The Delius Society Journal

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Front cover: Frederick Delius in 1912 by Jelka Rosen

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The bridge at Grez-sur Loing
(from a postcard c. 1900 in the collection of Adrian C. Harland)

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Sadness and celebration are the twin themes of this message.

Our President Felix Aprahamian died in the Whittington Hospital, north London, on the afternoon of 15 January, apparently of a heart attack the previous night, following which he did not regain consciousness. His niece Sallie and his good friend David Liddle were with him at the end. He was in his 91st year, and his deteriorating health had confined him to a nursing home for many months.

Obituaries appeared in all the major papers, one of the earliest and most informative being that written by Lewis Foreman for the *Independent* – of which an abridged version appears a few pages further on in this *Journal*. Unanimously he was described as a great original, a self-made man whose knowledge and opinions educated, attracted and inspired generations, and an irreplaceable icon of twentieth century musical life.

Felix had presided over our Society since the death of Eric Fenby at a similar age in 1997. The Presidency gave him great pleasure – a fact mentioned in a number of the published tributes – though latterly he insisted on referring to himself as President *Emeritus*, in recognition of his inability to attend meetings of the Society and to be involved in its activities. In August 2002, after the repeated postponement of a talk that Felix had hoped to give to the Society, Stephen Lloyd and I visited him at home and filmed an interview about his visit to Delius in 1933, plus a short address to the members of the Society. These were shown for a second time as a tribute to his memory at the Society's meeting at the New Cavendish Club on 15 February.

Letters and other messages from members have proved, if proof were needed, that Felix commanded much affection and enormous respect within the Society. We shall all miss him in our own ways, as we mourn the passing of a unique individual and one of the last direct links with the living Delius.

Now celebration. The final of the first competition for The Delius Prize was held before a capacity audience in the David Josefowitz Recital Hall at the Royal Academy of Music last November; the event is reported elsewhere in this *Journal*. This new award, focused on the young musician, is something made possible by the munificence of our late Chairman Rodney Meadows and of which, I truly believe, he would have been

extremely proud. The Prize competition will be held yearly for five years in the first instance.

This edition of the *Journal* is the work of our new Editor, Martin Lee-Browne, who has also been co-opted to membership of the Committee. We welcome him and thank him warmly for his work and ideas. Please support him, as you have his predecessors, by sending in your news items, letters and suggestions for articles.

Roger Buckley

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2005

The Delius Society Annual General Meeting and Social Gathering will be held at the New Cavendish Club, 44 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, London, on Saturday 13 August. The AGM will take place at 3pm.

We are pleased to announce that David Worswick, the first winner of The Delius Prize, and Neil Georgeson, his accompanist, have agreed to give a recital during the afternoon. We look forward to another exciting performance. If you were unable to attend the event held at the Royal Academy of Music last year, please be assured that you will thoroughly enjoy hearing them.

If any member wishing to attend has not yet sent a deposit for the day please do so as quickly as possible, or contact me for further details as necessary. We look forward to seeing you there.

Ann Dixon, Honorary Secretary

EDITORIAL

I wish that I had not been told who had been the Editors of this learned *Journal* before Jane Armour-Chelou. Now that I know, I have grave doubts about my ability to match up to either her or them, whether in terms of their deep knowledge of Delius, their skills in 'cutting and pasting' – or their ability to cajole Members into writing articles and reviews and get them in before the copy dates – in order to produce what is without doubt one of the best 'society journals' around in the Arts world today.

At the risk of boring those who know them already, it might be appropriate if I were to mention my 'credentials' for the job – which I have to say are entirely inherited. I am respectively the grandson and godson of two of Delius's friends – Frederic Austin and Balfour Gardiner. My grandfather's 'Delian connections' were strong – for he sang the five initial performances of *Sea Drift* in this country (with Beecham conducting all but the first; on several occasions he stayed with Delius and Jelka at Grez); and, after Delius's death, he and Beecham were appointed as the first Musical Advisers to the Delius Trust. His son (my uncle) Richard Austin was the conductor of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra between 1934 and 1940, and Beecham's Assistant Conductor for the 1946 Delius Festival. Balfour Gardiner was, of course, perhaps the Deliuses' greatest friend, but also (particularly with his purchase of Jelka's house at Grez in 1923) an extremely generous benefactor – indeed, that generosity ran to paying for much of your new Editor's education! It is therefore "fervently to be hoped" that, many years later, it will be seen to have been a reasonable investment.

Some great man once famously said that "You can please some of the people some of the time, but never all of them all the time". I would therefore like to think that at least a majority, if not all, of the Members will like the Journal's new cover – the intention is to have a different picture for each issue. The Journal was originally, of course, *The Delius Society Newsletter*, duplicated and with no picture on the cover. Not until Number 41 in October 1973 did it became a 'proper', printed, small magazine, and since then – with the exception of a few issues which had special, 'one-off', covers – it has carried only four different pictures of Delius. Perhaps unsurprisingly, three of those four changes coincided with changes of Editor – and as the last design of the cover had been used since 1996, last

autumn the Committee decided that the precedent should be followed again.

It is a curious irony of the Arts that the more music and books that are written, the more pictures painted and fresh genres of the visual arts 'invented', less and less of what is already in existence gets performed, read or looked at. It follows that there must be a real risk of much music – except that of the 'greatest greats' – eventually becoming virtually, or even quite, unknown, even among working musicians and concert promoters. Trusts and Societies such as our own, with their various activities and publications, therefore play an increasingly important part in ensuring that 'the flame is kept burning brightly'. It was consequently a real milestone in the Society's history that, on 12th November last year, The Delius Prize was inaugurated at The Royal Academy of Music, with the object of introducing Delius's music to young performers, in the hope that they will always be looking for opportunities to play or sing the works we all love so dearly. Our late-lamented President, Felix Aprahamian, about whom there are several pieces on the following pages, would have been absolutely thrilled by the idea. Reports on the evening, and also of a concert in which another up-and-coming violinist played the *Violin Concerto*, appear elsewhere in this *Journal*.

One of the great merits of the *Journal* is the wide variety of articles, some going in considerable detail into some aspect or other of Delius's life or music. From time to time, however, there may be something to be said for taking a broader look, and, with that in mind, this issue includes two such articles – one by Deryk Cooke dating from 1962, and the other written last autumn, 42 years later, by Michael Kennedy – on the neglect, and lack of knowledge, of Delius's music, both then and now. If any Member feels stimulated to write a letter, or an article (short or long), commenting on any of their views, with a view to its inclusion in the next issue, I would be glad to see it.

Martin Lee-Browne

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

A tribute by Lewis Foreman

Our President Felix Aprahamian died on 15 January; he was 90. Felix was a remarkable self-made man, whose enormous influence in musical circles was deeply founded in his practical experience of promoting music in London. The son of an immigrant Armenian family, Felix lived his entire life in the family home at 8 Methuen Park, Muswell Hill, to which they moved on 1 January 1919. Here over a lifetime he accumulated the unique library which survives him.

Felix would explain half jokingly 'I failed Matriculation because I discovered music'. He had organ lessons from Eric Thiman, who he assisted in his teens at Park Chapel, Crouch End, and he worked for the Organ Music Society, of which he was assistant secretary, from the age of seventeen. In this capacity he was soon in correspondence with the leading French organists. When the Society announced a series of improvisations in London, Felix wrote to the leading composers of the day asking them to write themes, his respondents including Sibelius, Britten, Roussel, Walton and Lambert.

In August 1933 the nineteen-year-old Felix, with two friends, visited Delius at Grez-sur-Loing, and while in Paris, with his London organ credentials, inveigled himself a seat in the organ loft beside the aged Widor. Thanks to his surviving detailed diaries (as we know from last Autumn's *Journal*) these events are documented in detail. Felix could make a slim reminiscence go an enormously long way, and once in the 1980s, to a group of visiting London press correspondents assembled by Lionel Carley, Felix ranged over many stories. Said one journalist as he left the room: "That must be the most amazing example of sustained name-dropping I have ever heard!"

Working for ARP, he spent the war as concert director of the LPO, and had vivid memories of the ruins of Queen's Hall the night after it was bombed. His work with the LPO led to an association with Sir Thomas Beecham, the conductor responding to Felix's knowledge of Delius and

the French repertoire, and appointing him as his informal assistant.

Felix's sympathy for, and knowledge of, French music led him to become, in 1942, the joint organiser, with Tony Mayer, Le Conseiler Culturel from the French Embassy, of the Concerts de Musique Française for the Free French in London, which gave him access to leading French performers and composers. He presented 104 concerts in all.

Felix claimed that his first contribution to the musical press was in 1931, and his first in the newspapers in 1937. He made his name as Deputy Music Critic on the *Sunday* Times, where for 41 years from 1948 to 1989 he was required reading, notable for his literate and humane commentary, and for his desire to cover the breadth of music making rather than always the plums. Felix's innumerable programme notes set new standards for literacy and elegance, and deserve collection. He also wrote innumerable articles, reminiscences and introductions to books, and edited and translated Claude Samuel's *Conversations with Olivier Messiaen* (1976).

The warmth of London music's appreciation of Felix was all too apparent when, in June 1994, the Nash Ensemble presented an 80th birthday concert for him at the Wigmore Hall. Delius's Cello Sonata was included in a programme otherwise of French music.

Felix was a showman, an auto-didact and a complete one-off. Ever hospitable to members of the Delius Society, he was associated with many associations and musical organisations. In 1994 he was made an Honorary Member of the Royal Philharmonic Society, and in 1996 he was appointed Officier de l'Ordre de Arts et des Lettres in recognition of his contribution to French culture.

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

A Personal Memoir by David Lloyd-Jones

First it was simply the by-line itself. Next to Rafael Kubelik, no name sounded more glamorous, exotic or full of eastern promise to a late teenage London schoolboy than Felix Aprahamian who, as second string to the great Ernest Newman on the *Sunday Times,* I read avidly every week. Newman was very much living on his reputation in the early 1950s, occasionally reviewing new opera productions and important concerts, but more often returning to the broader issues of music, frequently ending his articles with the phrase (unthinkable today) 'I will return to this theme next week'. No wonder that EC Bentley accurately summed him up with the clerihew 'Said Ernest Newman / Next week Schumann, / But when it came / It was Wagner again'. I recall this in order to give some idea of how refreshing it was to find his able lieutenant writing about a raft of performances that had happened during the week (a surprising number of which I often found I had attended) in a way that engaged ones attention and aroused admiration for his ability to convey *multum in parvo*. Actually the FA writings that I most strongly recall during that time – the very early days of LP – were his record reviews. I well remember resisting the urgings of the young man behind the counter at the EMG record shop – a certain Edward Perry (later the founder of Hyperion Records) – to buy the first ever LP of Brahms 3 because 'Felix Aprahamian in the *Sunday Times* says the string tone is too wiry'. 'Nonsense', said Ted, 'and I'll tell him so next time he comes in'. I was extremely impressed that he actually knew this, to me, glamorous figure. Constant Lambert used to claim that, along with Modest Mussorgsky, he had the most inappropriate Christian name of any musician. Exactly the opposite applies in this instance; Mr. Aprahamian was Felix by name and Felix by nature.

I was eventually able to put a face to the name in 1957 when, as an Oxford student and conductor of the college orchestra (leader Dudley Moore!), I went to United Music Publishers, next to the British Museum, to ask to see a score of Fauré's *Masques et Bergamasques*, of which no miniature score existed at the time. 'Oh, you had better go next door to discuss this with Mr. Aprahamian', I was told. My heart missed a beat, for there was no way that there could be two musical Mr. Aprahamians

in London; I was unaware of Felix's other role of adviser to UMP. And so it was that I was ushered into the presence of the man to whom I (and later my wife) became devoted for 45 years. Felix's room has been well described in some of the fine obituaries that have appeared. To me it was a magical place, magical because it exuded the spirit of music and its performance, but most of all because it seemed to be the perfect expression of its custodian. I can only say that Felix in the flesh fully lived up to the colourful image evoked by his name. The shortness of stature (so often the key to a powerful personality), the neatly trimmed beard, the well-fitting black suit, the almost permanent unforced smile and aura of contentment, the curious manner of moving his pursed lips to the left, as if savouring what he was speaking about – all this persuaded me that I was in the presence of a very special person. It goes without saying that he was enormously helpful and encouraging, and he urged me to consult him as often as I chose. It is typical of Felix that many years later he told me that he had kept the handful of youthful, doubtless badly-expressed, brief letters that I had sent him from Oxford. We all knew that he was the hoarder of hoarders, but what impressed was his eternal faith and hope in those young people he met who showed enthusiasm and, possibly, promise.

When I came down from Oxford and lived near Victoria, Felix often phoned me at the very last minute if he had a spare ticket for an RFH concert. I hopped on my bike and was there like a shot. After a memorable Beecham evening he said 'Let's go and see Tommy', knowing that it would give me intense pleasure and that he would be welcomed by the great man, who always had a soft spot for him. And thus it was that, with Alexander Gibson and Norman Del Mar among many others in the Green Room, I was introduced by 'dear Felix', as TB called him, thereby causing a memorable, original Beecham story. Felix was fully aware of my devotion to Beecham, the conjurer-conductor. At 8.15am on 8 March 1961 the phone rang. Bleary-eyed, I answered and heard 'David, it's Felix – Tommy's dead'. Felix had been phoned by Philip Emanuel, TB's long-suffering solicitor, and I have always believed that I was the next person in the world to learn the sad news.

If there is one word that I would associate with Felix it is 'relish'. His devotion to music and musicians, his love of the live event, his deep knowledge of the workings of the profession and, it must be admitted,

his addiction to gossip and scandal, all allied to make up his delightful personality, and always made me feel that he savoured the world of music as a *bon vivant* savours life itself. Mention of this term prompts me to add that, despite his seemingly epicurean appearance, I never felt that the world of food and wine were of any real importance to him.

Thanks to Felix's on-the-spot invitation (possibly not unconnected with the fact that I had the use of a car), I first visited 'The House of Usher' on 5 November 1959 immediately after my first broadcast (on one of John Lade's Record Review programmes) in which I was followed by Felix reviewing new organ records. He had to suffer the indignity of having his script cut by nearly half because mine was so grossly over-length, but he was quite unfazed by this. On arriving at Muswell Hill I was not only greeted by his adorable mother, but also met Toni Mayer, former French cultural attaché, and Ernest Ansermet. We all entered our names on the first page of a new visitor's book – a ritual that Felix adhered to with adamantine sense of purpose – and I was very touched when, on signing my name after an event there a few years ago, Felix pointed out to those present that my name was on the first and last page of that particular volume.

Because of his reputation, his physical presence, his devotion to music in all its aspects, his earthy sense of humour and, above all, the warmth and charm of his personality, Felix naturally attracted acquaintances, friends and devotees to an unusual extent. But the traffic was not one-sided. He was one of the most outgoing and uncensorious people I have ever met and nothing, or nobody, was too unimportant for him to embrace, once his interest was aroused. It never ceased to amaze me how, even in his mid-eighties, after a lifetime of concert-going at the very highest level, he would slog (or more probably arrange a lift) all the way from Muswell Hill to, say, Cranleigh to hear an amateur orchestra perform a work that he loved, as often as not by Delius. This love of life and of music may not have made him the most perceptive or trenchant of critics – we all crave sympathy, but nevertheless secretly admire those writers who have an uncanny knack of hitting the nail on the head – but he always wrote as he felt, that is to say with complete honesty. If he had enjoyed an experience, even in the most modest of surroundings, he would convey this just as if he had been at Salzburg or Bayreuth. And almost alone of critics, he knew what was involved in putting on a professional concert. He was greatly pleased

when Desmond Shawe-Taylor, Newman's successor on the *Sunday Times*, dropped him a line of congratulation when he had lambasted the RPO for fielding an under-strength string section for an important anniversary concert at the RFH. Shawe-Taylor and his colleagues would never have noticed how many double basses were on the platform for a Rachmaninov symphony, but Felix did and cared. *Aperçus* may not have been his strong suit but, on the other hand, he *noticed*.

Finally a few words on Felix and music. Bach, French music and the organ repertoire are perhaps most closely associated with him, but when it comes to Schwarmerei, the two composers I most associate him with are Delius and Bax. To be a musician and have eight records to take to a desert island, and then to choose two of them not only from the same composer but the same work (*A Mass of Life*) is an indication of Felix's superabundant enthusiasm and commitment. But like a romantic, who can never forget his first love, what I believe was his even earlier infatuation with Bax never deserted him. Above all, Felix was totally free from posturizing. He was not afraid to nail his musical colours to the mast and declare his belief in the validity of what used to be termed 'the mainstream of music'. In the words of Joxer in *Juno and the Paycock* he was 'a darlin' man, a daarlin' man' and I for one have never known, and don't expect to meet, anyone else like him.

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FELIX APRAHAMIAN'S FUNERAL

At a ceremony in the chapel of St. Marylebone Crematorium, East Finchley on 28th January 2005 over a hundred relatives, friends and representatives from the world of classical music, gardening and the arts gathered to pay a final tribute to Felix Aprahamian. It was not a service as such, but rather a sequence of reflections, reminiscences and tributes, interspersed with some of Felix's favourite music.

Mourners came in to the first section of the'Adagio'from Rachmaninov's Symphony No. 2. After a welcome from John Amis, a long-time friend, the cortege entered to the magnificent closing pages of Delius's *A Mass of Life,* at the words "Every joy for all things craves Eternity……Joy craves Eternity, Joy craves for all things endless day, eternal, everlasting, endless day."

John, who first met Felix 63 years ago, said that the music of Delius, the organ, and French music were the great things in his life. Felix had arrived home one evening in April 1929 to find his mother, Araxi, listening, on their crystal set, to that same final section of the work in a broadcast from the Delius Festival on the 2LO radio station. From then on, Delius's music became one of the great loves of his life.

The baritone Gordon Honey then recalled his time as a tenant of Araxi, and often meeting Felix at Novello's when collecting miniature scores; he particularly remembered an occasion when Felix had arrived wearing different coloured socks, and asked to borrow Gordon's because he would be on public view! Next, Danny Gillingwater sang Peter Warlock's song *My Own Country*, which includes the words "I shall go without companions, and with nothing in my hand…….until I come to my own country which is a pleasant land," and ends "When I get to my own country I shall lie down and sleep, and then I shall dream, forever and all, a good dream and deep."

In a touching tribute, Felix's nephew Stevan Brown said Felix was like a second father to him, and reminded us that, although Armenian, he became more English than the English. He remembered visits to the local 'greasy spoon' café for 'Spotted Dick' and custard (puddings being an especial delight to Felix), and Felix's love of company, particularly at the family home, 8 Methuen Park. His generosity, wit, wisdom and great kindness were well known, as was his black, red silk-lined cloak

which often drew the comment "Here comes the *Sunday Times Colour Supplement*" – for he was, of course, their deputy classical music critic for many years. Stevan ended "How we shall miss him." Denby Richards added a further tribute, telling us of humorous incidents at his home, and reminding us that, although self-taught, Felix was more professional than the professionals.

David Liddle, one of Felix's 'live-in' protégés, played J.S. Bach's *Choral Prelude BWV 736, Valet will ich dir gehen*, and John Amis then contributed some further reminiscences – how Felix loved playing the 'Gonzales' chamber organ he had inherited from the French composer Andre Marchal, and the two pianos in other parts of the house; of Felix's mother and his sisters at 8 Methuen Park, and how cooking exotic dishes became another interest; how Felix's massive collection of scores and other material 'grew upwards' from the kitchen and into a rooftop loft – so that 'The House of Usher,' as No. 8 became known, was always threatening to fall; and how at one stage Felix had shaved off his beard – which he had once said was grown in tribute to Beecham – but his friends said he looked ghastly without it, and it re-appeared to remain an essential part of his public persona.

Finally, the committal – to the Sarabande from Bach's *Suite No. 6* for solo cello (*BWV1012*) – as John bade a final farewell with the words "We are all richer by your friendship, and music by your talents. Goodbye Felix, and thank you".

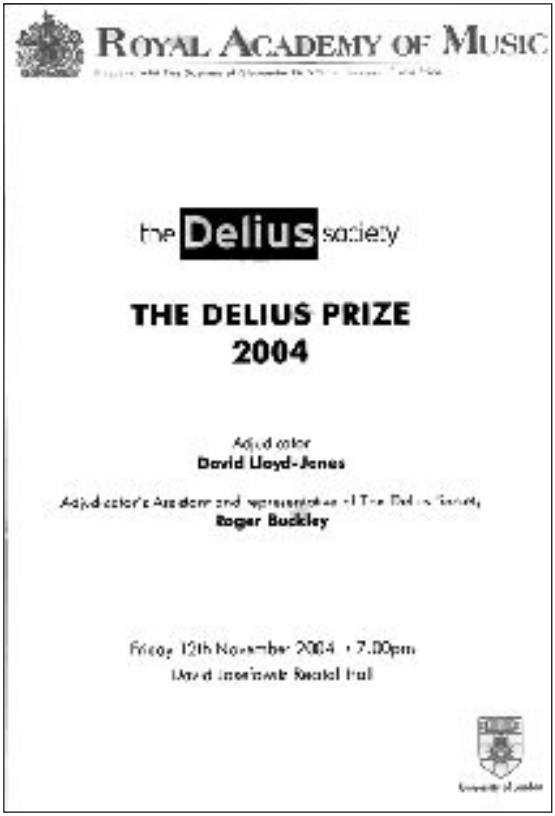
Brian Radford

Very sadly. Meredith Davies, a noted conductor of Delius's music, and one of the Society's Vice-Presidents, died on 9th March 2005. The news was received too late to include tributes in this issue of the Journal, but they will certainly appear in the next one.

THE INAUGURAL DELIUS PRIZE COMPETITION

On the evening of Friday 12th November 2004, the Chairman of the Society, Roger Buckley, welcomed an enthusiastic and appreciative audience to the final of the inaugural Delius Prize competition, held in the David Josefowitz Recital Hall at the Royal Academy of Music. Roger gave an especially warm welcome to Mrs Ursula Vaughan Williams, a good friend of the Society. He went on to say that only through the generosity of a recent legacy left by the late Rodney Meadows, for many years the Chairman of the Society, had it become possible for the first time to contemplate the establishment of a Delius Prize at a centre of musical education.

He explained that the Royal Academy of Music had been chosen because of its historical connection with Delius through Sir Thomas Armstrong (Principal of the RAM from 1955 to 1968), and Eric Fenby (who was Professor of Harmony at the RAM from 1964 to 1977). The aim of the Prize, he said, was to stimulate in young musicians an interest in performing the music of Delius. For the benefit of the several students present, he explained that, although Delius was born in England, he had spent much of his life abroad in the USA, Scandinavia and France, and should not therefore perhaps be considered as essentially an English composer.


ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

the Delius society

THE DELIUS PRIZE
2004

Adjudicator
David Lloyd-Jones

Adjudicator's Assistant and representative of The Delius Society,
Roger Buckley

Friday 12th November 2004 · 7.00pm
David Josefowitz Recital Hall

The Adjudicator of the competition was the distinguished conductor and Chairman of The Delius Trust, David Lloyd-Jones, and the programmes of the

four finalists and their accompanists were as follows:

1. Pedro Meireles (violin)
   Agnieszka Panasiuk (piano)

   Delius — Sonata for Violin and Piano No 3

2. Rebecca Hewes (cello)
   Russell Hepplewhite (piano)

   Delius — Romance
   Sonata for Cello and Piano

3. Katherine Bond (soprano)
   Joseph Middleton (piano)

   Debussy — C'est l'extase langoureuse
   Delius — Il pleure dans mon coeur
   Debussy — Chevaux de bois
   Delius — Le ciel est par-dessus le toit
   Debussy — Green
   Delius — Avant que tu ne t'en ailles
   Debussy — Spleen

4. David Worswick (violin)
   Neil Georgeson (piano)

   Delius — Sonata for Violin and Piano No 2
   Britten — Suite for Violin and Piano op 6 - *Waltz*

The performance by Pedro Meireles, after a tentative start, was both spirited and technically assured; his rapport with Agnieszka Panasiuk pleasing to both see and hear. Dictated to Eric Fenby in 1930, the third violin sonata was one of the last works to be completed by Delius, and his only sonata to be composed in three movements. Pedro Meireles was at his best in the second of these, marked *Andante scherzando*, where he brought a hint of Iberian sunshine into the infectious rhythms surrounding that seemingly Scottish folk tune at the sonata's heart. Elsewhere in this essentially wistful, valedictory piece, the spirit of Delius eluded both players; perhaps hardly surprising when one considers, as the

Neil Georgeson, Russell Hepplewhite, Rebecca Hewes, Joseph Middleton, Katherine Bond, Pedro Meirles & Agnieszka Panasiuk.

late Christopher Palmer had it, that 'few composers are more reliant than Delius on the sympathetic musicianship, as opposed to merely technical expertise, of their interpreters, particularly in respect of his chamber music and songs'. Delius was, in Fenby's words, 'an artist in the poetry of sound', but the subtleties of that poetry are unlikely to be obvious to young players unfamiliar with Delius's intentions or 'Fenby's way' with those intentions.

Rebecca Hewes, ably accompanied by Russell Hepplewhite, proved herself a committed and skilful cellist, well able to cope with the technical demands of the Sonata. Both players gave maximum concentration to the task in hand, eyes firmly fixed on the scores before them, but, perhaps as a result of this, missed something of the poetic and imaginative sound world of Delius.

Katharine Bond's recital with Joseph Middleton was a delight. She is a good communicator, a rare quality in young artists, and explained to the audience that her choice of repertoire was prompted by the fact that

Malcolm Smith, David Lloyd-Jones, Lyndon Jenkins & Charles Barnard

in setting French verse Delius had turned to a single poet, Verlaine. She had therefore decided to link three of the resultant songs with four of Debussy's Verlaine settings. These choices, which she had committed to memory, were well suited to her lovely voice; although not large, it is of crystalline purity, and her diction is excellent.

The partnership of David Worswick and Neil Georgeson generated music making of a very high order. This could not have been predicted from the outset when, arriving on the platform, Worswick presented his back to the audience for a seeming age whilst he tuned his violin. Amends were made for that initial discourtesy, however, in an absolutely superb realisation of Delius's second sonata of 1923, the shortest of the three. Playing from memory, both violinist and accompanist thrilled their audience with a dazzling performance: equal to the very best and absolutely true to the spirit of Delius.

In the last year of Delius's life, 1934, Benjamin Britten and his mother set off on a European trip. They spent some time in Vienna, where Britten, who was 21 years old, had hoped to meet Alban Berg — but was disappointed to learn that the composer was away from the city. Working in his hotel room, Britten began his suite for violin and piano, which includes the

technically very demanding movement in the form of a Viennese waltz that David Worswick and Neil Georgeson chose as the second piece in their recital. Every bit as unconventional as Ravel's *La Valse*, albeit very different in style, Britten's *Waltz* tested Worswick's technique to the limit. There was a moment of anxiety when, after only a few bars, he came adrift. But there was no need to worry: totally unruffled, the players began again — and completed the work faultlessly, their breathtaking virtuosity greeted by very well deserved and rapturous applause.

In his summing up, David Lloyd-Jones thanked the Delius Society for making this valuable prize available to students of the RAM. He said that there had initially been 11 competitors, and that choosing a winner from the 4 finalists had been extremely hard. He pointed out that competitors had been required to present music by Delius of at least 10 minutes duration, and that they had also been permitted to add music by Delius's contemporaries. Unfortunately, the Delius content of Katherine Bond's recital had fallen rather short of the required 10 minutes, and he explained to David Worswick that although their lives overlapped, Benjamin Britten could not exactly be described as a contemporary of Delius. Having thanked all of the finalists and the accompanists for their hard work, he invited Roger Buckley to present the prize of £1,000 to David Worswick.

The inaugural Delius Prize competition has been a great success. It has established a valuable precedent and has certainly stimulated interest in Delius among the young competitors who took part, more than one of whom said that they would certainly look forward to performing his music in the future. If the shade of Eric Fenby still walks the corridors of the Royal Academy of Music, he will surely be applauding.

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David Lloyd-Jones and the Prizewinner, David Worswick

"My surprise and excitement can be imagined when I received a thrilling letter from Mrs Delius, telling me that the 3rd Sonata was just completed, with the aid of Eric Fenby, and inviting me to go for a "nice long visit". I stayed for a fortnight, just at the most perfect time of year, when the weather was glorious and Spring had burst into rapture, so that the whole garden was a maze of blossom and a vision of colour. One's heart ached to think of Delius, of all people, sitting blind amidst all the beauty around him, though he would talk of the different flowers, the river and the garden, as if he were looking at them. Fenby and I played him the new Sonata almost every day, as well as the other two Violin Sonatas….."

May Harrison – The Royal College of Music Magazine,1937 No 2

COMING TO AMERICA?

Delius's War, Horatio Parker, and *Two Songs for Children*

Professor J. Bennett Tyre[1]

Many readers of this Journal know that the upheaval of the First World War dramatically, if only temporarily, affected the lives of Frederick and Jelka Delius: the German advance into France in September 1914 and the Deliuses' harrowing evacuation of Grez-sur-Loing; suspicions among Grez's townspeople about the composer's "Germanness" and questions about his national allegiances; the plan, subsequently aborted, to move to America; the adjustment to a post-war world and the early signs of illness. In recent years, Don Gillespie and Robert Beckhard have examined one part of this story, Delius's reception in America during the war and his interaction with critics and musicians in the States.[2] Their work, combined with Lionel Carley's masterful edition of Delius's correspondence and investigation of primary sources, enables us to consider in greater detail the composer's intention to emigrate at the time of the war and his relationship with one of the most important American composers of the period, Horatio Parker.[3] Parker met Delius in 1913 and carried on a brief correspondence with him until at least October 1914. The acquaintanceship did not result in a move to the U.S., but it did produce the captivating *Two Songs for Children.*[4] These songs, though intended primarily for pedagogical use, express very adult and characteristically Delian themes – the transience of life and the inevitable passing of time – using a late-romantic topoi that the composer helped to define. At some temporal distance, with the license of hindsight, we can interpret them, moreover, as a farewell to innocence in the pre-war period.

The impact of the war upon Delius ranged from mild inconvenience to life threatening menace, and it surely briefly harmed his creative spirit. At the beginning of the period things were going remarkably well for the composer. January 1914 saw the premières of *On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring* and *Summer Night on the River* in Britain. In February the Deliuses were in Wiesbaden and Frankfurt for performances of *A Mass of Life.* Plans were in the works for a staging of *Fennimore and Gerda* at

Cologne in the autumn and for *A Village Romeo and Juliet* at Wiesbaden the following year. Philip Heseltine was working on his book about his increasingly popular friend, whose ascendancy had reached even to the Ballets Russes, where Nijinsky was expressing interest in the first *Dance Rhapsody.* The capstone of the year was to be an all-Delius concert in Bradford that would include *A Mass of Life.*[5]

Delius was also busy composing in 1914. He would complete the First Violin Sonata and two movements of the *North Country Sketches,* and would continue work on the *Requiem,* perhaps his strongest commentary on the folly of the dreadful events that were unfolding by August and September.[6] Such violence and mindlessness must have been traumatic for Delius, who was particularly sensitive to the inner life, to nature and natural rhythms, whose music reveals things intangible, and above all, beautiful. War speaks a different, more earthbound language. Delius was also a master of the tragic, and a keen observer of human psychology, which no doubt worsened his experience of the conflict. Even before the fighting officially began, he wrote to Heseltine with fears of war "knock[ing] all Art and Music on the head for years"; moreover, as his correspondence with Horatio Parker attests, Delius soon felt enervated, even paralyzed by events.[7]

In the opening weeks of the war, rumors of atrocities committed by both sides ran rampant. As the Kaiser's army moved forward into France, the Deliuses, like many of the inhabitants of Grez, feared the worst, and so the decision was made to leave. A flood of Belgian and French refugees into the town, and word that the English army was moving into Fontainbleau, made it clear that an immediate escape was necessary. In letters to Norman O'Neill and Philip Heseltine, Delius related details of the flight on September 5, when he, Jelka, and sixty others made the nearly seventeen-hour trip to Orléans by cattle truck. Arriving in the middle of the night with nowhere to lodge, the couple slept on a park bench. The Germans were subsequently repelled, and things in Grez were back to normal soon, but the horrific sight of wounded soldiers (some having had limbs amputated) in Orléans left its mark on the composer. "We are thinking of going to America until all this is over," wrote Delius to Heseltine on October 26. "I am entirely sick of it."[8]

It appears that, during a few weeks in October 1914, the composer was seriously weighing his options and prospects for making considerable

Delius in 1914

changes in his life and career. In the event, the Deliuses would accept Sir Thomas Beecham's offer to stay at his home in London, and in a property he rented for them in Watford. In a letter of 25 October 1914, the conductor discouraged a move to the States. He planned on organizing performances in Britain that would keep Delius before the public eye, and which required him to be "in evidence as an 'English' composer."[9] Beecham's use of "'English' composer" here raises the issue, problematic at the time of the war, of the Deliuses' national allegiance. With the outbreak of hostilities, the topic caused some stir among the couple's neighbours in Grez, and a new and chilly attitude toward the composer and his wife became apparent in the town. There was talk of spying – based entirely on the fact that Delius had contacts in Germany – and doubts about Jelka's nationality. Perhaps as a response, or as a somewhat anxious expression of their cosmopolitanism, the Deliuses colorfully decorated their house with flags from around the world.[10]

In a letter of February 1915, the composer's friend Guy Maynard wrote to the painter Matthew Smith: "I heard something, I don't know where, of [the Deliuses] going to America. Though it seems rapidly becoming as unhealthy for Germans there as everywhere else."[11] Maynard suggests that it wasn't uncommon to think of the composer as German – no doubt because of his family's origins. A few months later, the subject resurfaced in a communication from Percy Grainger to Delius about comments made to the New York press. "Earlier in the winter I did speak of you as 'Anglo-German,'" wrote Grainger, "but will not do so any more, and have written

to interviewers etc. to omit it if not already printed."[12] The statement reads like a reply to instructions, perhaps a response to Delius' expressed aversion to labels of any kind.

The problem of identity clearly remained unsettled in more than one mind. In an article written for the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* in 1919, Delius showed how unappealing such matters must have been to him. Discussing music in England during the war, the composer revealed his disdain for putting such brutally mundane topics as politics in company with music. "Perhaps the one most gratifying thing during the war has been to see how little affected musicians and the great concert-going public have been by chauvinism," he declared. "An attempt to boycott all German music, including Wagner, was completely unsuccessful."[13] The public had remained enthusiastic about the Wagner evenings given regularly at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts, in spite of an effort to shut them down. As Delius pointed out, "living composers, however, have not been performed," which suggests that the British music world of the period, like its counterpart in France, made a distinction between the highly esteemed, past accomplishments of the Austro-German tradition and the modern products of the destructive Reich.[14] Delius blamed the press and "a few of our mediocre composers" for spreading anti-German-music propaganda. His article's concluding pronouncement – "neither musicians nor audiences in England will tolerate nationalism and chauvinism in music" – may have placed a more attractive spin on what, for him, had been a troubling situation; it nevertheless shows Delius hopeful, and faithful to an art he placed above all else.

The idea of moving to America, or at least of spending significant time there, may have came from Grainger, who saw great possibilities for Delius's music in the States. Throughout this period, Grainger encouraged conductors such as Damrosch and Stransky in New York, Stokowski in Philadelphia, and Stock in Chicago to undertake the composer's works. In 1915, the New York Philhamonic would perform the *Piano Concerto*, with Grainger as soloist; the New York Symphony Society would give *Summer Night on the River* and *On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring;* and the *Dance Rhapsody* would be heard in Minneapolis.[15] As early as 30 August 1914, two days before he himself left for America, Grainger wrote to Delius, "*Take my advice, don't remain in Grez* . . . . Don't wait for a panic near you. Leave *now* for England and from here to U.S.A."[16] And in

November he would write: "I cannot help feeling that your presence here (in this elsewhere barren period) might wake up the handling of your works splendidly."[17] In 1915 Grainger would predict a "boom" in Delius's popularity in the United States; but the progressively growing danger of U-boat attack would change his mind on the matter of a trip across the Atlantic. "But *don't* risk your life coming across the seas *anywhere* till the war's over," he wrote the composer in June.[18]

Delius followed Grainger's advice and decided to wait. Although subsequent correspondence shows a continuing interest in moving to America, over time it became apparent that such a trip was not going to occur. "I should love to come out to America again," wrote Delius in September 1915.[19] From November of that year we read: "We shall not leave Grez now until the war is over: travelling is really too difficult."[20] Nearly a year later, we find that the move is still being planned. "I shall not budge from here until I take the boat for America," states a letter to Grainger on 5 October 1916.[21] At the time, Delius' music was gaining popularity in the U.S., largely through efforts by Grainger, and by Henry and Marie Clews.[22] There were hopes the war might end soon, and Delius wanted to engage Stokowski and Muck for performances of *A Mass of Life, A Village Romeo and Juliet,* and *Life's Dance* during the 1917-1918 seasons in Philadelphia and Boston. Delius, Jelka, and the Clews would be present -- all provided the war ended, which it didn't. Indeed the war only intensified during this time, as the U.S. entered. And so the trip was put off indefinitely. Delius's works, among them *In a Summer Garden* and *Life's Dance,* were heard in New York in 1918, but without their composer in attendance.[23]

The concluding months of the war were marked by illness and recovery in a sanatorium, financial worries, and the aggravation of having to clean up after French troops who had vandalized the house at Grez during the Deliuses' absence.[24] In December of 1918, with the conflict finally over, Grainger once more began encouraging Delius to move. Stransky recently had directed the New York Philharmonic in *Life's Dance* to great acclaim. Grainger included press clippings of the event in his letter of 15 December. "By all this you will see that the moment is absolutely ripe for you over here."[25] Again, the projected trip did not occur. The matter then appears to have been dropped until 1923, when Jelka promised Grainger that she and her husband would travel to America for performances of *The Song of*

the High Hills, to be given in April 1924.[26] Now not war, but illness and the recommendations of doctors would prevent the trip altogether. Jelka's letter to Grainger of 24 February 1924, in which she mentions that Delius is to undergo treatment for paralysis, gave the final word on the matter: "I know dear Percy, best of friends, that if his cure must be done first and this journey postponed to next year – you will understand. . . . It would be lovely to stay with you and hear all this music and hear you conducting. Well we must see."[27]

Horatio Parker

Gillespie and Beckhard have shown that Delius pursued Grainger's suggestion to emigrate to his contacts in America, among them Horatio Parker. Though somewhat overlooked today, Parker was a significant figure in American music at the turn of the twentieth century. He will probably always be remembered as the teacher of Charles Ives, if for nothing else. Born in Massachusetts in 1863, Parker first studied music with his mother, then with George Chadwick, another major American composer of the period, in Boston. Like many of their colleagues, both Chadwick

and Parker received training in Europe, the latter with Rheinberger at the Munich Conservatory during the early 1880s. For much of his career, Parker worked as an organist and director at a number of churches in New York City, as well as at the famed Trinity Church in Boston. He also taught briefly at the National Conservatory during Dvorák's administration before becoming a professor, and later Dean, at Yale University. A composer of works from almost every genre, Parker excelled in the oratorio. His *Hora Novissima,* performed at Worcester under his own direction in 1899, was the first work of its kind by an American composer to be given at the Three Choirs Festival. His *A Wanderer's Psalm* was commissioned expressly for the 1900 Three Choirs Festival at Hereford. In 1902, yet another oratorio, *The Legend of St. Christopher* was heard in Worcester and Bristol.[28]

From the 1890s until World War I, Parker regularly visited England, France, and Germany, on vacation or academic sabbatical.[29] An extended trip to Europe occurred in the winter of 1912-13. The publisher Silver-Burdett hired Parker as editor for a new collection of pedagogical songs, *The Progressive Music Series,* which was designed to teach basic music skills to children using tunes by important contemporary artists.[30] Parker was responsible for contacting and commissioning prospective composers, as well as for editing their submissions. His diaries from this period reveal interviews with many well-known musicians, among them Bruch, Humperdinck, Grainger, Elgar, Stanford, Debussy, Widor, Reger, Sibelius, and Richard Strauss. One entry, dated 21 January 1913 states, "called on Delius."[31] This meeting took place in Munich the day after a performance of *A Mass of Life,*[32] and may have been arranged to discuss the *Progressive Music Series.* A letter mentioned in Parker's diary entry of 16 February might fill in some details of this meeting, but it has not been located. Another possibly informative letter from Delius, also missing, was noted by Parker on 19 October. Unfortunately, no letters from Parker to Delius seem to have survived.

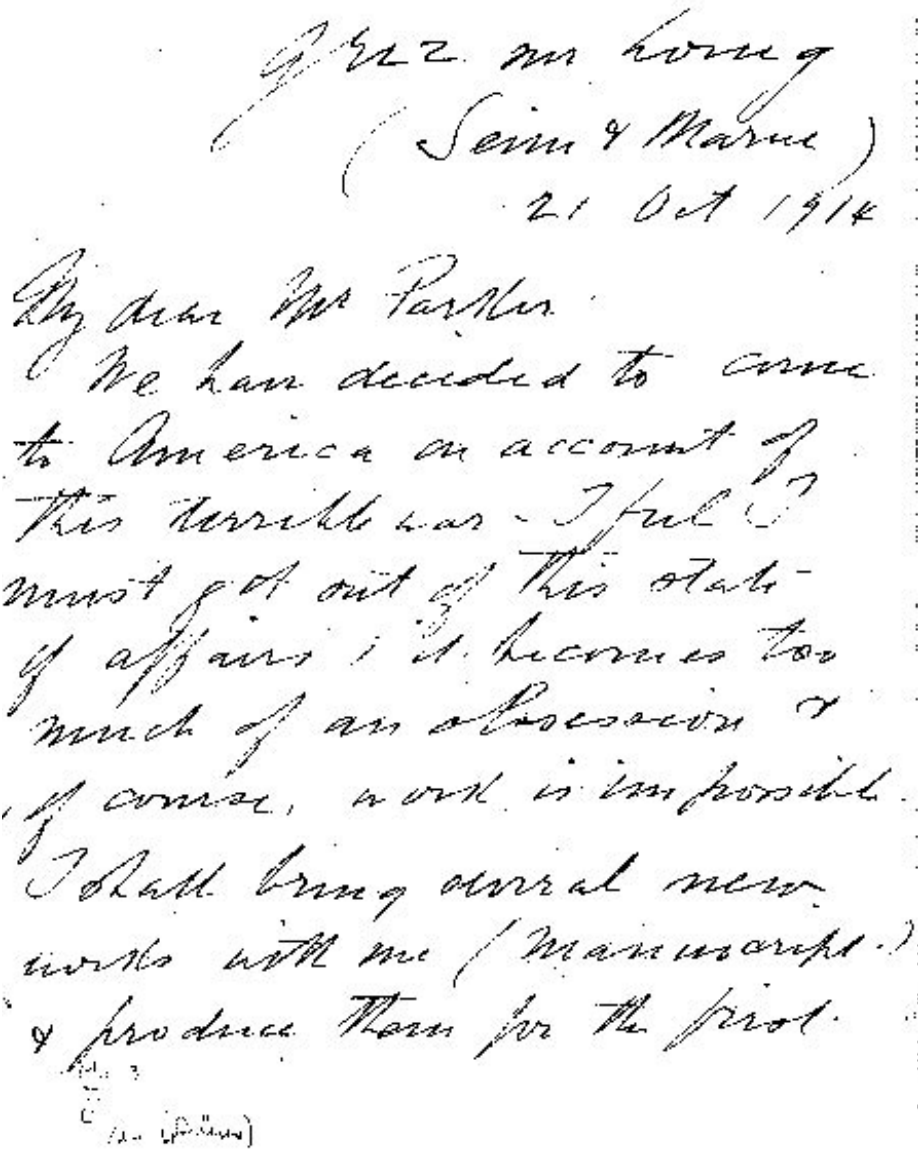
Delius's extant letters to the American composer, written in 1913 and 1914, deal with Parker's score of his opera *Mona Vanna* (a copy of which was sent to Delius), with a performance in Paris of *Appalachia* – later described by Delius as "2nd rate" and "awful"[33] – and with Parker's complaints about the high price of renting orchestral parts for Delius's works.[34] These shed no light on the commission for the children's songs, but do help us determine that the two composers had become friendly acquaintances.

The last known correspondence occurred in October 1914. The Deliuses had just returned to Grez after the harrowing escape to Orléans and were considering the move to the U.S. Delius planned to present new works in the States, to conduct and teach. He wondered if he would need an agent and asked for Parker's advice. He declared that "all music is dead in Europe," and in the opening of the letter, which perhaps is most significant to our narrative and goes unmentioned by Gillespie and Beckhard, we read a rather personal admission that reveals Delius's prime motivation for wanting to leave Europe: "I feel I must get out of this state of affairs; it becomes too much of an obsession and, of course, work is impossible."

Music, rather than emigration, however, resulted from the Delius/Parker friendship: the two songs *Little Birdie*, and *The Streamlet's Slumber Song.*[35] On the surface, these appear typical for their genre, yet they spring from a philosophical and clearly adult nature. Evocations of the idyllic days of childhood and youth from an adult perspective are common enough – one thinks of piano works by Schumann, Tchaikovsky, Bizet, and Debussy. Delius's settings of Tennyson's and May Morgan's poetry follow in a similar vein, in that they present a memory of childhood to the grown-up, but their expression of a desire to preserve this childhood against the onslaught of the future resonates in a distinctly Delian manner. Stasis, tinged with what we today hear as the composer's pervasive sense of nostalgia, informs these songs for children. The apparently naive texts provide Delius with material for developing irony, longing, and bittersweet remembrance among adult listeners. In *Little Birdie*, drawn from Tennyson's *Sea Dreams* (1860), gentle admonishments to the baby in the nest and the baby in the cradle remind the knowing listener:

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away!
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger!
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away!
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger!
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.



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The promise of nature and life, but also an accompanying loss, emerge in these very simple strophes through the agency of Delius's rich, complex harmonies. Set for unison voices, the music begins with the questioning "chirp" of a dominant ninth chord, followed by the melody – phrases of narrow range built of thirds, fourths, and fifths:

Ex. 1: *Little Birdie* bars 1-3:

The home key of G major, maintained over the course of the tune, is inflected in a number of interesting ways. For example, submediant motion lowers the tone, but frees the melody to rise, at "let me fly, says little birdie" and helps to prepare what Alan Jefferson referred to as Delius' characteristic chromatic "slide" – chromatically descending sixths in inner voices over a descending bass line at the words "Birdie, rest a little longer" (Ex. 2).[36]

Ex. 2: *Little Birdie* bars 10-13:

This slide leads to a remarkable moment at the words "Till the little wings are stronger!/Till the little limbs are stronger!" An appoggiatura C# in the melody (doubled in the accompaniment) clashes with the tonic chord and then is immediately followed in its resolution by the wistful gesture D-F#-E on the dominant ninth chord in A. A nod to A minor results, but no key change occurs. The chromatic descent continues at "So she rests a little longer/If she sleeps a little longer," now creating a string of non-resolving dominant chords within a basic cadential context. Here Delius breathes new life into harmonic convention. The incompleteness subtly evoked by this progression underscores the text's suggestion of inevitability and expectation, an expectation that is met one bar later at "Then she flies away/Baby too shall fly away."

This final phrase (Ex. 3), leads to a return of the questioning, twittering figure, which initially introduced baby's strophe. In this way, Delius begins the song with its ending, so to speak, and in hindsight this has the effect of confusing our sense of time in a poetic manner similar to that found in a Lied by Schumann, such as "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," from *Dichterliebe*. In the relaxed cadence that closes Delius' song, the birdlike triplet figure returns one last time, to be answered softly by its imitation on the tonic chord:

Ex. 3: *Little Birdie* bars 16-19:

Grace notes in the accompaniment at the opening and closing of this song suggest a relationship to the dramatic appoggiatura mentioned earlier – evidence of Delius' integration of melodic, harmonic, and formal elements. These seemingly ornamental figures also color the harmonic 'wash' of the texture, and help to lighten the somewhat square rhythms of the tune,

which obviously was composed with the pedagogical objectives of Parker's series in mind. The simplicity of the tune is no fault, however, but serves the musical expression of the text by setting Delius's sophisticated harmonic language in relief.

All is warm and breezy summer in the second number, *The Streamlet's Slumber Song*:

While beneath a cloudless sky
Swallows over meadows fly,
Bees are droning lazy tunes
Through the sultry noons.
Drowsily I flow along,
Murmuring my sleepy song,
Slower, softer still it sighs,
To a whisper dies.

While among the new-mown grass,
Crickets cry, "Ah soon alas!
Bee and brook will sing no more,
Summer will be o'er."
Drowsily I flow along,
Murmuring my sleepy song,
Slower, softer still it sighs,
To a whisper dies.

Delius, the master painter of such scenes, takes us directly to the heart of the poem's meaning by introducing at the outset a continuous rocking accompaniment pattern – the slow wave motion of the stream, the gentle pace of summer, and the inevitable cycles of nature and the seasons:

Ex. 4: *The Streamlet's Slumber Song* bars 2-4:

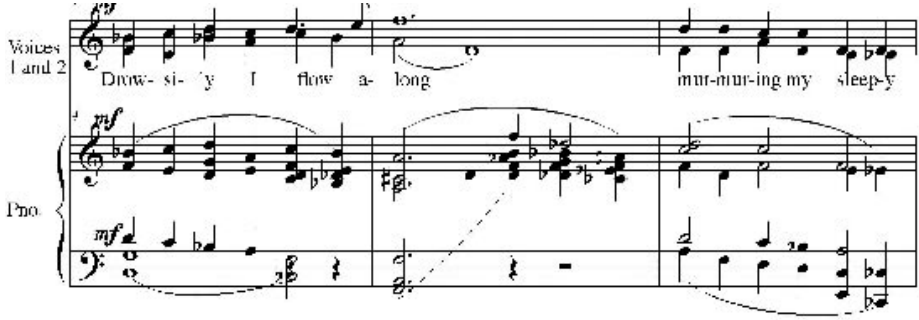
The tune, set in a verse-refrain format for two-part chorus, is once again narrow in scope but broad in expression. The voices generally run parallel to each other, often in fourths or fifths that, mirroring the left hand in the piano part, add to the rocking motion of the waters and enhance the pastoral, "cloudless sky" quality of the music. The movement of alternating

fourths and fifths obviously also suggests the droning of the bees. The modal character of much of the music is countered by the composer's trademark chromaticism, which smooths out, but also motivates, the texture, and works in the voices at key moments to express longing and even sadness. Note, for example, the chromatically directed dissonance in the upper voice at the words "Ah soon alas," where the D minor tonality of the song begins to wander toward the mediant, F major, a key that emerges more prominently as the song progresses. Even more effective is the lamenting drop in the second voice at "summer will be o'er" (Ex. 5). Here, Delius's chromatic slide underscores the motion C#-G#-G-F, a gesture somewhat reminiscent of the descending fourth often associated with sorrow in madrigals of the Renaissance period:

Ex. 5: *The Streamlet's Slumber Song* bars 7-8:

The mood changes and the texture thickens when the stream itself enters in song at "Drowsily I flow along, murmuring my sleepy song". Chromatic sliding now flows sequentially under the brook's rising tune:

Ex. 6: *The Streamlet's Slumber Song* bars 9-11:



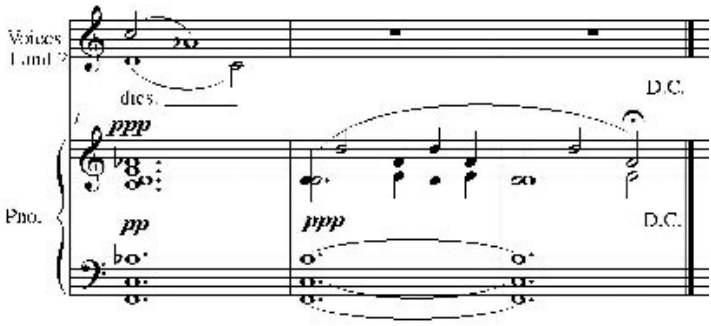
The voices also flow, sometimes close together, and sometimes crossing before parting again. The harmony retains elements of the home key (such as the biting C# in the accompaniment on the syllable "-long"), but now operates more clearly in F major, colored by passing plagal gestures. D minor now reoccurs mainly as a submediant referent, though in its strengthening toward the end of the song, Delius challenges our ears to determine the work's primary tonal center.

All voices and accompaniment lines descend plaintively as the stream sings "murmuring my sleepy song." A subtle irony and drama permeate this moment: the stream flows calmly, but because it has been anthropomorphized, and because of what follows in the music, a sense of melancholy arises. Now the melody broadens and the dynamic drops (Ex. 7), as the interval of the augmented fourth/diminished fifth characterizes the text at "Slower, softer still it sighs, to a whisper dies."

Ex. 7: *The Streamlet's Slumber Song* bars 13-14:

An illusory resolution of this traditionally dissonant interval in the second voice and accompaniment helps bring back the stream's rocking motion after the arresting parallelisms that escort the word "Slower." For a moment, a return of the original key seems imminent, but any brightness recalled by its dominant chord fades by the time we reach the word "dies." At this point (Ex. 8), just before the work closes – and notice that the accompaniment, not the voices, provides closure – we hear a very characteristically Delian gesture: a descending octave and subsequent ascent.

Ex. 8: *The Streamlet's Slumber Song* bars 17-19:



Here the pattern occurs as a falling octave mediated by a minor third (C-Ab in the first voice), followed by the rise of one step (C-D, begun by the second voice and completed in the accompaniment). Something similar occurs in the melodic contour of the primary motto in *Songs of Sunset*, though the intervals of descent and ascent within the octave are different and vary over the course of the cycle. In the first choral number of the *Songs*, for example, the descent is C-Bb, down an octave to C, then up to G; in the fifth and eighth movements, the pattern is transposed, while in the sixth, it appears as E-C-E-A. Both the *Songs* and *The Streamlet* sing of endings, rather than beginnings, and of a sweet enervation that Delius could raise to epic level. As the streamlet's song ends, the D that completes the motive initiates a varied repetition of the opening introduction and a final assertion of the D minor tonality, which, influenced by our memory of the earlier focus on F, is heard differently now, as though through a Proustian théâtrophone. Again, Delius's complex harmonic language enriches a simple text and tune, drawing out subtleties of meaning and expression in his individualized manner.

To a great extent, features of both songs represent Delius's unique style in miniature: the emphasis on harmony, and not melody, in the technical foundation of the music; the concision and intensity of expression; even the falling bass line characteristic of much larger works such as *Sea-Drift* or *Brigg Fair.*[37] The listener will be struck, however, not so much by the intricacy of Delius's harmonies or the integration of text, tone and expression (undoubtedly important for understanding the composer's technique), but by the difficulty with which he or she awakes from the

dream this music induces. Within the context of the war and the Delius/Parker relationship, such a dream allows us to indulge our imaginations, and hear these songs of childhood as foreshadowing a day when baby would fly the nest to the battlefield, and sadly, the lazy, beautiful summer of 1914 would end.

(Endnotes)

[1] Professor Tyre is Assistant Professor of Music History at The State University of Potsdam in New York.

[2] Don Gillespie and Robert Beckhard, "On Hearing the First Delius in America: Critical Reaction to Frederick Delius's Music in the United States 1909-1920," in Lionel Carley, ed., *Frederick Delius: Music, Art and Literature* (Aldershot: Ashgate, 1998) 57-98.

[3] Lionel Carley, *Delius: A Life in Letters, 1909-1934* (London and Aldershot: Delius Trust and Scolar Press, 1988).

[4] V/29 in Robert Threlfall, *A Catalogue of the Compositions of Frederick Delius* (London: Delius Trust, 1977) 119.

[5] Carley 116-117.

[6] Ibid.

[7] Ibid., 136.

[8] Carley 141.

[9] Ibid., 139.

[10] Ibid., 138, 168. The spy story comes from Hilma Brooks, the daughter of Francis Chadwick and wife of Alden Brooks, who were among the Deliuses' neighbours at Grez.

[11] Carley 138, 125. Maynard was an American painter and another neighbour at Grez. Smith lived in Grez for a short time in 1912-13 and made return visits over subsequent years.

[12] Ibid., 151.

[13] Delius, *Musikblätter des Anbruch* 1.1 (November 1919): 18-19, in Carley 207-208.

[14] For discussion of reactions to the Austro-German tradition in France, see Jess Tyre, "The Reception of German Instrumental Music in France between 1870 and 1914," diss., Yale University, 2000.

[15] Carley, 146.

[16] Ibid., 141.

[17] Ibid., 141-142.
[18] Carley 151.
[19] Ibid., 153.
[20] Ibid., 155.
[21] Carley 170.
[22] Ibid., 160-161.
[23] Ibid., 185. Henry Clews (1876-1937) was a wealthy American financier-turned-sculptor of some renown, who probably met Delius in Venice in 1912. His wife Marie (1880-1959) hailed from a prominent Philadelphia family, and they made several visits to Grez (See Carley Plates 22 & 23).They supported Delius' music in the U.S. through contacts with friends such as Stokowski. Sometime around 1916 Henry sculpted his exquisite mask of the composer (See Plate 17 in Carley and p70 in Carley & Robert Threlfall, *Delius: A Life in Pictures* (Thames Publishing, 1983). The Deliuses occasionally stayed with the Clews in their lavish home during visits to Paris. See Carley 160, 171, 205-206.
[24] Carley 185-186.
[25] Ibid., 197-198.
[26] Ibid., 262.
[27] Carley 288.
[28] For the most current biography of Parker, see William Kearns, *Horatio Parker: His Life, Music, and Ideas,* Composers of North America, No. 6 (Metuchen, New Jersey and London: Scarecrow Press, 1990).
[29] Kearns 16, 45.
[30] Ibid., 32. See Horatio Parker *et al.,* eds., *The Progressive Series for Basal Use in Primary, Intermediate, and Grammar Grades,* 8 vols. (Boston and New York: Silver-Burdett, 1914-1919).
[31] Horatio Parker Papers, MSS 32, VA, Yale University Music Library.
[32] Carley 97.
[33] Carley 107.
[34] Parker Papers, MSS 32, IIB, Yale University Music Library; see Gillespie and Beckhard (70-72) for further discussion and partial excerpts.
[35] Only "Little Birdie" appeared in Book Two of the *Progressive Music Series.* Threlfall (119) mentions a letter of 1913 from Delius to the publisher Silver-Burdett, as well as an unlocated autograph fair copy, possibly sent to the publisher. Both songs were published in *The Oxford Choral Songs* in 1924. The words and musical examples are printed here by kind permission of Oxford University Press.
[36] Alan Jefferson, *Delius* (London: J.M. Dent and Sons, 1971) 100.

[37] These qualities have been analyzed by Jefferson 97; Deryck Cooke, "Delius and Form: A Vindication," *The Musical Times* (June-July, 1962); "Delius: A Centenary Evaluation," in *Vindications: Essays on Romantic Music* (London: Faber and Faber, 1982) 116-122.

[If any Member is interested, I have full lists of all Delius's songs that are currently available in print in the UK. Unfortunately neither *Little Birdie* nor *The Streamlet's Slumber Song* are. Ed]

Bay Street, Jacksonville, in the 1870s. In the street were a number of music stores and it was in one of them, Merriday & Paine's, that Delius is said to have met Thomas Ward.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE, PLUS C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE?

Two assessments of Delius's position in the musical world, made some 42 years apart.

[*The lecture of which the following is a transcript was given to Royal Musical Association on 18 December 1962, when the chairman for the evening was Professor Sir J A Westrup, the President of the Association. It is reprinted, with permission, from* Proceedings of The Royal Musical Association, 89 (1962-3).]

DELIUS THE UNKNOWN

The late Deryck Cooke

I must confess to feeling a certain trepidation, confronting you here this evening to talk about Frederick Delius. I could scarcely feel more uneasy if your committee had been unwise enough to let me offer you some thoughts on the art of Amy Woodforde-Finden, or Albert W. Ketélby, or Irving Berlin.

I mean this quite seriously. A profound moral issue is involved in the present controversy over Delius, underlying the purely musical one. It can hardly have escaped your notice that, in the critical reviews of the various Delius centenary offerings, certain censorious words and phrases have occurred again and again – terms like 'self-indulgence', 'luxuriating in emotion', 'wallowing in nostalgia', or – to quote a more original example – 'narcissistic improvisation'. Delius's admirers have to face the fact that in this hundredth year after his birth, the general attitude of English musicians to his art has been one of strong moral condemnation: to declare oneself a confirmed Delian today is hardly less self-defamatory than to admit to being an addict of cocaine or marihuana.

In consequence, the advocate of Delius is forced into the position of counsel for the defence in a pre-judged case; so what I have to say cannot be otherwise than disputatious – especially since certain of the judges have actually impugned the motives of Delius's supporters. For example, one critic has said:

> The centenary has shown how bitter and personally involved the lovers of [Delius's] music feel, as though defending some intimate part of their emotional lives from what they believe to be attack, but is in fact more often indifference[1].

And another critic has repeated this charge more forcibly:

> There is no great hostility to Delius, only puzzlement and indifference. The hostility is generated by his more rabid defenders, and it smokes with all the suppressed and dangerous fire of those who feel a special corner of their sensibilities threatened.[2].

These professions of indifference would command more belief if their authors had not in fact displayed their open hostility to Delius by accusing him of self-indulgence and escapism. They cannot have it both ways: they have indeed attacked Delius, and the Delius-lover has been a sufficiently naughty animal to defend the composer. But my main concern here is to repudiate the unworthy suggestion that because one defends a composer one admires - even rabidly - one is impelled by personal emotional motives. I wish to state firmly that I am not concerned with any corner of my private emotional life: any smoke or fire I may happen to give off is of that perfectly natural kind emitted by any defender of an admired composer who is under attack. I am merely reacting against the wholesale incomprehension of one whom I consider to be an outstanding genius.

This is what I mean by my title 'Delius the Unknown'. I have no intention of talking about Delius's completely neglected compositions, but only of trying to show the present lamentable state of ignorance concerning Delius the man, the artist, and his music. The second critic I have quoted has been frank enough to admit to 'puzzlement', and I would like to quote him again, to give a clear, if unwitting example of this – which will incidentally exonerate me from any suspicion of having exaggerated the moral issue. He concluded a review of *A Village Romeo and Juliet* as follows:

> Delius's Dark Fiddler offered the lovers scant temptation to love life because Delius himself could not feel the temptation; he is himself the real Dark Fiddler, luring us to turn our backs on modern life, to forget

> responsibilities and abandon aspirations, to drift in the siren flood of his music down the river to oblivion.[3]

Such a lofty moral tone in condemning a work of art can scarcely have been adopted since our Victorian grandfathers reviled Wagner for glorifying incest in *The Valkyrie* and adultery in *Tristan.* But more surprising is the totally erroneous statement that Delius himself did not love life. We have only to remember his words to Eric Fenby during his blindness and paralysis:

> So long as I can enjoy the taste of my food and drink, and hear the sound of my music, I want to live. Not being able to see does not trouble me. I have my imagination. Besides, I have seen the best of the earth, and done everything that is worth doing. I have had a wonderful life.[4]

The general ignorance of purely factual matters concerning Delius's works is no less surprising. In this centenary year, it turned out that no-one had the faintest idea who wrote the libretto of *A Village Romeo and Juliet.* Philip Heseltine, in his book, implied that Delius wrote it himself,[5] and so did Sir Thomas Beecham in his[6]; but according to Arthur Hutchings's book, the composer's wife was responsible,[7] and the compiler of the programme for the centenary production took this view. Eventually, it was made clear by Eric Fenby that the libretto was first drafted in English by C. F. Keary, who provided the book for *Koanga,* but since Delius was dissatisfied with it, he and his wife re-wrote it in German with an English translation. But even this is not the whole story, which presents the eventual definitive biographer of Delius with a thorny problem in disentangling the true facts.

As regards the music itself, the situation is more serious. Only the other day, the structure of *A Mass of Life* came in for condemnation, although the truth is that this work, for some strange reason, is always performed with the division between its two parts in the wrong place. The two parts of the work, separated by an interval, are nearly symmetrical, each consisting of five main movements: a fast and loud opening chorus, a more relaxed movement for solo baritone, a big central dance-movement, a more concentrated movement for baritone and chorus, and a final long

night-piece. This admirably balanced scheme is invariably obliterated in performance, because the opening chorus of Part II is tacked on to the end of Part I; and apart from the destruction of the symmetry, there is the equally harmful result that the quiet ending of Part I is spoilt by the addition of the loud chorus, and Part II lacks the vital opening which should offset the quiet music that follows. None of the critics who condemned the structure was aware of this, yet a similar disfiguration of, say, Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder,* would meet with a flurry of indignation.

Again, if the curtain were to rise on Scene I of *The Rake's Progress* to reveal an autumn sunset instead of a spring morning, there would be an outcry at the wanton misrepresentation of Stravinsky's dramatic and musical intentions; but when the curtain did rise on Scene I of *A Village Romeo and Juliet* this year, and revealed a dark winter afternoon instead of a golden September morning, there was not a murmur. Moreover, the fact that the farmer Manz was standing there on the stage, urging on a non-existent horse and plough, when he should have been off-stage, ploughing in the distance, passed unnoticed; and so did the keeping up of the curtain from the middle of *The Walk to the Paradise Garden* right on into the final scene, which made nonsense of the dramatic and musical structure for some twenty minutes. Indeed, this production, with its almost continuous misrepresentation of Delius's intentions, was not only swallowed whole, but was actually paid glowing compliments.

More serious still is the lack of acquaintance with Delius's major output. As an example of this, I quote our second critic again, who has offered the following general condemnation of Delius on moral and musical grounds:

> Most normal people must surely possess a little of this sense to which Delius speaks - a wistful melancholy when confronted with the passing of beauty. It is, indeed, one of the first ways in which poetic sensibility develops, though there is something mentally unhealthy about someone who allows it to dominate his whole adult being …. The music only speaks in a true, original, inventive manner when voicing regret that beauty must fade.[8]

This statement simply cannot be substantiated by an expressive classification of Delius's major output. Confining ourselves entirely to his

fully characteristic works, these are the facts. Regret over the transience of beauty (and of youth, love, and life itself, one should add – a much more comprehensive, and indeed profound theme) dominates the following works: *A Village Romeo and Juliet, Songs of Sunset, Songs of Farewell, Sea Drift, Brigg Fair, On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring,* and the *Violin Concerto*. Seven works in all, and even then we have to remember things like the jubilant greeting to death of 'Joy, Shipmate, Joy' in the *Songs of Farewell,* and the great invocation to the sun – 'Shine, shine' – in *Sea Drift.* On the opposite side, the works in which regret over transience plays little or no part are nine: the tragi-comedy opera *Fennimore & Gerda,* the 'local colour' tone poems *Appalachia* and *Paris,* the 'legendary' tone poem *Eventyr,* and all the purely hedonistic, nature-communing tone poems – *The Song of the High Hills, North Country Sketches, In a Summer Garden, A Song of Summer,* and *Summer Night on the River.* Standing apart is *A Mass of Life,* in which joy overshadows regret on a large scale, and has the final word.

I hope I have given you some idea of the extent to which the critical reaction to the Delius centenary has been bedevilled by 'puzzlement' born of 'indifference' – or, to put it more bluntly, by simple ignorance born of an apathetic lack of desire for accuracy and justice. What it amounts to is that when a composer is unknown – either because he has not yet been recognised, or because he is out of fashion – no-one cares about trying to understand him: a label is tagged on to him, derived from only a portion of his output, and even his virtues are accounted vices. One remembers only too well the accusations of self-pity which were levelled at Mahler before he became fashionable; but now that he has actually acquired fashionability – and has thus become an object of serious consideration – we have come to see something far more profound than self-pity in the two works which alone gave rise to the accusation, *Das Lied von der Erde* and the Ninth Symphony.

What I would like to suggest is that instead of summarily arraigning and condemning Delius, without being in full possession of thc facts, we should grant him the elementary courtesy that we extend to other composers – that of accepting him as a fact of musical history, to be studied seriously and objectively, with a view to getting a clear picture of him. What real study has there been of Delius and his music? Consider the main literature on Delius - only four books in all, and none of them gets to grips with the perplexing psychology of the artist or the complex

style and form of the music. First, there was Philip Heseltine's short volume of 1923 – a mere general introduction, marred by an exaggeratedly enthusiastic tone which has done Delius more harm than good. It was thirteen years before another book appeared – Eric Fenby's moving account of how he worked as amanuensis to the stricken composer. This threw invaluable light on Delius's personality and his method of composition; but it naturally did not attempt a psychological study – Fenby was too far from Delius spiritually for this - nor any critical examination of the music. Another twelve years passed before Arthur Hutchings's book appeared, in 1948 – merely perfunctory as biography, but at least offering the first (and so far the last) critical study of the music. But unfortunately, this study does not show the author's usual careful attention to detail and penetrating analysis of structure; it tells us nothing of importance about Delius's style and method. Finally, after another eleven years, came Sir Thomas Beecham's full-scale biography of 1959**.** This illuminated several dark corners of Delius's life, but again, lack of spiritual kinship with the composer prevented any deep psychological insight, while discussion of the music occupies a small place, and is couched in the vaguest terms.

It might well be asked whether Delius is of sufficient consequence to warrant serious study. I can only offer the evidence of his importance as a composer that I put forward in an article earlier this year[9];I pointed out that the critics, in spite of their general reaction against Delius, have been practically unanimous in granting him two extremely important qualities – an intensely individual style, and a haunting sensuous beauty. There was certainly condemnation – on formal and, of course, moral grounds – but the strange thing is that practically each of Delius's major works was given high praise by one critic or another, much as he may have rejected the rest. This suggests that Delius must, after all, be a composer of some standing – a genius of some kind, even if a defective one.

I would like now to suggest the general lines along which the difficult task of understanding Delius might be approached. In the first place Delius, like Wagner, Debussy and Mahler, is one of those composers whom we first have to understand as men and artists, before we can appreciate the full significance of their art. And with Delius, as with Wagner, there is a curious contradiction between the man and the artist: if it is difficult to understand how the far from wise and genial Wagner could have created a character like Hans Sachs, it is even harder to comprehend how the tough-

grained Delius could have composed music of such melting intangibility and fluidity of outline. We have on the one hand a ruthlessly anti-mystical personality – for, as Fenby's book makes clear, Delius was a ferocious, hard-headed materialist of the late nineteenth century 'rationalist' type – and on the other hand a sensitive, poetic, mystical communer with nature. Again, we have on the one hand a proud atheist, who was utterly unafraid of the decay and death which he regarded as personal extinction, and on the other hand a single-minded explorer of the heartache induced by transience, and of the essentially religious experience of longing for absorption into the infinite.

I think we shall only explain these strange contradictions when we fully understand the nineteenth century – which at present we are far from doing. As an example of this, I will quote a further example of the general incomprehension of Delius, based on a curious failure to recognise the significance of one of the mainstreams of nineteenth-century sensibility. One of the reviews of *A Village Romeo and Juliet* ended with these words.:

> I freely admit to the belief that the finest art is rarely based on the running away from life in which Delius's young lovers indulge.[10]

Now whether or not such achievements are rare, it cannot be denied that some of the finest musical works of the nineteenth century are based on a 'running away from life', the very finest being *Die schöne Müllerin, Die Winterreise, Tristan,* and *The Ring.* In each case, the option of life is there, and is firmly refused; in each case – and in the two Wagner examples self-avowedly – the final decision is Schopenhauer's 'renunciation of the will to live'. And *A Village Romeo and Juliet,* in its less masterly but no less disturbing way, follows directly in this succession.

To understand this disquieting aspect of nineteenth-century music, we have to remember what a disintegrating effect the decay of religious faith had on artists of those days. Very few major composers in the nineteenth century believed any longer in God and immortality. Here we must turn to the central figure of the time, Nietzsche, who is almost as unknown to musicians as Delius is, and yet has an all-important bearing on the whole question. While writers on music are expressing their amused and uninformed contempt for what they call Nietzsche's 'windy philosophizing', important literary scholars and thinkers are studying

carefully Nietzsche's heroic, single-handed attempt to rebuild a will to live over an abyss of nihilism. It was he who drew the logical conclusion from the disappearance of religious faith among artists and thinkers in the shatteringly simple phrase 'God is dead';[11] and he advocated facing this vacuum courageously, as a simple fact, with all its appalling implications in the matter of the frustration of the deep-seated human desire for immortality. It is against this Nietzschean background that we have to see Delius.

The split between Delius's tough outward personality and his sensitive inner artistic self – between his conscious and his unconscious – can only be explained as a direct product of his self-identification with Nietzsche's attitude. Consciously, he put into practice Nietzsche's heroic nihilism: he never expressed a single regret, but lived out his Nietzschean beliefs to the end, in the fearless stoicism with which he faced his shocking affliction, the terrible pain it brought him, and his wretched death. But in his unconscious, from the beginning, there remained the still unquenched human hunger for immortality; and like so many romantic artists, he turned this now objectless longing towards the mysterious infinitude of nature and of death, while also feeling acutely the undeniable tragic fact of transience. Yet even here there was a certain Nietzschean resilience, for in much of his music there is an undaunted hedonism, and even his elegiac vein never floods over into despairing lamentation, unlike that of Mahler – an artist in a similar condition of spiritual malaise. It certainly expresses, with unparalleled poignancy, the flowing away of everything, but it nearly always accepts this calmly, finding sufficient recompense in communion with beauty and nature. Thus the important position of Delius, among romantic artists, is that, if he rarely rises to defiant exultation, as Mahler often does, he offers the quintessential expression of this Godforsaken phase of man's spiritual development. (Incidentally, in case it may be thought that this phase is long since over, and no longer a vital issue, may I remind you that it is still very much alive, in a much more bitter form, in the art of Samuel Beckett.) Once we approach Delius from this point of view, we shall find in his elegiac vein something of far greater significance than a mere 'wistful melancholy when confronted with the passing of beauty', or self-indulgence in some vague and unspecified nostalgia; and we shall also find a serene courage in facing the new nihilistic vision of the world that can only command respect and admiration.

This brings us to the actual music, and here we have to approach Delius by first admitting two inescapable facts – his tendency towards amateurism and his severe limitations of his means of expression. But we should also consider carefully whether these two apparently crucial defects are in fact decisively detrimental to his claim to be regarded as an outstanding genius. A pertinent question concerning his amateurism is this: does it prevent him from expressing what he has to express, any more than it does that other composer who insisted on remaining largely an amateur - Mussorgsky? I believe that the answer to this question is simply 'Much less', since Delius produced the larger number and greater variety of fully characteristic works. As for Delius's severe limitation of his means of expression, it can hardly be denied that this was absolutely essential to him, to say the particular things he had to say. The absence of clear-cut lines and purposive symphonic development, the softening of the edges of rhythm and form – these are the very means whereby Delius achieved his peculiar intensity of expression within his own field of communion with nature and regret over transience. The chief point at issue is the general absence of vital rhythmic impulse – the almost total neglect of one of the basic elements of music. But again, we must ask an apposite question here: is this lack of rhythmic interest any more crippling than the lack of melodic interest in the music of Stravinsky? If a composer succeeds in conveying intensely what he wants to convey, and if that something is of profound significance, does it matter if he largely neglects one of the age-old foundations of musical composition? The result will undoubtedly be a phenomenally personal utterance, a little of which will go a long way; but great intensity within a severely limited sphere could be reckoned as one kind of pre-eminence, quite different from the universal, all-embracing kind.

What we sadly need is a close study of Delius's method of composing, and especially his way of beginning a composition by conceiving the overall harmonic scheme, as described by Eric Fenby in the most fascinating chapter of his book.[12] When Delius dictated the second of the *Songs of Farewell* to Fenby, he had the poem read aloud, and then began by dictating the harmonic flow, indicating changes of chord at certain crucial words; only afterwards did he dictate the choral parts and the melismata for strings, wind and horns, to be superimposed on the harmonic stream. This utterly revolutionary method is so far removed from all current

notions of composition as to appear like the crudest improvisation; yet it is in fact the essence of Delius's unique art. The proof of the pudding is in the eating: the *Songs of Farewell,* far from being one of Delius's weaker effusions, is one of his strongest works – as is shown by the fact that at the Bradford Festival it proved to be the one item which surprised nearly all the critics by its power, and received almost unanimous praise from them. Only when we study Delius's iconoclastic harmonic approach to composition, and its source in the highly significant experience he was intent on communicating, shall we begin to realise what a profoundly original genius he was

We also lack a study of Delius's style, which I saw described recently as 'derivative'. Derivative it certainly is – what composer's is not ? – but it derives from so many different sources and fuses them in such an all-absorbing way, as to be one of the most personal styles ever created. The sources themselves have often been pointed out – Chopin, Grieg, Wagner, Debussy, American Negro music, English folk music – but the way in which they interact on one another to produce the characteristic Delian utterance has never been investigated. To take only a single example, the influence of the Negro slave song on which *Appalachia* is based is not confined to that composition; its cadence recurs throughout Delius's work, one surprising case being the Intermezzo in the Scandinavian opera *Fennimore and Gerda,* where it appears in conjunction with harmonies which clearly have their roots in Grieg.

(Here was played a recording of the theme from Appalachia*, followed by the opening of the Intermezzo from* Fennimore and Gerda*.)*

Certain other points arise concerning Delius's style, which affect English music in general. For instance, we often hear that Delius drew on the idiom of the English folk song school. One of the main features of this style is the block movement of triads, creating a pseudo-modal effect, and this occurs at the beginning of *In a Summer Garden.* But the work was composed in 1908, and first performed in London in 1909**,** whereas the first notable achievement of the English folk song school – Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis* – did not appear until 1910. Could Delius, on one of his rare visits to London, have heard some of Vaughan Williams's earlier music, or did he create this English idiom himself? This question has an important bearing on the development of English music in the early years of this century, yet no attempt has been

made to investigate it. To listen to the opening of *In a Summer Garden* is to receive the irresistible impression of hearing music touching on the style of Vaughan Williams before Vaughan Williams had actually found his own style.

(Here was played a recording of the opening of In a Summer Garden*.)*

The questions which I have raised are only but a few of the many which still await an answer. With regard to Delius's elusive and fluid handling of form, the only attempt at explanation has been a helpless recourse to the futile term 'rhapsody'; everything remains to be done, though I believe I have indicated a way in which an approach can be made, along the lines of the new analysis, in my article on the Violin Concerto in *The Musical Times* for July this year.[13] A clear understanding of Delius's highly unorthodox formal methods is obviously essential, since it will show how far his amateurism must definitely be accepted as such, and how far it is a mere illusion arising from a failure to apprehend his utterly unique approach to composition.

Although I have said that I had no intention of talking about Delius's completely neglected compositions, I would like to end by referring to one of them, as a concrete large-scale example of our state of ignorance concerning Delius's achievement. One of his most remarkable works is his last opera, *Fennimore and Gerda;* and it substantiates many of my points. Few people could name the date and place of its original production, or say who wrote the libretto; and we can get no idea of its musical character from any of the books on Delius. And just as hardly anyone understood the leitmotivic structure of A *Village Romeo and Juliet* when it was given this year, so, no doubt, hardly anyone would notice that the later opera follows an entirely different formal plan, each of its eleven brief scenes being subtly woven from its initial thematic figure. Nor would it be realised, probably, that the work is revolutionary for its period, in its total rejection of all traditional operatic method and atmosphere. Based on a novel by the Danish writer Jens Peter Jacobsen, it presents a drama of contemporary life, in which the Ibsen-type characters utter their naturalistic dialogue to an equally naturalistic kind of lyrical declamation; and this is set against a flowing motivic texture which mirrors the natural background of forest and fjord, as well as the scarcely perceptible flux of the stream of consciousness. The opera makes nonsense of the imputation that Delius was concerned with luring us to turn our backs on modern life: the first

nine scenes, progressively darker in character, present a triangle situation, in which the love of Niels Lyhne for his cousin's wife Fennimore comes to a tragic end with the accidental death of the husband and Fennimore's guilt-impelled rejection of Niels. It also gives the lie to the accusation that Delius was only himself when expressing regret over transience: there is nothing at all of this in the opera, and the last two scenes show Niels living on beyond his harrowing experience to woo and win the young girl Gerda. Despite the current distaste for happy endings, this is a perfectly realistic representation of an undeniable truth which is obscured in modern art: the truth that life still continues after an emotional catastrophe, and on occasion actually brings unexpected joy. The final scene, which is Delius at his most characteristic, provides an ending of idyllic rapture, as Gerda leaves off playing the hoop-game with her young sisters to accept Niels's proposal, and the two lovers embrace as the curtain falls.

(Here was played a recording of the final scene of Fennimore and Gerda.)

The opera, with its libretto by Delius, was completed in 1910**,** and received its first production – a successful one – in Frankfort-am-Main in 1919. After this premiere it was not given again until forty-three years later - on the Third Programme last March, and again last month - and only then because it happened to be the Delius centenary year. During this long period of neglect, it was completely written off, even by Delius's admirers, including Philip Heseltine, Arthur Hutchings, and Sir Thomas Beecham; only the Intermezzo was occasionally performed, as a Delius 'lollipop'. And although it has now revealed itself, even to certain non-Delians of my acquaintance, as one of Delius's finest works, the fact that it was given on the Third Programme meant that it only received a single press notice – a favourable one in *The Times* – and that only a few people heard it, so that it remains almost as unknown as before.

Let us hope that it may yet reach the stage in its composer's native country, and lead to a revival of interest in Delius's music, so that England may at last be absolved from the sin of having tried to depreciate and suppress the more original of her two outstanding late-romantic geniuses.

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(Footnotes)

[1] Martin Cooper: *Question-Mark over Delius's Lovers*, The Daily Telegraph, 7 April 1962

[2] John Warrack: *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, Opera, May 1962

[3] John Warrack: *Anthem for Doomed Youth*, The Sunday Telegraph, 8 April 1962.

[4] Eric Fenby: *Delius as I knew him,* Faber & Faber, 1936, p. 73.

[5] Philip Heseltine: *Frederick Delius,* Macmillan, I923, pp. 78-9.

[6] Sir Thomas Beecham: *Frederick Delius,* Hutchinson, 1959**,** p. 113.

[7] Arthur Hutchings: *Delius,* Macmillan, 1948, p. 185

[8] John Warrack: *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, Opera, May 1962

[9] Deryck Cooke: *The Delius Centenary: A Summing-Up*, *Musical Opinion,* June 1962.

[10] Donald Mitchell: *Delius Opera Amateurish,* The Daily Telegraph, 16 November 1962

[11] Nietzsche: *Also sprach Zarathustra,* 1883, end of Section 2.

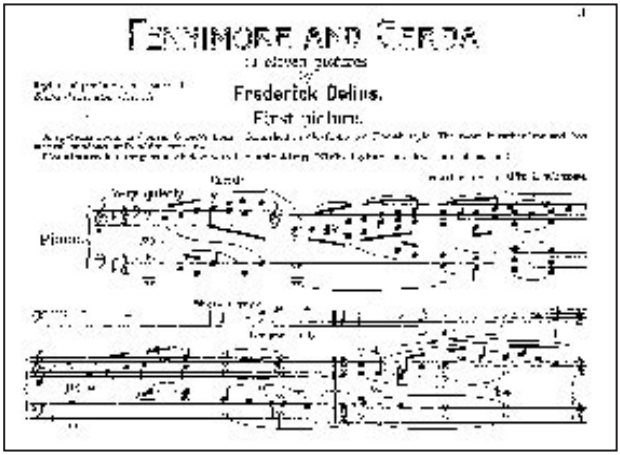
[12] Eric Fenbv, op. cit., *Part Two, How He Worked*, pp. 148-157; and Appendix

[13] Deryck Cooke: *'Delius & Form - A Vindication?* , The Musical Times, July 1962, pp. 460-5

[Members are invited to send me, for possible publication in a future issue of The Journal:

1. An article or letter, commenting on some of thoughts expressed by Deryck Cooke over 40 years ago; or

2. A review of any of the books by Beecham, Fenby, Hesletine or Hutchings as if they had been first published this year. Ed.]



OUT IN THE COLD

Michael Kennedy

One of the many 'themes' in this summer's Promenade concerts was the 70th anniversary of the death of three major English composers, Elgar, Delius and Holst. For that reason, 1934 has always had a melancholy ring for devotees of English music, although this may change since it also saw the births of Maxwell Davies and Harrison Birtwistle, thus providing Nicholas Kenyon with yet another theme. But the anniversary made one think anew about the current reputations of the trio of dear departed.

We needn't worry about Elgar. His cause has triumphed and his music has never seriously been neglected, even when it was out of critical and academic favour half a century ago. When I was young you had to make a secret of a passion for Elgar in some circles. It just wasn't done to love the symphonies and concertos, and, as for the *Pomp and Circumstance Marches*, heaven forfend. Only the *Introduction and Allegyo* for some reason escaped the patronising sneers. His music was regarded as vulgar, self-indulgent, imperialist and cheap. Even at the age of 16, I wondered if the people who held these views had ever really listened to it. They must have had cloth ears to miss the unhappiness, lonelincss, nostalgia and pain, as well as the gift for poetic fancy and romance. There may survive a few enclaves of anti-Elgar animus, but they are now in the minority and most people hear the real Elgar.

Holst is another matter. His reputation rests firmly on one work, the seven-movement suite *The Planets,* certainly a masterpiece, if uneven and in some ways uncharacteristic. The real Holst is the austere mystic of 'Neptune' rather than the expansive rhetorician of 'Jupiter' with its big juicy tune that everyone rightly knows and loves. But how many of those born since 1970 who can hum bits of *The Planets* know or can name other works by Holst? Only the cognoscenti, I believe. And you can hardly blame the others, for he seems to be accorded only token homage on Radio Three. You won't hear dear Stephanie Hughes gushing about him, or some of her male colleagues mispronouncing the names of his works.

The Proms have performed three Holst compositions besides *The Planets.* These are a group of *Rig Veda Choral Hymns*, the short one-act opera *Savitri* and the choral *Hymn of Jesus* — and they represent the true

Holst. I hope they have won many new admirers among the Albert Hall audience. The guardians of the Holst flame are the powers that be in Aldeburgh, where he is regarded as a greater composer than his friend Vaughan Williams. This is nonsense, in my view, and Holst himself would have been the first to disclaim it. But no one else could have written the *Hymn of Jesus.*

That leaves Delius. The Proms could manage only two of his works and he got a pretty sniffy press – 'mind-numbing' and 'insipid' were two of the adjectives applied to his heart-breaking Whitman setting, *Sea Drift,* which was sung appropriately enough by an American baritone. No doubt some of our home-grown baritones know it but are rarely asked to sing it. Delius seems to be out in the cold at present, with no one to break a lance for him. Well, I will.

I suppose the Delius Society could produce a long list of performances of his works being given throughout the world, but it doesn't seem like that, and there is not much evidence of widespread interest among the planners of our orchestral programmes, although Mark Elder and the Hallé are honourable exceptions and have recently made a Delius CD. It is forgotten that before 1914 Delius's music was more highly regarded in Germany than Elgar's, at a time when much more English music was played abroad than is the case today (as Peter Phillips pointed out in these pages recently). Bartok, Strauss, Mahler and others were all admirers of Delius's music and his works were performed at the major European festivals. His earliest champions were not Beecham and Henry Wood but German conductors like Haym, Buths and Cassirer.

His biggest choral work, *A Mass of Life,* is (I dare to say) the equal and in some ways the superior of Mahler's Eighth Symphony. Its Nietzsche text was no doubt the reason why it was kept out of The Three Choirs Festival until a few years ago, and what an impression it then made. Uneven, of course, but so is the Mahler, only more so. Unsympathetic criticism today often suggests that Delius is just formless nostalgic waffle, drifting aimlessly and spinelessly. Aimless? Study his use of variation form in *Brigg Fair* and *Appalachia,* its flexibility and its subtle, one could say original, use of rhythmic and harmonic change. Read Deryck Cooke's essay which demonstrates that the structure of the Violin Concerto*, far from being rhapsodic and loose, is taut and strong. Spineless? Listen to the extraordinary *Requiem,* as devastating an anti-war tirade as Britten's. If

anyone were to call this mind-numbing, I'd question his credentials.

Then there are Delius the nostalgist, the poet of lost love, as in *Sea Drift,* and Delius the nature-poet. Why do we so rarely hear his great *The Song of the High Hills* (Beeeham's recording has just been reissued by Naxos)? His *A Summer Night on the River* is exactly what its title implies, capturing atmosphere as perfectly as a Whistler nocturne. *In a Summer Garden* is another example of Delius's originality of form, its long melodies sliding and changing as magically as those in Debussy's *L'Aprês midi d'un Faune.* The best-known of his miniatures, the *First Cuckoo* and *The Walk to the Paradise Garden,* are almost unsurpassed for what they achieve emotionally in so short a span.

He needs a new champion on the rostrum. It was perhaps believed in Britain that no one else could conduct Delius, that the secret died with Sir Thomas. This wasn't true. Barbirolli, Charles Groves, Charles Mackerras, Meredith Davies, Richard Hickox and now Mark Elder have all shown that his music is not one man's possession, if it ever was. In a memorable essay about Delius written in 1944, Neville Cardus concluded: 'His music will never he familiar to a large crowd; and the few who have come to love it will try hard to keep it to themselves.' Perhaps they have tried too hard and it's now time for them to shout about it.

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** [It is hoped to reprint this in a later issue of the Journal. Ed]*

QUAND LES ENFANTS TÉMOIGNENT…..

[Lionel Carley noticed this in a copy of Vivre à Grez, a glossy magazine published by the municipality of Grez-sur-Loing, following the celebrations there in September 2003 to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Delius's and Jelka's marriage - see DSJ 135, p.39. It is reprinted in the original French, as translation would spoil the spontaneity; if, however, any reader would like to have a translation, please get in touch with the Editor.]

Dans les jours qui ont précédé les manifestations organisées en hommage au Compositeur Frederick Delius et à son épouse, l'artiste peintre Jelka Rosen, Claire Leray était venu à l'école raconter l'histoire de ce couple d'artistes qui a si longtemps vécu à Grez, et dont la vie fut si riche. Dans les jours qui ont suivi, les élèves [de les Ecoles des Murgers] ont raconté leurs souvenirs. Ces quelques témoignages démontrent que tous ne sont pas forcément sensibles aux mêmes faits, ils ont en tous cas tous retenus que Delius et son épouse habitaient la maison aux volets bleus, près de l'eglise.

CORINNE KIERREN, Schoolteacher

"Jelka Rosen a été une artiste peintre et Frederick Delius est mort. Jelka Rosen est morte aussi. Delius était un artiste de la musique." (Melanie B.)

"Frederick Delius et Jelka Rosen vivaient dans la maison aux volets bleus á côté de l'église. Ils sont rencontrés grâce a une musicienne. Frederick Delius était compositeur et Jelka Rosen artiste peintre." (Julie L.)

"Delius a épousé Jelka Rosen. La maison de Delius est a côté de la mairie. Delius était musicien et sa femme une peintre. Dans la maison de Delius les volets sont bleus. Sur une photo, il jouait aux cartes avec des amis. Delius jouait de la musique dans l'herbe." (Damien)

"Frederick et Jelka se sont vus dans un jardin pour peindre. Frederick jouait du piano. Il est allé dans beaucoup de pays mais plus en France. Pourtant il est moins connu en France." (Benoit)

[*A selection of other children's recollections of the story told to them will be found on some of the following pages*.]

A VISIT TO SCALBY

Roy Price

Members may recall my brief letter in a previous Journal indicating my intention of making a trip to Scalby, to pay my respects to our founding President, the late-lamented amanuensis to Delius, Professor Eric Fenby, to mark the 75th anniversary of his arrival at Grez to join Delius and Jelka in October 1928. Alas, this proved impossible for me, as October 2003 found me indisposed. My subsequent recovery made me more determined eventually to make the trip, and on 24th September 2004 I succeeded.

My York-based step-son, his girl-friend and I drove the short distance to Scarborough in wonderful weather, where we lunched, and then went to view the refurbished Grand Hotel (now a Butlin's group hotel, I believe) where, in the 1920s and 30s the film-actor Charles Laughton and his family managed the establishment – *the* place to stay and be seen in those days.

We then drove to Claughton Cliffs, where Fenby said he resolved, whilst walking with his dog Peter, to write to Delius offering him his services for 3 or 4 years. Sitting on those cliffs, watching and listening to the crashing waves and the screaming gulls, reminded one of how Delius, with Fenby's help, began to compose *A Song of Summer* all those years ago. It's a remote and charismatic place.

Then on to Scalby – a delightful village a few miles north of Scarborough – where, with my northern roots, I thought of "the folk with brass" who lived there in the years of Eric's youth, and still do. Although it was our first visit, we quickly discovered the parish church and, on reaching the lych-gate, to the right was the impressive tombstone of one of Eric's friends and contemporaries, Tom Laughton, CBE, the brother of Charles. We separated to speed the

task of discovering the Fenby grave in the large churchyard – and found it but 25 yards from the Laughton grave, in the north-east corner

Fenby's memorial is well-kept, and has lots of potted flowers – which was encouraging. The wording is simple, describing Eric as "amanuensis to Delius". Below was the inscription for Mrs. Fenby, with the dates of both their births and deaths.

I spent some time thinking of when I lived in Brecon in the late 60s and 70s, searching for the Delius Society, and of the years it took me eventually to meet Dr. Fenby. At the end of that period, I was a guest of my then boss and his wife, who lived in a fine house in Oxted, Surrey. They had tickets for a private function at a similar house nearby, at which Fenby was to lecture to about 60 guests. I found myself accompanying my boss's wife – he loathed Delius's music! Rodney Meadows was assisting with the film slides and recordings. That night will remain with me always.

My hostess, Mrs. Walker, sought out Rowena, who came to meet me and she took me to meet Eric, though he was surrounded by people who wanted his autograph. He appeared to be amazed that someone had trailed from mid-Wales to meet him – so much for his lack of ego! He opened his lecture by announcing that the last time he was in that area of Surrey was the night he arrived with Delius's corpse, for the internment the following day, and was met at the lych-gate by the Vicar of Limpsfield. Of course I was transfixed by all he had to say and, at the conclusion of the talk, I asked him what he believed to be Delius's greatest masterpiece. Without hesitation, he said, *An Arabesque*; to which I replied, "But its never performed." He retorted, "That's not the point. I answered your question!". All that was in 1935, then over 40 years ago! I especially love the work, particularly as it was premiered in 1919 in Newport, Monmouthshire. Sadly, I know of no-one who has heard it live.

Over the years I met Dr. Fenby again at AGMs, and recall the launch in South Kensington of the Unicorn-Kanchana recordings for which he conducted the RPO. The last occasion I saw him was during at the Scarborough AGM, when the Society coach passed by the Fenby's flat, en route to Claughton Cliffs on the "Fenby Trail", and both Rowena and Edric waved us on our way.

Thank you, Delius Society, for so many happy and wonderful years. My only regret is that the country never recognised the uniqueness of Eric's contribution to Music – he was a one-off, and it would have been wonderful to have seen him knighted; he more than deserved it, for what he did for Delius was unique.

"Une fille a peint le portrait de Frederick Delius qui était très connu." (Mickael)

"Frederick Delius était chanteur et sa femme, Jelka Rosen était paintre. Elle peignait des jolis tableaux. Leur maison est à côté de l'église." (Samantha)

"Jelka avait son petit atelier de peinture et Frederick avait son salon de musique. Un peu plus tard Frederick a été enterré à Grez puis ses cendres ont été emmenées en Amérique. Pendant le voyage Jelka est morte et a été enterré a côté de lui." (Mèlanie C.)

"Delius, avec l'âge, perdait peu à peu la vue et Jelka a fait venir un jeune compositeur pour que Delius lui dicte ses notes. Delius était né en Angleterre et a été enterré là-bas. Il a beaucoup voyagé. Jelka Rosen était artiste peintre. Delius a été enterré en Angleterre. Pendant le voyage qui menait Frederick en Angleterre Jelka est morte. Frederick était compositeur. II avait écrit plusieurs chansons. Il avait chanté sur une barque sur le Loing." (Xavier)

"Frederick Delius était compositeur et Jelka Rosen artiste peintre. Delius est mort. Jelka l'a accompagné en Allemagne et est morte pendant le trajet.. Dans la maison aux volets bleus, Jelka fait un tableau." (Camille)

"Frederick Delius et Jelka Rosen vivaient dans la maison aux volets bleus, à côté de l'église. Ils se sont rencontrés grâce a une Suisse." (Julie S)

Columbia takes over the Society

As I forecast last month, the negotiations between the Committee of the Delius Society and Columbia. which began in April, have at last been completed. The original Committee of the Delius Society has resigned and now and henceforward this enterprise will be run under the auspices of Columbia - although, as everyone will be pleased to hear, Sir Thomas Beecham remains President and Artistic Advisor.

The change-over has resulted in a considerable improvement in the contents of the first album. Instead of the songs that were announced to accompany "Paris," it has been decided to record "Eventyr " (Ballad for Orchestra), the final scene the unpublished opera, "Koanga," and the Serenade and Finale from "Hassan."

Columbia are putting all these good eggs into the Delius basket for two reasons: firstly as a mark of respect to the memory of the, great composer, and secondly because they hope that their enterprise will be rewarded by a great influx of subscriptions.

Sir Thomas has written a special message to the British musical public asking for more support, to the tune of 750 new subscribers, and this message has been incorporated in a new prospectus that is now obtainable from all Columbia dealers.

The Gramophone, October 1934

[*Would any Member care to submit an updated version of this, as if it were possibly going to happen today? Ed.*]

"Quand Frederick était malade, sa fiancée s'occupait de lui." (Mathieu)

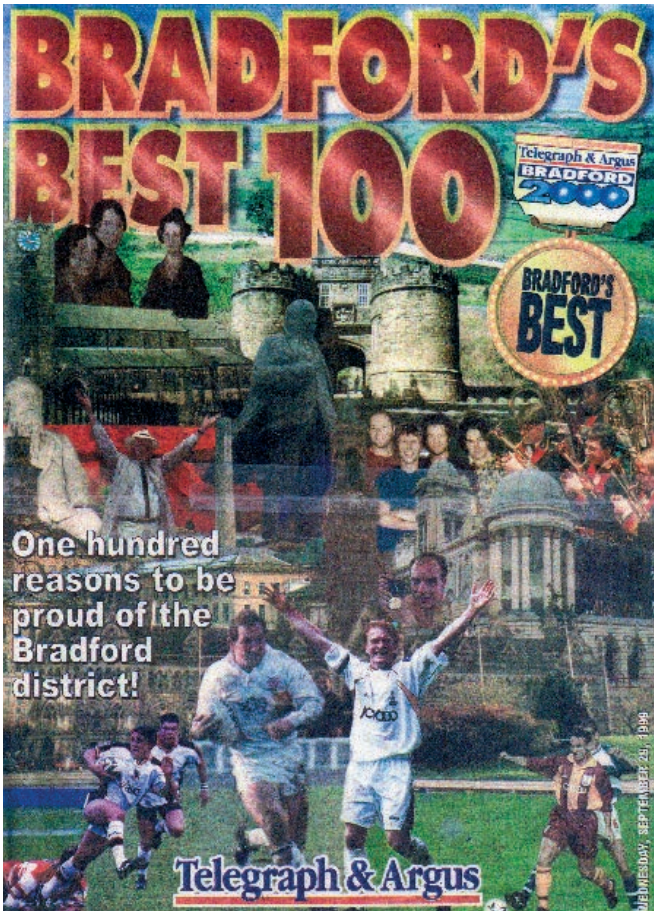
"Delius est mort. Il était musicien." (Maxime)

"La maison bleue à Grez sur Loing était a Frederick Delius et sa femme Jelka Rosen." (Manon)

"Jelka Rosen a fait beaucoup de tableaux et ils sont très jolis". (Loic)

BRADFORD'S BEST 100

On 29 September 1999, The Bradford Telegraph & Argus printed a special 24-page edition called *Bradford's Best 100*. It was a celebration of the contributions that 99 famous people from all walks of life, and local institutions, had made, mainly to the history and present success of the city, but also to life elsewhere in the United Kingdom - with pictures and brief 'biographies' or descriptions of them all. Number 100 – presumably



the best - was "The People of Bradford". A random selection of those portrayed - most of whom or which are likely to be familiar to Members of the Society - include David Hockney (1), J B Priestley (2), the Brontë sisters (7), Vic Feather (12), Barbara Castle (15), The Man who broke

the Bank at Monte Carlo (Joseph Jagger, 16), Thomas Chippendale, the furniture-maker (20), a missionary, The Reverend Thomas Glyde (26), Keightley Public Library (30), the Burns Unit at St Luke's Hospital (38), Bradford City Football Club (very surprisingly, if the order is indeed one of merit, 47!), Jim Laker ("the best Yorkshire cricketer never to have played for the county", 62), Harry Corbett (75), Black Dyke (Mills) Band (73), Leeds-Bradford Airport (91), Damart (93), Seabrook Crisps (95), and Jowett Cars (99) In that eclectic gathering, Frederick Delius was Number 23 and the Bradford Textile Industry, in which his father spent his life, Number 88.

[Members are invited to write for the next issue of The Journal a reasoned rationale for putting FD at No 23 as against all or some of the other names mentioned above. Ed.]

AND BRADFORD'S WORST

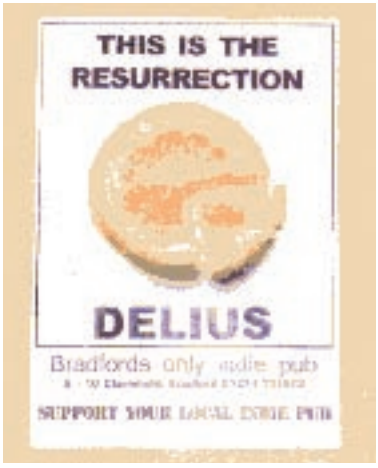
Alan Bialic, a Society member wrote:

I paid my first visit to The Bridgewater Hall in Manchester in October 2004, for a concert of music by Holst (*The Perfect Fool*), the Delius *Cello Concerto* and Elgar's *Second Symphony.* Alban Gerhardt was the soloist, and the BBC Philharmonic was conducted by Vassily Sinaisky. It was for me a marvellous occasion, made even better by the lively pre-concert discussion between Anthony Payne and the Manchester-based critic Lynne Walker. Gerhardt played very well, and Sinaisky had a good feel for what must be for him somewhat unusual repertoire. The only disappointment was the low attendance – the Hall was only half-full, although it was a Saturday evening – an indication, perhaps, of the lack of interest the British have for their native composers?

In this latter regard, I also paid a visit to Delius's birthplace in Bradford earlier last year. My reaction was one of anti-climax and sadness. True, the weather was dismal, but the whole area of the city looked run-down, and I was very disappointed to find that the house where one of England's greatest composers was born was now – with no disrespect to those who go there – an Islamic Centre. Anyway, I went into the Delius pub next door to drown my sorrows in some quality beverage, only to find that the young

lady behind the bar (unsurprisingly) didn't have a clue who Delius was – but a short, very friendly speech from me soon put that right! Spreading the Good Word, one might say!

Finally, it's not all bad news. If you are looking for that rare recording, in whatever format, then go no further than you local charity shop! Courtesy of Oxfam, Help the Aged and other such organisations, I have found many gems.



No 6 Claremont (with 'blue plaque') and posters at "The Delius" (formerly Nos. 8-10 Claremont) in 2004. Photographs by Alan Bialic

NOISE STOPS OPERA

Covent Garden Incident

STAGE DIN

Machinery Out Of Control

Wireless listeners were startled last night to hear during the third act of the Delius opera "Koanga," which opened the autumn season at Covent Garden, a voice which rapped out sharply, "stop talking."

The voice was that of Sir Thomas Beecham.

Sir Thomas was taking the London Philharmonic Orchestra through a delicate pianissimo passage which formed part of the entr'acte when the music stopped short.

There was some commotion in the orchestra pit, and all over the house people stood up and craned their heads to see what was happening.

Sir Thomas was seen to put down his baton, walk quickly from the conductor's desk, and disappear through the pass-door under the stage. After a few moments, he resumed his seat and the interrupted orchestral interlude was resumed.

Afterwards Sir Thomas told a reporter: "Apparently there was some breakdown in the mechanism on the stage. I was conducting a very soft piece of music when there was such a row from the stage that I had to stop.

"I went on the stage to see what it was all about. I told them to stop—I won't say exactly what I said—and the noise ceased. I am not saying it was anyone's fault."

Morning Post
24 September 1935

DELIUS SOCIETY MEETINGS

LONDON BRANCH MEETING

New Cavendish Club, London on 10th February 2004

Delius — A Young Person's View
Presented by James Baker and Joanna O'Connor

In welcoming James Baker and Joanna O'Connor, I explained to a healthy gathering of Members that this would be an evening in two parts. In the first, James would talk (with musical illustrations) about how he came to the music of Delius and, after the break, James and Joanna would present some short poetic love scenes accompanied or linked by selected extracts from works of Delius. James and Joanna were well qualified for this task. James trained for three years at Bristol Old Vic Theatre School on the professional acting course, followed by several years of national and international touring, including memorable trips to Norway. Joanna trained as a professional actress at the Guildford School of Acting and has since worked and toured with many companies receiving critical acclaim for her production of Romeo and Juliet in Buckinghamshire in which she also played the part of Juliet. They met on a Christmas Nativity Tour in 1999. The idea for this evening's entertainment was inspired by a two person show of poems and sketches called "Love's Eloquence", devised by James and Joanna and in which they toured with their own company, Rise TC.

James opened by telling us how he had early on formed the habit of finding musical links to match the fantasy novels he was engaged in reading at the time – particularly using the music of Mahler, Holst and Sibelius. Whilst reading a David Eddings book he needed something special for a magical scene at the end of the novel and, exploring the contents of a Chandos disc of music by British composers, he encountered, for the first time, the music of Delius and found that *On hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring* was exactly what he was looking for. From this point he was on the way to being thoroughly hooked!

Later, at Drama College, James encountered Vernon Handley's CD of *Brigg Fair, Eventyr* and *A Song of Summer,* all of which appealed to him

enormously, but the music which "really changed my life" was *A Mass of Life,* which he first heard soon after leaving College. Then it was on to Whitman and the shattering discovery of *Sea Drift,* followed by a trip to Norway and the realization that *The Song of the High Hills* wonderfully depicted the mountainous scenery there, and "was almost like being in heaven". All these experiences lead to the creation of a successful one-man show based on Whitman and the music he had inspired from English composers, and for which James learnt many of the poems.

There were other discoveries too; *Fennimore and Gerda* James associates with friendship, while *Eventyr* represents for him a surprisingly bizarre aspect of Delius. The important event of 1999 was, we heard, the courting of Joanna to the strains of *The Song of the High Hills,* and soon they were creating their own programme linking the music of Delius to a varied selection of poetry and theatrical material which we would hear after the break. The first half concluded with the closing bars of *Paris.*

The second part of the evening opened with part of *Idyll,* and this led most appropriately into a reading of the Whitman poem, James and Joanna alternating the lines. The gigue-like melody from *Dance Rhapsody No.1* was then used to set the scene perfectly for a highly entertaining excerpt from Sheridan's *School for Scandal.* This in turn was followed by James with Nietzsche's *Arise Now, Arise* (no music) and then the passionate *Cynara* by Dowson. And so the evening continued engagingly with solo items of poetry, including Henley's *Invictus* and *A Late Lark,* Bjornson's *Twilight Fancies* and Verlaine's *La Lune Blanche* both wonderfully recited by Joanna - and the end of *Sea Drift,* with the chorus quietly dying away, perfectly set the scene for a moving and passionate performance of the Whitman poem by James.

There were a number of memorable dramatic excerpts from, among others, Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights,* and Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree,* preceded by a few bars from *La Calinda,* and with *Brigg Fair* perfectly establishing the right mood for the lengthy scene in Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* where Rochester discusses Jane's imminent dispatch to Ireland and then proposes to her. These excerpts were wonderful cameo performances, always complemented by the well-chosen music. James brought the programme to a a fitting and satisfactory conclusion with Nietzsche's *The Midnight Song,* at the very end of which we heard the closing bars of *A Mass of Life.*

It was an evening of true professionalism covering a wide range of emotions. In the first half we had been willing companions of James on his voyage of discovery, and in the second he and Joanna had provided their audience with a faultless performance, impeccably prepared (and delivered entirely from memory). We had surely discovered that both the words and the music could benefit from coming together in such an interesting and creative way.

Mike Green

[In an ideal world, this would have appeared in DSJ 135, or, failing that, in DSJ 136. For various reasons, however, it didn't get into either. Profuse apologies, therefore, to James Baker, Joanna O'Connor and Mike Green. Despite being over a year ago, however, it was such a good evening that it is a 'must' for this issue. Ed.]

LONDON BRANCH MEETING

New Cavendish Club, London on 21st September 2004

Conducting Delius and others

A talk by Christopher Slater

Christopher Slater has spent a lifetime conducting Delius. His conducting career began over 50 years ago, and he has been directing amateur and semi-professional orchestras in the Surrey area ever since – programming Delius's works whenever possible! He is thus admirably qualified to speak about the challenges presented in conducting Delius's works.

Christopher began by giving a brief account of Delius's life, and he used this to illustrate the background information that, in his opinion, it is essential to acquire before one can embark on conducting Delius. These included a knowledge of his life, his beliefs, and the importance of personal acquaintance with the places where Delius lived, and the scenery that inspired him. Turning to musical matters, Christopher explained how the scores present many problems for the conductor – for example, dynamic markings which often need amending to allow

important thematic material to be heard. Choice of tempo is another problem area – Delius was often vague in his indication, and metronome markings are rare! There may also be the choice between several different versions of the same piece (eg the two versions of *La Calinda* (occurring in both *Florida* and *Koanga*). All these points were illustrated with recorded musical examples drawn from works such as *Paris*, *The Walk to the Paradise Garden*, *Summer Night on the River*, *Florida* and others. The talk was enlivened visually with slides of the house and garden at Grez, and Impressionist paintings of Paris and the Isle-de-France. The talk ended with a recording of the Double Concerto conducted by Christopher at a recent concert given by his orchestra.

This was a fascinating evening, and it was a pity that time did not allow questions or discussion. I would have liked to hear his views on topics such as the attitude of amateur orchestral musicians to Delius – I have personally found significant hostility – the difficulties in scheduling Delius's many works for exceptionally large orchestra (which invites the conductor to compromise on the scoring), and the challenge of balancing voices and orchestra in the amateur setting. Perhaps a future occasion might allow these and other points to be debated.

Tony Summers

"Jelka Rosen était très belle. J'aimais bien sa robe." (Morganne)

"Frederick Delius habitait a côté de l'église. Il avait rencontré Jelka Rosen et ils s'étaient mariés." (Miléna)

"Jelka Rosen et sa mère sont venues à Paris. Une amie leur dit"Venez à Grez. C'est très jolie pour peindre". Donc ils sont venus a Grez. Un jour, un ami apprit que Jelka aimait bien la musique pour les noirs. L'ami les invita à diner et aussi Frederick Delius qui faisait de la musique pour les noirs. Quand ils se sont vus: la coup de foudre. Après il est parti. Jelka avait envie d'acheter la maison car ils la vendaient. Sa mere lui dit:"D'accord, nous l'achetons. Ils l'ont donc achetée. Aprés Frederick est revenu et ils se sont mariés. Un jour, il mourut. Il fut enterré à Grez, puis emporté en Amerique. Sa femme était avec et est morte dans l'avion. Elle a été enterrée avec lui en Amerique." (Emma)

LONDON BRANCH MEETING

New Cavendish Club, London on 19th October 2004

Grieg in England

A talk by Lionel Carley

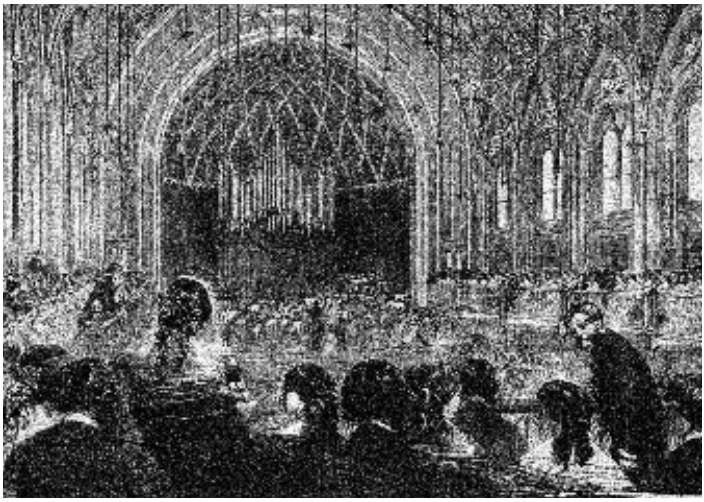
This was an eye-opening evening - in two respects. Few people in the unusually large audience will have had any idea of either Grieg's enormous popularity in England - even in the 1980 New Grove, there is no mention at all of any of his visits to this country – and not many that Lionel Carley has now made himself one of the experts on Grieg, in addition to his encyclopaedic knowledge of Delius. He therefore commanded great attention!

Edvard Grieg, 1893

Edvard Grieg's great-grandfather emigrated from Aberdeen to Norway in the mid-1740s, and became the British Vice-Consul in Bergen. Grieg's grandfather, then his father, and finally his brother also held the post – which remained in the family for a total of 78 years. He himself was born in 1843 in Bergen, where his father, as well as well as carrying out his vice-consular duties, was a businessman. Edvard went to study at the Leipzig Conservatory at the age of 15, and made many friends and acquaintances among the considerable number of British musicians there – including Delius*. He studied composition with Carl Reinecke, and had piano lessons with E.F.Wenzel (who had been a close friend of Schumann), and later with Ignaz Moscheles. In 1867 Grieg married Nina Hagerup, a professional singer, and they performed together for many years; perhaps not surprisingly, a considerable number of his enormous output of songs were written for her. He had in fact come to

London five years earlier, but he did not perform then, and it was to be another 22 years before he did so.

Printed copies of a good many of Grieg's piano pieces and songs – most of them performable by the reasonably proficient amateur – became available, and by the 1880s Grieg was a quite well-known composer over here – to the extent that he was said to be "the most popular composer in the English home since Mendelssohn.". His music was appreciably more positive, tuneful and memorable than that of most of his British contemporaries, and it was therefore no surprise that, in May 1888, the Philharmonic Society (which became the Royal Philharmonic Society in 1912) invited him to come to London, not only to play his *Piano Concerto*, but also to conduct the nearly 60-strong string section of the orchestra in the *Two Elegiac Melodies.* The concert took place in the St. James's Hall – a huge, church-like building, which was at that time London's major concert hall (for neither the Royal Albert Hall nor the Queen's Hall had yet been built); it was later demolished to provide the site of the Piccadilly Hotel. Two of Grieg's songs were also sung, he accompanying them. Every seat in the Hall was sold, and he received a good 3-minute reception at the start – so he was certainly justified in describing the evening as "a colossal success". The papers and the musical press printed 'rave' reviews. A concert of his chamber music – including six songs sung by Nina, and in which he played the piano throughout - was held a fortnight later, also in the St James's Hall, and it was equally well received.



St James Hall

No doubt as the result of those successes, Grieg was asked to conduct two concerts in the September of the same year at the highly important Birmingham Festival – the only European rival to which was the Lower Rhine Festival, that had Hans Richter as its Musical Director. They included the first performance of his Overture *In Autumn* and the *Holberg Suite*, and Grieg got another wonderful reception. He returned to England in February-March 1889 to discover (to his embarrassment) that 'Grieg Fever' had well and truly hit the English musical public. He conducted the *Peer Gynt* music at "the Phil", performed more of his chamber music in the Monday Popular Concerts, and gave yet another successful concert in Manchester. In May 1894, he was back again, to conduct at "the Phil" for the third time, and to receive a D.Mus.Degree at Cambridge – and he returned once more from his Norwegian home, Troldhaugen, near Bergen, between October and December 1897, this time to conduct and play in London, Manchester, and five other cities or towns as well. At the end of that tour, he played to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle and he obviously went down well in royal circles, for on his next (and final) visit to England in 1906 he did so to Edward VII and Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace. That year, he gave three concerts in London and went to Oxford, where (characteristically tardily, in the Editor's view), following Cambridge's example, the University granted him an Honorary D.Mus. – and he also met Percy Grainger (who was to become a very good friend) for the first time. One of the musical examples played during the lecture was a recording of a 1908 piano-roll of Grainger playing the cadenza of the first movement of the *Piano Concerto*. Others were the *Last Spring*, an unusual orchestral arrangement of the March from *Sigurd Jorsalfar,* an extract from the *Holberg Suite,* and the totally delicious song *Med en vandlilje (With a Waterlily).*

It was intended that Grieg should conduct at the 1907 Leeds Festival (including the *Piano Concerto* with Grainger) – where the orchestra would be about 120-strong, and the chorus some 400! – and then go on to give two more concerts in London. For many years, however, he had suffered from pulmonary disorders – the original cause of which was an attack of pleurisy when he was a student at Leipzig – and he was struck down and died, literally just as he and Nina set out for England.

Lionel Carley has an insatiable appetite for research, and a masterly way of putting over the results – so much so that (although his age belies

it) at the end of this vivid lecture one almost felt as though he had known the Griegs and been there at the time. Anthony Boden introduced the evening with a light touch, the Chairman twiddled the knobs and pressed the buttons on the hi-fi system with aplomb, and at the end Paul Guinery confirmed everyone's view that it was a privilege to have been at such a stimulating evening.

Martin Lee-Browne

* Grieg's and Delius's friendship proved to be strong and enduring, and it is marvelously covered in Lionel Carley's *Delius and Grieg: A Chronicle of their Friendship in Letters*
(Marion Boyars, New York, 1993)

MIDLANDS BRANCH MEETING

The Voicebox Arts Centre, Derby on 17 October 2004

40th Anniversary Recital

Simon Wallfisch, 'cello
Rhodri Clarke, piano
Christine Marøy, mezzo soprano
Peter Møllerhøj, piano

Delius: Sonata for 'cello and piano (1916)
Delius: Seven songs from the Norwegian (1889-90)
Delius (arr. Fenby): Serenade from *Hassan* (1923) for 'cello and piano
Delius: Romance for 'cello and piano (1896)
Grieg: Six songs (1876-1880)
Grieg: Sonata in A minor for 'cello and piano (1883)

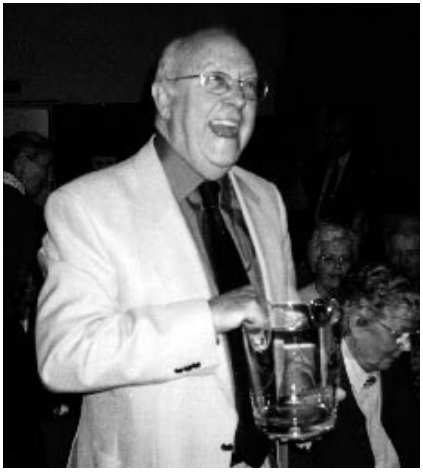
The Voicebox Arts Centre, originally part of a brewery and more recently a factory making boxes, opened for business in September 2000. It includes studios, offices and a performance hall capable of seating 80-100 people. In these historic but sensitively adapted surroundings, on a Sunday afternoon last October, a large audience of Society members and friends

gathered for a recital celebrating the 40th anniversary of the Midlands Branch of the Delius Society, and to pay tribute to its founding Chairman, Richard Kitching.

Following the publication in the Society's *Newsletter* – the forerunner of this *Journal* – of an article entitled 'Derby Delian comes to town', Richard was invited to form a Midlands Branch. He agreed on the condition that it would be run as a 'benevolent oligarchy', espousing the principle that the ideal committee is in fact composed of a single member, and so it has remained to this day.

At the inaugural meeting of the branch on 22 April 1964, Richard himself presented a talk on the life and music of Delius. Since then the Midlands Branch has been treated to five or so meetings a year which have included many live musical events as well as the more usual fare of illustrated talks. There have been repeats of London Delius Society events, but the traffic is two-way and Richard has often staged new presentations which have later been re-run in London.

Being well aware of Richard's preference for live music, Jerry Rowe (who was present at that first meeting in 1964) and Graham Parsons together organised this celebration of the 40th anniversary, in the form of a recital by young musicians who had featured at London's Royal College of Music Delius event in May (reviewed in *DSJ* 136).



Richard Kitching

Wynn Evans

The acoustic of the Voice Box's performance hall suited these artists, and the music they performed, much better than the cavernous space of the Royal College of Music's Concert Hall. From the outset, the audience knew that it was present at an exceptional occasion. Simon Wallfisch is a superb natural 'cellist and his opening performance, with Rhodri Clarke, of Delius's *'Cello Sonata* set the standard for the afternoon with its boldness and conviction. So well had both artists understood the structure of the piece and its cohesion that comparisons with other performances simply did not arise.

Next Christine Marøy, accompanied by Peter Møllerhøj, sang Delius's *Seven Songs from the Norwegian*, the first (*Twilight Fancies*) and the last (*The Homeward Way*) in Norwegian and the others in German. These songs are rarely performed as a set and it was a great pleasure to hear them so well and so enthusiastically interpreted.

The first half ended with performances of Delius's 'cello *Romance* and Eric Fenby's arrangement of the Serenade from *Hassan*.

Six songs by Grieg opened the second half. One of these, *At Rondane,* was set to the same Vinje text as Delius's *The Homeward Way*, providing a comparison between the older composer's setting and that of his young colleague and friend, ten years later. The full gamut of Grieg's response to the poetry of his compatriots was heard, from the tender eroticism of *A Swan* (Ibsen) to the declamatory *A Hope* (Paulsen). Other singers could profit from Christine Marøy's demonstration that Grieg and Delius sit well together in song recital programmes.

The recital ended with a full-blooded performance of Grieg's massive Opus 36 *'Cello Sonata*. It is one of those works in which Grieg's mastery of small musical forms vies with the majesty of his vision as in, for example, the *Piano Concerto* or the incidental music to *Peer Gynt*.

Magnificent – the recital, and the occasion that inspired it. The few words that I had been asked to contribute, afterwards, centred on the theme of friendship. The friendship of the two composers – Delius's Norwegian songs were dedicated to, and first sung by, Nina, Edvard's wife; they shared both musical journeys and actual walking tours in the Norwegian hills. Who could forget that Delius's most famous short orchestral piece was founded on a Norwegian folksong that had been arranged for piano by Grieg? Friendship, also, as represented by the gentle bonhomie of the Midlands Branch and the enviable ease with which it

celebrates some of the better things of life. Friendship, moreover, for us all for Richard and Wynn, whose inspiration of something very special we were celebrating that afternoon. Presentations followed: a wine-cooler for Richard, engraved with his entwined initials and a profile of Delius, plus a cheque representing the gifts of many; and watercolour of a Derbyshire scene, adorned by bluebells, for Wyn. Lukas Vondracek, a young pianist championed by Richard, afterwards played a Gershwin arrangement as his personal tribute.

The ladies of the Midlands Branch, true to form, provided splendid refreshments.

It was a lovely occasion. Its outstanding musical quality and the depth of affection for Richard and Wyn will long be remembered.

Roger Buckley
Photographs by John Graham

The presentation wine-cooler

LONDON BRANCH MEETING

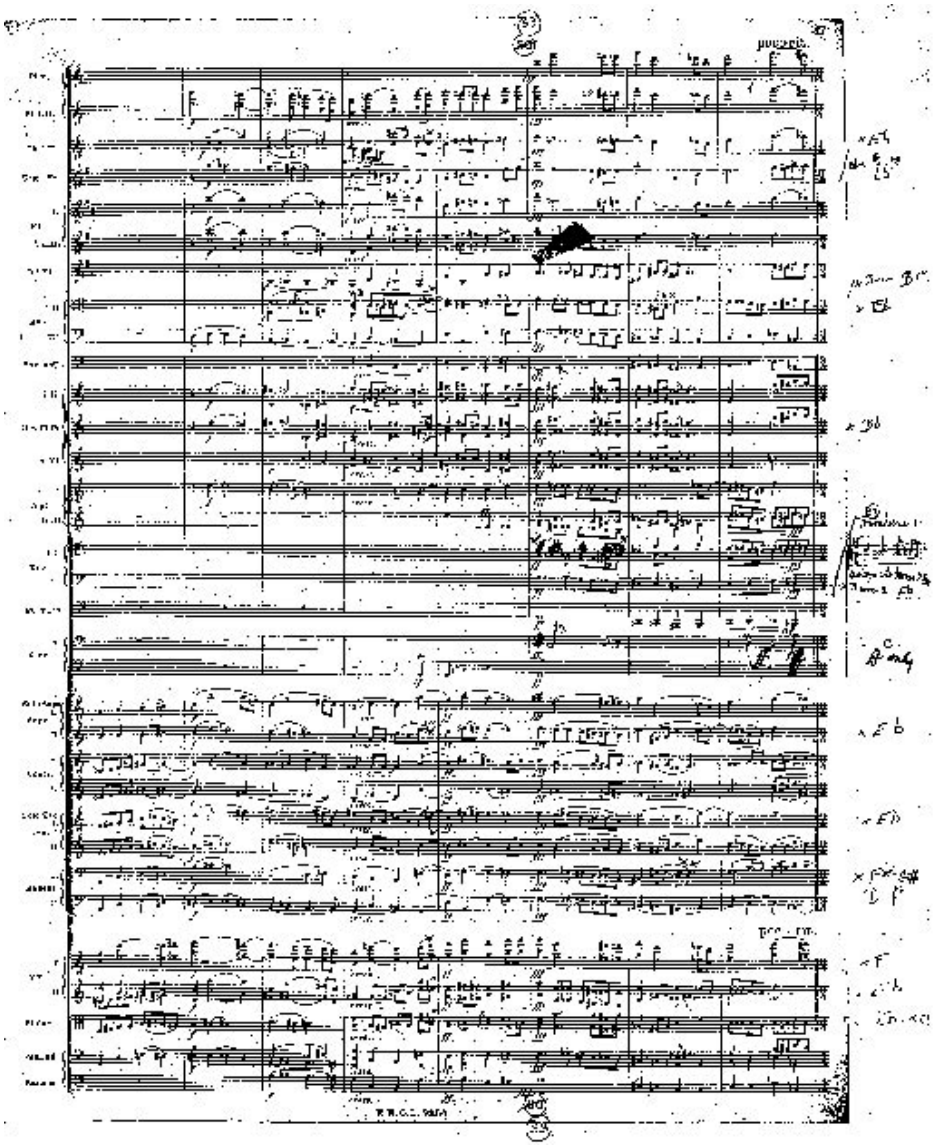
New Cavendish Club, London on 18th November 2004,

Delius's Symphony for Two Orchestras – *The Song of the High Hills*
A talk by Robert Matthew-Walker

Introducing the speaker, Malcolm Smith reminded Members of Robert's wide musical experience and interests. In the 60s and 70s, whilst with CBS and RCA records, he had worked with many distinguished conductors. He had been a music publisher, and was a noted musicologist and author with fifty or more books to his name, including two on Elvis Presley and one on Madonna, as well as books on Grieg and Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde.* Now retired, Robert remains a freelance journalist and regular writer of CD sleeve notes.

Robert opened by confessing that the title of his talk may have been rather enticing! He went on to provide some personal reminiscences and background to his talk. We learned that each year Robert has set himself a goal to study some musical subject where he feels he has a deficiency. For example, at the age of seventeen he had fallen asleep during a performance of Busoni's *Piano Concerto*, but had later studied the work in some detail after being completely converted at a John Ogdon Masterclass.

In 1995 he had resolved to look again at Delius. He already had a number of favourite pieces in his collection, but there was much that eluded him – notable exceptions being *Sea Drift, La Calinda* and *In a Summer Garden*. Although he returned to recordings and the scores from time to time, nothing changed. A commission to write some sleeve notes encouraged a more serious approach, and *The Song of the High Hills* was a revelation. The problem now was to find detailed information on Delius's music. Drawing heavily on his fascinating article *Delius Today* in Journal 136 Robert explained that the late Deryck Cooke's two-part essay *Delius and Form*, published in 1962, was exceptional in proving the necessity of properly analysing Delius's music, and regretted that the example of Cooke's masterly and detailed analysis of the *Violin Concerto* had not been more frequently followed. The sentimental view of Delius, the weak, blind old man had encouraged a view of Delius 'the romantic' but this was not the true picture. Delius was not a romantic because the true romantic



A page from one of the proof copies of *The Song of the High Hills* from the Leipzig publishers F E C Leuchardt, with marginal and other corrections made for Delius by Philip Heseltine in December 1913. A comparison with the miniature or study score shows that virtually all of them were all taken into account in the final engraving. See letter from PH to FD in Barry Smith's *Frederick Delius & Peter Warlock: A Friendship Revealed* (OUP 2000) pp. 98-100.]

composers, such as Mahler and Richard Strauss, more often portrayed themselves and their own feelings in their music – whereas this element of self-projection is not to be found in Delius, and his structural mastery is largely overlooked.

Returning to *The Song of the High Hills,* Robert suggested that no recording or performance of this work had ever been good enough. For example, the very specific orchestral forces clearly called for by Delius in the score are never provided, and performances, which should last around 36 minutes, were invariably taken too fast. This was the case in all recordings of the work. Another point of interest is the connection with Grieg. As far back as 1879, on holiday in Filey, Delius had performed the Grieg *Violin Sonata* and later played the piano part. Delius and Grieg met in Leipzig, and Delius soon realized his affinity with Scandinavia. Grieg had, of course met Delius's father to persuade him to allow his son to follow a musical career. Grainger came on the scene in 1907 and when Grieg died in that year Grainger wrote to Delius saying how much Grieg had talked about him, and mentioned 'the high hills'. Here perhaps was the spark for the work that Delius completed in 1911.

Robert returned to the subject of Grieg briefly at the start of the second half of the evening by stating his belief that *The Song of the High Hills* may have been composed as a memorial to Grieg.

Looking now at the structure, the work is in four sections – a 'continuous symphony for two orchestras'. A *second* orchestra should be in the distance and there should be three timpani not two. Delius is expressing 'the joy and exhilaration one feels in the mountains and also the loneliness and melancholy of the higher solitudes', and the piece foreshadows Sibelius's *Tapiola,* composed fourteen years later. We also hear a suggestion of *Neptune* from Holst's *Planets Suite* which, curiously, was composed in 1917, several years before the first performance of the Delius work, but held back due to the intervention of World War 1. The voices represent man in nature, but this is not a travelogue like Strauss's *Alpine Symphony.* There are important 'echo' effects and changing tonality characteristic of a composer of genius. Like the *Cello Sonata, The Song of the High Hills* starts with two simultaneous but contrasted ideas, and an opening three-note motif much employed by Grieg (e.g. in the opening of his *Piano Concerto* and in the *Symphonic Dances*). Robert commented that Delius's music has an inherent strength and, (although he had not been present at the

Delius Prize Competition), he had heard that this had been very apparent in the performances by the young musicians, largely because they were unfamiliar with the composer and his idiom.

We then heard a complete performance of Eric Fenby's recording of the work. At thirty minutes this was longer than other recordings 'with the orchestral strength about right and the balance pretty good'. *A Song of the High Hills* was worthy of a full analysis, such as Deryck Cooke might have provided, but unfortunately this would take at least five hours!

After Members had heard Fenby's recording Malcolm Smith thanked Robert for his thoughts on Delius, on his music and how it had been set. We would listen to the work with fresh ears, and must regret that live performances were so rare. This had been a most enjoyable evening.

Although this reviewer was not entirely won over by the argument that, structurally, *The Song of the High Hills* could be thought of as a 'symphony for two orchestras', this had been a fascinating evening, making a convincing case for reappraising Delius's approach to composition and subtlety of form, and spiced with delightful personal reminiscences.

Mike Green

"Frederick et Jelka se sont rencontrés dans un jardin. Frederick jouait du violoncelle." (Romain)

"Jelka Rosen était peintre. La maison de Delius est a côté de l'eglise de Grez sur Loing. Delius est devenu aveugle puis Jelka a arrêté sa carrière de peintre pour s'occuper de lui. Au fur et à mesure elle en avait marre, alors elle a appelé quelqu'un pour l'aider à s'occuper de lui. Il avait beaucoup voyagé, en Finlande, en Suede et à Paris. Il a fini sa vie à Grez. Se femme est morte en avion, morte de peur, de chagrin et de froid." (Baptiste)

LONDON BRANCH MEETING

New Cavendish Club, London on 15th February 2005

Delius in Watford

A talk by Lewis Foreman

Except to those well-versed in the details of Delius's life, the title of this talk probably seemed like an April Fool's Day joke. However, Delius did indeed live in Watford for a while during the First World War, and Lewis Foreman fashioned a quite fascinating evening around the fact – complete with recordings of trains on the Amersham line.

When the War began, Delius and Jelka had been well ensconced at Grez-sur-Loing since their marriage in 1903. The speed of the German advance into Belgium and northern France in the autumn of 1914 very naturally caused considerable panic, and vast numbers of people fled southwards. The Deliuses did so too (after having buried their silver and "about 1000 bottles of our best wine" in the garden), spending some weeks in Orleans before it seemed safe enough to return to Grez. [As Professor Jess Tyre relates in his article earlier in this issue] they very seriously thought of going to live in America until the War was over, but in early October 1914 they decided to come to London. Initially they stayed with Beecham at his London house, but (probably because he did not relish the thought of having to put them up indefinitely) Beecham – who had a country home not far from Watford – negotiated a short lease of Grove Mill House on the northern outskirts of the town, close to a noted local beauty-spot, and they lived there from early December until July 1915. Beecham seems specifically to have chosen the property because of its idyllic outlook over a river, a canal, meadows and woodland – perhaps as close to the character of Grez as it was possible to get in this country. Delius continued to compose – writing the *Double Concerto* ("the most significant piece of music ever written in Watford", as Lewis said), and working on a number of other major works, including the *Requiem*, and *North Country Sketches,* as well as some songs. One curiosity about this period of Delius's life was that, notwithstanding the War, he was still able to correspond with his German publishers, Universal, and they could send him scores and parts.

Lewis's perpetual thirst for research had led him to try to discover exactly which house on the Grove Mill Estate was Grove Mill House, and a set of particulars for its auction after the War, incorporating an old plan, led to his discovery that it was the property now known as The Dower House – and he showed a number of slides of the property as it is today. Sadly, large portions of the Estate have now been developed.

The second part of the talk ranged farther afield than Watford – to the surrounding area of Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire and north Middlesex, and considered the surprisingly large number of well-known musicians who had lived there. Probably the main reasons for that were its 'rus in urbe' character, and the ability to get into London quickly and in comfort – Lewis suggested that there is a need for a serious study on *The Influence of the Metropolitan Railway on the development of The Royal Academy of Music*. Various parts of the British Isles had strong associations with, and influence on the music of, composers of that period and their successors – in particular the Cotswolds and the Malverns, Cornwall (George Lloyd and Malcolm Arnold), the Borders (McEwen), East Anglia (Britten and Moeran) and the Berkshire Downs (Balfour Gardiner and Gerald Finzi) – and the area in question was also home to, among others, Rubbra, Havergal Brian, Frederic Austin and Bax. Bax's *Summer Music* and *November Woods* were definitely inspired by places in Buckinghamshire, and Lewis thought he had actually worked out which the woods were – but he did not know of any music that owed its origin to Chorleywood or Rickmansworth. However, Henry Wood and Hubert Foss of Oxford University Press (who entertained many musical visitors at his home, Nightingale Corner) lived at Chorleywood, and (as Lewis had discovered from Felix Aprhamian) later on the conductor Walter Goehr was at Amersham; during the Second World War, Keith Douglas ran the Proms from The Victoria Hotel in Rickmansworth, which was actually his home.

A fascinating evening – like all the others which, with their multitude of different subjects, Members of the Society are lucky enough to be able to enjoy.

Martin Lee-Browne

WEST OF ENGLAND BRANCH MEETING

The Mill, Ash Priors, Taunton on 5th March 2005

Strindberg, Delius and their Friends

A talk by Christopher Redwood

A good dozen of us assembled at Ron's place to be transported back to the Paris of the Naughty Nineties or thereabouts by former Member Christopher Redwood, who made a welcome return – looking suitably bohemian in a handsome gold waistcoat worn over a black shirt. The emphasis of Chris's talk was squarely on the colourful (not to say bizarre) character of August Strindberg, the Norwegian writer and artist – some of his paintings are in the Tate Modern – who is less well-known to most of us than his contemporary Ibsen, whom he generously referred to as 'that silly Norwegian bluestocking.'

Chris painted a remarkably lively picture of the artistic community in Paris at the time. When Strindberg ('the Swedish Emile Zola') was not having one of his nervous breakdowns, he seems to have spent much of the time out of his head on absinth or being chased through the streets by a knife-wielding Larsen, while Danish lesbians howled like wolves from the tops of lamp-posts (I'm not making this up). One got the distinct impression that civilised restraint was not on these people's agenda.

Delius, who was thirteen years younger than his friend, came across comparatively tamely, but that didn't matter, as he was assuredly busy composing the fine music of which Chris gave us a taste in the form of four recorded interludes. The first of these was the well-known *Twilight Fancies*, sung by Wilfred Brown, and then the final scene of *Irmelin*. This was new to me, as *Irmelin* is the only Delius opera of which I don't have a recording, and it gave me an opportunity to play one of my favourite games - spotting phrases that Delius used in other works – in this case a woodwind figure that was to reappear in *In a Summer Garden*. For the next interlude, Chris played the early tone poem *Spring Morning*, which, for no evident reason, is far less often heard than its companion pieces, *Summer Evening* and *Winter Night (Sleigh Ride)*. The last piece was another early tone poem – one of Delius's two works called *Paa* (pronounced 'pow') *Vidderne* – the one that doesn't have a narrator, and is 'after' Ibsen's poem *On the Mountains*.

Christopher's talk was further brought to life by a display of pictures, including some of Strindberg's own. There were portraits of Strindberg, Delius, Munch, the bridge at Grez, and an intriguing depiction of stormy weather which is said to contain a likeness of the face of Rembrandt. Some of us couldn't see this. My brother Peter could, but then he sees faces in the clouds all the time – especially when he's on the absinth.

Tony Watts

SEA DRIFT

Sunday 14 November 2004 at The Victoria Hall, Halifax,
Mark Stone (baritone), The Halifax Choral Society & The North of England Concert Orchestra, conducted by John Pryce-Jones.

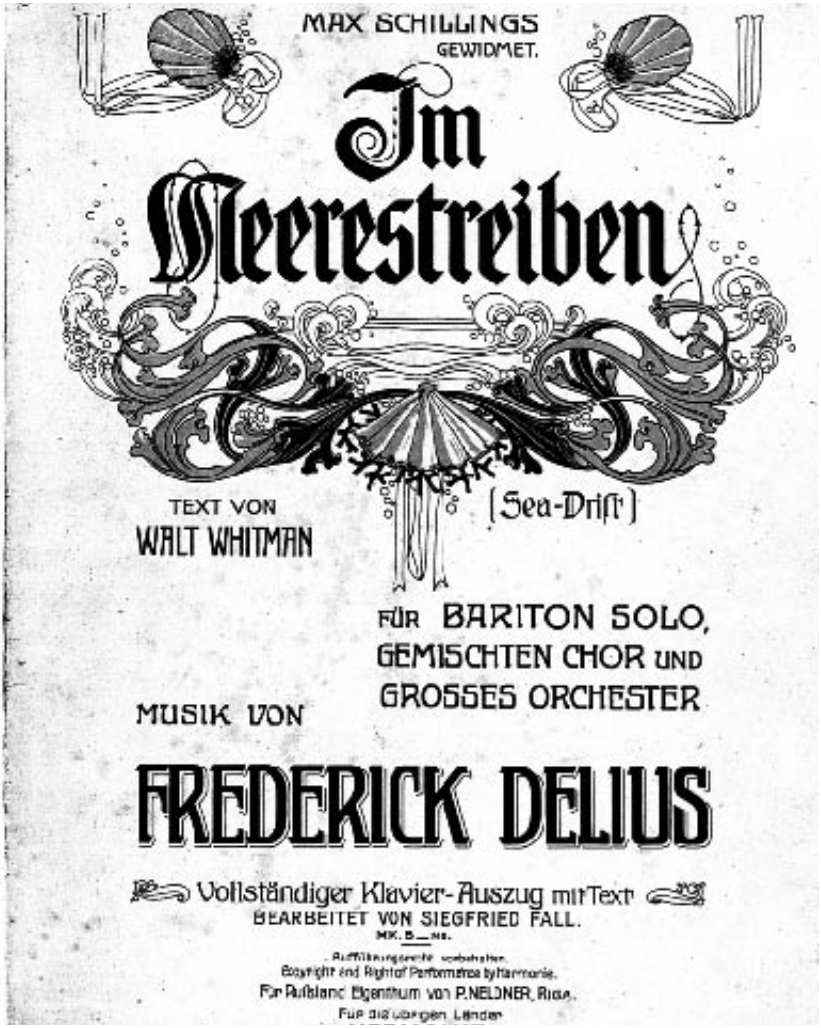
A fair comment made about this performance by Chris Robins, music critic of *The Yorkshire Post* was that John Pryce-Jones maintained the absolutely essential heartbeat tempo on which Delius builds his harmonically restless setting of part of Walt Whitman's poem 'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking', from *Leaves of Grass*. He also mentioned the dignity and restraint with which the conductor marshalled his large choral and orchestral forces, thus serving the deep humanity of the piece, mirrored by the superb and subtle baritone soloist, Mark Stone. A masterstroke, he added, was the conductor's rejection of too much dynamic contrast, and the emotional heart of the piece, the chorus 'O rising stars' overlaid by the baritone's 'Shake out carols', was greatly moving.

John Pryce-Jones did indeed manage to create the atmosphere of the intense search for the female bird, with the ascending and descending harp arpeggios representing the flux and wane of waves, and the chorus attempting to soothe the pain of the male bird, singing 'Soothe' – to which the soloist replies 'But my love soothes not me'. The excitement rose at 'What is that little black thing?'. The conductor's interpretation of the work was inspirational, as he drew nuances from the soloist, choir, and orchestra; first, the happy 'togetherness of the birds', till one day great sadness befell the male bird at his mate's disappearance – the boy becomes aware of the mysteries of separation and death, and of final acceptance of the sadness. Mark Stone, as the bird-watcher by the sea, identified, in turn, with the boy narrator and then with the anguished bird, empathising deeply with his lament, and embracing the mood change as realisation dawned that the 'she' bird would return 'no more'.

A romantic of the Impressionist School, Delius used chromaticism and permutation of colours, together with intervallic leaps and falls in the solo part. The performance represented well the Delian portrayal of transcience, through use of climaxes and contrasts of mood - for example

the happy section 'Shine, Shine!', sung quite ecstatically by the Halifax chorus, then the calm acceptance of 'Oh past, O happy life! O songs of joy in the air!', back, with blue sky again, in the bright E major of the very opening of the work. There was a feeling of cosmic consciousness about this performance, and after the chorus's final 'No more', and the fading string chords, the atmosphere in the auditorium was electric!

Diane Eastwood



The cover of the original 1906 vocal score of *Sea Drift*

THE VIOLIN CONCERTO

Saturday, 12th February 2005 at St Luke's Church, West Norwood
Charlotte Scott (violin), The Lambeth Orchestra, conducted by Christopher Fifield

Three cheers for the pro/am orchestras all over this country, and particularly those in London! Far too few people, whether they are practicing musicians or concert-goers, have any idea of the immense amount of valuable work they do. Irrespective of financial constraints and more often than not very modest audiences, they are so much more adventurous in their programme-planning than any of their larger, fully professional, counterparts or the BBC – indeed it is unusual for them to do a concert that has not got at least one piece which is outside the normal repertoire.

One of them is The Lambeth Orchestra, whose conductor, Christopher Fifield, is also known for his comprehensive biography of Hans Richter and his editing of Kathleen Ferrier's letter and diaries. Their 'home' is a grand Georgian church – St Luke's at West Norwood – but unfortunately its acoustic almost rivals that of St Pauls, and therefore, despite the conductor's obvious concern for dynamics, much of the detail of Delius's *Violin Concerto* was lost in a wash of sound. That was a great pity, for the music found a wonderful match in the young soloist, Charlotte Scott - stunningly dressed in pale blue like the 'sky' of the music. There is that moment in some concerts, just before the start of a piece that one loves and knows very well, when one wonders "Will it….. or won't it?" – and there was absolutely no disappointment here. In the first eight bars, it was obvious that she really identified with the music, and she never lost the work's lyric ebb and flow. She played from memory – a considerable feat in itself – and, as a result the music had a special freedom. If neither the slow *pp* section in the middle, nor the winding-down to the end, floated quite as breathlessly in the air as they can, that was not her fault, for her playing in both was exquisite. Elsewhere, the difficulties of the solo line sometimes resulted in slightly less than perfect tuning – but that is something that experience will put right. For the orchestra, much of Delius's music can be boring (or even very boring) to play, but, when put together, all those bars of minims and semibreves for the strings in the slow and reflective

for Albert Sammons

VIOLIN CONCERTO

FREDERICK DELIUS
1916

Copyright 1921 by Oxford Univ. Press

passages produce the most magical sounds - and The Lambeth Orchestra has (very understandably) perhaps not done enough Delius over the years for all the players to have grown fully into the idiom. Nevertheless, they played very well throughout the concert - particularly the excellent first horn and oboe.

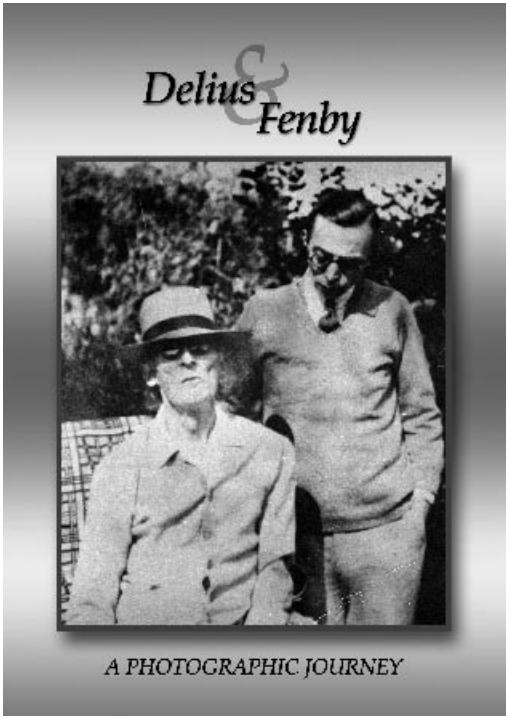
The *Concerto* was preceded by another piece with an 'out-of-doors' feel to it - Vaughan Williams' *Five Variants of Dives & Lazarus*, warmly and expressively played by a full body of strings, with (the acoustic notwithstanding) the harp part coming through the texture perfectly; in its final appearance, the tune was gloriously triumphant. The concert ended with something that was even more than a rarity. In 2002, Christopher Fifield and the Orchestra did the piano concerto of Arthur Hinton (1869-1941), and to finish this excellent concert they gave the first performance of all four movements of his first Symphony, finished in 1894. Although the shadows of 'Panford' and 'Starry', and hints of Elgar, lurk in the background, like the symphonic music of almost all the 'unknown' English composers of that generation, it nevertheless has its own distinct character and sound, and is largely un-derivative. What seemed to be the work's 'problem' was perhaps too great a similarity of texture and pace between the movements. It certainly, however, deserves playing again, and even recording.

Let us hope that the *Violin Concerto* has found a new long-term champion.

Martin Lee-Browne

BOOK, RECORDING & EXHIBITION REVIEWS

Delius & Fenby – A Photographic Journey, by Lyndon Jenkins and Paul Guinery (The Delius Society, 2004)



Lyndon Jenkins and Paul Guinery have produced a splendid companion to the various books which cover Eric Fenby's six years as Delius's amenuensis at Grez between 1928 and 1934. They are to be warmly congratulated on not only putting together what must be the best of the photographs of Delius in those years and his many friends who visited him there – including some which have never been published before – but for simply letting them (as the authors say in their Introduction) "speak for themselves", with minimal commentary.

The Chronology at the beginning, on the lines of those in the famous Master Musicians series of books, is a brilliant idea. It gives not only, and in very few words, a bird's-eye view of all the comings-and-goings during those six years, but also an indication of the almost unbelievable amount of time and energy that Fenby devoted to understanding what Delius was trying to say and getting it down on paper.

Given the circle of people involved, the faces are, almost by definition, interesting, but noticeably those of many of the girls' are very 'strong'. In particular, Helen Peterkin and Peggy Black both had very striking looks.

This little book will be a welcome addition to many Members' bookshelves.

Martin Lee-Browne

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM CONDUCTS DELIUS

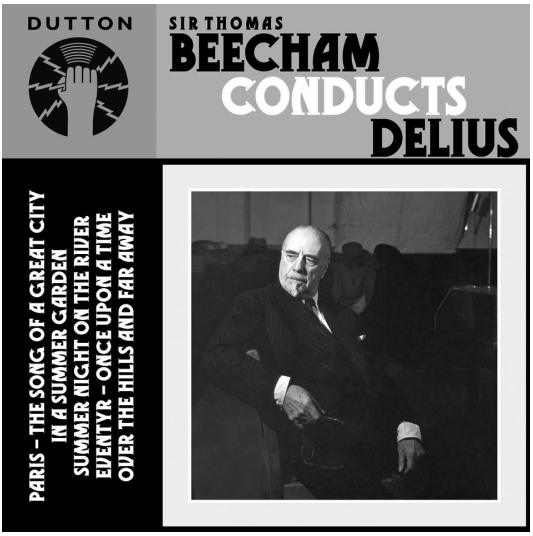
Sir Thomas Beecham.
Pencil portrait by Hilda Wiener, 1935

Sir Thomas Beecham by Quirk

Paris; In a Summer Garden; Summer Night on the River; Eventyr; Over the Hills and Far Away. Recorded 1934-6. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Dutton CDBP9745.

The magnificent series of Delius recordings that Sir Thomas Beecham made in the 1930s with the London Philharmonic Orchestra has proved fertile ground for the reissuing companies for many years. I cannot imagine that there will be many Delians who still have the original three albums containing those 21 shellac discs, but I dare say some still own the World Record Club box which offered their first comprehensive reissue, lovingly restored on five LPs by EMI's legendary Anthony Griffith. It was his transfers that provided the basis for two early CDs devoted to Delius's music that Lady Beecham included in her 'Beecham Legacy' series. Next came a CD from Dutton, sponsored by our own Society, in which Michael Dutton went back to tackle those old 78s at source, and this lead was followed by Naxos when it finally gathered together all 21 of the 78s on three CDs. Currently, Lady Beecham's hand is again evident in several discs on the Somm label which, while not going over

the same ground, offer some invaluable material that only Griffith's LPs had previously restored (notably the songs accompanied by Beecham either with orchestra or at the piano).



Now comes a second issue from Michael Dutton with a selection of titles that will be recognisable at a glance; yet there is one important difference. Beecham's 1935 recording of *Summer Night on the River* becomes generally available for the first time: only Lady Beecham's 'Legacy' disc carried it before, and that 1990 CD has long since disappeared. Naxos overlooked the piece because it did not appear in the original three volumes —and why? Because it was a 10" disc [Columbia LB44] and so did not (physically) fit in any of the three albums with their 12" discs. Always something of a 'cinderella', therefore, now its charms have finally been harnessed and Beecham's exquisite handling of texture, timbre and nuance can be enjoyed as never before.

And that goes for the rest too, because, while all the various reissues mentioned earlier demonstrate progress in the art of remastering techniques, this latest issue has to be acknowledged as the best yet. I can safely say that never before will you have heard these Beecham performances sounding so well: just put on *Paris* and experience first the sheer thrill of Delius's bass clarinet and double bassoon over double-basses and timpani emerging from a totally silent background, and then Leon Goossens' s effortlessly poised oboe phrases hanging in the air; the effect is miraculous. On the other side of the coin the more boisterous later passages (and those in *Eventyr)* sound less congested than on any previous disc. So even if you have any (or all) previous issues of this programme, I suggest that for the mere fiver asked this one will provide you with a revelation.

Lyndon Jenkins

GWEN JOHN AND AUGUSTUS JOHN - AN EXHIBITION

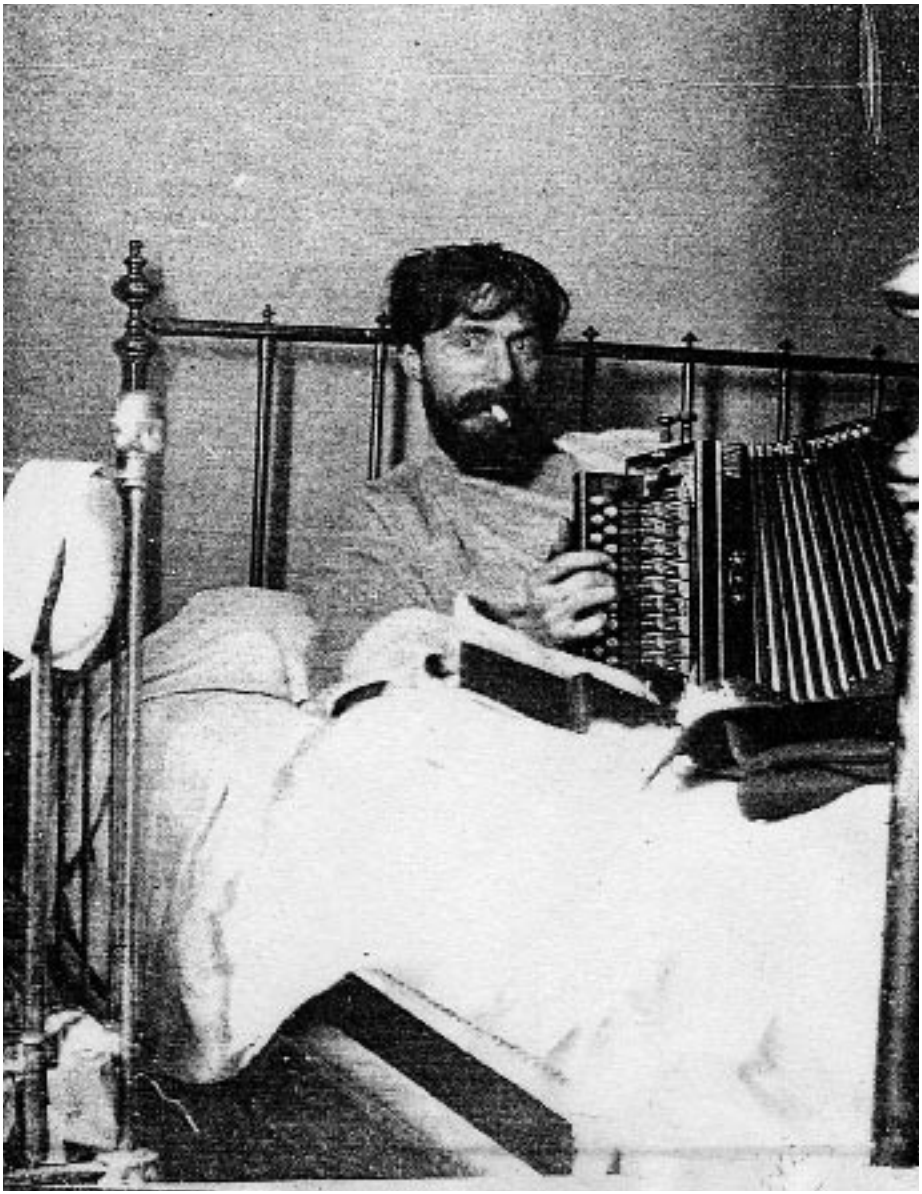
Tate Britain, London, 29th September 2004 - 9th January 2005

This exhibition of 130 paintings and drawings by Gwen John (1876-1939) and her husband Augustus John (1878-1961) on show at Tate Britain was the first large-scale exhibition to focus on the sister and brother artists. It was one of the most stimulating and interesting London shows during the winter, and was a must for all those who are fascinated by the artistic background to the life and work of Delius. There were no pictures of Delius or any other musician, but it was clear after seeing this show why this brother and sister impressed their contemporaries. One of the most fascinating non-musical aspects of Delius's life and work is his understanding and appreciation of the visual arts, and this includes the work of Augustus John.

Including around seventy paintings and drawings by each artist, the exhibition demonstrated that, although Augustus described himself and his sister as 'the same thing, really', their artistic development from their common origin was remarkably contrasting.

It appears that Delius had met Augustus John at some time before the mid 1920s, as we find him, in a letter to Philip Heseltinc in September 1924, asking to be remembered to the artist. In his *Delius As I Knew Him,* (Faber, 1981, p.89), Eric Fenby mentions how the sketch of Delius by John undertaken at the time of the 1929 Delius Festival was actually completed "with lightning rapidity" before Fenby, Delius and John went from the Langham Hotel to one of the Festival concerts. This sketch can be seen in *Delius: A Life In Pictures* by Lionel Carley and Robert Threlfall (OUP, 1977, p.89).

In an interview with Fred Calland, included in *Fenby on Delius* (Thames, 1996, p.130), Fenby said that Heseltine was a close friend of John, and closely involved with his models. Fenby indicates the darker side of the influence of the artist over Heseltine, and that it was Delius's view that John had a powerful negative influence over Heseltine's personal behaviour. They had first met in 1916, in London. According to Barry Smith in *Peter Warlock: The Biography of Philip Heseltine,* (OUP, 1994, p.96), John described Heseltine as "one of the best talkers in England", and he recognised that the Heseltine's bluff, extrovert exterior concealed a more sensitive artistic personality, who was "fundamentally romantic".



Augustus John c. 1902. From the Editor's collection.

One picture shown in this exhibition – *Lily at Tan-y-grisiau (The Orange Apron)* c 1913 – was painted by Augustus whilst on holiday with Joseph Holbrooke and Sidney Sime in Snowdonia. What Augustus thought of Joseph Holbrooke's music is unknown, but this picture is a simple, colourful outdoor portrait of a young girl wearing an orange apron, with blue hills in the background which match the blue dress she wears with the apron.

Whilst there is no direct link between Delius and any of the pictures on show, it is interesting to note that, like Jelka Delius and Ida Gerhardi, Gwen studied at the Atelier Colarossi (well-known for its very liberal attitude in teaching men and women together), having joined in 1907. Gwen was an admirer of Rodin (again like Jelka) and had modelled for him. Lionel Carley tells us in *Delius: A Life in Letters, Vol 2* (Scolar Press 1988, p.292) that Gwen sat for Ida Gerhardi in Paris. Gwen John was perhaps the more consistently successful of the two.

I enjoyed this exhibition, and it certainly gave one much to think about concerning some of the artistic background to Delius and his fiends. A visit to Tate Britain will have given any Delians who went to it a very pleasant introduction to the art of this brother and sister.

Paul Chennell

A party of 12 visited Limpsfield on Whit-Saturday, 5th June, to place flowers on Delius's grave – if we may say so, a creditable number in view of the holiday weekend. Our Secretary reports that it was a most pleasant meeting, with no morbid overtones.
Delius Society Newsletter August 1965

Delius on Broadway

The title song lyric of Cole Porter's 1937 Broadway show 'Red, Hot and Blue" was as follows:

Sing me a melody that's red, hot and blue.
I can't take Sibelius,
Or Delius,
But I swear I'd throw my best pal away
For Galloway,
So when we're all set and I get married to you,
Don't let that violin
Start playing Lohengrin,
It may be as sweet as sin
But it's not red, hot and blue.

[*Submitted by Roy Fredericks*]

A Precious Place to Delians and the wider Community

Delius's name has been mentioned (not for the first time!) in Court. A recent case which came before the Southwark Consistory Court, concerning a petition for a faculty to enable the widow and children of a former churchwarden of St Peter's Church, Limpsfield, to erect a monument in his memory, was reported in the All England Law Reports. In giving judgment, Deputy Chancellor Petchey said "The churchyard of St Peter's Church, Limpsfield is, in my judgment, particularly attractive. Surrounding the historic church on three sides, it contains many interesting monuments and many of high quality. Here are buried a number of distinguished people, including, in particular, a number of famous musicians – Eileen Joyce, Sir Thomas Beecham, Norman Del Mar, Beatrice Harrison and

the composer Delius. … This churchyard is plainly, in the words of *The Churchyards Handbook* (4th edn, 2001), 'a precious place' both because it holds the remains of the departed and also because it embodies the history of this community. Not surprisingly it is very well maintained."

The petitioners were unsuccessful.

Richard Packer

A Winter's Night on the Railway

If you travelled on Virgin Trains' *Pendolino* service on the West Coast line between London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow during January, February and March this year, you could have listened to their "Encore" Channel 7 audio service, presented by Radio 3's Penny Gore, and among other pieces you could have heard was *Summer Night on the River* in the recording by Sir Andrew Davis and the BBC Symphony Orchestra. It will not escape the notice of Members that the three middle cities in that list are the homes of the orchestras that without doubt have, and still do, programme more Delius than any others in the country – the Hallé at present leading the field.

Courtesy of John Rushton

On hearing the First Cuckold in Spring?

The following appeared in *The Mail on Sunday* on 6th December 2004:

Mr Blunkett's friends deny the allegations and claim that Mrs Quinn fed false information to the Press to embarrass him, and force him to resign from the Cabinet. It was also revealed that Mr Blunkett played romantic music by Delius down the phone, hoping to win her back.

DELIANA FOR EXCHANGE, SALE OR WANTED

Members seeking to acquire or dispose of Delian books, CDs, 78s and scores may ask for details to be given in this new feature. Members should deal direct with the advertising Member. For the avoidance of doubt, neither the Society nor the Editor will be a party to any arrangement, or be responsible for any defect, error or misdescription, or become involved in any dispute, arising in this connection.

Mr Edward R Dax of 133 Lawrence Street, Apt 31E, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866-1391, USA writes:
"I have 'prided' myself to my close musical friends and fellow Delians that I have a complete collection of at least one CD, and a few LPs, of every piece of Delius's music that has been recorded thus far I would, however, like to know whether any British Members could tell me of the names of dealers in the UK who could let me have CDs of the complete *Hassan*, *The Fenby Legacy* and the more recent recordings of *Appalachia* and the *Piano Concerto.*

Does any Member have an original (or a photocopy of) the programme 'book' for any of the concerts in which the first five performances of *Sea Drift* were included? They were the Sheffield Festival on 7 October 1908; in Hanley and London on 3 and 4 December 1908; in Manchester on 6 December 1908; and in London again on 22 February 1909. If so, I would very much like to have a photocopy of it or them.

I am also seeking a copy of Robert Threllfall's *Delius – A Supplementary Catalogue*. Ed.

LETTERS

From: Katherine Jessell:

It was a pleasure to read in The Delius Society Journal (No 136) that my grandfather Norman O'Neill's friendship with Delius had been discussed in Anthony Lindsey's talk to the Midlands Branch on 13 March 2004. However, in your report by John Graham there are a number of inaccuracies I would like to correct before they become sealed as historical fact.

My great-grandfather G.B.O'Neill was not a portrait painter, but an exponent of the domestic-genre style of Victorian painting and a member of the Cranbrook School. It is true he used his children (Norman included) in his work, but they represented an ideal of childhood and not themselves.

The overture *In Autumn* is cited as if it was an example of my grandfather's theatrical work, but it was in fact an early pièce first performed at a Henry Wood Promenade Concert in 1901. Norman did not begin serious composition for the theatre until the following year. Equally, Fiocco is not the name of a theatrical production (although it makes quite a convincing one!) but the eighteenth-century composer Fiocco, whose charming dances (possibly for harpsichord) had been arranged for orchestra by my grandfather. These dances have remained popular with orchestras to the present day. Lastly, my grandparents first met Delius in 1907 (not 1909) when the composer came to England for the first performance of *Appalachia* for which Norman supplied the programme notes.

It would have been an inspired piece of 2004 Proms programming if the BBC had remembered that Delius's great friend Norman O'Neill had also died in 1934, and had introduced audiences to his *Blue Bird Dances* or to the much—admired incidental music for J.M.Barrie's *Mary Rose.*

But for that we must wait for the day when The Frankfurt Group of composers can enjoy a Promenade Concert all of their own.

From: Tony Summers:

I found David J Eccott's article on 'The Tonalities and Harmonization of Delius's *Brigg Fair*' in *DSJ136* very interesting, but I would like to suggest an alternative interpretation of the tonality of the 'Introduction' to this work. Whilst I accept Mr Eccott's point regarding the tonal vagueness of the 'Introduction', I do not believe that it is based on B flat major, and certainly not B flat minor.

Mr Eccott states that the Introduction ends on a B flat major chord. In fact, the chord in bar 19 is B flat major *with the flattened seventh (A flat).* This is a dominant seventh chord and its use here leaves an impression that the harmony is unresolved. Delius joins the Introduction on to the first statement of the *Brigg Fair* theme and the same chord is tied over into the first bar of the theme (bar 20). Harmonic resolution actually occurs in bar 21, on a chord of D minor. Although this is the second bar of the theme, it is in effect also the point at which the Introduction reaches harmonic resolution (albeit with a rather unusual cadence).

To me, the 'key' of the Introduction to *Brigg Fair* seems to be F major/D minor. The work starts with harp arpeggios clearly in F major with the added sixth (D). Chords derived from B flat major (sometimes with the major seventh: bars 6-8 and 16, sometimes with the minor seventh: bars 11, 15, 17-20) occur in passing during the Introduction, but harmonically I believe it ends on a chord of D minor, not B flat major.

What might Delius have written had he composed a separate ending for the Introduction, and not joined it on to the first statement of the theme? This is, of course, pure speculation – but something tells me that he might well have ended in F major, perhaps returning to the opening flute motif and harmony of the opening bars as in the following:

EVENTS 2005 - 2006

Saturday 26 February 2005
The Pump Room, Bath - The Bath Recital Artists'Trust
Evva Mizerska (cello) and Emma Abbate (piano)
Programme included *Sonata for cello and piano* and
Romance, *Caprice* and *Elegy*

Saturday 5 March 2005
WEST OF ENGLAND BRANCH MEETING
The Mill, Prior's Ash, Taunton
Strindberg, Delius & their friends – a talk by Christopher Redwood

Tuesday 15 March 2005
LONDON BRANCH MEETING
New Cavendish Club
Delius & Elgar: Triumph & Tragedy – a talk by Ian Lace

Saturday 9 April 2005
The Mill, Prior's Ash
London 1915: British Music in The Great War – a talk by Anthony Lindsey

Saturday 9 April 2005
MIDLANDS BRANCH MEETING
James Baker & Joanna O'Connor present *Delius – a Young Person's View*
For venue details, please ring Richard Kitching on 01335-360798

Tuesday 19 April 2005 at 7.15
LONDON BRANCH MEETING
New Cavendish Club, 44 Great Cumberland Place, London WI (Close to Marble Arch Underground)
A talk by Lyndon Jenkins and Paul Guinery on their new book
Delius & Fenby: A Photographic Journey

Saturday 23 April 2005 at 7.30
The Playhouse, Epsom, Surrey
Slater Symphony Orchestra, cond. Christopher Slater
Programme includes Delius *Piano Concerto* (Alan Brown)

Saturday 21 May 205 at 7.30
Dorchester Abbey, near Didcot
Royal Academy Soloists, cond. Clio Gould. Programme includes *Two Acquarelles*, with Grieg's *Holberg Suite*, Dvorak's & Elgar's *Serenades for Strings.* Tickets 0870-750-0659

Saturday 21 May 2005
Peterborough Cathedral
Sea Drift, with *Belshazzar's Feast* and *Greensleeves*
Roderick Williams and Stamford Choral Society. Tickets 01780-763203

Saturday 28 May 2005
WEST OF ENGLAND BRANCH
Unfortunately this meeting will have to be postponed due to personal commitments.
Branch Members will be notified of an alternative date as soon as possible.

Saturday 25 June 2005
Corn Exchange, Cambridge
RPO, cond. Owain Arwel Hughes
Programme includes *The Walk to the Paradise Garden*, Elgar's *Cockaigne*, *The Lark Ascending* & *The Planets.* Tickets 01223-357851

Tuesday 20 September 2005
LONDON BRANCH
New Cavendish Club, 44 Great Cumberland Place, London WI (Close to Marble Arch Underground)
A talk by Tony Lindsey

Saturday 24 September 2005 - The Bath Recital Artists'Trust
The Pump Room Bath at 8
Simon Callaghan and Hiroski Takenouchi (piano duet)
Programme includes *A Song before Sunrise, Dance Rhapsody No. 2* and *Two Pieces for Small Orchestra* (all arranged P Heseltine/P Warlock)

Tuesday 18 October 2005
LONDON BRANCH
New Cavendish Club
Constant Lambert, Delius & Jazz – a talk by Stephen Lloyd

Wednesday 19, Thursday 20 & Friday 21 October 2005
The Philharmonie, Berlin
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, cond Sir Charles Mackerass
Programme includes *The Walk to the Paradise Garden*

2006

Saturday 4 February 2006 at 7.30
St Marks Church, Broomhill, Sheffield
Sheffield Symphony Orchestra with local choir,
cond.John Longstaff
Programme includes *Appalachia*

Tuesday 4 – Saturday 8 April 2006
Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon Street, London WC1
Koanga (6 performances)
Pegasus Opera Company, cond. Paul McGrath & dir. Tim Coleman

21 May 2006 at 7.30
Castle Manor School, Eastern Avenue, Haverhill, Suffolk
(Part of 20th foundation anniversary celebrations)
Haverhill Sinfonia, cond. Kevin Hill
Programme includes *American Rhapsody*

The following is printed in probably the most awful fonts anyone could design – for those interested, in order they are: Matisse, Seven Sans, New Geneva Nine, Chilada, East Bloc, Virile, University Roman and Symbol – in the hope that at least some of you will be intrigued enough to read it, and that a few will also be moved to respond:

I would have included in the Editorial above the time-hallowed plea for offers of articles, letters, criticisms, and (to use Percy Grainger's phrase) bitlets to adorn the foots of pages – but it was too long anyway. It therefore appears here! If the 'younger generation' are not inclined to contribute, the Journal is bound to die a gradual death – and that, to put it mildly, would be a very sad thing. Even if you have never put pen to paper in that way before, why not try now? I am perfectly happy to give aspiring writers whatever help I can [I ωιλλ γλαδλψ σενδ α τρανσλατιον οφ τηισ το ανψονε βψ ε–μαιλ]

Please note that the copy date for the Summer issue of the *Newsletter* is 20 June, and for the Autumn issue of the *Journal* 15 September.

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