often going to the extremes of both in the same moment. I certainly respected him and I suspect that he may even have come to believe that I was not totally impossible – which was a great accolade for such a master carpenter to bestow on a humble Mozartian masquerading as an electrician. He regarded spotlights as a needless extravagance, although a single one for the moon was acceptable. Therefore he went to great pains to ensure that cloths were hung properly in relation to the lighting battens. Jock had a splendid eye for hanging a show and would adjust the hanging plot to minimise changeovers by a process he called 'finessing'.

On moving into the sixties, the prime need – the desperate need – was foh side lighting positions. So for the 1960 season a tentative start (tentative in relation to accoustic uncertainty) was made by opening three ports a side in the sloping ceiling over the orchestra pit. By 1962 these had been linked to form slots and some of the Pattern 23s, the only available profile spot that would fit the space, replaced by Reiche and Vogel 500w 24volt beamlights to give the directional oomph that most of the German inspired productions required. On a very low check and with double 52, they could also varnish the more softly atmospheric designs of Emmanuele Luzzatti, Lohrenzo Ghiglia and Henry Bardon.

Beamlights (the smaller 250w 24v type) were also fitted to the downstage booms to link up with the directional quality of the foh. These booms were rebuilt as scaffolding structures which protected the spots from the ravages of scene changes. (I am too polite to say scene shifters.) Some of the first Patt 264s off the production line were added in due course. (Fred Bentham and Paul Weston had brought prototypes to Glyndebourne for long throw testing on a day when the red paint on the soft shutters was still wet.) The pattern 243/2kW was introduced as soon as it appeared and winched ladders were installed with pole operated 223s.

By 1963 we had a radio microphone for talking to the board while focusing on the stage. A low frequency loop was less successful because of the steelwork on the bridges. However a similar loop was used with great success in that season's new *Magic Flute* for stage management cueing of the eight students who provided the motive power for the periakti whose variable geometry formed Luzatti's design. These periakti were of simple three flat construction: once inside the operators completed their triangles with a simple line and cleat throw. The scene changes were magically kaleidoscopic – particularly the entrance of the Queen of the Night who came forward from the 60 feet depth of the cyc on a high truck (if I remember aright, some of the costume was built on to the truck although it appeared to be worn). As the truck moved down, the periakti pirouetted and formed a new pattern. Much of the magic came from a relatively new device which was so new that we called it 'dapples' – if the word 'gobo' was around, I had not heard it. I first used gobos in *Pelleas and Melisande* in 1962. I was first aware of them during the previous winter at Covent Garden. When was the first gobo production in Britain? Anyone prepared to claim an earlier use than Covent Garden in 1961? The technique certainly caused much interest in directors and designers from other parts of Europe, including Germany and Italy, where profile spotlights were then extremely rare.

The 1962 *Pelleas and Melisande* was one of the great experiences of my life until then – and since. Debussy's musical idiom is not one which particularly stimulates my senses and Maeterlinck's characters do not command my emotional involvement. So I was able to approach the work in a fairly objective way. It is a curious feature of my personal psychology that I work much better on scripts and scores that I have no particular passion for – when working on Mozart, Handel and the like, I continually stop working to listen to the music!

This *Pelleas* was Carl Ebert's final production. Working with Ebert was the realisation of that student dream in the Edinburgh gallery queue. I got to Glyndebourne just in time to be on the perimeter of his new *Rosenkavalir* and to be associated with revivals of the Mozart/Messel repertoire when he would occasionally take over the direction of a rehearsal and increase the committment and understanding of all present. Everyone referred to him as 'The Professor' and addressed him as 'Professor'. He never imposed: he only drew out. And that applied not just to the performers but to all of us who supported the performers in their projection. I have a clear memory of an extended late *Pelleas* lighting rehearsal – the kind where a large crew have been awaiting a scene change for so long that they have lost hope. There is a problem about the look of a scene. I do not have the solution. The professor walks to and fro with me through the layers of forest gauze. With score in hand, he talks about Maeterlinck's imagery and Debussy's response. We arrive at the well. He becomes Melisande (Ebert came to direction from acting.) I realise what we need. He already knew the required colour and direction of the light but he did not tell me – he drew it out.

The first night was the climax of my lighting career. The Maestro, Vittorio Gui, called me over to the seat in the wings where he had a habit of holding court while awaiting his call to the pit. 'Francis' he began, 'I knew Debussy and he would be very happy'. And he went to speak of the lighting in a way which modesty forbids me even to remember. This was the peak: from now on there was only one way my career could go – down! Twenty years on, if faced with the same sets and costumes, I could resolve many technical details to a higher degree of finish. But I doubt if I could contribute at the same level of sheer total gut-rightness that Ebert and Gui drew from us all.

The professor's successor was Günther Rennert (invariably addressed as Dr Rennert) a brilliant stylist who could create productions of great emotional intensity and did so particularly with *Fidelio* and *L'incoronazione di Poppea.* He directed with a depth of concentration that often brought an atmosphere of tension to his rehearsals, with character being imposed rather developed from within. Unlike Ebert, Rennert was not an actor. Michael Redgrave was, and he rehearsed with an incredible economy of words and actions. With Henry Bardon as designer and the incomparable Charles Bravery as painter, I did my technical personal best ever on Redgrave's *Werther*: pity I did not like the opera much! I was much more influenced by Glyndebourne's all-time critical low – *Jeptha*. It was cut and re-arranged, and Rennert's staging of 'Waft her, Angels, to the Sky' (including some ghastly lighting that he imposed on me at that point) made me cringe. But living with any Handel staging for weeks, even in such a bowdlerised form and sometimes with my eyes shut, changed my life thereafter in a way that is evident from my diaries and my record shelves.

The other frequent director of the late sixties was Franco Enriquez who infuriated some parts of the Glyndebourne establishment with his total disregard for logic. He extemporised with a pure theatre instinct that was not, alas, infallible. There were many witty ideas and lovely images, but characters were often too lightly shaded. But he was very good for me – taught me to trust my eye rather than my logic.

In technical terms, I suppose that the new lighting board of 1964 was the big event of my Glyndebourne decade. 'Machina Fantastica' was the lable bestowed by Enriquez and Luzzati. It may seem pretty basic in these microprocessor times but, twenty years ago, thyristors, four presets, flicker-free grouping and stalls control were a whole new world. But all that has been described elsewhere.*

My final season was 1968. The surface reason was money. But I should really have left a couple of seasons earlier. There is a limit to the length of time that anyone can be creative in the same theatre. For a lighting designer, the danger is falling into the use of safe formulas that have been found to work. And that danger is particularly acute when working under the pressures of daily repertoire changeover.

I did not have the emotional strength to go to Glyndebourne on the final night of my contract – the opening night of the *Anna Boleyna* revival. But psychosomatics came to my rescue so that my body rebelled sufficiently to give my mind and soul a rational excuse for not taking a formal farewell. I have been back (to see dress rehearsals) less than half-a-dozen times, and not for seven years. Life in the theatre is like that. Glyndebourne was a major influence in my life – I hope that I made some tiny contribution to it.

* Tabs Vol 22 No 2 (June 1964) & Vol 35 No 2 (Summer 1977), Glyndebourne Programme Book 1964.