in Streatham, the equivalent of their united savings delivered in a van with the firm's name on it, and utter happiness. For five long ecstatic months they had raced each morning (Sundays excepted) for the 77 bus; each evening they had met at Oxford Circus and travelled home together,

arguing only as to who should open the tin containing their evening meal.

And, then, like a bolt from the blue, to shatter their Elysium, came Christmas. Its actual arrival should not have surprised them. For weeks Victor's columns of figures had grown daily longer, whilst Gladys's machine rattled twice as hard, its little bell ting-ing more rapidly than ever. The shops, the advertisers' exhortations to shop early, the parcel laden women filling the bus each evening-all these should have warned them had they not been so deeply lost in a world of their own making.

And then it happened. A raw December night, a tin of tomato soup and a cutlet apiece to withstand it, and they went forth, triumphant and happy, to complete their Christmas shopping.

Both Gladys and Victor sighed with relief when their final purchase had been made. Each Saturday evening their one pound had continued to find its way into their savings account; they had hoarded up shillings and sixpences and an occasional hal-crown during these five past months, and now, by diligent study of Christmas catalogues, by even more restricted lunches during the day and increased canned living at home, their purchases were complete and nine pounds still remained to them. It was an epic of economic management and both were justly proud of it. This nine pounds should swell the "nest-egg," as they called their account, and would be useful one day, for despite their happiness they always spoke of a possible rainy dawn.

In all South London no happier pair dodged perambulators than Gladys and Victor. A home of their own, a gift for every friend, and relative, the joy of entertaining fond parents on no unlavish scale-no wonder their cup of happiness

was filled to overflowing, and no wonder Gladys looked up into Victor's face with joy and pride shining in her eyes.

But Fate was waiting for them at the corner; Fate in new and strange guise; Fate churning out cruel demands with the aid of a steel needle on shellac.

"Shall we hop in a 'bus and get home with all this 'stuff, Glad'?" Victor asked.

"No; let's walk, shall we? It's early-" She stopped, stood and listened. It had happened. Fate's spell was upon her.

From over the heads of a group of people gathered around a shop's entrance came the sound of would-be music.

"Ugh!" Victor shuddered. He knew little of music, as he had told her a hundred times, but he knew enough to differentiate between music and jazz. So did Gladys, for that matter, but all the same she stood and listened.

"Yes, awful, isn't it," she agreed.

The blatant blare of London's latest, I Know my Sweetie's got a Sugar Toe, oozed out over the pavement and enveloped them.

"Worse than that. Come on, let's hurry," he urged.

But Gladys was firmly fixed and, his tight hold of her arm prevented his solo progress.

"Vic, I've an idea!" she exclaimed excitedly. Her upward glance this time should have melted any possible opposition.

"You have, old thing? What is it?"

"Let's buy a gramophone!"

From its uncertain perch on his little finger a tin of sliced apricots rattled to the pavement. Gladys, methodical in all things, retrieved the parcel from beneath a perambulator, wedged it into her shopping basket, and returned to the attack.

"We could, couldn't we?"

"Could what?"

"Could afford one."

The suggestion staggered him.

"Well-er-no, we couldn't. not really," he stammered.

"But we've nine pounds left and needn't touch our little nest-egg," she persisted. She was edging towards the doorway, trailing her husband behind her.

"That's fairly ghastly, I'll admit," she went on persuasively. "But they'll have better ones inside."

"You can't buy a decent gramophone for seven or eight quid, Gladys, and the thing wouldn't be any good without records. You know what Bill's machine was like."

"Oh, that was an old thing"-she dismissed her brother's cherished atrocity with a tilt of her nose. "We'll buy a nice new one. They're wonderful nowadays. You know you said you'd rather have a gramophone than the wireless-"

During a pause in the saccharine spraying from the shop Victor admitted to himself that she scored on that point. He did prefer the gramophone rather than the wireless, because then he could select his own programme, if he had the records, instead of having to listen to papers on boiling beetroots in Bolivia, or the taming of earwigs in Guatemala.

By this time they had reached the front rank of loiterers. "*My Minnie's Mother's mad on Minneapolis*" gushed from the shop door like a stream of treacle ejected through a hosepipe.

"It would be lovely for Christmas, wouldn't it?" Gladys continued tenaciously.

"But really, dear, we can't afford it. If we have a gramophone, let's-" He stopped abruptly. He had almost said "draw the money and buy a good one."

"Yes?" she prompted.

"Let's wait and get a good one," Victor concluded with great presence of mind.

That was the beginning of their first quarrel. Warmth of bright sunshine that filled their lives gave place to cool answers and indifferent 'bus journeys. Sardines lost their savour, tomato soup grew flat and insipid; for the first time in all these months Gladys burned the Sunday joint, desecrating the week's one leisurely lavish feast. To Victor that tragedy was worse than the burning of all Rome.

Days for him grew dark and despondent; the rows of figures became ever longer, a shade less neat, and never casted twice to the same total. At times he hated himself for denying Gladys the first thing she had asked for. And in his heart he too wished they had a gramophone. Tunes began to haunt him, airs that had lain dormant for years, works he had heard and liked at the Proms in the old days. There was that thing of César Franck's, that slow movement in his symphony; how did it go - *pom pom pom pom pom, pom pom pomi pompa-pom*. Yes, that was it. And those variations of Franck's, too . . . No, he couldn't capture that lovely tune about three parts through, when the piano keeps just a pace in front of the orchestra, checking it like a little boy saucing his sister's young man, and then running away, both of them very happy . . .

But what most worried Victor was that Gladys, as usual, was right. They could buy a gramophone for seven pounds, for considerably less than seven pounds. He had devoted, many lunch hours to investigating the matter. But they had sounded such awful things, he thought, so tinny and brazen. He would like to give Gladys a machine, all the same: what

fun they would have, playing some of the things they had heard in their courting days, sitting together on the sofa (that was paid for), with the lights out, and perhaps holding hands like they used to do at the concerts.

Then one morning, driven almost to desperation by the rift that had come between himself and his wife, taking his courage in both hands he approached the cashier, a rather Iordly person who sometimes condescended to speak unofficially to the clerks, and whose gramophonic tendencies were betrayed by his frequent arrival after lunch with a small brown bag obviously designed for the carrying of records.

And so Fate, having brought two cold weeks to a Streatham flat, relented, though at the time neither old Gambroil the cashier, nor Gladys, nor Victor himself could have imagined how completely Fate can smile upon those whom she favours.

It was two evenings before Christmas and the 'bus seemed slower than ever. Gladys had greeted her husband with a smile when they met at Oxford Circus, and they had fought their way together on to a 77, when she proceeded to do as she had done each journey since that fateful shopping evening when the trans-Atlantic gentleman had broken in on their peace with the extolling of his wife's or sweetheart's sweetmeat digit. Securing a scat, Gladys proceeded to take Victor's paper and bury herself in it until they reached the Streatham Free Library. Each evening these dragging miles, jammed amonest rainedamped and perspiring humanity, had been for Victor an agony, but to-night he scarcely noticed them. Certainly he was too excited to heed the clandestine glances that Gladys shot up at him, glances mingled of reproach and surrender.

At last they were walking silently

towards the flat, Victor struggling to disguise his excitement in a cloak of cool indifference. With difficulty he steadied his hands to open the tin of salmon and struggled hard to swallow a moderate portion of it. Tremulously he helped with the washing-up, and all the time felt like a man with a guilty conscience. It was Tuesday evening, devoted by Gladys to mending, whilst her husband sat beside her on the sofa, reading aloud to her. To-night, however, he moved restlessly and did not speak as he placed her mending basket beside the sofa and waited for her to be seated.

"Sure there's nothing else I can do for you, dear he asked".

"We've got everything in?"

"Yes, I think so," she told him without enthusiasm.

"Good. You got the stockings for Mabel?"

"Yes, at Smashell and Margrove's. And all the *catering's* done."

"Fine! You're a marvel, Gladys."

"Am I? Well, what are we going to do about entertaining them? That's your job, and you've done nothing-absolutely *nothing*. A game of bagatelle, I suppose, and a hand of bridge."

"Well, if there's nothing else to do, I'll just be getting along for a little while, if you don't mind. You'll be all right?" And before she could answer he had stooped, lightly kissed the top of her head and rushed from the room.

Gladys threw down the stocking she had started to mend. Let the thing ladder! She didn't trouble! Then she burst into tears. They had been married but five months and he was starting the going-out habit, was he! Well, it served her right; she deserved, it; she had been horrid to him because he wouldn't buy her a gramo-

phone. It was all her fault. She had been selfish and now she had driven him to some bar where he could get real companionship, and-Oh, why had she been so silly! Of course he knew best. Didn't he "do figures" all day? And they had solemnly promised each other not to touch their nest-egg, not until it was absolutely necessary, not even for holidays. And he was right, too, about a cheap gramophone. She would hate that; Bill's had been a terrible thing, and she wouldn't have allowed it in this room she was so proud of. It had sounded much as their dust-bin sounded by the end of the week-a rattling of empty cans. She picked up three square inches of cambric and dabbed at her eyes.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet and listened. Hastily she dashed for her handbag, drew out a powder-puff and set about repairing emotion's ravages.

Yes, she could hear voices. It was Victor speaking. "Now steady," he was saying. "That's right. No, a little your end. Up a bit. Mind the paper . . ."

So he had someone with him.

"That's right. Careful with that box, boy."

A moment later Victor, breathless and perspiring, entered the room to find his wife seated on the sofa engrossed in the mending of a stocking. Obviously she had not stirred from the task since he had left her ten minutes before.

"Where would you like it put, Glad?" he asked, striving to hide his elation.

"What?" she asked coolly.

"Why, the gramophone, of course," he told her, quite prepared for her to jump up at the news and kiss him.

"Anywhere you like," Gladys answered casually, remaining seated with the utmost difficulty, and telling herself what a

dear old thing he was and she didn't really deserve it after being so horrid to him.

"We'll bring it in and dump it anywhere for the time being," Victor addressed some unseen person on the stairhead and a minute later shared with a big, beery-looking man the burden of a large cabinet machine. Behind them trailed a pimply lad bearing a wooden case.

"That'll do. Thanks!" Coins changed hands and the two strangers withdrew.

For a moment Gladys remained seated, then jumped to her feet and did the appropriate thing. "Vic, you're wonderful," she told him, partly because she really thought he was wonderful and not a little because she hoped he would tell her she was marvellous.

"Glad you like it. Shall we put a record on?"

"Oh, Yes, what have you got. Not jazz, I hope?"

"No, rather not. Here, you take this screw-driver and open that box. Go steady with it. I'll get this packing stuff off and fix her up. This is a fine machine-fibre, you know," he added with the air of a connoisseur.

"Fibre? What's that?"

"Oh, it doesn't wear the records. Steel butchers them. " He spoke as if he had been nurtured on shellac. "And the sort we like aren't cheap. They cost six-and-a-tanner a time and old Gambroil-"

"Not Gambroil?"

"Yes, old Gambroil. Why not? I knuckled him the other day and he was fearfully bucked. Advised me like a Father Confessor, especially against the iniquity of steel, as he called it. Told me to buy a good second-hand machine instead of a cheap and nasty new one, and took me round to Gargoyles in Oxford Street at lunch time

yesterday. They know him round there. He's a hell of a lad, is Gambroil, though you'd never think it to see him. Insisted on going with me."

"He did? Oh, what lovely records!"

"Yes; and bucked to death because I like César Franck. I told him I didn't know anything about music, but he said that didn't matter. Get the oilcan from the machine, will you, old thing. Thanks. So he trickled along with me and we got this for six quid, and they promised to send it to-night at eight o'clock. And here it is. I was waiting at the corner for the van. Look, these are the needles-" He rattled on excitedly, explaining a most complicated fibre-cutter, demonstrating its use, then looked through the little pile of discs whilst Gladys watched and listened admiringly.

"What shall we have first?" he asked.

"Have you got that thing we both liked so much the first time we went to the Queen's Hall together? You know, those Bavarian Dances of Elgar's?"

"You bet. And that Franck thing too. You know, *pom pom pom pompa-pom*. They're my favourites. Can you guess why?"

"Don't be a goose!-" she told him as he wound laboriously and then lowered the needle on to the disc. They stood together listening raptly.

"Oh, it's lovely, isn't it. Wonderful! Vic, you are a dear!" she told him when the record had played through.

"Now let's try the Franck-the slow part first, the bit I hummed just now. Do you remember how we tried to whistle it after the concert while we waited for the 'bus?"

"Yes, don't I just!"

"But where shall we stand the

machine? Over there in the corner?"

"Yes, that'll be fine. Let me help you."

By dint of pushing and lifting the new possession came to rest in its appointed place. Soon the turntable was revolving again and two very happy young people sat on a sofa listening to the strines plucking out a haunting melody.

"Isn't it lovely," she whispered.

"No, there's something wrong."

Victor cocked his head on one side and listened with the attention of an experienced critic. "There's a rattle. It wasn't like that at Gargoyles. There, did you hear it? - just on certain notes."

"It's your fancy, Vic. I can't hear anything wrong." Then, seeing that he had grasped the screw-driver, she added hastily: "You're not going to do anything to it, are you? You'll spoil it, and it's too late to get anyone in to put it right for us. We must have it on Thursday, Vic, and you'll only break it."

"Oh, it's only something rattling; a screw loose, I expect. It may have got jarred coming down in the van. *Pom pom pom pompa-pom*." Humming and whistling, he worked away, removing the winding handle, lifting the turntable, taking out the motor board and carrying it to the sofa, where he balanced it between his knees, tightening up each of the screws attaching the motor.

"They're firm enough," he declared with judicial air, "so we'll wind her up and let the engine run for a minute." Gladys watched him nervously, knowing his bent was for figures and from past experience with her sewing-machine appreciating the danger of letting him muddle with anything mechanical. "No, it isn't there. Must be somewhere in the thing itself," he told her.

Together they went to the cabinet and gazed into it. Victor tapped the horn, stood back and gazed searchingly at the cabinet, advanced again and looked thoughtfully into the abyss. "Something touching this tin thing, I expect," he said at last, and extended his long arm into the depths. "Can't feel anything. Give me a hand, old thing, and we'll shake it and see if there's anything loose."

Between them they succeeded in joggling the cabinet.

"There! Did you hear it?" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"Yes, I heard something." Gladys peered down into the cabinet. "Oh, Vic! look!" she cried excitedly. "There's something down there."

One glance and his arm returned into the bowels of the machine.

"Gosh, yes. There's carelessness for you! Look! Some papers, and with a metal clip on them too." He drew out some papers as he spoke. "This clip must have touched the tin thing and set up vibrations. Old Gambroil was great on vibrations. It wasn't like that at the -----"

"And there's some writing on it," his wife interrupted.

"So there is. And-here, I say, look at this-----"

He held out a small sheaf of papers, a large sheet of note-paper on top and beneath it, held by the clip, four small and crinkly pieces of paper, each a Bank of England note for twenty-five pounds.

"What can it mean? What's it say in that letter?"

Victor read for a moment in amazement. Then he read it again, aloud this time, to his wife.

"This paper is not here by mistake or accident. I am thought to be eccentric, but am sane enough to recogn-



ise a gramophone from a, noise-belching horror. This, I am vain enough to consider, is as perfect a machine as can at present be purchased, worthy even of the works of Beethoven and Bach. Therefore to the man who is sensible enough to prefer a good second-hand machine to a new and inferior gramophone, I present this small tribute in recognition of his discrimination. May the machine give him pleasure, and may my little gift bring him good fortune. Lest there be any doubt concerning this gift, the finder is asked to communicate with my solicitor, Mr. Benjamin Blue of Lincoln's Inn, who has in his possession an envelope sealed by me and not to be opened until a stranger presents this letter. In it is a copy of this

note and also the numbers of the banknotes attached to it.

NATHANIEL BELLAMY."

The two young persons stood still for a moment. "Well, old thing, you're not the only dear in the world, though it was dreadfully clever of you to choose this lovely machine."

"I shouldn't have spotted the difference to-night, though, if old Gembroil and I hadn't tried that record at Gargoyles yesterday. Shall we have it on again?"

"Oh, yes. I'll just make the coffee while you put the pieces together again. And I say, Vic, let's buy some more records to-morrow, shall we, and pretend they're our Christmas present from Mr. Bellamy!"

DEAR SIR, I was interested to read the article by Murray Stewart on the Gramophone in South Africa, in the March issue of THE GRAMOPHONE, as it to some extent applies to New Zealand. Gramophonists out here flourish under conditions more adverse than those prevailing in Britain. Very few, if any, of the shops here even in the large centres keep complete stocks of any make of records, and some of the records released at home are never issued here at all. Prices also are much higher here and are about the same as in South Africa.

Our H.M.V. catalogue, does not contain so many numbers as the Home one, as also the Columbia, although strange to say the New Zealand Columbia catalogue contains many celebrity records by artists such as Charles Hackett, Anna Case, and others (some on dark blue label too), which do not seem to appear at all on the British catalogue. All our records are made in Australia, and do not seem on the whole to be so good as recordings from Home.

I have been wondering whether we shall receive any more records from our New Zealand soprano, Rosina Buckman. I am sure there are many, both here and elsewhere, who have been delighted by her records, and would like to see her make a reappearance on the discs. At present none of her records are available here except the complete set of Madame Butterfly. I wonder whether any of your readers could furnish a list of this singer's recordings. I would be much interested to learn of these, especially her earlier efforts. I wonder, by the way, whether anyone can identify the baritone singing with Alessandro Valente in the excerpt from Madam Butterfly, *Addio florito* (on the other side of which Valente sings *O paradiso*).

To us in New Zealand the gramophone means much, for it is practically our only means of hearing many world-famous artists whose visits here are few and very far between. Kubelik has visited us during the past year and Joseph Hislop, Levitski, Mark Harnbourg, and Peter Dawson are coming attractions, so that we shall probably fare better in the near future. Of course most of the touring celebrities visit only the four main centres, leaving the smaller towns severely alone. However, we hope patiently for the day when wireless will have become so improved as to bridge the 12,000 miles separating us, enabling us to enjoy Covent Garden is well as though we were present at a performance.

Yours faithfully,
W. J. R.

Wanganui, New Zealand.

Reprinted from *The Gramophone* July 1931

I have been pleased to see, in your editorial for June, Mr. Marshall's plea for more Schuman songs on records, and it will no doubt be endorsed by all those who delight in lieder at its best. I really think that the most crying need is for a new set of the "Frauenliebe" cycle, and if we might have it again from Madame Lehmann, with a proper piano accompaniment instead of the incongruous chamber ensemble used in the existing set, I for one should be satisfied. Or at least, I hope I should, for it is time that there was an improvement in the accompaniments with which this singer has recently been supplied for her recordings. I have recently heard Madame Lehmann in the flesh for the first time, and have been thus re-attracted to her recordings, only to find that on Parlophone she invariably sings with some sort of an orchestra, while on her H.M.V. releases, she frequently performs to the tinklings of a piano which sounds, as "A.R." would say, "like the one in our village institute." Throughout the Lieder Album, and especially in the Mozart songs on DA 1466 and the Wolf ones on DA 1470, the piano tone is appalling, to say the least. In this part of the world we frequently put this sort of thing down to "Australian pressings," but I am sure there is something radically wrong with the original recordings here. Improvements seem in sight, however, for in the Brahms songs on DA 1604 the piano is richer and fuller in tone.

How different a story when we come to the superb "Dichterliebe" records by Gerhard Husch and Hans Udo Muller (DB2940/2). Here is the balance that we want. The best way to awaken interest in Schumann's vocal music would surely be an intensive advertising campaign on behalf of what is, to this writer, the loveliest of song cycles. Having known the joy of getting to know the "Dichterliebe" with these records, I for one am keen to hear what else Schumann has in store. Therefore it is to be hoped that Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann and Herbert Janssen, to mention but three, will be invited to add to the Schumann repertory.

When next do we hear from the Brahms Song Society ?

Finally, to introduce another topic, a word about grooving, I have been pleased to find, on many records that I have procured lately, that grooving has been left where a break in the music occurs without a break in the record. Thus one can play the above-mentioned "Dichterliebe" and the Columbia "Children's Corner Suite," to mention two examples, in any order one likes, and can repeat movements at will. It is to be hoped that this innovation will be universally adapted, as it should have been in the case of those absurd "Nights at the Ballet."

Now a parting shot-when can we expect a new Sibelius No. 7?

Dunedin, New Zealand.

JOHN GRAY.

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