The Delius Society Journal

Spring 2008, Number 143

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(Registered Charity No. 298662)

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Front cover: *Boulevard des Capucines* (1873)
Jean Beraud (1849-1935)

Frontispiece: *Boulevard des Capucines* (1873)
Claude Monet (1840-1926)

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Claude Monet: *Boulevard des Capucines* (1873)
(Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, Kansas City, USA)

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Firstly, as announced in the last Newsletter, we are delighted that we have two new Vice-Presidents – Bo Holten and Piers Lane. Their 'credentials' were fully set out there, so suffice it to say that we hope that they will feel free to contribute to the affairs of the Society as they wish, and we look forward to seeing them from time to time.

As these notes are written, the memory of a Royal Festival Hall recital remains wonderfully fresh. On 10 March pianist Leif Ove Andsnes gave his first public performance in London of the *Ballade in the Form of Variations on a Norwegian Melody*, Op 24, which Grieg began to compose in 1875 shortly after the death of both of his parents. His melancholy mood was deepened further at that time by marital difficulties and it is understandable that the melody he chose as the theme of the new work (collected in the field in 1848 by L. M. Lindemann) has a distinctly plangent quality. The *Ballade* emerged as a major work, lasting some twenty minutes, and it forms the focus of Andsnes's new DVD: 'Ballad for Edvard Grieg' (EMI Classics 5 12128 9). One of the contributing experts, seen in interview at the Delius Trust Archive in Ogle Street, London, is none other than our President, Lionel Carley.

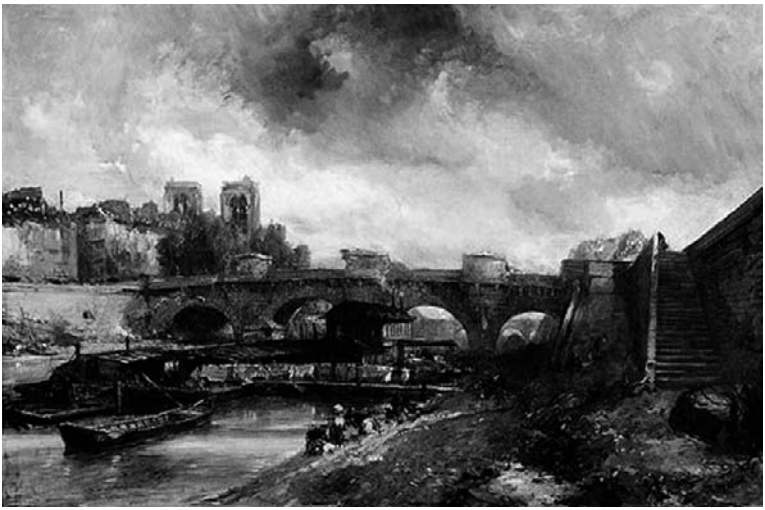
The Society's new Vice-Presidents
Bo Holten (left) and Piers Lane (right)

Mention of Ogle Street inevitably invokes the name of Marjorie Dickinson and her thirty years of service to the Delius Trust. As she stands down from the role of Secretary we congratulate her on this remarkable record, and on her new appointment as an Advisor to the Trust. We are delighted that Helen Faulkner has been appointed to succeed her as the Secretary.

Congratulations were also in order in February as our Vice President, Robert Threlfall, attained his 90th birthday. The Society marked the occasion with an evening of conversation and tributes, the presentation of a piano cake with candles adding to the celebration. You can read more about the event below.

This year's AGM Weekend takes place in Cambridge on 14/15 June. We have planned a packed programme for the two days, including Choral Evensong at King's College and dinner in the Fellows' Dining Room at New Hall. Members will have received full details via an earlier mailing, but please contact the Honorary Secretary if you require more information. Last
but not least, I am delighted to share with you the promise of a series of exciting events and initiatives currently being planned by the Committee. More information should be available at the AGM and in the July Newsletter.

Roger Buckley



Johan Jongkind: *Le Pont Neuf* (c.1850?)

EDITORIAL

It is clear from the Events section of this issue that there are appreciably fewer performances of Delius's music then there used to be only a few years ago. Apart from a few song and chamber music recitals, I am only aware of two orchestral works being played from now till the end of September – *Brigg Fair* in Oxford and *Song of Summer* in the Proms. It seems that the latter is almost the only piece of Delius known to the BBC – for it was broadcast *twice* since the last Journal appeared, but to be fair to the BBC there was (just) a little more than that: see the Miscellany section below. I suppose that we should be grateful for small mercies – but it is very dispiriting. Equally – indeed perhaps even more – dispiriting is the almost complete lack of English music written in the first 75 years or so of the 20th century in the Proms: the only 'big' pieces are *The Kingdom,* Tippett's and Walton's *1st Symphonies* and VW's *5th.* That the last should be the only significant Proms' tribute to VW – indubitably one of the greatest English composers ever – in his 150th anniversary year is an insult, and the handful of his small pieces also being played will certainly not lessen it. Otherwise, in addition to *Song of Summer* (which is being conducted, I am glad to say, by one of our Vice-Presidents, Sir Andrew Davis), Frank Bridge, Ireland, Brain Easedale (his *Red Shoes* ballet music) and Lambert get one minor piece each; Finzi's Clarinet Concerto is being done, as are three Quilter songs (the latter lasting all of seven minutes) but during the day in the Cadogan Hall, not in the Albert Hall. And that's that.

The Society's Committee, however, intends to make a real effort to get much of Delius's music performed in the centenary year, 2012 – and will shortly be writing to nearly 80 professional and pro/am orchestras, some 30 major choral societies, and the opera companies, urging them to plan ahead now to, between them, play, sing or perform all the major works. Whether that succeeds will have to be seen, but it's certainly worth trying.

Of all Delius's orchestral works, probably only *North Country Sketches* has been performed and recorded fewer times than *Paris* – and both of them much less frequently than, for example, *Brigg Fair, Song before Sunrise* or *In a Summer Garden.* They are rather the 'poor relations' – and that may well be so because, as a generalisation, they are the least Delian. There is therefore much to be said for featuring *Paris* in this series of 'spotlights' in the Journal. We have, yet again, some extremely distinguished contributors, and I hope that, having read what they say (and perhaps listened to a recording of the piece with David Lloyd Jones's and Paul Guinery's articles open in front of them), Members will feel that they know the piece and it's background a great deal better than they did before.

I make no apology, however, for the fact that there is a certain amount of duplication between the various *Paris* articles – as there has been in previous issues about other works. Having asked the contributors to write a piece on some particular aspect or other of whatever work I have chosen to 'spotlight', I like to think that I give them a completely free hand. It is quite impossible to say to one "Don't refer to such-and-such, as X may do so" – in case X doesn't, and so the reference appears in neither of their articles. In any event, no two writers make the same point in identical ways – and I also hope that Members find the different nuances stimulating.

Martin Lee-Browne

The copy date for the next issue of the Journal is Friday 25 July, and for the next Newsletter it is Tuesday 1 July.

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec: *Au Moulin Rouge* (1892-1895)
(Art Institute of Chicago)

OBITUARY

FRANK WILSON

Like Delius, Frank was a Yorkshire man, through and through. He was born in Huddersfield in 1922 and spent much of his life as an Advertising Consultant. I believe that he was a founder member of the Society, because he once told me that he had been a member since 1962.

Frank's passion in life was music and he had a large collection of recordings, both LPs and CDs. Following his retirement he spent many hours listening to the music of his favourite composers. His main enthusiasm was for the wonderful music of Delius, which he admired above all others – but he also particularly enjoyed listening to the music of Finzi and Elgar and was a member of the Elgar Society.

Frank and his wife Frances were staunch supporters of the West of England Branch, from its inaugural meeting in September 1998 until ill health made it difficult for him to attend.

He recently had a stroke following which he was immobile and unable to speak. He died in hospital on 20 December 2007. My wife and I attended the funeral service on behalf of the Delius Society at the Yeovil Crematorium on 3 January 2008, and his ashes have been interred at Somerton.

Ron Prentice

ALICE JONES – AN APPRECIATION

May I add to Kate Packer's obituary of the late Alice Jones?

Back in the late 60s, after years of searching for the Delius Society, one summer day I was visiting Limpsfield with Surrey friends, and by chance we encountered Alice and Gilbert in the churchyard.

Although they were leaving, they took us to Delius's grave and later put me in touch with Estelle Palmley. Over the following years, when I was in Brecon, I kept tentatively in touch with Alice at AGMs and on occasional visits to the South-West Branch she formed in Bristol. Alice's stories were legion, but had to be dragged out of her! As a young child, she met their new neighbours in Warwickshire, the Medtners, and, later their close friend and visitor, who

always wore black –"Alice, this is Mr. Rachmaninov"– with whom she became firm friends. Years later, Alice was contacted by the great Russian pianist, Boris Berezovsky, who regularly performs works by Medtner, and came to Frenchay to talk to Alice about the composer and his life in the Midlands. The pianist, it transpired, frequently excused himself from time to time to go outside and smoke.

Alice's devotion to the Delius cause was complete, and the support she gave in founding and running the South West Branch was one of the most important things she ever accomplished.

Roy Price

The Garden at Grez
(provenance unknown)

THE DELIUS PRIZE

The Royal Academy of Music, 21 November 2007

The Delius Prize is evidently becoming a more popular event in the musical calendar, for the David Josefowitz Recital Hall at the Academy was full – with a cheerful mix of competitors' families and friends, Academy students and others – but, somewhat surprisingly, so far as could be seen, fewer than twenty of the Members of the Society who reasonably often attend London Branch meetings. The Adjudicator was the pianist Piers Lane, and this report on the evening is a combination of his remarks at the end and the writer's reactions.

As in the previous years, the standard of playing and singing was extraordinarily high, and a real credit to the competitors and their teachers. Talking to the competitors afterwards, none of them had known Delius's chamber music or songs before, and as a result had only very recently got to know the Delian idiom. It would be wrong to say that it was obviously in their bones – and both the viola player's and the violinist's non-Delius pieces were played with rather more assurance (and, seemingly, enjoyment) than their Delius; nevertheless, all of them were clearly sympathetic to the music

First off was the Hungarian Enikö Magyar, who had already done very well in other (and one has to say, more prestigious) European competitions.

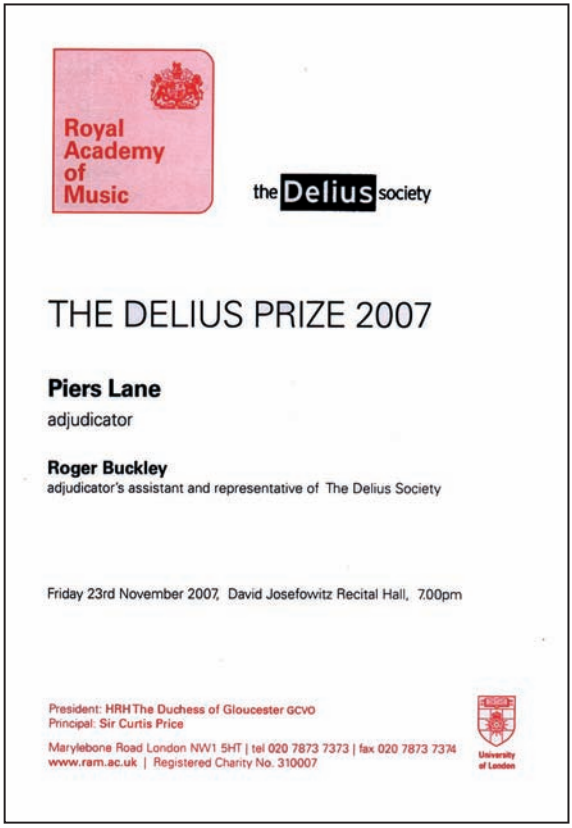
The Competitors
(Photo: Roger Buckley)

She played Lionel Tertis's viola arrangement of the *Third Sonata* almost as if to herself, not projecting to the audience, and overall she seemed restrained and somewhat earthbound. She did, however, produce some remarkable deep, velvety viola sound, particularly on the C string – and there was some really serene playing both in the *meno mosso* section of the second movement and at the beginning of the third. She and her highly accomplished pianist, Christopher White, did not, however, achieve quite as good an ensemble as one would have liked. She played herself in with five brief *Roumanian Folk Dances* by Bartok – displaying a fiery technique and, in the softer moments, a beguiling 'salon' style; however, although she only used it very briefly in the Delius, it was not right there!

The soprano Alexandra Kidgell's communication with the audience was excellent – partly, of course, because a singer cannot stand side-on to them! – and she too was helped by a good accompanist, Melanie Jones. They played as a real duo, and we had some high quality singing. She is only in her first year at the Academy, but spent four years in music management after graduating at Cambridge, and the very good experience of the 'real world' that she had gained as a result showed in many ways – such as the assurance and friendliness of her platform manner. She clearly understood the poems of the songs she sang: *Twilight Fancies, Young Venevil, Il pleure dans mon coeur, La ciel est par-dessus le toit* and *Love's Philosophy*- although they

The Prizewinners: Jessica Hayes and Christopher White with Pires Lane
(Photo: Roger Buckley)

were not all sung as a group; then an interesting contrast with the last of those in Roger Quilter's setting of the same Shelley words, and Grieg's *Fra Monte Picino* in the original Norwegian – and (so the now somewhat hard-of-hearing Editor was told afterwards) her words were excellent. As Piers Lane said, it was wonderful that she had taken the trouble to learn all the songs by heart. Being a singer, rather than a string player, she was, of course, able to create a mini-programme for her 'slot', making it a rounded whole rather than just having to find a second piece to go comfortably with the Delius – in fact something that is far from easily done. Alexandra has already sung an appreciable amount of oratorio, and given a good number of recitals, and she seems to have an assured career in front of her.



Jessica Hayes and Christopher White (making his second appearance of the evening, as did Timothy End in the 2006 Prize) played the Cello Sonata with real warmth and projection. It is in many ways one of Delius's more 'difficult' works – and Eric Fenby once wrote: "No work by Delius has been more misread through failure to grasp the sense of flow in the subtle inflections in the cello lines which he found he could not convey on paper, but left to the soloist's intuition. The pianist's role upholds the flow and underlines its sense in a rich poetry of chordal textures characteristic of Delius's art." In those terms, these two 'read' the piece really very well; they were by quite a long way the most passionate performers of the evening, and their playing (particularly in the *Lento molto tranquillo* middle section) had much more of a

sense of Delian rapture than the other string duos.

The last performers – Sayaka Kurata (violin) and Tokino Kaga (piano) – were Japanese, and they also played the *Third Sonata* in its original violin version, and a Shostakovich *Prelude*. As so often (and hopefully not patronisingly), one marvelled at the ease with which Eastern musicians have assimilated the totally different Western styles. It is therefore a pity to have to say that, although the performances were clearly well prepared, in purely musical terms the Sonata did not seem to be going anywhere – perhaps because the pianist, although obviously a sensitive player, was definitely an accompanist rather than an equal partner. The violinist had a sense of line, but those Delian "melting moments" were lacking; nevertheless, it was a very enjoyable performance.

Listening to a competition is completely different from listening to a recital. In a recital, if the work is unfamiliar, one is neither comparing the playing with any other players' way of performing it, or judging it against the way one's favourite player does it – but at a competition one is basically having to compare the performers against each other *quae* performers, not the ways in which they each perform. Hence, at the end of the evening, before Piers Lane announced his choice, there was a considerable variation of views among the audience as to who would collect the Prize, and few appeared to agree with the writer's clear view that it should go to Jessica Hayes and Christopher White for their really outgoing and communicating playing – but that is how it turned out. There were, however, no runners-up, as the Adjudicator felt that there was too little to differentiate between the others – who he thought were all excellent. In fact a very fair and happy outcome.

There can be little doubt that, with the huge cost of being a music student at one of the prestige colleges, most of the competitors for any prize are understandably 'after' the cash and something to add to their CV, rather than a greater knowledge of, say, Delius's music. That is, however, no bad thing at all, because they will have actually played or sung it – and every now and again, a competitor will realise with a bump that he or she really empathises with the music – and becomes a, say, Szymanowski-, a Ravel-, a Wolf- or a Delius-lover for the rest of their life. That is a complete justification for the Society having established the Prize in the first place.

ML-B

ROBERT THRELFALL'S 90th BIRTHDAY

On Tuesday 26 February a large audience turned out for the Delius Society's meeting at the New Cavendish Club to mark Robert Threlfall's 90th birthday. Robert was introduced by Paul Guinery and then reminisced – without notes – in his characteristic fluent style, the humour slightly dry, a style incidentally that belied his years. The evening flew, the occasion marked by a cake and candles for the birthday which had in fact fallen the day before.

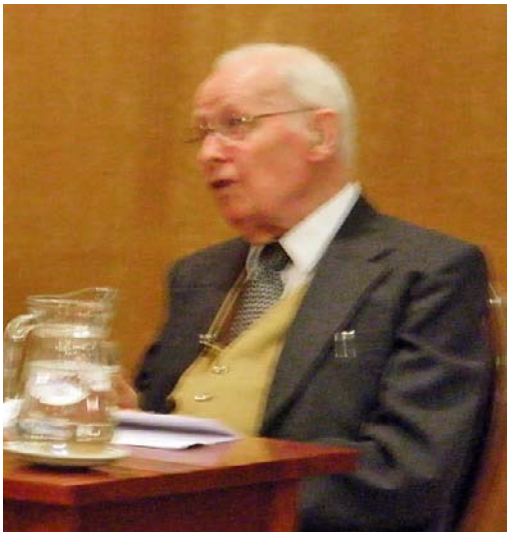
Robert characterised his memories as "friends pictured within". His initial remarks were devoted to his Delian friends and the Liszt Society. He had met Felix Aprahamian at the London Music Festival after a Toscanini performance in 1935 at the ABC on the corner of Mortimer Street, when finding it full at concert time Felix's friend Ernest Chapman, of Boosey & Hawkes, beckoned him over. He was with Norman Cameron (Mrs Barnaby) who, how exciting, had just interviewed Rachmaninov.

He became associated with the Delius Trust and then the Delius Society, which was formed after the 1962 Delius Festival. Sir Thomas Armstrong, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, a Delius Trustee, had allowed the Trust to locate the large box in which all the Delius papers had been placed after Delius's death at the RAM. It was the room in which the Principal kept his fishing tackle and wine. This introduced him to Rachel Lowe who was compiling a catalogue and Robert started on the task of compiling a Delius catalogue of works. He saluted his many helpers without whom it could not have been completed.

While speaking warmly of Eric Fenby, Robert touched on his disagreement with Eric's complete opposition to the dissemination of the early works. This over-zealous attitude might have compromised the Delius Collected Edition on which Robert launched with the Trust, but as Robert drily told us, a collected edition has to be just that. He saw through the press 30-odd volumes, a process facilitated by the goodwill of the then publishing manager at Boosey & Hawkes, Ian Julier, whom he saluted as one of the key ingredients in its success.

"I had fifty years in the printing industry" Robert reminded us, "and for me printing estimates were a routine thing." But he was not a man to be fazed by the pressures of his trade. "Bad planning on your part" Robert remarked "does not constitute an immediate emergency on mine". Paul Guinery asked which volume had given the greatest pleasure! In some ways, the opera *Irmelin*" responded Robert. He went on to explain that it was done by a remarkable engraver, John Arthur, who had an unerring eye for musical spacing.

When the Collected Edition project was complete, a dinner was held for everyone who had been involved, and Martin Williams suggested that it would be nice if the Trust could give something to everyone at the dinner. Robert told how he found a small Delius notebook, but the problem was how to photograph it to a sufficiently high standard for reproduction. He went to the British Library who produced transparencies in a week, and did not charge! This made him think about Delius's notebooks, and led to his volume *Delius' Musical Apprenticeship* (1994).



Turning to American friends he spoke warmly about Bill Marsh –"who gets things done." Robert Threlfall first visited Bill in 1979 on the way to Jacksonville. He spoke amusingly of the etiquette of American social gatherings, and the fact that in America one either drinks or one doesn't drink, and afternoon gatherings offer tea or coffee. This could result in misunderstandings. After three gatherings in as many days his hostess asked "Do you mind if I ask a personal question – do you do your wife's hair, it is always so beautifully done". Robert replied that he did not.

Robert made a number of tributes to musical experts over the last forty years, and the top of his list was Oliver Neighbour – known as 'Tim' to all – at the British Museum (now British Library). Robert described how he would produce his list of queries, which would be despatched one by one as 'Tim' Neighbour resolved them; his knowledge was encyclopaedic. These took place over a series of sessions and Robert said he wished to thank him "for teaching me so much".

Robert is also well-known to members of the Delius Society as a pianist, and he described how he became a student of the celebrated pianist Solomon, who, as Robert said "rescued me from Matthay". This strongly reminded me of a conversation I once had with Alan Bush who described Matthay – the teacher of so many British pianists, including Myra Hess, Irene Scharrer and Harriet Cohen – as the "ruination of pianism in England". We failed, however,

to tempt Robert to explain what he meant. He said that at the outset Solomon put him on five-finger exercises for months.

At the publisher and music seller Musica Rara, he met Richard Pringsheim and many people who fuelled his interest in Liszt and Rachmaninov. There he met Ken Souter who was collecting Liszt editions at a time ("recent to me" said Robert "is anything up to 50 years") when it was still possible to obtain most printed editions for a reasonable price. Then there was Leslie Howard, legendary performer of the complete works of Liszt, and Edward Walters at the Library of Congress who was always unfailingly helpful and erudite in dealing with Robert's Rachmaninov queries.

And so his reminiscences went on. The violinist David Stone working with Yehudi Menuhin; Gerald Abraham responding to a query about Mussorgsky's *The Marriage,* saying that he was not sure if he could answer it "because he only had the first proofs signed by Rimsky-Korsakov"; David Cannata, a Rachmaninov expert, who on being shown a file of sketches of *Songs of Farewell* said'"If you had showed me them 25 years ago, I might have followed Delius rather than Rachmaninov"; John Tyrell and Janacek; Derek Hulme and Shostakovich; and Stephen Rowe at Sotheby's. This was, indeed, a history of a wide ranging musical scholarship.

'Music is enough for a whole lifetime' Robert concluded, but added 'a lifetime is not enough for music'.

© *Lewis Foreman 2008*

Robert subsequently wrote:

"Dear Delius Society Members,

It is difficult to find words to thank you for your overwhelming reception you gave me in celebration of my 90th birthday. It will always remain in my memory as a highlight, and the lovely picture of *Late Swallows (In a Summer Garden)* will remind me of it all every day. So, in the accepted formula of words "Thank you very much" – but the feeling behind the words is much deeper that the mere expression of the formula.

Best wishes to you all – one and all!

Robert"

Dr HANS HAYM GEWIDMET.

PARIS

EIN NACHTSTÜCK

(THE SONG OF A GREAT CITY)

FÜR GROSSES ORCHESTER

KOMPONIERT

VON

FREDERICK DELIUS.

PARTITUR NETTO M. 30,—. ORCHESTERSTIMMEN NETTO M. 30,—.

AUFFÜHRUNGSRECHT VORBEHALTEN.
EIGENTUM DES VERLEGERS FÜR ALLE LÄNDER.

LEIPZIG, VERLAG VON F. E. C. LEUCKART
K. K. OESTERREICHISCHE, KÖNIGL. DÄNISCHE UND GROSSHERZOGL. MECKLENBURGISCHE
GOLDENE MEDAILLE FÜR WISSENSCHAFT UND KUNST.

LITH. ANST. v. C. G. RÖDER, G. M. B. H. LEIPZIG.

PARIS

PHILIP HESELTINE ON *PARIS*

(From *Frederick Delius* (The Bodley Head, 1923))

A Dance Rhapsody, it is more akin in style to the old type of symphonic poem. The programme annotator would be delighted to discover seven or eight distinct themes in as many pages at the beginning of the work, and dismayed to find that none of these are developed in the conventional manner. Furthermore, he would expect from the title Straussian 'programme-music,' but there is no programme to the work, nor is there any portrayal, scarcely indeed more than a suggestion, of external things. For Delius, Paris is not so much the capital city of France as a corner of his own soul, a chapter of his own memoirs. The superficialities of *La Vie Parisienne* have been dealt with by Offenbach, the trifler, and Charpentier, the vulgarian, with whom Delius would disdain competition.

ARTHUR HUTCHINGS ON *PARIS*

(From *Delius* (Macmillan & Co. Ltd, 1948)

An exception to the generalisation that works which do not look at open country are inferior to those which do is the nocturne "Paris; the song of a great city" [*sic*].This piece has recently derived extra popularity from its selection for treatment as a ballet – miscalled, since the stage presentation is a matter of posturing and gesturing by a fellow about to finish his agony by jumping into the Seine in his nice cloak and hat. Though written a decade before the "English" tone-poems, "Paris" has something in common with them; for though one contemplates the city at night, as from a roof-top or bridge parapet, or while wandering through deserted embankments, streets and squares, as did Goldsmith in his "City night piece", one is made aware of what Hardy described as the spin of the earth under one's feet, just as is a night wanderer in the country beyond the city limits. Such contemplation and moodiness make a "nature" poem in some sense of the word.

If a trifle too long, "Paris" was the first fine orchestral work to come from

Delius's pen. It is of ambitious range, and though Delius's brooding over the city has not the singing quality of later poems, it is remarkable that a work written when symphonic poems were the latest fashion should have little formal affinity with works listed in this category in musical treatises. It has no cyclic themes, no Straussian programmatic order. Its harmony and orchestral technique have just the slightest elements of likeness to romantic German music of the period. The German audiences, among whom Haym and Buths tried to get a first footing for Delius, expected a certain kind of music, and it says much for the appeal of his very different music in "Paris" that, though previous pieces from him were not wholly admired, these listeners, with their notoriously conservative and analytical outlook, were enthusiastic over "Paris". That powerful appeal has commended the work in London, though it has not been taken to heart in the city of its title.

Together with a texture more German than is anything else from Delius, may be felt the first glow of his sensuous, English" harmony. The scoring for bassoons, clarinets in the chalumeau register, and for dark instrumental tints in general, makes a sombre masterpiece, and there is something ominous in the heavy climaxes for full orchestra. The sincerest appreciation of this piece can be shown by declaring that it expresses all that is implied by the description "Nocturne" and by its sub-title "The song of a great city" [sic].

Henry Lachman: *Paris from St. Cloud*

PARIS

THE 1880s: THE AMBIENCE & ARTISTIC LIFE OF PARIS

Elisabeth Ferry

[Elisabeth Ferry is French, lives in Grez-sur-Loing next to La Mairie, and is a member of the group of painters and art-lovers there known as Artistes du Bout du Monde. Some members may remember her giving a conducted tour of the 'Delian' parts of the town during the Society's visit in 2006. The illustrations for this article are the choice of the Editor]

How much did Frederick and Jelka Delius participate in the atmosphere of Paris in the 1890s, then in its full intellectual, musical and artistic flow? The city was abuzz with a thousand artistic scandals, with literary and poetic gatherings of the avant-garde, with eventful dissident exhibitions, *soirées* liberally sprinkled with cursed, damned or anti-establishment artists, and sophisticated society dinners given by well-known and admired academic painters. The Expositions Universelles (Universal Exhibitions) of 1889 – which Delius attended – and the later one in 1900, although 'world fairs' celebrating the achievements of the previous century and the potential of the next, particularly demonstrated the vitality of the *vie parisienne* and all its spheres of

Jean Beraud: *Soiree in the Hotel Caillebotte* (1878)

activity in the period of peace and *insouciance* after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 – *La Belle Epoque*, as it became known. Life had been rebuilt; numerous economic and technical advances allowed the bourgeoisie to frequent art galleries, salons, cabarets; the Can-Can and the interior decor of Maxim's restaurant characterise *La Belle Epoque.* It seemed that the whole world was converging on France for a short stay, or perhaps for life. More particularly at the century's end, one just had to 'be in Paris'! The foreigners' craze wouldn't stop until the 1920s, "*les Années Folles*" (as the Roaring Twenties were known in France), monopolising the *quartier* of Montparnasse, which by that time had succeeded in eclipsing Montmartre. Both of these areas – which were central to the modern artistic movements – were familiar to the Deliuses. There, they met numerous sculptors, writers and musicians during their time in Paris – and an exhaustive list of their friends is to be found in Agnes Weiszke's chapter in *Frederick Delius: Music, Art and Literature* edited by Lionel Carley (Ashgate). A study in the same book by Annegret Rittmann of the Delius's German friend Ida Gerhardi (1826-1927) who drew and painted with Jelka is also very instructive.

What was the way of life of the painters of those times; where did they live; where did they study; how did they manage to survive; how did they sell their canvases, and how did they make themselves known? The answers are full of images of the muffled noise of the luxurious salon of an Academy jury member; the hammering of the rain on the meagre and sordid slum of a cubbyhole studio at the end of a narrow courtyard, unpaved and unlit, belonging to a poor *debutant* artist; in certain *quartiers*, multi-coloured and international blocks of artists' flats, near hearty cafés or ill-famed cabarets; brasseries with their celebrated drinking bouts – or refined décor, thanks to the continuous municipal policy of embellishment, of health improvements and renovation of the *quartiers* which had been begun by Baron Haussmann (1809-1891); finally, astute dealers who knew how to spot new talent in the face of the contested omnipotence of the official salons.

The 1890s were the 'link' years between the principal artistic movements from 1850 to 1930 – and it is hoped that this brief overview will help a little towards understanding that innovative and unbridled *fin de siècle* period. In the first half of the 19th century, there had been two opposing artistic currents: the classicism of Jacques-Louis David (1748-1825) and the romanticism of Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863). Then, from about 1850 until the early 1900s – all the dates here must, almost by definition, be approximate – there were many differing movements in French painting, and they continued to form and fade away until the early 1930s.

Henri Gervex: *A Painting Jury* (c.1883)

Academism lasted from the middle of the 18th century until the end of the century, and it is the term that designates the accepted art of the Second Empire and the Third Republic. It was the 'official' artistic French system, running like a well-oiled machine. From 1831, salons – exhibitions of new paintings and sculpture – were organised by the Académie de Beaux Arts.
The Academics sought to imitate David and Jean-Dominique Ingres (1780-1867), and their paintings were given the derisory term *Art Pompier* ("Firemen's Art") by their detractors. This term comes from the fancy helmets with horse-hair tails, worn at the time by French firemen – now only for parades – which are fatally similar to the Greek-style helmets often worn in *Art Pompier* by allegorical characters, classical warriors, or Napoleonic cavalry. To show at a Salon, a young artist needed to be accepted by the Académie by submitting an artwork to the jury; only Académie artists could show in the salons. Their paintings dealt typically with history and subjects from antiquity. Academism painters like Couture, Bouguereau and Cabanet, who studied at the Academy of Fine Arts, received all the best commissions, triumphed at exhibitions, and made many successful sales at the Paris Salon. Haussmann's reconstruction of Paris had created a large number of new or renovated buildings which needed decorating, and this work was naturally handed out to the 'official' artists.

Various reactions set in against this regime. Courbet founded his own salon in 1855; Napoleon Ill authorised the founding of the Salon des Refusés in 1863; the Impressionists held their own exhibitions from 1874 to 1886; the Salon des lndépendants was founded by Georges Seurat (1859-1891) and Paul Signac (1863-1935) in 1884, and in 1889 Auguste Rodin (1840-1917) created the Salon National des Beaux-Arts. Finally, in October 1903 the Fauves and Cubists opened the 1st Salon d'Automne at the Petit Palais. Delius's future wife Jelka Rosen (1868-1935) – who got to know Rodin in about 1900 – was to show at both the Indépendants and Automne salons.

Jelka's father, a diplomat, had died in 1891. The following year, aged 24 and accompanied by her mother Serena, she went to Paris to study painting. Her apartment at 4 Rue Honoré Chevalier, near the Jardin du Luxembourg, was close to the Académie de la Grande Chaumière, a reputable and liberal private academy where Jelka had been accepted at the Colarossi studio. Mysogyny was still rife in Paris, and the public academies were less tolerant – but with help from her mother and an inheritance from her father, Jelka was able to paint without the pecuniary preoccupations of many of her contemporaries, who found it difficult to gain recognition. Passionate and not a little intrepid for her times, Jelka at first studied drawing, then anatomy lessons with nudes; she also worked intensively with her German friend Ida Gerhardi – who

Académie Colarossi – Jelka Rosen (centre, kneeling) and Ida Gerhardi (right)
(Coll. Frau Malve Steinweg, Lüdenscheid)

greatly admired the Impressionists, painted numerous pictures and, like the Deliuses, knew Aristide Maillol (1861-1944), Rodin (whom, with Jelka, she had met in Paris), and Henri Matisse (1869-1954).

The Impressionist movement flourished between 1874 and 1886. It first came to the public's notice when Claude Monet (1840-1926) showed his *Impression soleil levant* at the movement's first exhibition in 1874. The Impressionists spent their time outside, working 'en plein aire' ('on the spot'), in sun, rain, and snow to capture nature's most ephemeral aspects. Reflections of the sea, nuances of the sky in the middle of town, clouds – these are all rendered with a fragmentary touch. They loved the play of light on hayricks, the interiors of railway stations or the facades of churches. Monet was joined in Argenteuil, on the River Seine, by Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841-1919), Alfred Sisley (1839-1899) and Edouard Manet (1832-1883), while Camille Pissarro (1830-1903) took up residence in Pontoise with Paul Cezanne (1839-1906). At the eighth and last Impressionist exhibition in 1886, a younger opposition group of artists founded Post-Impressionism – of which there were three separate aspects: Neo-Impressionism, the Pont-Aven school and the Nabis.

The term Neo-Impressionism was used for the first time in the catalogue of that exhibition, where Seurat showed a number of works. He was to become the leader of this movement, followed by Signac. It was Seurat who invented *pointillisme*, the difficult technique of juxtaposing dots of pure colours that at a distance appear mixed – which requires a knowledge of theories propounded by physicists like Chevreuil and his chromatic scale. Jelka was fond of this technique. She completed two *pointilliste* paintings which today hang in

Jelka Rosen: *Les Meules* (n.d.)
(By courtesy of Le Mairie, Grez-sur-Loing)

the Mairie in Grez-sur-Loing – *Les Meules* (*Haystacks*) and *Le Pont á Grez* (*The Bridge at Grez* – see page 85) – their pinkish tones pushed almost to an extreme.

The town of Pont-Aven, near Quimper, in Brittany gave its name to the school which was born from a meeting there in 1886 between Paul Gauguin (1848-1903) and Emile Bernard (1868-1941) and which lasted until 1891. They were joined by Laval, Anquetin, Paul Sérusier (1863-1927) and numerous foreign painters. The novelty of their style (called Synthethism) was a simplification of pictorial representation into summary, often flat, forms and un-naturalistic colours, within dark contours that suggest mediaeval stained-glass windows and cloisonné enamels. Delius was a member of Gauguin's circle during the painter's final return visit to France from Tahiti in 1893-1894, and in his brief biography of Delius in the Delius Trust's 1998 *Short Guide to his Life & Works* Lionel Carley draws a parallel between Gauguin's canvases and the primitive colours and exotic images of *Koanga*. Jelka was sufficiently impressed by Gauguin that she made a copy of one of his paintings.

The Nabis (meaning prophets in Hebrew) flourished for only two years, 1888 and 1899. That movement was underpinned by the theories of Maurice Denis (1870-1943) – who once said "Remember that a picture – before being a battle horse, a nude woman or some anecdote – is essentially a flat surface covered with colours arranged in a certain order." The Nabis sought a decorative, symbolist and synthetist style of painting. An almost entirely abstract piece by Sérusier, painted on a cigar box, which became known as *The Talisman* and was much admired by Bonnard and Vuillard, is emblematic of this style.

Alfons Mucha (1860-1939), a Czech who became a friend of the Deliuses, and Hector Guimard, were the best-known representatives of the Art Nouveau style in Paris. Art Nouveau is the French term for the regeneration, between 1890 and 1914, of painting, architecture, sculpture and the applied arts, characterised by shapes and patterns derived from organic structures and at times from simple geometric forms, that laid particular emphasis on floral ornamentation and stylised curves. The fashion for Japanese prints contributed to this outbreak of flowery and elegant decoration.

Fauvism (1898-1905) was another short-lived movement. It was distinguished by the exaltation of pure colour, and had as its principal representatives artists like Raoul Dufy, Derain, Vlaminck and Henri Mattise, the "master of colour" whose work was much appreciated by the Deliuses.

The last artistic movement with which they had connections was Expressionism. Developed from around 1905 in Central Europe, it focused on

Vincent van Gogh: *Roofs of Paris* (1886)

the spiritual, the soul, personal emotions and experience, and protest, whilst nevertheless still drawing on the visible world; although it had many very diversified styles, there was relatively little 'plastic beauty' in it, and more often than not it expressed anguished feelings. That was certainly the case with the Norwegian painter Edvard Munch (1863-1944) who first went to Paris in 1885; he met Delius when he was there again between 1889 and 1900, and they became extremely good friends. The subjects of Munch's paintings were drawn directly from personal experience: sickness and death, lust and jealousy, and fear of sexual disease and indeed life itself. Not surprisingly, an exhibition of his work in Berlin in 1892 aroused a tremendous scandal, and it had to be closed.

When Delius arrived in Paris in 1888, thanks to Edvard Grieg's intervention with Frederick's father, some of the pictorial movements mentioned above were in the process of dying out; others were starting up, following on from or opposing each other, and even becoming entangled with each other as one century flowed towards the next. The ties of friendship which Delius wove with Jelka's and Ida Gerhardi's acquaintances need to be seen in the context of both the places in Paris which were in fashion at that time, and later of Grez–sur-Loing. Although during the last twenty years of the 19th century, a

number of artists worked in an autonomous and individual manner, without belonging to any particular group or movement, the majority gathered together. Each period and each school of painting was more or less linked to specific meeting-places: the smoky bistros, blocks of flats at the end of sordid little courtyards, and at different private or public tuition courses given by seasoned or adulated professors. Each artist had his or her own *quartier* and café, studio, school or academy of painting, and sometimes a dealer – and gradually all these lodgings, places of work and relaxation, and galleries became concentrated in a few areas of Paris.

The hill of Montmartre, as well as the more eccentric Batignolles or the Place Pigalle, were well frequented by the Impressionists. Renoir came to live here among the market gardeners and workers, meeting Edgar Degas (1834-1917) and Sisley at the Nouvelle Athènes café in the Place Pigalle (the subject of Degas's *L'Absinthe*), or at the Café Guerbois on the Avenue de Clichy, discovered by Manet in 1883. The workshops and studios strung across the flank of the hill – which in the 1890s was still agrarian countryside – attracted many artists and intellectuals either in love with nature or won over by the low rents. Bateau-Lavoir (named by Juan Gris, who likened it to the boats of the washerwomen on the River Seine) was a somewhat squalid block of buildings above the Place Pigalle, situated on what is now Place Emile Goudeau. The first artist to live there from 1892 was Maxime Maufra, who knew Gauguin from their time in Pont-Aven; the place rapidly became known as a meeting-spot, and Delius must almost certainly have gone there to see his friend Gauguin, who moved there in 1890, after two periods in Brittany. Later inhabitants were Picasso (from 1904) – his *Demoiselles d'Avignon* was painted there – Max Jacob, Brancusi, Modigliani, Vlaminck, Kees van Dongen, and the writer Pierre MacOrlan – but after 1914 the artists began moving to La Ruche and Montparnasse, and the buildings slowly deteriorated.

It is somewhat difficult to define Montparnasse geographically, as it spreads over the borders of three *arrondissements* – the 6th, 14th and 15th. It is located near the Quartier Latin and the Boulevard Saint-Michel, longtime fiefdom of the student population. It was to change greatly between the 19th and 20th centuries, first becoming home to many artists in the early 1890s, and then gradually expanding and becoming the 'beacon' of the *vie parisienne,* drawing a noisy and scoundrel~infested intellectual elite who would dance to the new jazz tunes, and frequent the brasseries on the Boulevard Montparnasse and elsewhere; the dedicated artists built their rich villas with wide glazed north-facing bays, near Monsouris park; and the Rue de La Gaité became a haunt of crooks and innumerable prostitutes. Not long after the turn of the century,

La Ruche today
(Photo: Patrick & Elisabeth Ferry)

however, the Deliuses' visits to the artistic *quartiers* became less frequent as they gradually came to live permanently in Grez – although Jelka's great friend Ida Gerhardi, like Degas and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901), stayed in Montparnasse and made many sketches of the area's night life.

Further south lay the much more primitive areas, where the simple and cheap artists' lodgings were full – so that for newcomers it was even difficult to wash, to find warmth or light, and they had to resign themselves to shacks totally lacking in any sort of creature comfort. Before the Deliuses finally left Paris, they might, however, just have visited one extraordinary artists' residence, not quite in Montparnasse itself, that saved a great number from isolation and total destitution. La Ruche ("The Beehive") in the Passage Dantzig, was as famous in its own way as the Bateau-Lavoir in Montmartre. Originally designed by Gustave Eiffel as a circular 3-storey wine rotunda for the 1900 Exposition, in 1902 it was dismantled and re-erected by the sculptor Alfred Boucher as 140 low-cost studios (in which the artists shared models) and an exhibition space. The rents were dirt cheap, no one was ever evicted for non-payment, and Boucher referred to his tenants as his *abeilles,* or worker-bees.

Over the years, Grez-sur-Loing attracted a very large number of painters: Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot (1796-1875) came in 1865, the British and

Americans in the 1870s, Scandinavians in the 1880s and Japanese painters during the 1890s. Several put down their roots there. In 1901 Jelka persuaded Rodin to come and spend a few days at Grez. There is another list of the Deliuses' close friends on page 82 of Lionel Carley's study of the letters between Jelka and Rodin between 1900 and 1914 – and the Grez association of Artistes du Bout du Monde is currently making a census of all the artists who came to the village.

Delius arrived in Paris at just the right moment to experience the outpourings of liberty, diversity and modernity that were sweeping the capital. His involvement in the artistic milieu was made easier by Jelka's painting activity and friends, but it seems that there is more research to be done of a musicological nature which might discover more exactly how his post-impressionist music was influenced in the melting-pot of culture that was Paris in the 1890s.

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec: *La Danse au Moulin Rouge* (1890)

PARIS

ORIGINS AND FIRST PERFORMANCES

Martin Lee-Browne

Delius lived in Paris between 1888 and 1897 – and "No European city could have afforded greater stimulus to a young man hungry for culture and the good life than Second Empire Paris, then at the zenith of its aesthetic fame and power……and [he] participated to the full in the many and varied experiences offered to him by life in the Latin Quarter."[1]. The many eminent painters and writers, mainly French and Scandanavian, whom he got to know, the magic of the city, and the music of Richard Strauss were the catalysts for *Paris,* the huge and vivid night-piece that marked almost the end of his 'apprentice years', and the first flowering of his totally personal style. There was to be one more Strauss-influenced work, *Lebenstanz (Life's Dance),* before the 'real' Delius showed itself in the nature and sea-pieces that soon followed: *Appalachia, Sea Drift*, *Brigg Fair* and *In a Summer Garden.*

By 1898, however, Delius was spending more and more time with Jelka at Grez – she had bought the house there the previous year – but when he started sketching *Paris* in October 1899 he was no doubt still in Paris a substantial amount, and 'in the swim' of Parisian life for it to provide the stimulus for the piece, and he did not have to rely just on vivid memories. Although the printed full score bears the date 1899, the piece was not actually finished until February 1900. As was the case with almost all his compositions, both before and when he was working on it, he said nothing in his letters about the ideas that were forming in his mind – or, indeed, that he was writing it at all. Once completed, though, he naturally (and boldly) wrote to a good number of conductors and conductor-composers (mainly in Germany), in the hope of persuading them to play the piece – but he must have been very dispirited, to say the least, by the responses he got, or sometimes didn't get.

In December 1900, Delius went to Berlin and unsuccessfully tried to see Artur Nikisch, the conductor of both the Berlin Philharmonic and the Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestras; on the 14th he wrote to Jelka "As far as I can see I have absolutely no chance here – Strauss plays his own things – Weingartner plays his own things and Nikisch plays nothing new". He subsequently wrote to Nikisch (although not apparently with a score), but never seems to have had a reply. That was, however, perhaps as well, as Nikisch was the epitome

of the martinet conductor of those days – "In a Nikisch performance, the interpretation ceased to be a faithful elucidation of the composer's notes. It became a creative act in its own right"[2], and Delius could well have been appalled by the result.

It was in fact Jelka's painter-friend Ida Gerhardi who engineered the première, which eventually took place in 1901; she had known Haym for some years,[3] and had persuaded him to give the first performance of *Over the hills and far away* at Elberfeld in 1897. He became very excited by Delius's music, but – having, probably on the strength of that, dedicated *Paris* to him – Delius became somewhat unexcited by Haym. Delius sent him the score of *Paris* in October 1900, when Haym was intending to perform it, but – having attended a rehearsal, when there were only forty in the orchestra – Delius became extremely worried as to whether Haym actually understood the music. He reported to Jelka in a letter of 1 November[4]: "Everything went wrong…..[he was] too slow & of absolutely no significance". For some reason or other, the planned performance never took place.

Early in 1902 Delius sent the score to Richard Strauss, who replied:

Charlottenburg [Berlin], 2 March 1902

Dear Herr Delius,

I have read your score: [sic] Paris with great interest! I am afraid I cannot decide to perform the work for the time being: the symphonic development seems to me to be too scant, and it seems moreover to be an imitation of Charpentier which has not quite succeeded — perhaps I cannot quite imagine the effect of the piece, and I beg you kindly to forgive me and in any case not to be discouraged if, with regret, I return your score to you unperformed.
Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of greeting you personally in Paris and of chatting to you at greater length.

With sincerest greetings
Yours
Richard Strauss.

Paris was not in fact published until 1909 – by FEC Leuckart of Leipzig – but by then it had already been performed seven times: in Elberfeld (twice), Berlin, Düsseldorf, Brussels, Liverpool and London. Not surprisingly, therefore, Robert Threlfall notes[5] that the earliest extant autograph full score "bears clear signs of use for performance"[6], and he says that the *Stichvorlage* (or printer's first engraved copy) has never been traced. The conductors were (at last) Hans

Haym and Julius Buths – two of the four who were very largely responsible for making Delius's name in Germany before his music began to be played over here[7] – and the others were (somewhat surprisingly) the Italian composer and pianist Ferruccio Busoni (1866-1924), who gave the second performance, the Belgian Sylvain Dupuis, and Beecham.

Although Delius's initial concern about Haym's comprehension of the music may well have been justified, he does not seem to have been dissatisfied by the actual performance (or at least not sufficiently so to write to anyone about it) which was given by Haym and the Elberfeld Konzertgesellschaft (Music Society) in the Stadhalle there just over a year later, on 14 December 1901. He must, though, have been very disappointed at the critical reaction – for an Elberfeld paper said:

> The Nightpiece "Paris" has an impressive start, pictured with an indefinable sound, as would be heard at night in Montmartre -a deep, droning, background noise; then figures rising repeatedly from the double bassoon. If all these bizarre effects had been left out and only the elegiac, melodious, poetic parts (which are full of deep feeling) had been allowed to remain, we would have had, in fact, a Tone Poem, an unforgettable impression truly reflecting the subject, just as we receive when standing at night in the lonely square in front of the Sacre Coeur. But the composer grabs us by the arm, puts us on the bus and races with us from one Cabaret to the next. We fly over the Seine and are straightaway in the multitude at Bullier[8]. However, he doesn't let us hear the gypsy melodies of the Boulevard Cafés, although we are aware of cymbals and tambourines, generally coming from two Cabarets at the same time. The audience reacted to the work at the close with hissing and mild applause.[9]

and a Düsseldorf one:

> The Third Subscription Concert of the Elberfeld Concert Society on Saturday evening was again very well attended. The first part of the concert, entirely by modern composers, was received with mixed feelings. The Symphonic Prologue by August Neuss, songs by Hugo Wolf and Arnold Mendelssohn: such songs, without melody, are, for a large 'average' public an indigestible matter. The songs are difficult and their presentation is not for everyone: they do not appeal to the heart. The same can be said of the large orchestral work by Frederick Delius: "Paris: a Nightpiece". The composer portrays in this Tone Poem the night-life of the great "Sin Babel" on the Seine with heavy truncheon blows, a musical hullabaloo. The lovable Jacques Offenbach, with his light touch, has described much better the frivolous, laughing, lusty young night sound of the metropolis. The performance was under the energetic direction of Dr. Hans Haym.

Concert-Gesellschaft Elberfeld

Stadthalle Johannisberg

Sonnabend, den 14. Dezember 1901, Abends 7½ Uhr

III. Abonnements-Concert

unter Leitung des Königl. Musikdirectors **Dr. Hans Mayr**

Solist:

Herr Dr. Ludwig Wüllner aus Berlin.

PROGRAMM:

I. Teil:

1. „Paris" ein Nachtstück für grosse Orchester . . . F. Delius.
2. Lieder am Klavier . Hugo Wolf, Rich. Strauss, Arnold Mendelsohn
3. Symphonischer Prolog für grosses Orchester zu Hugo von Hofmannsthal's „Der Thor und der Tod" . . . Aug. Reese.
4. Wanderers Sturmlied für 6 stimmigen Chor u. Orchester Rich. Strauss

II. Teil:

5. Siegfried-Idyll . . . . . Rich. Wagner
6. Finale „Tannhäuser" III. Act (vom Auftritt Tannhäusers an) . . . . . Rich. Wagner

unter freundlicher Mitwirkung der Mitglieder des hiesigen Stadttheaters Fräulein **Marie Valentin** (Venus), Herr **Juan Luria** (Wolfram)

Bechstein-Concertflügel: R. A. Hammerschmidt.

10887

Die Eintrittspreise incl. Billetsteuer sind:
Saal: Vorderer Teil M. 5.—, Hinterer Teil M. 3.—, Gallerie M. 1.—
Die Abonnementspreise für die Concerte III—VI sind:
Saal: Vorderer Teil M. 13.75, Hinterer Teil M. 8.—, Gallerie M. 4.—
Billetsteuer „ 1.60. Billetsteuer „ 0.80; incl. Steuer.
M. 15.35. M. 8.80.

Nummerirte Saalkarten á M. 5.— und á M. 3.— werden in der B. Hartmann'schen Buchhandlung ab Montag, 9. Dez. ausgegeben.

Die Kasse ist von 12—2 Uhr Mittags geschlossen.

Die nummerirten Galleriekarten á M. 1.— werden am Freitag und Sonnabend, den 13./14. Dez., Mittags 12—1 Uhr und am Sonnabend ab 7 Uhr an der Kasse der Stadthalle verausgabt.

Ende des Concerts 10 Uhr.

Freitag, den 13. Dezember, Abends 7½ Uhr

Hauptprobe

Eintrittskarten (nicht nummerirt) á M. 1.— incl. Steuer sind Mittags 12—1 Uhr und Abends ab 7 Uhr an der Kasse der Stadthalle zu haben.

Die Direction der Concert-Gesellschaft.

Elberfeld Neue Nachrichten ('What's On'), 7 December 1901

Haym undoubtedly redeemed himself in Delius's eyes, for three years later, in 1904 – again at Elberfeld, and within the space of nine days – he gave the first performance of *Appalachia* on 15 October, and then, on 24 October, an all-Delius concert with the first performance of the three movement version of the *Piano Concerto* (with Buths as the soloist), the second performance of *Lebenstanz* and the fourth performance of *Paris*.

Ida Gerhardi

Delius and Busoni met at the Leipzig Conservatoire in 1886, and they got to know each other well – although many years later Delius told Eric Fenby how much he had admired Busoni when first they had met, but, almost in spite of himself, he had had to admit that Busoni never acted quite fairly with him.[10] Nevertheless, when Busoni went to London at the end of 1898,"The first person I met here was Delius. He was very delighted and exceedingly warm."[11] As a result, Busoni got to know Ida Gerhardi, and it was she who persuaded him to give the second performance of *Paris*, although she may not quite have known how to take this from him:

> What are you doing with this miserable score? What are you doing, peddling it around like this?…..it is early enough if I have the score on 1 Sept but *not later* and with *faultless orchestral parts*. I am a novice at conducting, the work is difficult and unknown, so I must not take too many risks.[12]

Nevertheless, he conducted it in the Beethoven-Salle in Berlin on 15 November 1902, with the Berlin Philharmonic – but the Berlin papers were no kinder than those in 1901:

> For Busoni's second Orchestral Concert, he introduced among new and seldom-played works, a Nightpiece, "Paris" by Frederick Delius. This is an abstract tone-mixture without any comprehensible logic, without any sort of power, nor producing even just one feeling of a mood-picture. Mr. Busoni, in bringing to a Concert Hall music that can only be rejected, has done no one a favour, least of all to himself.[13]

while a Dr Leopold Schmidt wrote:

> And now a word about the second Busoni concert on Saturday! It was one of the least exciting that I have, up to now, taken part in. When Mr. Busoni takes on the task of introducing new works, then in my opinion, he also has the duty to check these works beforehand as to whether they are worthy of a public performance. Because there are now, indeed, apostles of the ugly and hateful in music. One should not, of course, lump together all new works (even including the brave, ground-breaking ones) and throw them on the rubbish heap, but let them speak only when they have, at least, something original or somehow, something important to say. Such a talent-less and poverty-of-thought work like the piano concerto of Theophile Ysaye should have been recognised as such by Busoni when reading through it – and this applies even more so to Frederick Delius, who, with his unpleasantness of sound, creates a portrait of one of the cities of the world, full of beautiful things, and dares to set the name "Paris" to it! In comparison to this weak, feeble attempt, the Orchestral Fantasy "En Saga" by the Finn, Jean Sibelius, stood out because of its interesting colouring as the work of a Master. I was reminded, however, of the old quotation from Schumann: "You should not disseminate bad music, and unless you are compelled to, you should not listen to it", and I sadly left the Hall – probably for the first time in my life – even while they were still making music.[14]

Delius himself was very upset, because he felt that "Busoni did not know the score" and that "the work went so badly, I could hardly recognise my own music!" According to his wife, Delius turned deathly pale during the performance, and made no comment when the music ceased.[15]

Ida continued her efforts on Delius's behalf, but an approach to Strauss early in 1902 proved unsuccessful, for he wrote to her on 2 March:

> I have not made any destructive judgment on Herr Delius, but only advised Dr Haym to perform the work by preference in the winter, rather than at the Musikfest, where the public would make its customary demands of the piece, which Delius's composition would perhaps not, however, be able sufficiently to fulfil. Nevertheless the work shows evidence of talent, even if it does not exhaust the subject & is a little thin from a thematic viewpoint.

Paris's next hearing was under Buths in Düsseldorf on 12 February 1903:

> The second part of the Concert opened with a composition by Frederick Delius: *Paris, Impressions of the Night*, a night piece for large orchestra. How powerfully the nocturnal Paris must work on the human sensibility, doubly so on the heart of an artist who has a finely-tuned sensuous temperament! The night life of this World-City has already stimulated composers to write music

and always the composers meet on the same paths. The first 'sound-picture' reminded us of Charpentier's *Louise* and his illustration of the Montmartre scene. With Charpentier, as with Delius, we meet the so characteristic 'cri de Paris'. The similarity of the sound-painting is inescapable, even to the detail of the instrumentation, which was easy to detect – one had no difficulty in recognising this. The build-up of the Delius work is as cleverly contrived as it is effective; the whole work is an interesting enrichment to the symphonic programme-music literature. This work was very warmly received thanks to the exemplary performance – lively and rhythmic – and the composer, who was present, was called by the enthusiastic audience on to the platform. This…. concert…..was interesting from more aspects than one and was, as usual, very well-attended.[16]

That was a great deal more sympathetic than the earlier reports, but by October 1904, the Elberfeld *Täglicher Anzeiger für Bern und Mark* must have changed its music critic, for not only was its 'advance notice' for Haym's second performance of the work (as part of the all-Delius concert mentioned above) amazingly up-beat:

The second People's symphony Concert that takes place Monday probably hardly needs to be specially recommended for the interest and attention of local music lovers. Regarding the music of Delius, for the performance of which an unusually large orchestra (literal translation: "large orchestral apparatus) of 74 musicians has been brought together, one may possibly look forward naively and without prejudice to the effect which will take place. It is not programme music, rather it is to be enjoyed purely as music. Delius is neither a Wagnerian nor a disciple of Richard Strauss. He is not a theme-specialist like the latter; he is a colourist and apparently called – similarly as with Chopin – to enrich music with new sounds.[17]

but, in the light of the reception that *Paris* had received so far, the report on the concert three days later was quite amazing:

The second Symphony Concert, bringing us a "Delius Evening" was anticipated with excitement. A lively discussion about Delius developed amongst the concert-goers, working up almost to the level of a quarrel; one person declared roundly to another in the heat of the argument that Delius understood simply nothing about the art of music. On the other hand, the Delius worshippers that I heard in the corridors expressed themselves differently: "Enchanting, entrancing, isn't it? Delightful!" – and the very clever ones said: "It is wonderful, but I will not give my opinion yet, I still do not understand it sufficiently." Of course, in the matter of understanding, it will have been difficult for many

Städt. Musik-Verein, Düsseldorf.

Donnerstag den 12. Februar 1903,
Abends 7 Uhr,
im Kaisersaale der städt. Tonhalle:

Sechstes Concert

unter Leitung des städtischen Musikdirectors Herrn Professor **Julius Buths** und unter gefl. Mitwirkung von Mlle. **Mary Garnier,** Opernsängerin aus Paris und Miss **Katharine Goodson** aus London.

Programm:

1. Ouverture „Benvenuto Cellini" . . Hector Berlioz.
2. „Die Nacht", für Sopran-Solo, Frauenchor und Orchester . . . C. Saint-Saëns.
   Zum ersten Male.
   (Sopran-Solo: Mlle. Mary Garnier.)
3. Clavier-Concert Es-dur . . . . . Franz Liszt.
   (Miss Katharine Goodson.)
4. „Paris", Impressions de Nuit, Ein Nachtstück für grosses Orchester Frederick Delius.
   Zum ersten Male.
5. Glöcklein-Arie aus „Lakmé" . . . Leo Delibes.
   (Mlle. Mary Garnier.)
6. Tannhäuser-Ouverture . . . . . Richard Wagner.

Concertflügel Rud. Ibach Sohn, Düsseldorfer Haus Schadowstrasse 52.

Eintrittskarten nummerirt à 4 Mk. in A. Modes Musikalienhandlung, Alleestrasse 43, nicht nummerirt à 3 Mk. ebendaselbst, bei W. Bayrhoffer Nachfolger F. Jäger, Schadowstrasse, und in W. Deiters Buchhandlung, Alleestrasse 15. 68513

Cassapreis 5 resp. 4 Mark.

General-Probe Mittwoch den 11. Februar c., Abends 7 Uhr. Billets à Mk. 1,50 an der Casse.

Düsseldorf Generalanzeiger ('What's On'), 8 February 1903

– despite this, we do not wish to be ungallant and not venture an opinion, otherwise the rest of this article would be silence. I could, indeed, here conclude my report, but that would be disrespectful and irresponsible when one thinks of the enormous intellectual and spiritual work that Delius has achieved. His music is truly an advancement. It is programme music and gives to the hearer, through simple presentation of the themes – in both *Lebenstanz* and *Paris* – free movement and unforced expression of his thoughts. He presents no puzzles and does not make a Concert Guide necessary. Despite the fact that his whole music is distanced far from the general feelings and moods of his listeners, it lies all the nearer to their intelligence and awareness; not, of course, in the style of the many fussily-decorated and thousand-times varied concertos and suites of the 17th and 18th centuries, which only make an effect possible through their themes and are otherwise stiff. Instead, Delius leads his hearers through into the greatness which is inherent in his music, into a definite mood which he alone determines. In comparison with *Lebenstanz* – a compelling, encompassing, gripping picture, full of truth – *Paris* remains more superficial. The exciting Boulevard tumult moves on past us in stark contrasts, then leads on to the quietness of the side-streets, in which the distant commotion comes over to us as a humming sound. We wander far, similar pictures often appear, until the coming dawn brings the activities to an end. This whole work, as with *Lebenstanz*, brings strange, peculiar, unusual, fantastic and fascinating harmonies, and sometimes in dissonances, so that one asks oneself, unwillingly, without thinking about it: "What is the purpose? Why is it written like this?" Similarly, there entered into both pieces, as in the Delius *Piano Concerto* [with Buths], various absurd harmonisations, just as at the end of the Bell Chorus in the 1st Act of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Those concert-goers who have heard *Koanga*, however,[18] will recognise here deeply-felt passages which fascinate the hearer and keep up his expectations. Now we enter into the colouful theme-play, experience impossible chord combinations buffing shoulders with each other, knowing no peace or rest, advancing in a progression, scandalising, hurting, shaming, creating in the chaos of the sounds a nervous restlessness; then this is followed by a feeling of boredom: all this seems to me to be the reason for the so differing opinions of the works of Delius. In any case, however, Delius deserves our greatest attention; his Muse might not bring us music to last eternally, but the acclamation and respect that one gives to a Mascagni or even to a Leoncavallo, could be claimed by Delius for himself with full justification.[19]

The next performance should have been given by Henry Wood in the 1905 Promenade Concerts, but he decided not to do it because "….I have not sufficient time to give works as much rehearsal as I would wish[,] so rather than give a bad performance of your work I did not give it at all."[20] He accordingly

sent the score, somewhat surprisingly but presumably at Delius's request, to a Belgian conductor, Sylvain Dupuis (1856-1931). Dupuis came from a musical family, and in the early years of the 20th century he worked in both the opera house and concert halls of Brussels. How Delius came to know of him is a mystery – but it is, of course, possible that Depuis had heard one of the earlier performances, or at least something about the piece, and asked Delius if he could do it. His performance was given in one of the Concerts Populaires in Brussels on 3 December 1903.

Then at last, in 1908, the first English performances – by Beecham and the New Symphony Orchestra at the Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool, and then at Queen's Hall. On 1 December 1907, Beecham had written the first of his many letters to Delius:

> When I looked through 'Paris' a couple of weeks ago, I formed a rather different idea of its difficulties. I thought it was just the sort of thing my fellows would revel in. At the Cassirer concert [Cassirer had given the first English performance of *Appalachia* on 22 November] the seven best 1st violins were not playing, four regular second violins, and the four principal celli too. So that you can hardly form an idea of their capacities from this particular affair. Personally I think 'Paris' is just the thing for us — I shall have my entire force in January when my own regular season — so to speak — commences. However I have inserted the 'Dance of Life' in the Programme and may do 'Paris' too — and will you now tell me where I can get hold of the Score and Parts. I shall want to try it over soon. Also I should like the score of 'Paris' and 'Brigg Fair' which I want to rehearse before Christmas as there is such short time after New Year.….If you will look in on Tuesday evening at Queen's Hall, I will show you for approval the sketch Programme of my series —Kind regards.

and then again on 13 December:

> ……The Liverpool concert at which I shall be doing 'Paris' is on Jan. 11th [1908] — afternoon at the 'Philharmonic Hall'. The final rehearsal for this concert will take place on the morning either of the 9th or 10th — and if possible I should like you to be there as it will be of great help to me. I have got the 'Parts' but cannot have the score for a few days as Cassirer has lent it to someone.

Delius did indeed go to the London rehearsal on the 9th, and reported to Jelka:

> Just a word to say that all is going well — I was at the rehearsal this morning which went very well — Beecham takes good tempi & the orchestra likes the piece — I leave tomorrow for Liverpool —…..

and, of course, on the day after the actual performance in the Philharmonic Hall on the 11th:

> Beecham played 'Paris' very well indeed — It was not quite a finished performance & he was perhaps a bit nervous but in London no doubt they will play it better – The success was mediocre. I don't think that anybody but a few musicians understood it.

After the London performance, which took place on 26 February, *The Times*[21], as it so often seemed to do in those days with new English music, damned it with faint praise:

> Mr Thomas Beecham has often given us opportunities in the past of praising the excellent work he has done in drawing-up interesting programmes and playing them with the New Symphony Orchestra. Last night, at the Queen's Hall he gave the first of what should prove to be a very attractive series of five orchestral concerts, which are to be devoted partly to the compositions of the newer men, such as Bantock, Holbrooke, Delius, Fauré and d'Indy, and partly to the works of older composers which, for one reason or another, are seldom given a hearing…….
>
> Later on the band played…a symphonic poem "Paris: The Song of a Great City" by Frederick Delius which has done for the French capital what Elgar, in his *Cockaigne* Overture, and Mackenzie in his suite *London day by day* have done for the English [one]. The work has melodious moments and is richly scored for a large orchestra. But the composer's free use of the "extra" instruments for the sake of colour breaks up the surface into so many points of high light that the general effect is spotty and untidy, and one longs for a moment of repose. Everyone has his own impressions of Paris, and this symphonic poem undoubtedly represents the composer's; but it is a pity that for musical purposes he could not have felt a little more of the poetry and passion that breathe in every page of the score of the French opera that is a sort-of-apotheosis of the city –Charpentier's *Louise*…….

By now, the work was becoming reasonably well-known, and it was performed a fair number of times over the next few years, in particular by Beecham. Beecham was serving Delius very well at this period, for in 1908, in addition to those two concerts including *Paris,* he gave *Brigg Fair, Appalachia* and two performances of *Sea Drift*. Then, after his amazing opera season at Covent Garden in 1910 (which, with breaks in April and September, lasted from February to October) he did *Paris* at a Royal Philharmonic Society concert in Queen's Hall on 7 December; and then twice in 1911, at an all-Delius concert

in Birmingham Town Hall on 1 February and at Queen's Hall on 30 June. After the Birmingham concert, Granville Bantock had written to Delius:

> We had a capital performance of "Paris" under Beecham at our last Philharmonic Concert in Birmingham, and you will be glad to know that Beecham will be our Conductor next season.[22]

The American première was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Max Fiedler on 26 November 1909, and "engendered some vivid prose when extravagantly damning or praising the work……*The Boston Globe*" warned of moral impediment:"[23]:

> *'Wild Night of Orgy is Set to Music'.*
>
> For every euphonious platitude of orthodox musical creed which Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra expounded in Mozart's 'E-Flat' major symphony yesterday afternoon, they added doubly distilled heresy in the cacophonous profanities of a new musical pagan, Hon. Frederick Delius.
>
> Surely the latest rebel from the faith will cause the guardians of appreciable form and intelligible melody much grief. He is a bold and wanton offender. Because of a conductor abreast of the times, and an orchestra which can work up complex scores quickly, Boston is down to the minute in the ways of orchestra literature.
>
> [The performance] could only give the general contour of the work, with its eagerly following train of quick-lived, sharply-varied episodes, kaleidoscopic swiftness and vividity of outline, surging chaos of myriad voices, high-sounding splendors of their beat and din, plangent dissonances, the lull of receding tumults and a passing melody overheard to fill it, the swift-pacing stride in the wake of the crowd, its feverish unrest, its fickleness, its caprices, its sordidness, its superb animalism, its picturesque abandon.
>
> Save for a moment's pause within doors now and then to watch the ingratiating danseuse pirouette to piquant music or to hear a ballad prettily sung in some cafe, the work is gorged with the clamor of humanity and its complexity of warring moods. Once initiated into Parisian night-time mysteries, the pace runs on unflagging, until in gigantic dissonant chords — the first evidence of simultaneous polyphony — the revelers shudder, perhaps only yawn, at their orgy, and conclude to go home.
>
> To those who hold that night was made for less mutinous infringement of the law, musical and otherwise, this new piece of impressionism will doubtless seem monstrous and deplorable. However, to others who occasionally fancy the sweetness of rebellion and the clangor and stress of life, it will be fascinating, absorbing and thrilling.

"The less morally disposed anonymous critic of the *Boston Journal* attempted to deal with the work in musical terms, but also succumbed to strong visual images of Parisian street life"[24]:

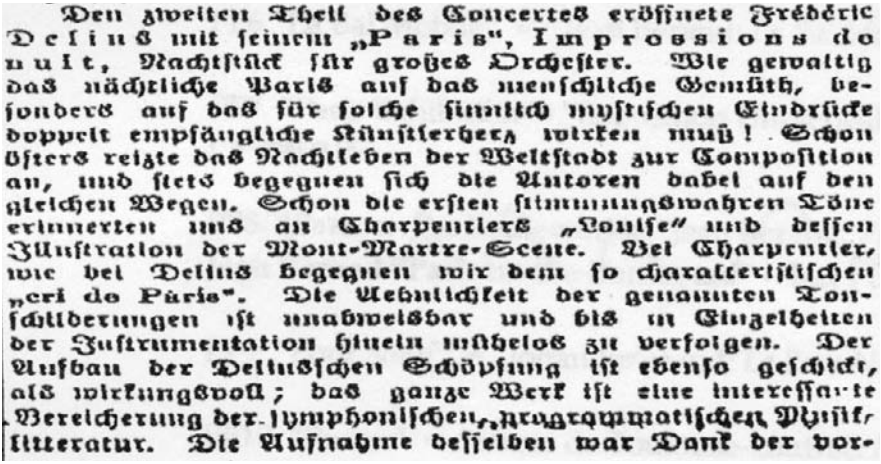
> There is a greater resemblance to Debussy than to Strauss . . . There is no turbulence, no frenetic climax. The kaleidoscopic picture has a subdued tone, varied now and then by shrill notes, as of some peddler crying his wares or some brazen urchin or grisette flaunting authority in the face; and there are even melodious suggestions of merry celebrations. The piece is modern in the most extreme sense of that term, but not yet clear enough in its expressiveness to create a mood and arouse the imagination. The audience applauded in a manner that plainly indicated a desire to hear the work again.

The composer-conductor Franz Schrecker (1878-1934) did *Paris* and *Sea Drift* at the same concert in Vienna in 1912. The last 'first performance' of *Paris* was given at the Queen Elizabeth Hall in London on 12 December 1977, when John Kozar and Francis Routh played the two-piano arrangement (*Paris – Impressions de nuit*) which Julius Buths made around 1903.

1 Christopher Palmer: *Delius: Portrait of a Cosmopolitan* (Duckworth 1976, Chapter 4). The first part of that Chapter is a brilliant commentary on the music of *Paris* and the French painters and poets who were also inspired by the life in, and the mysteries of, the amazing city.
2 Norman Lebrecht: *The Maestro Myth* (Simon & Schuster, 1991) p. 30.
3 *Ibid.p.55.*
4 Lionel Carley: *Delius: A Life in Letters,* Vol 1 (Scolar Press & The Delius Trust 1983) p.171.
5 *Frederick Delius: A Supplementary Catalogue* (The Delius Trust 1986, p.81).
6 That was in fact very often the case – see DSJ 138 p.41 et seq., and the author has several 'non-Delius' manuscripts in his collection which do that.
7 See the Author's article *Four Conductors* in DSJ 141 p.52.
8 (Le Bal) Bullier was a music hall in Montmartre; it features in Puccini's *La Rondine*.
9 *Täglicher Anzeiger für Berg und Mark*, Elberfeld, 15 December 1901.
10 Eric Fenby: *Delius as I knew him* (Faber & Faber 1981) pp 57-58.
11 Busoni: *Letters to His Wife* (Edward Arnold, 1938).
12 Letter 22 July 1902; Lionel Carley: *Ibid*.) p. 208.
13 *Berliner Börsen Zeitung*, Berlin, 16 November 1902.
14 *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin, 19 November 1902.
15 Eric Fenby: *Ibid.*
16 *Düsseldorfer General Anzeiger*, 14 February 1903

[17] *Täglicher für Berg und Mark*, Elberfeld, 23 October 1904.
[18] At Elberfeld in late March and early April the same year, conducted by the very pro-Delius Fritz Cassirer
[19] *Täglicher für Berg und Mark*, Elberfeld, 26 October 1904.
[20] Letter to FD, 6 November 1905.
[21] Of 27 February 1908.
[22] Carley: Op. cit. Vol 2, p 67. In fact the only Delius he did was *The Walk to the Paradise Garden*.
[23] Don Gillespie: *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 & Literature* ((Ashgate 1998).
[24] *Ibid*.

It will be clear from those footnotes, as I said in an earlier issue, that the material for this article does not derive from original research, but has been mainly drawn from a number of well-known sources, which I acknowledge with grateful thanks. It is well nigh impossible to write about Delius in musicalogical terms without constantly referring to our President's and Robert Threlfall's marvellous books. I also owe enormous thanks to our Member, Norman Jones, who lives in Hanover, for finding and (with a little help, he says) then translating and transcribing the newspaper 'crits' of the German performances that are reproduced above – from print like this:



Den zweiten Theil des Concertes eröffnete Frédéric Delius mit seinem „Paris", Impressions de nuit, Nachtstück für großes Orchester. Wie gewaltig das nächtliche Paris auf das menschliche Gemüth, besonders auf das für solche sinnlich mystischen Eindrücke doppelt empfängliche Künstlerherz wirken muß! Schon öfters reizte das Nachtleben der Weltstadt zur Composition an, und stets begegnen sich die Autoren dabei auf den gleichen Wegen. Schon die ersten stimmungswahren Töne erinnerten uns an Charpentiers „Louise" und dessen Illustration der Mont-Martre-Scene. Bei Charpentier, wie bei Delius begegnen wir dem so charakteristischen „ori do Paris". Die Aehnlichkeit der genannten Tonschilderungen ist unabweisbar und bis in Einzelheiten der Instrumentation hinein unschwer zu verfolgen. Der Aufbau der Deliusschen Schöpfung ist ebenso geschickt, als wirkungsvoll; das ganze Werk ist eine interessante Bereicherung der symphonischen Programmatischen Musik-litteratur. Die Aufnahme desselben war Dank der vor-

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec: *Moulin Rouge – La Goulue* (1891)
(Art Institute, Chicago)

PARIS

MUSICAL ANALYSIS

Paul Guinery

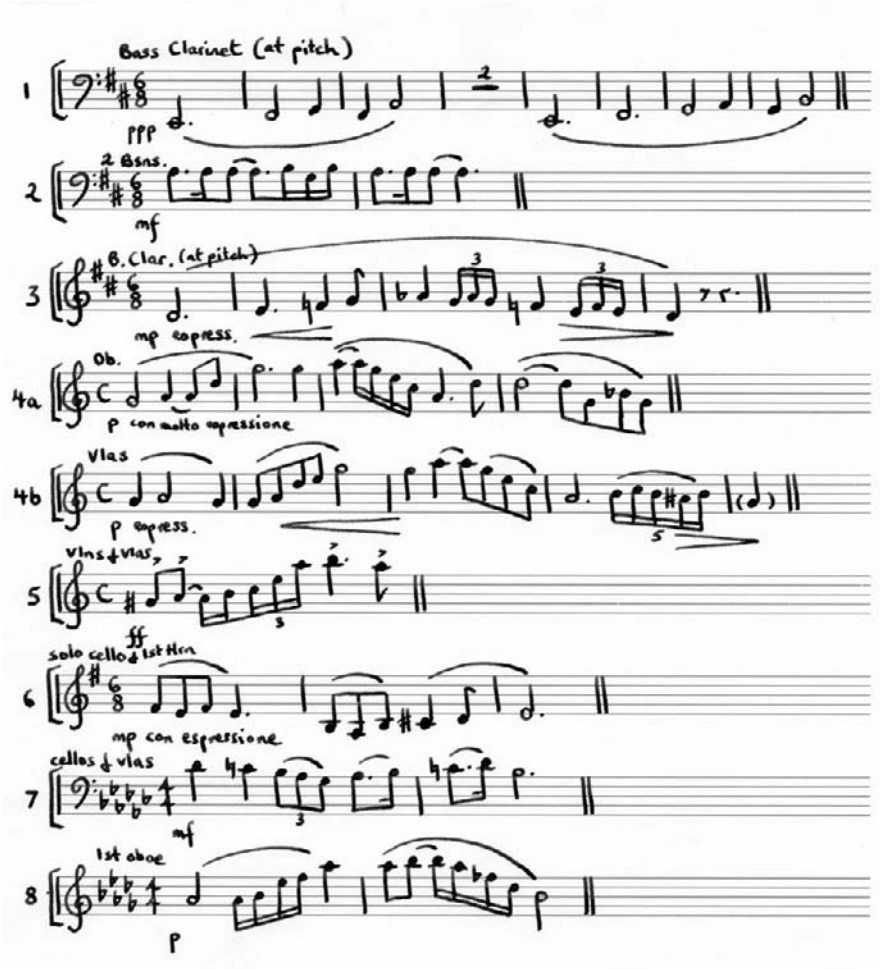
My analysis of *Paris* divides the score into seven separate sections of alternately slow and faster music. With this composer we shouldn't be surprised that there's no apparent attempt to use any text-book formula such as sonata form. But it should become clear that there is definitely a firm grasp of structure in this score. (Delius's detractors take note!) Sections I, III, V & VII form 'pillars' of essentially slow music, each of relatively substantial duration; whilst sections II, IV & VI constitute the 'arches' between them of quick-moving music and their spans are of briefer duration, around two minutes each. It should also be noted that the quicker music is mostly in compound time-signatures, usually 6/8, (even the 4/4 'march' in section IV has a 12/8 feel to it) thereby giving a sense of rhythmic unity to these three 'hedonistic' episodes. What's more, Delius ensures a satisfying feeling of coming full-circle by making sections I and VII, which serve as Introduction and Coda respectively, mirror each other in mood and musical material. *Paris* may sound merely rhapsodic or even disorganized on first hearing; in fact it's anything but, and is constructed with care and craftsmanship.

References below to "figures" are to the rehearsal numbers in the current Universal edition of the full score, prepared for publication by Robert Threlfall as Volume 23b of the Collected Works. This was based on the first engraved edition issued in 1965 (and revised in 1982), which in turn had been based on a copy marked by Beecham of the lithographed first edition of the score issued by Leuckart of Leipzig in 1909. As in my previous analyses, I use a form of shorthand: (fig.17+7), for example, means the seventh bar after figure 17, counting 17 itself as bar 1. Timings in brackets refer to the 1955 EMI recording by Beecham and the RPO, reissued in 2001 on CD by Sony Classical (SMK89430). This interpretation is 22'00" in duration; the 1934 Beecham recording and the 1991 Mackerras version are comparable.

The scoring calls for substantial forces: 3 flutes (3rd doubling piccolo); 3 oboes; cor anglais; 3 clarinets; bass clarinet; 3 bassoons; double bassoon; 6 horns; 3 trumpets; 3 tenor trombones; bass tuba; timpani; bass drum; percussion (cymbals, glockenspiel, castanets, triangle, tambourine); 2 harps; strings.

I. *Adagio – Lento Molto*: Delius was usually marvellous at beginnings and

endings, and the opening of *Paris* is no exception. He begins down in the depths with a pedal D natural on double bassoon, timpani and double basses. The bass clarinet huskily intrudes in the second bar, sketching some melodic fragments (ex.1) (0'05") and is answered by divided cellos, like distant horn calls. The 1st oboe gives voice to a curiously folk-like tune, more pastoral than urban, and there are other little wisps of half-themes, all of them heavily veiled in the shadowy atmosphere. Philip Heseltine in his 1923 book on Delius comments that "the programme annotator would be delighted to discover seven or eight distinct themes in as many pages […] and dismayed to find that none of these are [*sic*] developed in the conventional manner". Well, I for one am not totally dismayed, because in fact I find that two important themes are reworked in later sections of *Paris*: a rhythmic fragment (ex.2) (fig.2+7) (1'57") on 1st and 2nd bassoons, subsequently picked up by 1st oboe and 1st horn; and an arching, oriental-sounding melody on the bass clarinet (ex.3) (fig.3+8) (2'36"), echoed immediately by the cor anglais. Delius selects these two ideas for further treatment on various groups of instruments in a sub-section beginning just after a double bar (fig.4) (3'04"): washed over by undulating triplet figurations on upper strings and harps, they're cunningly juxtaposed. What's more, at fig.5 (3'25") a further quotation of the little folk-song tune is added to the texture by 1st oboe and 1st clarinet along with an entry in canon of ex.3 in cellos and double basses. Delius's studies at Leipzig (where, no doubt, counterpoint was an obligatory part of the course) are here paying dividends. The dotted rhythm of ex.2 is also exploited to give an *ostinato* effect (i.e. on flutes, clarinets and timps). This all builds impetuously to a climax (fig. 6+1) (3'55") and then just as suddenly subsides – one of those swift musical deflations at which Delius was so adept – before a *lento molto* passage (fig.7) (4'25") reintroduces ex.1 again on bass clarinet (though higher in the register than before), now over tremulous violas and cellos. This introductory section, as it dies away, dovetails into the first example of truly quick music in the score (fig.8) (5'11").

II. *Vivace*: The influence of Richard Strauss has been detected by several commentators and I feel it holds good here – I can think of a similar feel and texture in passages from *Till Eulenspiegel* and *Ein Heldenleben* where there are chromatic scurryings in woodwind and strings in a 6/8 metre. I doubt though that Strauss would have played with his triangle, glockenspiel and tambourine quite as much as Delius does. This fleeting section – and it's under two minutes in length – feels as if we've suddenly turned a corner into Montparnasse with garish lights and stray noises-off from *cabarets* and *cafés-concerts* evoked by

most of the brass (fig.9+3) (5'30"), aided later by violas and bass clarinet (fig.10+5) (5'47"). (These are reworkings, it seems, of some unpublished *Scènes Parisiennes*). But there are no really substantial themes to grab onto in this excursion into the *demi-monde* – just little wisps of melody, although fragments of a slightly developed version of the folk-song from the introduction are bandied around (fig.11+10) (6'06") in woodwind and horns. But something more definite is about to emerge as this section slackens in pace and dynamic, and we reach a double bar with changes of time and key signature.

III. *Adagio con espressione – Con grazia – Molto Adagio*: This third section can

be sub-divided into three parts. The first ushers in a glorious melody on the violas (ex.4b) (fig.13+2) (7'07"), subtly harmonized. Its outline is traceable from an oboe theme (ex.4a) in Delius's early tone-poem *Hiawatha*. There, its harmonic accompaniment is somewhat prosaic; here, it's utterly transformed "like opening a magic window to Innocence" as Fenby described it (*The Great Composers: Delius*, p.40). The melody is passed on to woodwind and, notably, to 1st trumpet (fig.13+11) (7'54") as the music soars aloft in a premonition of 'high hills' to come, even though these are still a little way off on the Delian horizon. The upward-leaping shape of this broad theme, like a cool draught of C major to sober us up, is also reflected (in diminution) in a little motif introduced by 1st and 2nd bassoons, 3rd and 4th horns, and by cellos; it's further refined by upper strings (ex.5) (fig.14+2) (8'22") and will assume some importance later on. These are undoubtedly some of the most exhilarating pages in the whole of *Paris* – though, in my opinion, it's a pity we come so suddenly down to earth (fig.14+6) (8'34") as cellos and double basses are given a version of ex.4 under vigorous, but mundanely chugging, strings. (One can imagine the young Fenby tut-tutting at this, just as he did over a similar passage in *Poem of Life and Love* before it was excised from the revision of *A Song of Summer – vide* the scene in Ken Russell's film.)

A second sub-section marked *Con grazia* (fig.15) (8'56"), built around a suggestion of the leaping outlines of ex.5 in a variant in woodwind and strings, is only a brief recollection (lasting under twenty bars) of the festive mood of section two. Since there's no programme-note, we're left guessing as to why we're back on the *boulevards* again for this snatch of *gaietés* which includes a reference (this time on 1st violins) to the *chansons populaires* of fig.9+3. But soon the lights are abruptly dimmed as we reach the concluding sub-section.

This is a *Molto adagio* (fig.16+9) (9'37"), a truly haunting passage with a melancholy, almost ghostly tinge to it. Divided 1st violins sigh expressively above poignant harmonies though soon there's a sense of consolation from a gentle, rocking figure which is anticipated by 1st oboe (fig.16+10) and 1st clarinet (fig.16+12) and sketched in by solo violin above a variant of ex.5 on solo cello (fig.17+1); after the briefest of interruptions by sounds of distant *boulevards* the violin is then doubled by 1st flute (fig.17+7). But the most tender voicing of this idea comes *con espressione* from solo cello and 1st horn (ex.6) (fig.18+1) (10'39") as 1st violins simultaneously add a reference to the first two bars of ex.3 – Delius giving us a wonderful example of real 'composition' of his material. The full significance of this heart-rending passage could have been known only to the composer: as Heseltine pointed out (*Frederick Delius*, p.118),"for Delius, Paris is not so much the capital city of France as a corner of

his own soul, a chapter of his own memoirs."

IV. *Allegretto grazioso – Tempo di marcia*: The cello and horn theme (ex.6) is developed rhythmically in the first part of this section (fig.18+9) (11'33") which recalls the equally boisterous 6/8 mood of section II. Various instruments take up ex.6 (i.e. flutes, trombones and violins). The rhythmic insistence of ex.2 also manages to emerge from the thick texture in upper strings (fig.20+8) (12'13"). Delius lets the tempo relax a little but then whips it up again to lead seamlessly into a sub-section in march tempo (fig.23) (12'45").

This is more dance-like than military as its softer, more feminine key of G flat would suggest and it's based on a theme (ex.7) which is in fact a development of ex.6 (it can be found foreshadowed by 1st trumpet and violas at fig.21+2) (12'22"). Delius eventually builds up quite a head of steam before jamming the brakes on with some decisive punctuation: a pair of G flat chords in harps and strings (fig.25) (12'53").

V. *Meno mosso – Molto lento (Adagio molto)*: There's now a sudden change of mood and texture (fig.25+2) (13'57"): tranquil music which, like section III, offers us a fascinating view of 'the shape of things to come' in Delius's maturity. The music stays essentially in flat keys as a rising/falling *motif* emerges in the 2nd violins (fig.25+4) (14'05") interspersed with ex.6 from 1st horn decorated by solo violin and echoed gently by 1st trumpet (fig.26+2) and then by 1st flute.

The tempo pulls back even further to *Molto lento* (fig.27) (15'02") and then to *Adagio molto* as a little arching melody, like the outline of ex.5, is heard on 1st oboe (ex.8) (15'20") followed by 1st flute and cushioned by a similar figure on a solo violin: such figurations will soon become utterly characteristic of Delius's sound-world. This delicate and exquisitely textured music is another of the finest passages in the whole of *Paris.*

VI. *Vivace (Allegretto) grazioso*: Section V doesn't resolve harmonically but dies away *pppp* on a half-cadence and leads (fig.28) (17'06") straight into the soul-mate of sections II and IV. The influence is once again Straussian, with thick textures, chromatic harmony and, to this listener at least, rather a heavy hand in the percussion department (Delius certainly relishes his glockenspiel!). Ex.7 swaggers prominently forth in the horns (fig.31+1) (17'58") in counterpoint with ex.6 from piccolo, 1st flute and glockenspiel. By now there are other familiar melodic fragments swirling around in the mixture. But the mood of *joie-de-vivre* climaxes *con tutta forza* around fig.32 and

characteristically deflates in some half-dozen bars as a sinister passage begins (fig.33+1) (18'33"). Practically the full orchestra unites in a rare homophonic texture: it's as if dawn is breaking, a warning that it's high time to draw a line under dissipation and stagger home to the garret. Lower woodwind and brass sound a gloomy A minor chord *ppp* and call a halt to proceedings.

VII. *Molto tranquillo – tempo primo (adagio)*: Delius here telescopes material from the opening introduction to form a much shorter *coda*. Ex.2 returns (fig.34+1)(19'12") on 1st bassoon and 1st horn; then the pace levels out to the initial *adagio* of the whole work as a pedal note hovers (uncertainly this time) between D flat and D natural; the bass clarinet murmurs its opening theme again (ex.1) (20'02"), interspersed with mutterings of ex.2 from woodwind and horns. The little 'rustic' tune from the opening returns on 1st oboe (fig.36+3) (20'54"); the piccolo has a distant flourish *pppp* (delius asked for the player to *draussen spielen* i.e."go outside" to play it – not very practical!); The 'shape' of ex.8 is hinted at by 1st flute (fig.36+9) (21'13") and then by 1st oboe and 1st clarinet. All this is a 'remembrance of things past', and just when we might be expecting a 'dying fall' up to the final double bar, the music unexpectedly shakes its fist at the breaking dawn and increases in dynamic intensity to *fortissimo* consolidated by a strong *tutti* g major chord, but with an e natural hinting ambiguously at the relative minor. But it's a gesture, nothing more, and the music fades swiftly away to a hushed close.

From Sir Tomas Beecham's Frederick Delius:

> Written as far back as 1897 [the Piano Concerto], like so many of its brethren, had passed through a period of some vicissitude. Two years earlier it had attracted the notice of Busoni, who had undertaken to play it at one of his Berlin concerts. Relying upon this assurance Frederick had gone to the German capital, only to encounter a succession of postponements. After several weeks of tedious delay, the work was dropped from the programme without any explanation, and he returned to Paris with a feeling of resentment against the great pianist, which for many years he was unable to overcome. To make matters worse Busoni, on a subsequent occasion and presumably by way of compensation, gave a performance *of Paris* conducted by himself of such atrocious ineptitude as to linger also in the memory of its unlucky composer until his last days.

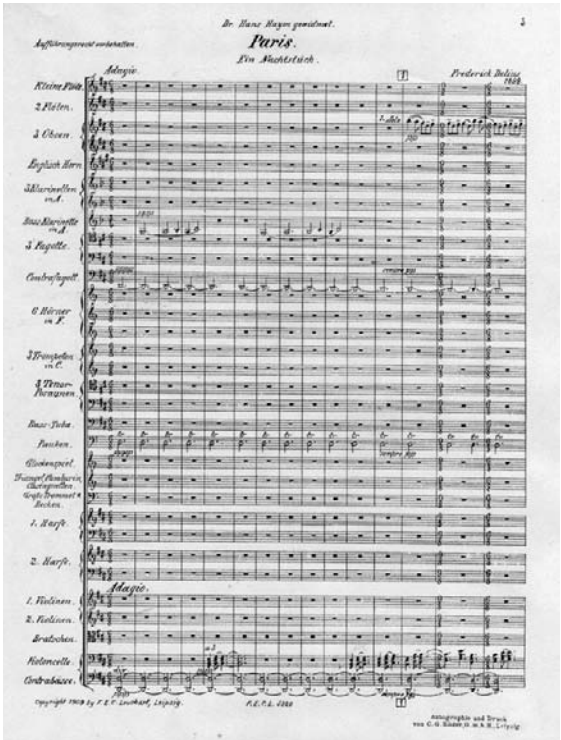
PARIS

BEECHAM REHEARSES *PARIS*

Bernard Shore

[Bernard Shore was a celebrated viola player – between 1922 and 1940 he was, first, in the Queen's Hall Orchestra and then, as principal, in the BBC Symphony Orchestra. Retiring from playing, he became a professor at The Royal Academy of Music and a Staff Inspector of Schools. His reminiscences on the life of an orchestral player, The Orchestra Speaks*, were published by Longmans, Green & Co. in 1938. The following is an extract from that book, and it can also be found in Lyndon Jenkins's* While Spring and Summer Sang *(Ashgate 2005).]*

Gazing around the orchestra at his first rehearsal he finds the players placed in an unaccustomed way. 'Gentlemen, you are doubtless – ah – used to the queer positions in which I find you, and in time I shall presumably locate one or two of you. I should like the bass clarinet to give some slight indication of his presence by holding up his hand – thank you! Now perhaps, with the help of the contra-fagotto, you will be kind enough to induct us into the lights and – ah – mysteries of "Paris".' He plays the entire work through, sitting on his usual raised chair, listening most intently, occasionally making curt comments: 'Clarinet – 'cello, a little more please – in six – Basses lighter fliute' (he always pronounces flute thus – fliute). At the same time he strengthens these



comments by a gesture of his stick towards the particular instrument. Stopping only once, for a slight misunderstanding at the *molto adagio* (5 bars before No. 17[14]) – 'In six, please! – and then once more at the end, when the little pan-pipe call on the piccolo (offstage) goes awry and leads him to remark, *sotto voce,* to the principal violin – 'Who did that?' The piccolo complains that there is no one to keep the door open for him, and if it is shut he cannot see the beat. Whereupon Beecham – 'My dear fellow, I will see that the entire staff of attendants of the Queen's Hall are put at your disposal tomorrow night, or – if they cannot cope with the matter – I will personally break the door down!'

When he finishes the piece he touches on the various points that have arisen: 'Gentlemen, that was very good on the whole: I have little to suggest in the beginning. But at No. 4, basses, a little more please; something between *mezzo-piano* and *mezzo-forte;* a rather heavy sound is required there. At No. 5, oboe and clarinet, I should like you to play that vulgar tune a little harder – in fact, a demonstration of good vulgar spirits in the early morning, which our friends on the Continent seem to enjoy. Third and fourth bars before No. 7, violas and clarinets, a little more distinct, that phrase, if you please. Second violins, a little quieter when you start your quavers after Fig. 8 – it was too loud for you to make the proper *crescendo.* At the *con moto* before Fig. 12, the gentlemen with the quavers are requested to play lightly. Now, at Fig. 13 I want the following instruments to stand out – 7th and 8th bar, clarinet; 9th bar, oboe; 10th, clarinet again; and the accompanying instruments are to play quietly, if you please. Now let us play once more as far as Fig. 13.'

This time he listens less intently, and begins to direct the playing with more decision, stopping to clear up more details, and taking freer *tempi.* At a stop for further detail he mentions Fig. 6. 'Gentlemen, I do not intend to bother about the passage at No. 6. It has never been heard yet, and I doubt whether it ever will be.' He goes on in the same manner to No. 13, the – 'Violas, not too much *crescendo* in your first bar, and then *diminuendo* to help you to build up your phrase right up to the top. Reserve your transports for that note, if you please, and not before. And at the five semiquavers at the end of your phrase, I should like a shade more tone, and *molto diminuendo,* so that they fade into the next bar — and together, please.' He plays on, continually stopping for corrections.

At the *molto adagio* (5 bars before No. 17) he draws out the first violin phrase and moves on again in each alternate bar. The harp semiquavers have to be fitted in from Beecham's back view, as best they can, for he turns full to the first violins for the whole of this passage. At Fig. 18 he speaks to the 'cello and first horn: "Cello, in your solo you must listen to the horn, who shares

your tune – in this case his sound will travel down to you quicker than yours to him, whatever the acoustical experts may say. Now I want this solo played very free, with a slight quickening of the tempo at the beginning of each bar, and making up for it at the ends. Four bars before No. 20, cymbals, a grand smash of your delightful instrument to help in the general welter of sound, if you please!'

Beecham rehearsing – Harold Fairhust c.1937
(Editor's collection)

In the next passage he asks for special care over the climax, which should be two bars before Fig. 20, and not at the *prestissimo.* He plays this several times — from the *tranquillo* to Fig. 22— working up both *tempo* and fire, until he is satisfied that the orchestra will respond to any of his demands, which may never be quite the same. This terrific feeling of stress he keeps up at white heat right into the march theme at Fig. 23. This march, at the first rehearsal, was comparatively subdued, both as to *tempo* and power (at the concert he swung it along with the theme *fff* and considerably quicker), and then he suddenly shuts off the sound, like a sharply shut window, for the solo violin passage in octaves with flute and bassoon. Momentum is again regained until the *ritenuto* before Fig. *25,* and he ends the episode with a terrific crash on the two G flat chords, which he rehearses once or twice for sufficient attack and power.

Three bars after the ensuing *meno mosso* [2 bars after Fig. 25] he stops again. 'Gentlemen in the clarinet department, how can you resist such an impassioned appeal from the second violins? Give them an answer, I beg you!' This three-bar sentence starting in the second violins, followed by the clarinets and concluded by solo violin and first horn, is the kind of thing Beecham creates out of Delius — three entirely separate ideas, woven into an intensely expressive sentence that is full of the tenderest feeling, yet never allowed to

become sentimental or sickly. At the *adagio molto* after Fig. 27 he beats eight, giving the oboe the utmost freedom to enjoy a *tenuto* on his top A and B flat, before his descending semiquavers, the whole of the accompaniment being hushed to a whisper. Having rehearsed a clear change of harmony on the last chord before Fig. 28, he bustles on to a similar climax at Fig. 30, marking the top three bars before Fig. 31 and demanding still more force at the bar after Fig. 32. The tempo at Fig. 33 is still kept up to the *allegretto grazioso,* and only subsides gradually. No. 34 he takes in six, in *tempo rubato,* with a good deal of space between the quavers at the end of the bar, but the bassoons and horns have to move in strict tempo in the next bar. The same thing happens, only more quietly, in the strings' next phrase, the following two bars subsiding into the quietest sound from the bassoon and bass-clarinet. After a break, the string chords fade, each one less, into nothing. He makes a point for the oboe at this spot [3 bars after Fig. 36]. 'That tune of yours, oboe, I want it played as if you heard someone whistling, walking away from you in the street, and suddenly turning a corner, when he gets to your second D. I hope the piccolo has now succeeded in opening his door!'

[1]The rehearsal numbers and references are from the Universal (UE6900).

Exposition Universalle 1900 – The Main Entrance
(National Art Gallery of Washington DC)

PARIS

CONDUCTING *PARIS*: DAVID LLOYD-JONES TALKS TO THE EDITOR

Editor: How did you originally get to know *Paris*?

DL-J: It was one of the very first orchestral pieces that I ever identified with – long before I even knew that Brahms or Tchaikovsky had written symphonies – and that was because in 1945 my father gave me a book called *The Orchestra Speaks* by the viola player Bernard Shore. In it, he talks about many of the conductors he had played under in the BBC Symphony Orchestra – and one of them, of course, was Beecham. Beecham's manner of speaking and rehearsing were caught to a T – and the section about his work on this piece opened with the memorable request "Now perhaps, with the help of the contra-fagotto, you will be kind enough to induct us into the lights and – ah – mysteries of – *Paris*". Although I had never heard of Delius, *Paris,* or Paris itself for that matter – nor had the slightest idea what a contra-fagotto was – for some reason that typically florid remark made a deep impression on me. I think this was largely because Beecham had been the first conductor I ever saw in a live concert. Ever after, the mystique of the work fascinated me, and I longed to get to know it.

Ed: It is in fact Delius's longest 'single movement' orchestral work, isn't it?

DL-J: Yes, at about 22-23 minutes it must be, although the four North Country Sketches together are quite a bit longer. As such, *Paris* clearly meant a lot to Beecham, who always had a special affection for it – I am reliably informed that he did it some 50 times – even though it calls for a very large orchestra, including quadruple wind, six horns, two harps etc., and is therefore not a good work to take on tour! Unlike his performances of some other Delius works, that of *Paris* remained remarkably consistent over the years. Incidentally, it was tragic that his marvellous first records of it, made in April 1934, just failed to come out in time for Delius to hear them; they were actually in the post to him when he died on 10 June.

Ed: Do you think that it is 'echt' Delius?

DL-J It would be almost impossible for anyone calling themselves even a

'half-Delian' not to be attracted to, indeed entranced by, *Paris* – and I'm certainly one of those. After all, it represents the composer at the height of his powers writing about a place for which he had passionate feelings. However, the piece has always made me think of a comment in Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation* where he talks about Georgione's *Tempesta* in which, against a stormy background in open country, there is a broken column, a half-naked woman suckling a baby and a soldier with a lance, but nothing seemingly connecting them. Even the erudite Clark finds himself disarmingly asking "What on earth is going on?" *Paris*, to a lesser extent, initially had the same effect on me – what is happening and, in particular, at what time of day? Apart from the music itself, all we have to go by is the name Paris and the sub-title "Nocturne: The Song of a Great City".

I have, of course, conducted all sorts of music, some of it fairly impenetrable, but when a piece appeals to me strongly, I do like to feel I know roughly what it's all about. For example, despite its loose sonata structure, the first movement of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* Symphony has always struck me as having an underlying programmatic framework (indeed the composer admitted as much), and it is only after many years that I now think I know what was at the back of Tchaikovsky's mind when he wrote each section of it. This gives one greater confidence in one's interpretation.

Ed: And *Paris* is, of course, oddly constructed too –

DL-J: Yes, it certainly is – positively kaleidoscopic and, in a prophetic way, even cinematic. I have noted in my score that Delius wrote about the opening "An approach to the metropolis as glimpsed from afar – impressions of night and early dawn, with its peculiar street cries and Pan's goatherd…..". He says "night and early dawn"—well, which? They are two quite different things, and what has the early dawn got to do with a Nocturne? So what is the slow, mysterious opening of *Paris* about? What is a goatherd doing in the middle of the night in Paris? I must confess that the first time I conducted it, I greatly enjoyed doing so without having much idea of what Delius was describing. The opening music then seemed to me to be about the beginning of dawn – another Song before Sunrise, if you like. Anyone who didn't know the work well could be forgiven for thinking that, despite the subtitle, it was the portrait of a city coming to life in the early morning…..

Vincent van Gogh: *Roofs of Paris* (1886)
(Amsterdam, van Gogh Museum)

Ed: With the bass clarinet's first entry like a drunk rolling home…..

DL-J: Yes, that could make sense in this context. But if only Delius had said "An approach to the metropolis as glimpsed from afar *as dusk falls*", his intentions would have been so much clearer. The way the opening slowly builds up is masterly and is Delius at his extrovert best. If one is wrong-footed about the time of day, it's very puzzling, because if this is dawn, what is the end of the piece about, with its repetition of the same opening music before the great crescendo of the last ten bars? Incidentally it has always struck me that these final bars are a sort of condensed version of the end of *Koanga,* which also refers back to its beginning, where Delius writes the most sensational evocation of dawn, with the sun breaking out; after all the tragedy, the opera thereby ends on an extremely positive note. That is certainly not the case with most of Delius's music which, more often than not, just fades away, but *Paris* ends magnificently too. He was viewing the city again "as glimpsed from afar" – just like in a cinematic 'long shot' – and finally bathed in sunlight.

Ed: Of course, *Paris* wasn't the only piece by Delius directly connected with that city, there are also *Lebenstanz* – originally called *La ronde*

se déroule – and *Margot la Rouge.*

DL-J: Indeed – but *Paris*, although possibly a shade over-long, is without question the best of the three. I'm actually very fond of *Life's Dance* – I prefer to call it that, rather than *Lebenstanz* – though I must admit that I think the end somewhat disappointing. But perhaps I may be forgiven for that, as Delius himself found it hard to finish. In retrospect it seems clear that it served as a preliminary study for *Paris,* even though it was not actually planned as such. Although considerably shorter, again it is not at all clear what concept lies behind the sharply varying sections. The very attractive one-act opera *Margot la Rouge*, the setting of which is "Un cabaret des boulevards extérieurs. Il est huit heures du soir" is, with it's French text (and piano reduction by Ravel), very Parisian, but in a curious way not totally Delian.

To go back to the idea of an underlying 'programme' of *Paris*, the following lines were apparently written by Delius on the missing manuscript score used by the publishers, (although they have never appeared in the printed ones):

> Mysterious city – City of pleasures,
> Of gay music and dancing,
> Of painted and beautiful women – Wondrous city
> Unveiling but to those who,
> Shunning day,
> Live through the night
> And return home
> To the sound of awakening streets
> And the rising dawn.

That's fine, and I entirely go along with it as a description of the widely differing moods that the piece contains.

Ed: We've talked about the background to *Paris* – now what about the music?

DL-J: Well, to begin with, a point I have already remarked on – namely the large orchestra that is called for. This was not unusual for Delius at the turn of the century – that of *A Village Romeo and Juliet* a year or so later is very similar for he was greatly influenced by Wagner's and Strauss's orchestration – both very much 'of the moment'. Furthermore, at that time 'Fritz' Delius was writing for German publishers who were used to producing music for large

and well-financed orchestras.

The full score was originally published in a lithographed edition in 1909 by Leuckart of Leipzig (later also as a miniature), but in 1921 the rights were transferred to Universal Edition. In 1965, four years after the death of Beecham, Universal brought out a newly engraved study score that included Beecham's (uncredited!) performance markings which had been given to them by Eric Fenby. Thus he did not himself actually edit the score for Universal. Had he done so I suspect that, as with his edition of *The Walk to the Paradise Garden*, there would have been quite a lot more tempo indications than in the original, and some suggested metronome marks, of which there are none. The Complete Edition score we have today is properly credited as being Beecham's edition and as, due to an accident, Fenby had not been able to proof-read the original Universal edition, also includes a number of corrections by Robert Threlfall.

Ed: So now, what about actually conducting it?

DL-J: The first thing you notice in the score is that at the *Adagio* beginning the time signature for the whole orchestra is 6/8 (i.e. basically two very slow beats in a bar), but the melodic line, played by the bass clarinet is in 3/4; indeed this is printed in brackets next to the 6/8 in the part. Because the tempo is so slow, it is therefore best to conduct in three and inform the rest of the orchestra of what you are doing. As Beecham implied, the contrabassoon helps to set things in motion and plays non-stop *pppp* for the first 43 bars of the piece, with enormously long-held notes – the first of five bars, the second of seven bars, and the fourth of 15 bars and so on. ….

Ed: That's an awful lot of breath!

DL-J …..and one ideally needs two players so that they can overlap, even though the double basses are also playing the long held D. The opening needs to be extremely soft, though emphatically not soporific, but quietly expectant. You only start beating in dotted crotchets at fig.1, where the oboe comes in with it's memorably evocative phrase (as if custom-made for Leon Goosens), which can be played with a little *rubato*. It may or may not be a street-cry, like the lavender-seller's tune in *A London Symphony*, but it is certainly pure Delius. At this point, things seem to warm up, not in terms of an increase in tempo, but almost as if human life has entered the landscape, as might be the case if the bassoon figures

are indeed representative of the punchy cries of street vendors. From the second bar of figure 4, where common time sets in, the nightlife of Paris begins to hot up, with the cries of the vendors more prominent and the wistful oboe melody shrieked out *ff* by oboe and clarinet (something Ernest Newman objected to strongly when Berlioz did the same sort of thing). The semiquaver triplet figuration of the upper strings and two harps helps to add to the feeling of mounting animation and excitement. At the third bar of figure 5, the tambourine enters with a seven-bar ostinato, doubled by flutes and clarinets. The player needs to be asked to play extra-rhythmically, and the rest of the orchestra (who are now playing in a variety of rhythms) told to follow the tambourine just as much as the conductor. All the while there is the deep undertow of the bass instruments suggesting something almost primeval. The climax of this section is at three bars after figure 6, with the six horns shouting out the street vendors' call. Again they need to be asked to play as rhythmically as possible, especially as the first violins have an important variant of it at the same time. Then comes a surprising *diminuendo* and relaxation of the tempo, even extending to *Lento molto*, just when it seems that Paris at night was finally getting into its stride.

Ed: This is surely something that Strauss would not have done….

DL-J: No, probably not, but here the effect is very Delian, taking us back into a widely differing mood of mystery; again one can't help feeling that a highly-placed camera is panning to another quarter of Paris. The *sul ponticello* marking for the violins six bars later adds to the strange atmosphere of this enigmatic passage. At the *Vivace* of figure 8 the tempo indication of dotted crotchet equals crotchet is, to put it mildly, questionable.

Ed: Should the crotchet be a quaver?

DL-J: That would almost certainly be too fast, depending on how much one had slowed down already, but at least it is closer to the *Vivace* marking. However one resolves this, what is wanted here is animation and clarity, rather than speed. But *Vivace* 6/8 (in 2) it is, and the pulsating cellos seem to suggest the quickening heartbeats of the Parisian hedonists. Bassoons should match the staccato of the lower strings to depict the mounting excitement leading up to fig. 9 where three percussionists, including glockenspiel, enter for the first time. The first quaver of the brass figure in the third bar of

figure 9 should be short but nevertheless so accented as to sound more important than the following crotchet (something orchestras tend not to do naturally).

But just when there is a feeling that one is in for an extended rout, the mood again surprisingly changes (*poco tranquillo*) and introduces an important five-bar lilting theme on oboe and clarinet, which is almost banal in its carefree simplicity. This motive is possibly overworked later in the piece. There follows a section marked *Con moto*. In practice it does well to hold this tempo, especially as the section begins the winding down into the *Adagio con espressione* of figure 13, where the timpani's duplets should effortlessly take over the quavers of the previous 6/8.

The new tempo proper establishes itself at the third bar of figure 13 where, in an inspired piece of scoring, Delius gives the theme of this totally different aspect of Paris to the violas, playing in their upper register. This passage is quintessential Delius and occupies the same sort of place in the scheme of things as the 'lovers' interlude in *Cockaigne*, but here it is far more intense. Even more remarkable as orchestration is the way that the trumpet takes up the viola tune *piano dolce*,

Ed: That could be thought corny, with overtones of the Salvation Army….

DL-J: … by some people of the old school maybe, but for me it adds an appropriately 'blues' colouring to the episode and should be treated as such. The section reaches an impassioned climax, at the end of which an *accelerando* leads us into a more robust variant of the viola tune in the lower strings. Although no so marked, it is best if the upper strings play their quaver ostinato *martellato* (on the string). This quickly leads into a 6/8 *con grazia* section in which the castanets take over the defining role previously played by the tambourine. The total effect should be one of the greatest opulence. But a *rallentando* leads into what would appear to be a most un-Parisian episode—the *Molto adagio*. Still in 6/8, this needs to be conducted in 6 and given a specific yearning, even melancholy character that makes it stand out in the piece as an exceptional interlude. It is as if Delius is reminding us yet again that Paris is not wine, women and song. There is an odd two-bar *accelerando* (best conducted in 2), but the tempo relaxes again into yet another *Molto adagio* section.

Ed: Are they both identically slow?

DL-J My feeling is that figure 18, though again in 6, should be somewhat warmer and therefore fractionally more flowing than the previous section. The following *Allegro grazioso* must be delicate and light, but is again interrupted by four bars of *più tranquillo*, followed by a headlong rush into four bars of *Prestissimo*, which gives way again to another *più tranquillo* (i.e., not as fast, but still moving), which lasts for some time. The marking *a tempo* one bar before figure 22 is puzzling and would seem to be the uncorrected remains of some superseded *meno mosso.*

At figure 23 we arrive at *Tempo di marcia*, naturally in 4/4 and in a notably foreign key. March? Nocturne? 'City of pleasures, of gay music and dancing, of painted and beautiful women'? ('What on earth is going on?') It doesn't matter! After so much compound time, it is good to have something in common time at this point, especially as the ringing tones of the glockenspiel add to the gaiety of the march. But again a cinematic comparison comes to mind as the music dissolves into a quiet section in A major – though anyone reading the enharmonic writing for oboe and bassoon could be forgiven for failing to recognize this. Again the music winds down and thins out in terms of orchestration, and we arrive at the slowest music in the piece, marked *Adagio molto*, which is certainly to be conducted in quaver beats, and slow ones at that. All this is beautifully scored, with the solo violin leading into the impassioned lines for first and second violins. Another *Vivace grazioso* follows…

Ed: … starting a form of recapitulation?

DL-J: Indeed. At figure 31 there is a fine counterpoint between the swinging 6/8 theme and the somewhat augmented march theme in horns. The *rallentando* marking at this point is probably better understood as *meno mosso*. Everything is worked up to an almost bacchanalian frenzy when suddenly a *ritard. molto* leads to a totally surprising moment of near tragedy in slow, stabbing chords ('What on earth is going on?') which is remarkably similar to the downfall of Till Eulenspiegel. After a soft full close in A minor of Wagnerian sonority, the strings put on mutes for the first time in the piece to usher in a surprisingly extended and reflective quasi-recapitulation of the slow opening music. This time (*Tempo I*, i.e., *Adagio*) the bass clarinet is conducted in a slow 2, though the street vendors' music for cor anglais and bassoons is better sub-divided. Nothing

in the work is more magical than the way in which Delius makes the memorable oboe theme shine through the murky atmosphere in a bright G major and thereby start the affirmative 'sunrise' apotheosis. The piccolo is instructed to go off-stage to play his one bar of panpipe (?) call, and he is given ample time to do this, though probably not enough to return to play the final high B. The climax is achieved possibly too suddenly, and the *Lunga* marking for the last chord is surely Delius's invitation to draw it out considerably more than the written two-and-a-bit bars. In his earlier days, Beecham used to make the strings hold on to their final note after the rest of the orchestra had stopped, and then fade to nothing.

Ed:So, in conclusion, what are your overriding concerns in performing *Paris*?

DL-J: Though demanding, *Paris* is not too difficult to play technically, and the rich orchestration to some extent looks after itself. Equally, it does not present unusual problems from a beating or ensemble point of view for the conductor. What is truly difficult is coping with the many changes of tempo; 46 in a 23-minute work show how episodic a work *Paris* is. Above all the conductor needs to have complete confidence in the way he or she handles each section (especially the slower ones), what Bernard Shore so well described as Beecham's 'inward vision'. We mere mortals cannot hope to equal him in this respect where Delius is concerned, but we should do our very best to try. The way to do that is to continue to immerse oneself more and more deeply in the music, not just the notes on the page but equally the elusive spirit that so often lies behind them.

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From The Musical Times 1911, p.739:

The Amateur Orchestra Society of this town [Bolton], under Mr Andrew Morris, will play Delius's 'Paris' tone poem (probably for the first time in the County Palatine [Lancashire]).

PARIS

CITY OF PLEASURES?

Roger Buckley

When Delius left England for France in May 1888, did he consider the possibility that he was destined to spend most of the rest of his life in that country?

At the time, Paris was the magnet: "it is immensely interesting", he wrote to Grieg a month later. Moreover, thanks to the hospitality of his urbane uncle Theodore, the young man also found there the understanding and encouragement, aided by financial support when necessary, that had been so conspicuously lacking at home. There were later sojourns in Ville d'Avray and Croissy-sur-Seine, but the pull of Paris was always irresistible and in 1891 Delius moved to a rented apartment in the rue Ducouëdic in the Petit Montrouge quarter. This was to remain his main home for several years and his pied-a-terre after he began to stay in the village of Grez-sur-Loing at Jelka Rosen's invitation, following her purchase of the Marquis de Carzeaux's house there in 1897.

In Europe, the period between the 1880s and the outbreak of the First World War was later to be termed *La belle epoque.* Centre stage was Paris, supreme in the arts, philosophy, architecture, gastronomy, sophistication, glamour and style, a city to which artists, intellectuals and pleasure-seekers flocked from all over the world.

There can be no doubt as to the immense significance of Paris in the literary imagination of the nineteenth century. Emile Zola, through the central character in his novel *Paris* (1898), regarded the city as "the brains of today's world and tomorrow's, the fount of all knowledge and justice." Henry James described Paris as "the biggest temple ever built to material joys and the lust of the eyes ... it is a strange great phenomenon — with a great deal of beauty still in its great expansive symmetries and perspectives — and *such* a beauty of light." Walter Benjamin summarised Paris as "the capital of the nineteenth century".

Despite some early reservations, Delius fell in love with the city and it should not surprise us that he annotated his sketches for *Paris: the Song of a Great City* with words (for some reason partly deleted) recalling Baudelaire: "Ville

d'amour et de plaisirs (?) ... feroces & aux amours tendres ..."[16]

Vincent van Gogh: *M. Boileau au Café* (1886)

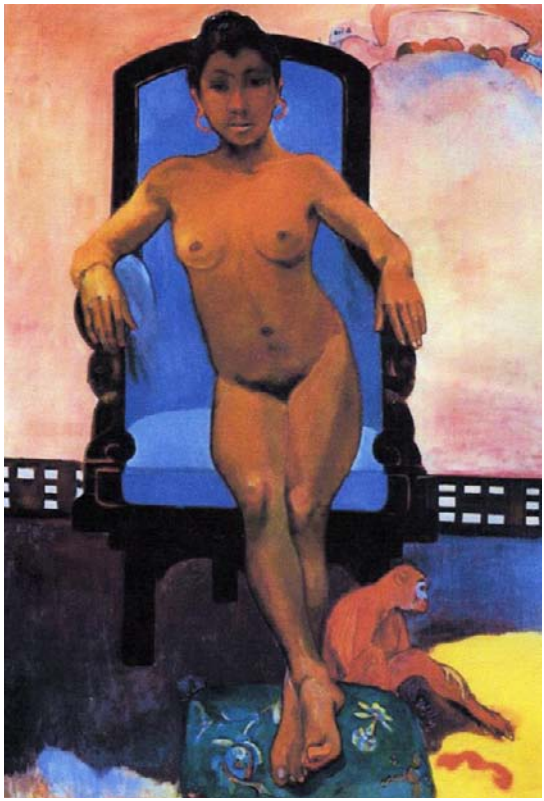
In those days the café played a central role in the life of Paris, offering not only sustenance but also warmth, a refuge and a meeting place. Madame Charlotte Caron's crémerie in the rue de la Grande Chaumière (in which street, it so happened, Jelka Rosen had lodgings) was a meeting place for painters, poets and musicians, many of them impoverished, who were attracted by Mere Charlotte's generous terms and her willingness to accept a canvas or a carving as credit. Another essential institution was the communal studio with its soirées, a poor relation, perhaps, of the French salon, such as that of William and Ida Molard in the rue Vercingétorix, or that of Paul Gauguin on the floor above.[17] In both, Delius was a welcome and frequent visitor. Here his acquaintances included Maurice Ravel, Florent Schmitt, Leon Moreau, Daniel de Monfried and August Strindberg.

Delius embraced the Parisian experience and with it the hedonism that was inherent and all-pervasive. He had mistresses and was probably familiar with some of the 'houses of ill-repute' with which Paris then teemed. These establishments catered for all tastes and we can learn from Halfdan Jebe's letters that Delius had a weakness for oriental girls; he is said to have shared the delights of 'Annah la Javanaise' with Paul Gauguin. Gauguin fell victim to syphilis in 1892, though this was something that he never outwardly acknowledged.[18]

The population of Paris in the early 1890s was under two and a half million, yet the city supported an estimated 100,000 practising prostitutes.[19] For

comparison, London, with twice the population, had around half the number of prostitutes, though estimates vary widely. Certainly, the Parisian statistic of one prostitute to every 25 inhabitants is unusually high. At this same time, the city was believed to harbour 85,000 cases of syphilis,[20] some 75% of which had been acquired through prostitution.

Syphilis, known as 'the Great Pox' to distinguish it from smallpox, has long been believed to have been brought to Europe by Christopher Columbus's expedition on its return in 1493 from Hispaniola (now Haiti and the Dominican Republic). It must, however, be pointed out that the immunologically naïve inhabitants of the New World had much the worse part of the bargain: they encountered for the first time such European diseases as measles, tetanus, typhoid, diphtheria, influenza, whooping cough and smallpox, with the result that, along with the vast numbers slain by the invaders, as many as 100 million people may have succumbed.[21] Syphilis caused the 1495 plague of Naples, after which the disease ran riot in Europe. It was "more horrifying than leprosy and the plague — because of its novelty, its profusion of symptoms, its extreme contagiousness, the suffering it caused, and the fact that (in the early years, at least) it was often fatal."[22]



Anna la Jarvanaise with her pet monkey Taoa
(Paul Gauguin – 1893)

The New World theory of the origin of syphilis, which has caused controversy for centuries, was given strong support by a scientific study published earlier this year. Using advanced molecular genetic techniques, an international group based at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia, demonstrated that modern venereal strains of

the syphilis bacterium are related to older non-venereal strains originating in South America.[23]

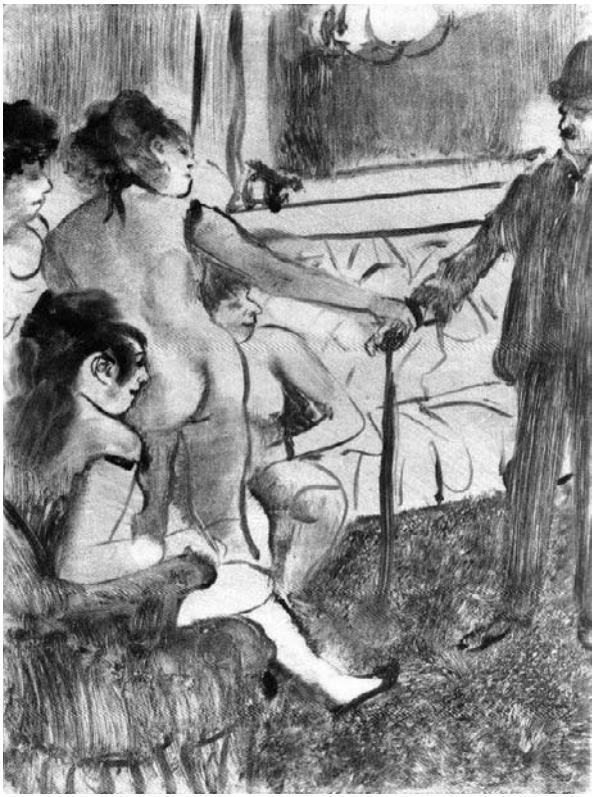
The fact that syphilis had three major stages was recognised early on, and the disease has since been studied in the greatest detail, but for more than 400 years little could be done to halt its progress in the individual. Within a few years of the first appearance of the disease in Europe, the use of mercury, both by mouth and as a skin application, was advocated and its use gave rise to the saying "a night in the arms of Venus leads to lifetime on Mercury". Mercury lacked efficacy, especially in the tertiary stage, and had many unwanted effects but it remained the treatment of choice until the 20th century. No really effective treatment was available until 1909, when Paul Ehrlich discovered the arsenical compound 'Salvarsan', a 'magic bullet' that opened a new era in chemotherapy. Even greater success was achieved from 1943 onwards with penicillin, to which the bacterium has yet to develop resistance.

For Delius, a life of sensual pleasure shuddered to a temporary halt in 1895, when he learned that he had contracted syphilis. He probably knew that the treatments available at that time were imperfect, but he seems not to have taken matters seriously enough, relying on various homeopathic remedies and on potassium iodide (a treatment introduced by William Wallace, an Irish physician, in 1835). From 1909 onwards he must have known of the existence of Salvarsan but we have no evidence that he availed himself of the new drug. On the contrary, the verbal evidence of Rudolf Haym, as reported to Christopher Redwood, suggests that Delius resisted the entreaties of "close German friends" that he should take a course of Salvarsan.[24]

The medical report on Delius compiled by Dr W. Bothe, dated 17th December 1910, was printed in both its original German and in translation in an important article by Dr. Philip Jones and Dr. J. R. Heron which appeared in these pages nearly 20 years ago.[25] The report provides such important information on Delius's medical condition that it bears reprinting here:

> Syphilis acquired 15 years ago [1895], no cure, some potassium iodide for further appearances of the symptoms, last time 10 years ago [1900]. About 1 year ago (after an attack of influenza and excitement after legal proceedings) he collapsed, i.e. there was a noticeable loss of strength; about the same time other pains occurred: arms, shoulders and in the area of the thorax, toes, repeated gastric crises; uneven yet reactive pupils, and indeed increased knee reflexes, reduced pain sensation in the lower extremities (a deep pin-prick was described as 'sharp'); on the upper left thigh a tertiary syphilid. Wassermann positive. (The blood test for syphilis was developed by Wassermann in 1906.)

What was Delius's reaction to the discovery that he had contracted an incurable disease that moreover could endanger the health of future sexual partners? Lionel Carley considers that "after the fearsome setback of 1895, [Delius's] attitude to sexual matters gradually became more cynical and perhaps exploitative."[26] His first meeting with Jelka Rosen followed early the next year and we can only guess at the nature of the physical relationship that developed between the two. Christopher Redwood, writing to Alan Jefferson, considered that"if Delius had the secondary stage of the illness when he met Jelka, medical opinion suggests that she too would have become infected. If she was not (and we have no reason to suppose that she was) then only one conclusion can be drawn."[9] Jefferson, responding to that letter, took speculation a stage further: "....is there any proof that the relationship between (Delius) and Jelka was ever consummated, either before or after their marriage? Cannot his visits to Paris from Grez, that seem to have so upset Jelka, be explained as his safety-valve and a simultaneous protection of a platonic relationship with the woman he loved, when he knew he had the disease?"[27] We have it on the authority of Evelin Gerhardi, who visited the Deliuses at Grez-sur-Loing in 1932, that Jelka told her next door neighbour, Mrs Alden Brooks, that when she was young she "was dying to have a baby but he [Delius] would not hear of it on account of his illness."[10]



Le client serieux (Edgar Degas – 1879)

At the time that Delius contracted syphilis, sufferers from the disease bore not only a life-long affliction but also social

stricture rooted in attitudes of contempt and disgust for those who had rejected the prevailing moral code and who had (in many cases) strayed outside the confines of marriage. Even in today's better educated and more pragmatic culture, its tolerance admittedly further tested by the emergence in 1981 of AIDS, there are those who incline to the view that venereally-acquired infections carry a stigma not associated with diseases transmitted by other routes. It could even be that such people, considering the case of Delius, might construe his suffering as self-inflicted. They might also regard his refusal to undergo effective therapy as ill-judged and self-indulgent. But if Delius did forego the consummation of his relationship with the woman he finally loved, and with whom he was to embark on a relationship that survived for nearly four decades, purely with the motive of protecting her health, perhaps the final judgement of his behaviour should be that he showed respect, compassion and responsibility of the highest order.

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1 Rachel Lowe: Frederick Delius 1862-1 934. A Reprint of the Catalogue of the Music in the Archive of the Delius Trust (Delius Trust 1974, p 150-1).
2 Lionel Carley: Delius: The Paris Years. (Triad Press, 1975).
3 D Sweetman: Paul Gauguin: a Complete Life (Hodder & Stoughton 1995, p 307).
4 Lassar: Die Prostitution zu Paris: Em Bericht (1892), quoted in A Corbain: Women for Hire: Prostitution and Sexuality in France after 1850 (Harvard University Press 1990).
5 E Richard: La prostitution a Paris (1890), quoted in Corbain op. cit.
6 D E Stannard: American Holocaust: The Conquest of the New World (Oxford University Press 1992), quoted in D Hayden: Pox (Basic Books, 2003, p.4).
7 C Quétel: The History of Syphilis (Johns Hopkins University Press 1990, p 4).
8 K N Harper et al: On the Origin of the Treponematoses: A PhylogeneticApproach (Public Library of Science's Neglected Tropical Diseases 2008; 2(1): e148 (www.plosntds.org).
9 C Redwood: Correspondence. DSJ 80 (October 1983), pp 46-7.
10 P Jones & J R Heron: A fever diluted by time (DSJ 98 (Autumn 1988), pp 3-8).
11 Lionel Carley: Delius: A Life in Letters 1862-1908 (Scolar Press 1983, p94).
12 Jefferson: Correspondence, DSJ 82 (April 1984), p 20.

PARIS

RECORDING *PARIS* IN 1927

Leslie Bond

[This article appeared in DSJ 59, April 1978]

My first acquaintance with the music of Delius was not until my twenty-second year, when Columbia issued *The Walk to the Paradise Garden* on L2087 (20th December 1927). The enchanting sonorities of that most moving composition enravished my senses and made me the complete Delius convert. Nor has there ever been a performance of that work recorded or performed so wonderfully as Beecham conducted it on that memorable occasion. The nearest approach to it, I suppose, would be at the first Sadler's Wells production of *A Village Romeo and Juliet.* Then followed my first acquaintance with *Sea Drift,* which moves me the most of all Delius's music (the *Messe des Lebens* notwithstanding) at an RAH Concert, mainly orchestral, but at which Florence Austral sang, and which concluded with the *Sea Drift.* Austral's solo was Weber's *Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster,* and it has occurred to me ever since how incongruous was their juxtaposition in the programme! Weber's 'Monster' and Delius's 'Cradle'!

So it was that when at the end of 1933 it was announced from the new Abbey Road Studios that, given enough subscribers, special recordings under the baton of Sir Thomas Beecham would be made for subscribing members of a Deius Society, I elatedly sent my subscription and was invited to Abbey Road Studios to 'sit in' on that most memorable day, 9th April 1934.

Except for the preliminary buzz of conversation and tuning-up emanating from the orchestra, there was little excitement in the studio that morning and only a handful of other subscribers was present for the first session, which was to be *Paris – The Song of a Great City.* Even these few guests disappeared after a short while, so for the rest of the morning Sir Thomas and that famous London Philharmonic Orchestra (it was before the Royal Phil was formed, vide the late lamented Victor Oloff's talk to the Society three or four years ago) were mine! And what a morning it was!

What an orchestra too! They were all there, Paul Beard leading, Aubrey Brain (the world famous father of the tragic Dennis Brain), the Goossens family — Marie, Sidonie and Leon, and the rest.

The orchestra's excitement did noticeably mount when, after the cacophony of tuning had abated, the Maestro walked to the podium with his cusomary "Good morning, gentlemen". There followed a discussion with Lawrance Collingwood, who was in charge of the session, and a few cryptic remarks to his friends in the orchestra. Then the most expensive and extravagant conductor (on orchestra time and studio costs) picked up the baton, in that most ungainly grip, and produced out of that momentary silence the magical sounds of the highly evocative and hushed musical background to Paris — the great city. Programmatic to a degree, but as most Delius-lovers will aver, rather, as in most of his works, the response of Frederick's sensitive mind to the subject than the scene itself.

Here, then, was being woven the musical fabric of what is still considered today undoubtedly the finest performance of that work. But oh, at what pains! Remember that these were the days of wax, before tape came along, and Tommy was so much the perfectionist that side after side was re-recorded. To interject for a moment, my old chief at EMI once observed how odd it struck him that in these days of progress, electronics, etc. the dominating tool of office in recording studios is a pair of scissors! So much easier has tape made life for the recording-manager and his engineers!

So the morning plodded on and the orchestra was beginning to tire when, after listening to the last re-take, in his imperious manner, the baton was laid on the music desk. With hands on hips and goatee beard pointed upward to the tired musicians, Sir Thomas pronounced "Well, gentlemen, that will do". With a murmur of relief the players began to put away their instruments when Lawrance Collingwood walked out of the cutting room down the length of the No. 1 Studio to Sir Thomas's desk where they both pored over the score. "What was coming?" we all wondered. Then, to everybody's consternation, perfectionist Tommy said to the orchestra, "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but that last side must be done- again!" A little wearily, I think, they took out their instruments again, and recorded the whole (78rpm) side again — this, of course, at the risk of having to do further re-takes. What was wrong? Just two bars of the tambourine, either omitted or could not be heard on the wax, which it was unlikely that any member of an audience, on record or in concert, would have noticed! However, thankfully, after tense hearing of the new take, Sir Thomas and Lawrance were satisfied. So Delians can well cherish that very special performance.

An interesting comment was made during a break in the studio restaurant. Chatting with Paul Beard, he observed, "Y'know that man' (referring to Sir Thomas)"gets more out of us than any other conductor". Praise indeed!

PARIS

THE RECORDINGS

Lyndon Jenkins

Paris marked not only the end of a decade of Delius's long and often difficult apprenticeship as a composer, but his break with the city where he had lived for close on a dozen years; by this time he was a Parisian intimate, familiar with its sights, sounds, colours and atmosphere. But while in later years any sort of literary description attached to his music was anathema to him, at this time he was quite forthcoming about *Paris*: "It is a nocturne and describes my impressions of night and early dawn with its peculiar street cries … these cries are very characteristic of Paris and the piece begins and ends with them."

To my mind the key to *Paris* is contained in the quotation that Delius wrote on his manuscript, but which did not carry through to the revised score published in 1909.[28] These words re-surfaced when Felix Aprahamian included them in the programme note he wrote for the performance of *Paris* at the 1946 Delius Festival, and again in the booklet notes he composed for CD issues of Sir Thomas Beecham's and Norman Del Mar's recordings of it. Though a shorter version of Delius's handwritten inscription on the manuscript the words still convey the intention and force of the original vividly enough. I have always liked to think that Beecham had them in mind when at rehearsal he would invite bass clarinet and double-bassoon players in orchestras he was conducting "to induct us into the lights and – ah – mysteries of Paris."[29]

Mysterious city-
City of pleasures,
Of gay music and dancing,
Of painted and beautiful women-
Wondrous city
Unveiling but to those who,
Shunning day,
Live through the night
And return home
To the sound of awakening streets
And the rising dawn.[30]

In my view it is precisely these impressions that Beecham conjures up so incomparably in his two recordings, notably the first. One is drawn into the atmosphere immediately at the opening, where the effect of Léon Goossens's oboe phrases hanging exquisitely in the air over the deep rumble of the city and the strings' hesitant murmurings is quite miraculous. In the discography section of my book about the conductor's Delian legacy I wrote of what the performance owed to individual contributions from players such as Goossens and clarinettist Reginald Kell, but it is more than that. It is how Beecham knits the music's widely contrasting paragraphs into a whole so convincingly, and how he somehow invests each new section with the sophisticated beauty of utterance or rhythmic piquancy that each demands, meanwhile tempering the rowdier moments so that they do not sound overblown. The 1934 78rpm discs cannot, of course, properly convey all the richnesses of either the work or this performance of it, but the imaginative listener may I fancy feel that this Beecham reading is well-nigh unsurpassable. In his later account, recorded on tape, the orchestral texture is liberated in a wholly desirable way, while the reading is remarkably similar in outline to the earlier one, even to running within a few seconds; but it is not such an individual performance.

That second version was not made until 1955, which meant that a new recording that appeared the previous year from another source altogether was bound to create a great deal of interest. It was by Anthony Collins, a former viola player in the London Symphony Orchestra, who was being hailed as something of a conductor of the hour, mainly on account of his recordings with his old orchestra of the Sibelius symphonies. *The Record Guide* (1955) thought his *Paris* "a flawless achievement", though the 1995 CD transfer of it by Michael Dutton – whose release our Society assisted – revealed some fairly indifferent playing; this would not have been so evident on the original LP – although the insistent tambourine early on that packs up several bars too soon certainly was. (The truth was the LSO was awaiting its mid-50s rejuvenation and was at a lowish point: it was not long before the self-governing players had to ask their leader, George Stratton, to resign.[31] Although there are undeniably some impressive moments in Collins's performance, the whole of the opening is very laboured and, at some of the *tempi* he chooses, he seems unable to give the faster sections the rhythmic lift they need to bring them alive.

After these initial recordings *Paris* seemed to go out of favour with the record companies. I must say I rather hoped in the early stereo era (the late 1950s) that Sir Malcolm Sargent, whose conception I still remember as being rather impressive, might put his prestige behind it. But it did not happen,

and nor did a recording come from Sir John Barbirolli, whose Delian tastes never actually embraced *Paris.* In the event it was 1972 before the first stereo version made its appearance, from Sir Charles Groves and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Among quite a flurry of Delius issues from that source at that time this one was not thought highly of, well played but not well integrated and with some unconvincing *tempi* and surprisingly little poetry at the key poetic points. Apart from a routine reissue on tape-cassette, it has never reappeared. Then there was another long gap, to the end of the 1980s, when suddenly one couldn't move for new issues, from Sir Charles Mackerras, Norman Del Mar and Richard Hickox, followed by Sir Andrew Davis and Myer Fredman, all of which are nominally still available.

Richard Hickox's reading, in fact, has only recently been re-released in EMI's 'British Composers' series. It tends rather to literalness, though the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra plays well enough. It is perhaps the fastest on record, with speeds that are sometimes extreme, though these do help to knit the fabric together. But without any special imagination only a few of the high points stand out, and one is rarely engaged by the music. That there is undeniable thought behind it is shown by how smoothing out the accents in the bold tune in the trumpets (at 5'40" on the disc) points up more clearly how that tune is related to the exquisite violin solo that accompanies the return of the great viola melody. Myer Fredman has his extreme speeds, too, and is inclined to take off like a rocket at any *accelerando* and put the brakes on in the middle of a *prestissimo*; all the same, there are good things here (as there are in all these recordings) and the New Zealand orchestra is fully equal to the music's technical demands and responds poetically to a conductor of whom I remember Felix Aprahamian saying, 'He knows his Delius'.

Sir Charles Mackerras is often fast, too, but in his hands the outlines are clear, there is continuity between the different sections, nearly all the high points make their proper effect and he brings an element of sheer excitement to the music that eludes most of the others; indeed he positively revels in the Straussian excesses of Delius's score. So, too, does Sir Andrew Davis, who is as volatile if not quite so excitable. For me this kind of approach is entirely admissible: one needs a strong imagination to tackle *Paris* successfully, and among modern interpreters these two conductors display this quality most strongly and have the best of it in combining evocative moments with the music's picturesque flashes of colour and movement.

Norman Del Mar was a conductor whose Delian credentials were rarely, if ever, in doubt. Indeed many people went so far as to describe him as having assumed Beecham's mantle in this music, although when I talked with him

towards the end of his life for Radio 3's 'Third Ear' programme it was clear that he had long since tired of the association. During his career he did some fine Delius things on disc, ranging from the early operas to a most enjoyable set of the miniatures and the first recording of the Double Concerto, and hopes were always high when something by him was announced. But on this occasion he disappointed: perhaps he and his producer felt that a generally slower *tempo* would be a necessary concession to the church acoustic in which *Paris* was to be recorded but, in the end, it was so slow as to add three minutes over most of his competitors and two minutes over the slowest. There are, of course, passages that sound entirely authentic – the difficult opening, for instance, is wonderfully sustained – and in the faster sections he has little trouble in keeping the rhythms alive. But it always surprised me that this eminent Straussian, who must have appreciated in this work the similarity in the two mens' styles, did not link them.

THE RECORDINGS

[1] London Philharmonic Orchestra/Sir Thomas Beecham. Dutton CDBP9745
(This 1934 recording has appeared on at least four CDs from different sources, including one on an obscure French label. Some transfers suffer from incorrect pitch: the one listed is the most faithful.
[2] Royal Philharmonic Orchestra/Sir Thomas Beecham. Sony SMK89430
[3] London Symphony Orchestra/Anthony Collins. Dutton CDLXT2503
[4] Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra/Richard Hickox. EMI 3 70565 2
[5] Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra/Sir Charles Mackerras. CFP5 75803-2
[6] Royal Philharmonic Orchestra/Norman Del Mar. Unicorn-Kanchana UKCD2076
[7] BBC Symphony Orchestra/Sir Andrew Davis. Warner Apex 8573 89084-2
[8] New Zealand Symphony Orchestra/Myer Fredman. Naxos 8.553001

All these CDs offer programmes devoted exclusively to Delius's music.

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[1] For a full explanation see Robert *Threlfall's Catalogue and Supplementary Catalogue of the Compositions of Frederick Delius.*

[2] A typical Beecham allusion. Introducing Mozart's *Paris* Symphony at a Birmingham concert once, he told the audience how it was composed when Mozart was a young man making his first visit to the French capital. "All I can say about that," he went on, "is that the Paris of his day must have been very different from the Paris of mine when I was young man, or Mozart would

certainly never have had the time or the to write a symphony …"

[3] A comparison of Delius's original text (see p.80 & p.199 of Robert Threlfall's *Supplementary Catalogue*) with this version reveals extensive amendments and deletions.

[4] George Stratton plays his violin solos in *Paris* well enough: he would have been able to recall playing the work twenty years earlier when he was leader of the second violins in Beecham's brand-new LPO.

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec: *Au Salon de la rue des Moulins* (1894)

PARIS

ON THE TRAIL OF DELIUS IN PARIS AND GREZ

Lionel Carley

It's easy for anyone to fall in love with Paris, as I did in my mid-teens. French, too, was so mellifluous a language that to speak it, to use it well, swiftly became an aspiration, and some of the most warmly recalled times of my university years were spent revisiting Paris whilst living first in Strasbourg and then in the Vosges. As my then studies progressed, however, Sweden beckoned, and Uppsala and Stockholm became even more familiar to me than the Paris of former days. It almost seemed that an old love had been abandoned and that the wintry beauty of two cities in the far North had had led to the abandonment of the more gentle profile of France and its capital. It took Delius's music to bring me back to Paris.

Returning from Sweden to England, I attended in 1964 my first London meeting of the Delius Society (of which I had been a member since its inception) and there met Rachel Lowe Dugmore. Prompted soon after by her, I offered to give her some assistance in her work for the Delius Trust and began translating some of the many German letters in its Archive. Within two years, following Rachel's move abroad, I was appointed honorary archivist to the Trust, and from then on was able to explore in greater detail the smaller range of letters from French correspondents that had come down to us. Before long I became aware that I needed to return to Paris and to find out more about the people and places Delius had known there.

The first really significant visit was in 1969. I had become intrigued by the fact that a sequence of letters in the Archive had been addressed to Jelka Delius by Auguste Rodin. I got in touch with the Rodin Museum and in due course received from the curator a bundle of photocopies of letters that Jelka had written to Rodin. The correspondence was, it seemed, complete, and from it I learned that the Deliuses had not only visited Rodin in his studio but that Rodin appeared to have spent a weekend as their guest at home in Grez. It became clear too that for some two or three years right at the beginning of the century – in fact almost until the day when she became Delius's wife in September 1903 – Jelka had put in the same kind of dedicated effort and energy into spreading the Rodin gospel as she was thereafter to do for Delius and his music. All this, of which little was generally known, I found to be extraordinarily interesting,

with the result that I duly decided to publish this correspondence, together with a few observations of my own to set it in perspective. The whole collection certainly reflected Delius's own vigorous involvement with the visual arts and told us, too, a lot more about Jelka's painting than one might have guessed, for Rodin had offered her much encouragement in her work.

Auguste Rodin / (Ida Gerhardi 1906)

By now I knew that many loose ends connected with Delius's time in Paris might well be cleared up by some judicious research undertaken *in situ*. Late in April I was on my way, and settled into the modest but agreeable Hôtel Ferrandi in the Rue du Cherche-Midi. After lunch on my first day I made my way to the Musée Rodin, having written a few days earlier to forewarn the curator of my visit. It was a Tuesday. The Museum was closed. Wasting no time, on then to the Bibliothèque Nationale instead. But I had carelessly fallen into the trap of not checking things more attentively before leaving for Paris: Annual Closure for the two weeks following the fiirst Sunday after Easter… So the library would have to wait until my next trip to Paris. It would be then that I would find a copy of that curious booklet, *Anatomie et Physiologie de l'Orchestre*, in which the joint authors Delius and Papus explored the mystic properties and characteristics of the orchestra; another significant discovery being a copy of the *5 Chansons* published in Paris in 1896.* The library also had a full run of the German-language journal *Die Musik*, and I was able to find and copy a range of reviews of Delius's music as given in Germany and indeed elsewhere from the early years of the century up to the outbreak of the first World War.

One of my basic goals could still surely be reached. This was the Salon des Indépendants, which a guide book had assured me was open annually

throughout the month of April. Why take in the Salon? Well, by now I had learnt that Jelka had for several years exhibited there and I wanted to find and work through the exhibition's earlier catalogues and try to make some sort of list of her paintings, several of which she had described in her letters to Rodin.

First of all, a word about the Salon, held annually since 1884, the year when the Société des Artistes Indépendants had been founded in Paris. The founders were a group of artists whose paintings had been rejected by the official Salon, where alone at that time they might have had the means of exhibiting their work to a wider public. A glance at some of the names of exhibitors over the earlier years of the Indépendants reveals the importance of this particular institution in the history of modern art: Odilon Redon and Signac in 1884; then later Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, the douanier Rousseau, Cézanne, Renoir, Gauguin, Pissarro; and then Utrillo, Derain and Braque, among many others. Yet many of us tend to think of the 'Paris Salon' simply as that held by the Society of French Artists – the nearest equivalent to our Royal Academy in London. In fact there are now a number of 'salons' during the course of the year, that of the Indépendants remaining not only the largest but also being unique, adhering as it does to one unalterable rule: 'Ni jury, ni récompenses'. No artist's work is refused because it is considered unfashionable or incompetent. If there is room, it will be hung. No artist, however senior, may show more than two paintings. And there are no prizes, medals or honourable mentions. All this at least was true of the Indépendants at the time when I first visited the Grand Palais intending to take a look at the exhibition.

The day's third disappointment was, however, looming. As I approached, so did a variety of artists coming from the opposite direction, canvases cradled under arms. The exhibition had closed two days earlier and this was, as I was shortly to find out, the second of the two days' grace allowed for the 2,400 participating artists to collect and remove their works. Nonetheless, the doors were wide open and I wandered in. Pictures were still heaped in their hundreds against the walls and a number of temporary screens, on which isolated pictures still hung, were scattered around the cavernous interior. They ran the customary gamut from meretricious to arresting and good. I threaded my way to the Secretariat where I found a helpful, quite elderly man who was happy, for a moment at least, to respond to my questions. Might it be possible that there were catalogues available for the earlier years of the exhibition? He proposed that I return in two or three weeks' time, as he and his colleagues were busy winding things up. I explained that I was only in Paris for a week,

after which I had to return to London. This brought the rejoinder, now in English, that he too was English and that if I could wait for a few minutes he would see what he could do. His wife, absent at the time, was Secretary General of the Society and had worked on the Indépendants since 1939: they spent most of the year in Paris, with just three months annually in London.

So it was that I was shortly ushered into the basement, where the offices were situated, and my new-found friend Arnold Fellows dug out for me the treasured catalogues. We turned the pages of various volumes. As it transpired, this was the only complete set in existence. My heart began to sink: there were no entries at all under the names either of Delius or Rosen. Then suddenly, there it was – turning the pages of one catalogue at random, one caught the heading – under J – of a hyphenated Jelka-Rosen, evidently the name under which she painted and indeed exhibited. She had shown various pictures on a number of occasions between 1903 and 1913; and in her time the rule of only two exhibits did not, it seems, prevail. She certainly sold some of her paintings, as we find in a letter she wrote to Rodin after the 1905 exhibition: 'I had the good fortune to sell two pictures at the Indépendants! It made me very happy to think that there are people who like my work enough to want to own it!' As I'd hoped, I was able to make a list of the pictures she had exhibited.

Remaining close to the Deliuses, two other names in particular featured among these catalogues: those of Edvard Munch and Ida Gerhardi. Arnold Fellows had meanwhile greatly warmed to our subject when I told him of

Le Grande Palais

Delius's considerable involvement with some of the avant-garde artists of his day, and now insisted on showing me something of the Grand Palais before I left, pointing out the magnificent Art Nouveau staircases, pillars and balustrades, but showing me, too, how dilapidated the building had become: rainwater on the floor from a leaking roof was the most obvious problem, and the interior itself was generally shabby. The Indépendants would have to move temporarily when the hoped-for major repairs could at last be effected, "but we'll still be here next year, at least".

Open the following day, the Musée Rodin was my next port of call. This proved to be a busier experience than expected, as I discovered that the 22 letters written to Rodin by Jelka that had earlier been photocopied to me by no means represented the total of this side of the correspondence. There were another nine of them, which through carelessness on the museum's part had not been copied and sent. As I read through them, I composed in my mind excuses to the editor who had already received what I had assured him was the entirety of the exchanges between Rodin and Jelka and who was to publish them early the following year. The Museum also had some letters from Ida Gerhardi casting a revelatory light on her friendship with the Deliuses. These I was able to arrange to have copied and sent on too.

There were sculptures to inspect as well, of course – more of them viewed on another day at Paris's second Rodin museum in the western suburb of Meudon, where Rodin's *Villa des Brillants* stands next to the exhibition gallery

Le Musee Rodin

that he himself had had constructed. I wanted to see particular sculptures that I clearly would have to know about in order to illuminate – even to define – some of the passages in the letters I was studying. And so it was that in 1970 my first longer piece as archivist to the Trust was ultimately published. It was typical, I suppose, of my earlier writings, initially seeking to place Delius in a wider European context than he had perhaps been seen in before – circling steadily around the man so that his music might be seen in the context of an extraordinarily artistic life.

Other Parisian libraries were, mercifully, open, and one of my next calls was to the Library of Art and Archeology, where I found some letters of the artist and engraver Achille Ouvré, whose portrait of Delius is in Beecham's biography, but whose own relations with Delius were then unknown. One letter was to Ouvré's friend, the writer Clément-Janin: 'As my wife isn't coming back until Monday, I've taken the opportunity of planning with a friend a bicycle tour to Grez-sur-Loing where we intend to drag a smile out of a worthy misanthropist friend of ours who pretends to enjoy himself down there the whole year through'. Clément-Janin on another occasion wrote an introduction to the catalogue of an Ouvré exhibition in Paris. His draft in the Library reads, of one particular exhibit, 'Delius, English painter [here the word painter has been crossed out – presumably by Ouvré himself when checking the draft – and the word 'musician' substituted]; there is disdain in the face and in this hand.' And a final line, again scored through by Ouvré: 'the man must be an imperialist.'

I must not forget to add that the haunts frequented by Delius were also an attraction: the site of his apartment in the rue Ducouëdic; and the rue de la Grande Chaumière, where the building that housed the little restaurant of the mère Charlotte was still standing and where Delius would often dine with such friends as Alphonse Mucha, Paul Gauguin, August Strindberg and other artist acquaintances. Then there was the rue Vercingétorix, where I was to find that the studios of Gauguin and William Molard had, alas, only recently been demolished; and the area around the Luxembourg Gardens, where Delius used to take walks with Strindberg. The village suburbs of Ville d'Avray and Croissy-sur-Seine were also visited, and it was good to see that the house in Croissy where Delius had once lodged still stood.

I had left until my last day my second visit to Grez-sur-Loing, the first having been a year or two earlier. The Merle d'Aubigné family had not been at home on that occasion and the house was closed, but the family's gardener had been around and had let me into a sun-drenched garden by a side door. This time I had some definite objectives in mind and had taken care well in

advance to make an appointment to see Mme Anna Merle d'Aubigné – or 'Bibka', as she was known to her friends. It was not, unfortunately, a day for the country, a steady drizzle greeting me as I left the train at Bourron station, still two miles away from the village of Grez. However, as so often on this trip, there was yet another snag: the only taxi driver in the area was having lunch and would only be free to collect me in two hours' time. There was nothing for it but to walk. I got to Grez pretty well soaked, but was able more or less to dry out sitting in front of Mme Merle d'Aubigné's blazing fire. We chatted and I turned the pages of a number of articles which she wanted to show me, among them, from a Belgian journal, Jules van Ackere's recently published monograph on Delius – a comparatively rare example of writings in French on the composer at that time.

Then followed a call at the Mairie, just along the road, where the Deliuses' marrage certificate was brought out for me, this establishing not only the date of their marriage but also the date of Jelka's birth, until then given inaccurately. Also there was Delius's death certificate. Both documents are now in copy in the Trust's archive. I was taken up to the first floor of the Mairie by Gaston Fleuret, who until his retirement a few years earlier had been a policeman at Grez and who moreover, as he shortly told me, had been one of the pall-bearers at Delius's funeral. Among the rather fine Impressionist paintings gracing the walls was Jelka's canvas depicting her garden and the river below,

Jelka Rosen: *Le Pont à Grez* (n.d.)
Courtesy of Le Mairie at Grez-sur-Loing)

with the old bridge beyond, all in the pale pastel colouring that I was later to understand as so typical of her palette. Then came another arrival, and M. Fleuret insisted on introducing us. The newcomer was André Baron, for some years in the 1920s chauffeur to the Deliuses. He talked with great amusement of the temperamental Model T Ford, with its curtained windows, that he used to drive for M et Mme Délius, remembering with pleasure the regular Friday trips to the market in Fontainebleau with Jelka, of whom he thought warmly. Delius himself did not loom quite so large in M Baron's affections. He himself had had the car for some years after the Deliuses, but it began to fall to pieces and he had had it scrapped. Might he have been 'the Chauffeur, a french peasant lad of 19', mentioned in a letter by Jelka in January 1924, who drove them down to Rapallo and who had, together with the maid, regularly undertaken the task of carrying Delius up and down the 56 steps needed to negotiate the entrance to Gordon Craig's villa there until, hearing of his father's illness, he needed prematurely to return to Grez by train? We may never now know. At all events I knew not enough of Delius's later years to ask him some of the questions that I would inevitably be asking of him now.

André Baron
(Photo: Lionel Carley 1969)

André Baron then accompanied me for most of the way to the home of Mme Louise Courmes, whom Anna Merle d'Aubigné had insisted I also visit. Like Mme Merle d'Aubigné this charming 84-year-old spoke excellent English. She told me that all of her family had been painters – her American father Francis Brook Chadwick, had initially studied architecture in Paris but, finding its disciplines too restrictive, had turned first to painting and then to Grez-sur-Loing. Her Swedish mother, Emma Löwstädt, had also been a fine painter, just as had Mme Courmes's late husband. Examples of their gifted Impressionist works hung haphazardly around the walls of the pleasant and

old-fashioned house, together with canvases by Arthur Heseltine, Roderic O'Conor, Meissonier and a perhaps dubious Sisley. Her parents had lived in the 'Delius house' for some ten years before the Deliuses themselves appeared on the scene and she herself had spent her childhood there. She showed me some faded photographs in the family album, of herself among other children in the garden and with Marie Blandel, the cook-housekeeper who, when the Chadwick family moved, stayed on to work for many years for the Deliuses.

"You know I have the masque mortuaire of Delius?" she said. I didn't know, and she disappeared for a while to find it and to show it to me. To my astonishment there was also, apparently, a plaster bust of Delius by Jelka, but to see that we would have to go next door, into the old barn that she was having converted into a home for her son and his family. I followed her out through the garden and into that gloomy barn and there, lying among a pile of bric-à-brac, was the bust, covered in dust and dirt. We retrieved it gingerly and brought it out into the light. Its existence, as far as I aware, was unknown, and it was clear that the modelling owed not a little to Jelka's friend and master, Rodin. Mme Courmes then told me that she herself had studied for a while under Rodin at the turn of the century. On a later visit to Grez I saw two miniature figures that she had sculpted, one of them, at her father's insistence, having been cast in bronze. The bust and the death mask is now in the Trust's archive, as is a plaster cast of Delius's right hand that Mme Courmes had also owned.

Delius by Jelka

We talked a little more. Mme Courmes had clearly been a great friend of Jelka's, but just like André Baron, she had been a little wary of Delius himself, who had always, she said, remained to the inhabitants of the village something of a remote figure. He had, she continued, offered to give her violin lessons but, aware of what she saw as an ominous sensuality in him, the good-looking young girl declined

this kind offer.

Anna Merle d'Aubigné had offered to show me over the Delius house at the end of the afternoon. The rain had at last stopped and from the house I walked down to the river through a damp and very still garden. The considerable structural alterations that the house had undergone made it difficult to visualize the original music room, and long gone was the little annexe that had housed the spare room, once indeed occupied for a weekend by Auguste Rodin and, over a quarter of a century later, by Eric Fenby. The atmosphere of the whole was however unchanged. It was seven in the evening and time to return to Paris. The following day it was back to London.

There is always more to discover, of course, and the picture of Delius's years in Paris gradually widens. A recent sale-room acquisition by the Trust has been a short letter that Delius wrote to the poet Stéphane Mallarmé towards the end of the 19th century. A few evenings earlier, at the home of Dr Albert Robin where they had been together, Mallarmé had offered to find someone who would translate into French the libretto of one of composer's operas. Delius thanked him in writing, explaining that in the meantime Robin himself had found a translator who was willing to undertake the task for him. Although Mallarmé, like Delius, had figured among the many guests at the at-homes of William Molard, nothing before had been known of any connection between the poet and the composer.

Many of us have retraced the steps of Delius and his contemporaries in Paris and in Grez, and a growing number have usefully documented what they have found – in Paris, for example, Thomas Millroth in his *Molards Salong*, published in Sweden in 1993, and later John Crombie in his 1998 book *Rue de la Grande Chaumière: the Cradle of Montparnasse*. Then Toru Arayashiki has looked, in two or three of his publications, at the painters, both European and Japanese, who frequented Grez-sur-Loing and who transformed the village into the community of artists that so attracted Delius and his wife. All are works that contrive to place the composer in his wider milieu and that in doing so offer a breathtaking background to the music that Delius chose to write in France.

[1] By the Paris firm of L. Grus fils. Details of them can be found in Robert Threlfall's *A Catalogue of the Compositions of Frederick Delius* (The Delius Trust, 1977) as V.7, V.9 (Nos 1 & 5), V.12 (No.1) and V.16 (No.1).

PARIS

PARIS AS A BALLET

Ian McPherson

[Ian McPherson and Jane Armour-Chélou wrote an article about Nocturne *in DSJ 131 (Spring 2002), and although that was not very long ago, it seems appropriate to reprint slightly edited parts of it.]*

The ballet *Nocturne* was staged by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at their theatre in November 1936. The choreographer was Frederick Ashton, long before he became Sir Fred, director of the Royal Ballet and a world famous choreographer. The music was, of course, *Paris.*

The idea came from Edward Sackville West, but at first some thought that Delius's music was unsuitable for dancing, as it lacked rhythmical ernphasis. However, the then Musical Director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, Constant Lambert, was a Delius enthusiast. Ashton produced a scenario, which vaguely follows the shifts of *Paris's* passages of brilliance, followed by yearning and sad episodes. The story went like this: By the banks of the Seine at twilight a young man (danced by Robert Helpmann) is torn between the love of a wealthy and elegant woman (danced by Pamela May) and the love of a gentle flower seller (danced, we are told, with heartbreaking pathos' by Margot Fonteyn, then at the start of her career). The flower seller is spurned by the young man, and a cloaked stranger (played by Ashton himself) comforts her.

Antony Tudor – who later helped Beecham with the dances in *Koanga* – was originally chosen as the choreographer after his success with *Jardin aux Lilas,* set to music by Chausson. However, in the event, Ashton himself undertook the production of *Nocturne.* Ashton and Dame Ninette de Valois are credited with the origin of the English style of dancing – soft and lyrical, restrained yet expressive – of which *Nocturne* is a prime example. Julie Kavanagh, Ashton's biographer[32], suggested that the ballet reflected a personal crisis affecting Ashton at the time – which is perhaps one of the reasons why his creation was thought to have had a powerful emotional impact on audiences.

The settings and cosumes were by Sophie Fedorovitch, later to become Ashton's regular partner in the production of such masterpieces as *Symphonic Variations.* The décor, with its evocative pale colouring, was very successful, and the whole production received excellent notices. A well-known critic,

Mary Clarke, declared it the finest example in all ballet of the use of existing music in the creation of a new one. Unfortunately a number of the Sadler's Wells Company's original sets and costumes, including those for *Nocturne,* were lost when they were on tour in Holland in the early 1940s – forced to flee from the advancing German forces as they occupied the Low Countries, the company barely managed to catch the last ships from Dunkirk.

Nocturne was performed 88 times between its creation and the end of the War – 36 between 1936 and 1940, and (after some revision) 52 between 1944 and 1947. The latter 'run' included some performances by the Sadler's Wells Company at Covent Garden as part of a triple bill in which the other two ballets were Ninette de *Valois's The Rake's Progress* and Helpmann's *Miracle in the Gorbals.*

The Editor apologises to John Bergsagel for two slips in his article "An English Composer and Danish Poets in the previous Journal. First, he was described as having been to the Royal College of Music, whereas he was in fact at the equally admirable 'opposition' establishment in the Marylebone Road. Secondly – for which the Editor would like to blame the vagaries of the email system, but should probably not – the picture on page 51 claiming to be a self-portrait by Edvard Munch was in fact a portrait of Helge Rode. To make amends, here is the striking self-portrait, perhaps not seeming as tortured as many of the subjects of Munch's pictures as described in Elizabeth Ferry's article above.

Edvard Munch: *Self-portrait with cigarette* (1895)
(Museum of Modern Art, New York?)

DELIUS ON BALLET

[In 1920, Delius wrote an article for the September issue of his friend Philip Heseltine's musical magazine The Sackbut, *entitled* The Present Cult – Charlatanism and Humbug in Music – *and the following is an extract from it.]*

A ballet is all very well in its proper place, as a pleasant after-dinner entertainment; but we don't want ballets to everything, and to proclaim the ballet as a form of great *art—the* art form of the future, in fact—is sheer bunkum. But the English public seems to have an insatiable appetite for ballets, and the demand for such works having speedily exhausted the slender stock of living composers' ideas, the scores of long-dead musicians are pressed into service. No one is immune. Bach fugues are employed as exercises in muscular mathematics and Beethoven sonatas "interpreted" (!!!) by every hysterical, nymphomaniacal old woman who can gull the public into seçing "a revival of the Greek spirit" or some other highfalutin vision in the writhings and contortions of her limbs.

What is the effect on young people who may perhaps hear some great work for the first time in such an environment? The music will inevitably become associated in their minds with hopping and prancing and jigging, and in the end they will themselves be unable to hear it without twitching and fidgeting.

There seems to be a very prevalent belief that any Tom, Dick or Harry has the right to tamper with a work of art, even to the extent of altering it beyond recognition and forcing it to serve a purpose its composer never dreamed of. In this direction irresponsible "editors", "adaptors" and "transcribers" are as much to blame as the dancing cranks. It is time a law was passed to keep good music from violation.

By all means become dancing dervishes if you want to, and dance in a delirious *cortege* right into the lunatic asylum: but don't try to justify your procedure in the name of art, nor degrade the works of great artists in doing so. Above all, don't spoil works of art for other people who may not want to dance in the same direction. We do *not* all go the same way home. Let us try to preserve a little clearness of vision so that we may see things in their proper perspective. The art of Marionettes is good enough for some people, but let us not confuse little painted puppets with great men.

HIAWATHA – A Postscript

Robert Threlfall

My article in DSJ 133, pages 7–10, outlined the then position regarding this early score, and stated the Delius Trust's desire to see suitable publication, since the present copyright laws only protect this, and other unpublished works, until 50 years from the end of 1989 – viz: 2039. For the initial step towards making the definitive score performable, approaches were made, first to one, then another, composer whose dedication to Delius and his music were unquestioned. After long and careful consideration, however, each felt obliged to decline the invitation to take the matter in hand.

As time passes all too quickly, and as the Trust's concern with the copyright position was paramount, a simpler solution to the production of a performing edition was then considered. A careful scrutiny of the score as it stands revealed the possibility of 'plugging the gaps' by suitable use of some of Delius's own material – although the result might well be more compressed than he might have originally rewritten himself (just as it is certainly more concise than what he did originally write and subsequently remove).

So, for closing the first gap, the music that follows the first major statement of the Hiawatha theme has been here anticipated. The second gap reveals a gradual winding down from a grand climax to the introduction of a dance section – exactly as it is also to be found in the first movement of *Florida*, at the entry of the Calinda theme. Hence Delius's diminuendo was continued (with some references to the later music of Hiawatha's departure) and after a short break the elements of the dance music were assembled so as to lead naturally to the surviving subsequent pages of Delius's m/s.

The full score, now forming Supplementary Volume 6 of the Collected Edition, and all the necessary parallel performing material, have now been prepared by Boosey & Hawkes and are available for use. A preface by the present writer makes quite clear what has been done, and also refers to various details that called for special attention when transcribing the score for its present production. All that is now awaited is – a performance.

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ERIC FENBY: THREE NORDIC MUSICIANS REMINISCE

Bo Holton, Tommie Haglund and John Ehde

Lionel Carley wrote this introduction about the authors:

In May 2001 I visited Bo Holten and his family in Copenhagen, and then attended recording sessions in Aarhus for Bo's Danacord CD of Delius's 'Norwegian Masterworks'. I also crossed the short distance to Sweden to attend the premiere of Tommie Haglund's new Cello Concerto, with John Ehde as soloist. John, whose acquaintance I had first made at Palsgaard three years earlier, introduced me to the composer. Both had met Eric Fenby in London some years earlier and, just like Bo before them, considered the event to have been of genuine significance in their respective lives. It recently occurred to me that these memorable encounters with Eric by three such distinguished Nordic musicians deserved to be recorded. Each of them has therefore set down his richly rewarding memories of Eric, published here for the first time.

Bo Holten is well-known to members of the Delius Society, not least for his co-directing in 1998 of 'Delius and Friends in Denmark', the three-day festival that celebrated Delius's connections with that country. His subsequent superb recordings as conductor (and in more than one case arranger) of Delius's Danish- and Norwegian-inspired works bear the imprint of authenticity and are must-haves in any personal CD library. Bo is a noted composer, not least of opera, whose works have been performed widely both in Denmark, his home country, and abroad. He founded and conducted successively Ars Nova and Musica Ficta, two fine and much-recorded Copenhagen-based choirs; was for some fifteen years guest conductor of the BBC Singers; and is now chief conductor of the Brussels-based Flemish Radio Choir. In 2007 he was appointed a Vice-President of the Delius Society. Bo Holten lives in Copenhagen.

Tommie Haglund is today regarded as one of the leading Swedish composers of his generation. His breakthrough came in 1988, with his chamber work Intensio Animi. *There then followed commissions from Vienna, London and the USA, as well as from Swedish Radio. The Medici Quartet commissioned a string quartet, 'Land of Souls', from him in 2001. Subsequent important works include a Violin Concerto and* Röstens Dotter, *the latter composition earning for him in 2003, as the year's 'most significant serious work', the Swedish Music Publishers' Prize. Tommie Haglund lives in Hälsingborg, Sweden.*

John Ehde, Stockholm-born, studied the cello in Sweden, Denmark and Austria.

His début concert was in Copenhagen in 1987 and from 1988–90 he was principal cellist with the Gustav Mahler Youth Orchestra. He held the post of principal cellist with the Hälsingborg Symphony Orchestra from 1989–99, and is now principal cellist with the Copenhagen Philharmonic. He has furthermore toured widely, both as soloist and conductor, in Europe, Asia and North America. John Ehde lives in Copenhagen, and a favourite work in his repertoire is Delius's Cello Concerto.

Lionel Carley

Bo Holten

When writing our doctoral thesis on the development of harmony and orchestration in the works of Delius, my friend the pianist Henrik Metz and I decided in the summer of 1973 to go to London to expand our collection of Deliana (mostly scores and LPs) – and not least to try to meet Eric Fenby and ask him some central questions regarding Delius's compositional techniques. We were very keen of course just to meet Fenby, so we called and talked first to his son on the phone. Eric then came to the phone and was most kind and courteous, agreeing to meet us at the Royal Academy of Music a few days later. This meeting turned out to last almost an hour and a half, and it proved a gold-mine of information, story-telling and good fun. Still vivid in my memory is his sheer kindness and willingness to share his knowledge with two youngsters from a foreign country who happened to be real Delius devotees. What I remember from our talk on the technical side is mostly hidden in my (happily unpublished) 80-page essay on the development of orchestration technique, but essential here was Fenby's insistence on the fact that practically all of Delius's influences (orchestration-wise) had, after a vaguely Grieg-inspired start, come from Germany. I also recall Fenby defending the later concertos as almost being on a par with the tone poems, a view that was unusual those days – and still is, I suppose. We had a long talk about tempo, and Fenby underlined that Delius was very sensitive to wrong tempi, but in the end was quite tolerant if the general feel of the music was fully grasped by conductor and players. Here Fenby alluded to the sense of flow which should always be there, the momentum, the non-over-lingering. Here I mentioned Barbirolli, whom he found too sentimental and always on the slow side of things. He underlined, as in many other connections, the importance of this fleeting quality, the sense of leaving the sensual climaxes so that one is somehow always reminiscent of things past. Interestingly he mentioned Rudolf Kempe

as a conductor who instinctively understood the music, and how Kempe could make most players actually enjoy playing Delius! I am not sure if there are any recordings of Kempe conducting Delius, but if there are it could be interesting to hear them.

Talking of Delius melodies, Fenby touched upon their very strong reliance on the harmony progressing beneath the music. At its best, he thought, Delius achieved supreme results in this field. And at this point he suddenly got up from his chair, went to the piano, sat down and played that magnificent tune from near the end of the Cello Concerto. Hearing Fenby play this was one of the supreme musical experiences of my youth: he didn't play it fast, and it was not slow either, but it had this wonderful sense of moving on without moving too quickly. The melody at the top had this wonderful articulation of musical prose, with those very slight lingerings and rushes that 'explain' the music so as to make it instantly graspable. The minutest details in the swiftly changing, heavenly harmonies were all clearly registered, and we understood at once what a gifted musician Fenby was. No wonder such a critical monster as Delius had been able to work with him for half a decade. And what an endlessly patient angel Fenby must have been in so many cases. We sensed quite clearly all these things during the course of the few bars that he played, because his playing so strongly revealed his loving respect for the composer, his eminence in projecting the essential qualities in the music in the most convincing way.

I remember how we spoke at length about the Delius idiom, the specific style that Delius created in his very personal way. Fenby had many things to say about this, but stressed the fact that the style had occurred rather suddenly in full bloom in the slow string variation in *Appalachia* (at letter M, bars 202–213) and that the composer's choral style, fully fledged, seemed to be born at the end of this work ('After night has gone...'). According to Fenby, this was where we meet the 'real' Delius for the first time. And maybe the American link had triggered something in him.

Talking about musical education, Fenby stressed that Delius always expressed himself very negatively on this point. And it was perfectly clear that he was not altogether in disagreement with Delius here. Considering that we were sitting in the RAM, one of the pinnacles of musical education in Europe, we were baffled by the fact that Fenby suddenly quite loudly exclaimed: "I am a professor of composition at The Royal Academy of Music – I never had a lesson!!"…. this followed by a peal of laughter!

I had brought with me a piano-reduction of *Songs of Farewell*, which he happily signed on the cover (a safely guarded treasure on my Delius-shelf),

and we took leave of him feeling that our thanks could in no way be adequate enough to express to him the profound experience we had had of this most generous man. Neither of us ever met Fenby again, but this was a day we shall never forget.

Tommie Haglund

I first heard the music of Delius at the beginning of the 1980s. At the time I was studying the classical guitar with my friend John Mills, who had a 78 disc of Pougnet playing Delius's Violin Concerto. I heard it on a small tape recorder in my little flat in Surrey. I was completely absorbed and am not exaggerating when I say that it changed my entire musical outlook – and my life too. This might sound rather over the top, but that music made me make a decision I had dreamt of since I was just eleven years old: to devote my life completely to composition. I started to compose at that tender age but in my late teens thought it impossible to make a living out of doing so. My first encounter with Eric was I think in 1983. Well aware that he was still around, living in London, and, having together with a colleague started to write a play based on Eric's book *Delius as I knew him* (this finally came to nothing), I had a natural reason to make contact with him. I phoned, trembling, and when I introduced myself saying that I was calling from Sweden, his reply was: "Good Lord!" The ice was then broken and we had a long and friendly chat.

After many such conversations, exchanging of postcards and so on, I found myself on my way to England again. Eric proposed taking me out for lunch. I think it must have been at the Royal Festival Hall**.** "What do you think of that, old chap?" He had just recorded The Song of the High Hills and was very disappointed that the Requiem had been excluded for financial reasons. Before lunch we took a walk and I was greatly surprised when he started to talk about a Swedish girl he was secretly engaged to at the time he lived in Grez-sur-Loing. Her name was Soldanella Oyler and he talked about her for almost an hour. Soldanella was the daughter of Philip Oyler and the Swedish painter Elsa Giöbel, a friend of Carl Larsson. Eric was a Catholic and the Oyler family were Swedenborgians. Philip Oyler ran an estate outside Grez-sur-Loing on behalf of its millionaire owner Theo Pitcairn, who was also a friend of Delius. Eric told me that he and Soldanella got engaged on the bridge at Grez, but it was kept a secret. One of the reasons was that Soldanella's mother was ill and they did not wish to upset her. Soldanella was expected to take care

Eric Fenby on a Norwegian lake c.1934
(Photo: Soldanella Oyler)

of the family in the event of her mother's death – something she eventually had to do until 1972.

After Delius's death Eric went to Sweden to visit Soldanella's family in Nora**.** I have a photo taken by Soldanella of Eric sitting in a boat on a Swedish lake with a stylish hat. In Sweden too he met Soldanella's uncle, who had been a friend of August Strindberg and had published the latter's *Blue Book*, a work influenced by Swedenborg. Soldanella told me that Eric had had serious discussions with Albert Björk, her uncle, about converting to the 'New Church' (based on Swedenborg's interpretation of the Bible) if he were to marry Soldanella. But Eric said to me that he found the prospect unbearable of having to stay and take care of Soldanella's mother and then constantly being visited by the Björks, who always needed lots of attention. In a letter from Eric to Soldanella that I was given after her passing, he wrote to her from Grez on the day after Delius died saying that he really longed for her and was bitter that she hadn't replied to his marriage proposal. At our lunch he told me they were still in contact, exchanging Christmas cards among other things. During the lunch I had lots of questions but, Eric being such a warm-hearted personality, he took a sincere interest in me as well. That I shall never forget.

I can't remember everything we talked about, but suddenly he said: "Attacks of severe anxiety sometimes overcomes me. "When I asked why, he said: "It's repercussions from my time with Delius." I asked if Delius was evil,

then: "No, but you could *never* relax with him. One couldn't exactly go in there cracking jokes! And there are other things I shall never tell."

We then came to talk about his conducting. What he would have loved to conduct, apart from Delius, were the symphonies of Sibelius. When he was in Sweden, he had planned to visit Sibelius, but hearing that the great man was in the middle of a period of serious drinking, he left it at that. We also talked about the Ken Russell film. Russell had said to him that he was an 'Elgar man', more interested in the Delius story than in the music. He told Fenby of how the BBC had smashed the recording of the Revellers' *Old Man River* that Jelka had given to him – and that the BBC had paid him £1 for his loss.

Back in Sweden, I had an unexpected phone call. It was from Soldanella Oyler. Eric had written her a letter. She spoke with an English accent, and a very old-fashioned one at that. One of Soldanella's ancestors had been a friend of Beethoven and Haydn; his name was Pehr Frigel, and to my astonishment, he had been born in Kalmar, the town where I myself was born. Frigel had reorganized the Royal Swedish Academy of Music for King Gustaf III in the late 1700s. Soldanella and I, from that day on, talked a couple of times every week, sometimes for hours. Later she became the godmother of my youngest daughter. Often when we talked about her time in Grez, she said: "It's like a dream I just dreamt." We talked many times about her teas with Delius, walks with Jelka, of whom she was very fond, and a horrible performance of Delius's music in his house, and how often she heard him shouting: "Carry me away!" (a call that was particularly embarassing when he grew bored with new guests).

Soldanella and my family saw each other quite often. She lived about six hours' drive away from us. The first time my wife and I went to see her we were amazed – it was like entering another world and time. Some of her furniture was from the sixteenth century and the house was full of paintings by her mother. Philip Oyler couldn't stand his wife's painting and burned some of them in their garden. They divorced in the late 1930s. Soldanella was a close friend of August Strindberg's last fiancée, Fanny Falkner (Strindberg and she had become engaged about a year before his death). Falkner was to become a famous miniaturist painter and made some striking miniature portraits of the Danish Royal family. Soldanella owned one of Queen Ingrid. She did much to promote British art in Sweden and was awarded the OBE. With her cultivated and completely natural manners she belonged more to the eighteenth century than to our own age. However, she knew more about contemporary music than any musician I have ever met. But it wasn't just a question of music, it was art, architecture, flowers, and a tremendous interest in everyone she met.

She was never one to put herself in the centre of a conversation. She will always remain one of the most important influences in my life, and it was she who persuaded me to dare to show my compositions to Eric. Over the phone I even used to play her chords that I wanted to use and ask her what she thought of the sounds.

The cellist John Ehde – one of my closest friends – was to premiere a commissioned piece of mine (I still think Soldanella was behind the commission) to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of Emanuel Swedenborg's birthday at the Concert Hall in Stockholm in 1988. John had just started to work on Delius's Cello Sonata and we decided to go to England and, if possible, arrange a meeting with Eric. Perhaps he might like to hear John play the Sonata to him, and perhaps I might dare to show him the work for Swedenborg's anniversary that John was going to play. I asked Soldanella if she would like to come with us and to my immense joy she said yes. Eric thought the whole thing a lovely idea, deciding to hire a studio in London, and we were on our way.

I will never forget seeing Eric so happy, walking at a great pace and full of humour. Rowena and Soldanella took a walk in a park while we went into the studio. John played marvellously and Eric explained one of the secrets when playing Delius's music – how to end one phrase and, in one's mind anyway, start the next before ending the previous phrase, so as to keep the flow. I remember Eric saying to me afterwards that he hadn't heard a cellist playing Delius like that since Barjansky. Afterwards Eric and Rowena invited us for high tea and it was quite extraordinary sitting there and hearing Eric ask Soldanella if she remembered that old couple who had come to see Delius and who told them how they had used to go to Brahms for tea.

I had given my music to Eric and he was going to look at it at home. On my way back to Sweden I suddenly remembered something he had told me at our first meeting. He said he had burnt most of his music:"Only genius matters in composition". How could I have dared to be such a fool? When he phoned me, having looked at the piece, I was shaking, preparing myself for the worst. To my astonishment he was more positive that I could ever have imagined. This was what I should do! At that time those words meant everything to me, giving me a self-critical but confident outlook on my work. After John Ehde premiered my piece, with all the warmth he is able to project, I have had commissions ever since 1988.

Eric often said to me: "Don't fall into the same trap as Bax, because then you will end up like Messiaen." He also introduced me to Sorabji's works, saying that we had a few things in common. After Delius's death Sorabji had

written to Eric asking for a meeting. Eric went but Sorabji never turned up. Later he had a long letter from Sorabji outlining all his musical thoughts. I wonder if that letter still exists. Eric was very determined with regard to economising with musical ideas. We talked a lot about Janacek and Vittoria, and he was extremely anxious to see how I got on. We frequently talked about the importance of remembering every note that one writes – something pretty obvious, one might think, but not very often the case with some composers.

To go back to our first meeting and the disappointment Eric felt about the *Requiem* being excluded from his recording sessions: when I returned to Sweden I phoned Robert von Bahr at BIS records telling him the situation. He listened attentively and said that he would come back to me. Two weeks later he phoned saying that all was arranged: the Stockholm Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus would record the work with Eric. Unfortunately Eric wasn't well – he had dizzy spells and so was not able to undertake the task. A year or two later he had an offer to make another Delius recording for Unicorn. He asked me what I thought about it and which pieces might be included. What, for example, did I think about *Eventyr*? I told him I had just bought a recording of the work by Vernon Handley. There was a silence and then I heard him clear his throat: "I'm sure it's very good!" I then suggested *An Arabesque* and *Songs of Sunset*. He was thrilled, as neither work had been recorded for a long time. When I had the record sent to me and phoned to congratulate him, he said that he was particularly pleased with the first movement of *Songs of Sunset* and with the *Arabesque*, the work by Delius he loved the most.

The last time I spoke to Eric must have been in 1995 when I was with my family in Grez. I wanted to tell him that the magic of the village had me in a 'Delian' spell and that I wished he had been there with Rowena. Later I phoned his daughter Ruth asking how he was. I had just listened to Pougnet playing the Violin Concerto, the very same recording I heard on that tape recorder many years earlier. She said he had just passed away peacefully.

Soldanella lived a few more years. She came to see us now and then and we used to watch *Monty Python* and *Fawlty Towers* (which she loved). Sometimes, when we were unable to see each other and so talked for hours on the telephone, I used to play *Python* recordings to her over the phone. Whenever there was silence she would ask: "Is there more to come?" And whenever there was a concert performance of my music, she would be there. The last time we spoke, she was very out of touch and conversation seemed impossible. I then quickly grabbed a tape of Eric talking ("That boy is no good!"). After a few seconds she spoke to me in English and said: "That's Eric!" She was back, and

the rest of the conversation we had was in English. When she died she left me the copy of *Delius as I knew him* that Eric had given to her (and in which he had copied to her a beautiful love poem by Shakespeare), some letters concerning Delius from Grez, a photo her father had taken of Delius in his garden, and a portrait of Eric taken in 1932 and signed "With love to S. from E.". When the Medici Quartet commissioned a work from me to celebrate their 30th anniversary in 2001, I wrote the piece in memory of her.

I often wonder what would have happened if I hadn't heard Delius's *Violin Concerto* on that small tape recorder in Surrey. One curious thing is that the son of Theo Pitcairn, Laren, a patron of the arts in the US, commissioned me to write a violin concerto for his daughter Elizabeth Pitcairn, who herself owns 'The Red Violin', a famous Stradivarius. It was premiered by her in Sweden in the autumn of 2005.

John Ehde

My first more personal encounter with Eric Fenby came in the form of a phone call from from my close friend Tommie Haglund. He yelled almost as if he had either seen the ghost of Swedenborg or won a million at the lottery. The conversation went rather like this, and at a very hectic pace:

Tommie:	Guess what? (shouting loudly all the way through the conversation)
John:	No,what? (getting carried away as well...)
T:	I've been talking with Fenby!!
J:	With Fenby?! How? When?
T:	Just now. I called him up!
J:	Oh. What did you say to him?
T:	I said: Hello Dr. Fenby, my name is Tommie Haglund, a composer calling from Sweden.
J:	Right, and what did he reply??
T:	He said: Good Lord, all the way from Sweden?

For some reason I've always found this incident extremely funny, especially when I remember Tommie's imitation of Fenby's English accent. However, it also marked the beginning of an encounter with a world that Tommie and I had, until then, only been able to enjoy through cassette copies of old 78

shellacs. That telephone conversation took place in 1983, as far as I remember, and it also marked the start of a fruitful dialogue between Tommie and Fenby, with a frequent exchange of calls, tapes and letters.

As the years passed my own wish to perform Delius's music increased and in 1988 I was practising the *Cello Sonata* and preparing it, along with some music by Tommie, for performance at the Stockholm Concert Hall at a recital marking Swedenborg's anniversary. Somehow this seemed to be the perfect moment and, as things 'clicked', a meeting with Fenby was arranged in London in late April that same year. We all met in a hotel in central London, Tommie, Soldanella Oyler and myself, and the greeting ceremony in the lobby was a very warm and heartfelt one. Fenby then showed Tommie and me to a studio he had rented, just a few blocks away and not far from Piccadilly Circus. The purpose was for me to work on the Sonata with Fenby, talk through the Concerto and ask a million questions. Fenby was not able to accompany me on the piano, so I played and he hummed and conducted vigorously throughout the whole session. "Always start playing with a feeling of love", he said, putting his hand to his heart and smiling a wide smile. I played and he conducted, swaying forth and back in his chair, always looking deep into my eyes whenever there was a musical point to be stressed. "Every phrase in Delius must clearly go somewhere, with a clear climax. All soft phrases must 'sneak in' very quietly and then bloom, tempo as well. Always very flexible in tempo. Let every phrase have its time!".

At first I felt confused, seeing four crotchets in a bar, with almost no indications from the composer, hearing Fenby singing them so freely, like an improvisation. Realising that we were working ourselves behind and beyond those five stiff lines with their dots and markings, trying to grasp the spirit and organic flow that is so essential when performing Delius, I was absolutely thrilled with the feeling of freedom that overcame me – a freedom that, when used with discipline and understanding, opened up a world that I had only encountered on those old 78s. I wasn't only allowed to play 'out of time', I was begged to do so!

"Delius only wrote the least number of indications in his music, because what he could not write down – the poetical flow – was to be left open to the imagination of the performers. Delius could be satisfied with many different results, though it had to be alive and musical." As I slowly got the hang of it, Fenby stopped interrupting me and disappeared into the music, mumbling with eyes closed: "That´s right my boy, that´s right." I will never forget those sincere boyish eyes, alive with passion and an almost naive love for the music we were working on – something I have never experienced either before or

since, like meeting with a lost world.

A few more quotes on Delius and performance made by Fenby that day:

> "When playing, start with an honest feeling towards the spirit of the music, never do anything to 'show' the music. Trust the poetry of the music itself."

> "The Cello Concerto was first performed by Barjansky, in Vienna… he did not play all the passage work like study-work but took time, wherever necessary, to make it poetical and playable."

> "The cello pieces, even the Concerto itself, were worked out in close collaboration with Beatrice Harrison. Delius would sit in his garden, write out a few lines and then ask Harrison to play them. Her cello playing was good, but sometimes a bit too feminine and sentimental."

After those memorable few hours in a dark Piccadilly basement we finished off with a pleasant cup of tea at the hotel where we had met. Rowena and Soldanella joined in as well and there was much talk of old times, Delius interpretation, Beecham stories, etc.

Although I have already made a recording of Delius's *Cello Sonata*, I still feel I have not yet given the work the full organic freedom it deserves. Grasping the free-flow of pulse that Fenby so clearly indicated is one thing, to realise it in performance is another. I feel I am getting closer with every performance though, and with time and experience I hope one day to be able to 'let go' and just let the music evolve, freely like an improvisation, but in my own way.

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MAESTRO DELIUS a.k.a. CLAUDE DEBUSSY——

Robert Threlfall

[On pages 29 and 44 of DJS 140 (Autumn 2006) are references to Delius's conducting of In a Summer Garden. This report of the concert appeared in The World on 13 December 1908]

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

We had a very British evening at the Philharmonic on Friday with Dr. Landon Ronald conducting and a new work by Mr. Delius, who also conducted it. Admiration for Mr. Delius as a composer should not blind one to the fact that he nearly piloted his own work to shipwreck. The music of Delius requires an experienced conductor if it is to make any impression, not one to whom the orchestra looks for necessary leads in vain. Indeed, the agonised faces of the players were a study of absorbing interest, and almost distracted one's attention from the music. In the circumstances it was a splendid achievement to keep together. The music is, it appears, a purposely vague and elusive presentment of the day-dreams which come to a sojourner in a land wherein 'twas always afternoon; but though this is its object and its content it is to be presumed that it must be played with precision if it is to make its proper effect. As far as it was possible to judge, the music is entirely a matter of "atmosphere," and thematic development does not enter into the composer's scheme at all. Nor does what may he called development of mood. It seemed as if the composer wished absolutely the same *état d'âme* to persist from the first bar to the last—at least so it sounded. If so, the composition is too long; the virtue of homogeneity, when carried to excess, is apt to pall. The sense of orchestral colour and the original skill in obtaining it are as notable as in. any other of Delius's works and appeal as strongly to the imagination. Unfortunately, however, the last word of sultry afternoon music seems to have been said some years ago in Paris, and said very decisively and unmistakably, and more authoritatively, although with an immeasurably smaller expenditure of means, than by any later composer. The resemblance between Mr. Delius's work and the prototype is only superficial, however, for I fancy that the reverie in time summer garden which he asks his hearers to share is on subjects less – let us say – dangerous than that of Mallarmé's Faun. Mr. Landon Ronald's conducting of Brahms's Second Symphony showed that nothing in the way of conducting is beyond his reach.

HIS COUNTRY AT LAST CLAIMS DELIUS

Ernest Newman

[This article, by the celebrated music critic and writer (who, incidentally, was a great friend of the Editor's grandfather) appeared in The New York Times Magazine for 16 March 1930 – and the Editor is grateful to Bill Thompson for drawing his attention to it]

AFTER RELATIVE OBSCURITY ENGLAND'S GREAT COMPOSER, NOW BLIND AND PARALYZED, HEARS HIS PUBLIC TRIUMPHS

To Frederick Delius, the British composer, has come a rare popular triumph after years of comparative obscurity. His works have been honored in London with a six-day Festival, and though blind and paralyzed, he has, unlike Beethoven, been able to hear them and the acclaims they received. The following article tells of his peculiar genius and of the efforts made in his behalf for recognition.

Frederick Delius has become famous lately, especially in England. Previously he was known, but not famous in the popular acceptation of the word. Now he is front page matter, and that without having murdered his wife, as Gesualdo did, or appropriated some one else's wife, as Wagner did, or done any of the other things that are calculated to win a composer respectful treatment from the sub editors. A few well-informed people had known for years that Delius was a remarkable composer; at last the general public has discovered the fact.

It really means something when an English composer who has no academic or professorial associations is taken notice of by the powers that be. As a rule, a knighthood means nothing. In England we do not so much knight people as professorial posts, cathedral organs, or an orchestra, or perhaps simply longevity. We would probably not have knighted a Wagner because he was neither a professor nor an organist nor a septuagenarian composer who has seen better days; but we would certainly have knighted a Rheinberger because he played the organ, or a Lachner because he was a court conductor, or a Hanslick because he lectured at university, or even an Offenbach because he wrote the sort of music that a monarch and his legislators could understand. (It has been said that Elgar owed his Order of Merit not to the fact that he had written some great works but to the fact that King Edward, who was quite unmusical, adored "Land of Hope and Glory").

Delius has been lucky enough to escape a knighthood, but he has been made a Companion of Honor. That is a new order, and so far the company is fairly good. Anyhow, the conferring of the distinction served to focus public attention on him, and he came right out into the limelight when a six days' Festival, organized by Sir Thomas Beecham, showed the generality what manner of composer Delius is. After that, there was no question that he had "arrived."

When the news leaked out, some months earlier, of Beecham's intention to devote six concerts to the orchestral and chamber music of Delius, there was much head-shaking in London musical circles. Delius was a fine composer, every one admitted; but could the public, could even his friends and admirers, stand six days of him? Was not one work of his, when all was said, very like another – the same recurrent six-four lilt, the same sliding chromatics, the same vagueness and elusiveness of atmosphere in them all?

Well, the London public took six days of Delius, and was amazed to find in the first place how different one work really was from another; and in the second place how many admirable works Delius had written, of which the average man knew nothing, or next to nothing. And when, on the final night of the Festival, I think it was Sir Thomas Beecham, in a speech from the platform, assured the audience that, so far from their having heard the whole of Delius's more significant music, he could fill another six programs with works equally significant, every one was ready to believe him, so overpowering had been the cumulative effect of the Festival. There was, to be sure, a slight touch of exaggeration in Beecham's statement, for obviously what we had heard during the six days represented to a large extent the pick of Delius's work; but it is still true that there remains over a vast amount of fine music, not a note of which has ever been heard in public is England.

Who, then, some of my American readers may ask, is this Delius, and why is he still not better known to concert and opera-goers in general all the world over? I will try to answer the latter question first.

In the first place, Delius has never made the slightest effort to force himself on the public. Like another great contemporary, Sibelius, he is essentially an intellectual solitary. Having always been economically independent, he has been able to indulge himself in the luxury of writing just what he wants to write for the pure pleasure of writing it. Naturally, he has no objection to being performed, and is not so foolish as to despise popularity; he was obviously gratified by the remarkable evidence that was given during the Festival of the esteem in which the London public held him.

But it is not in his nature to run after the public, or to adopt any of the quite

legitimate means which other composers, be their idealism what it may, have to adopt in order to obtain and hold their footing in the world. His vogue in England is due almost entirely to Sir Thomas Beecham, who began his devoted labors on behalf of Delius as long ago as 1908. It is true that during the last few years some of the smaller orchestral works, such as "Brigg Fair," "Summer Night on the River" and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," have become part and parcel of the ordinary English concert repertory. But it is probable that the almost excessive concentration on these works has done Delius as much harm as good. They are all, to the superficial listener, very much in the same mood and built up in the same way; and they have contributed largely to the legend that all his music is alike in idiom and in outlook.

The bigger works, as well as some of the smaller ones that are most characteristic of his genius, have been relatively neglected for a variety of reasons. They were often technically difficult; they were so personal in their expression that only performers tuned, as it were, to his own wavelength, could discover and reveal the secret of them; and, curiously enough, they had been published in forms that did anything but lighten the task of the interpreter. This is particularly true of the chamber music, some of which was issued with the minimum of indications as to phrasing and so on.

This of itself is typical of Delius. It is not that as a composer he is unpractical, but that he does not realize how things look to other people. He creates for himself; and to himself (and I may add, to Sir Thomas Beecham, Miss Beatrice Harrison and one or two other artists who are spiritually en rapport with him) his intentions are so clear that it never occurs to him that the most intelligent and most willing of performers can be assisted in his comprehension of a work by a few accents and slurs and other little suggestions. I understand that Sir Thomas Beecham has taken in hand the business of preparing new editions of some of the works. It will be interesting to compare these with the ones now current.

No one understands Delius as Beecham does; one is almost tempted to say that he understands Delius better than Delius does himself. I will give one example of how his more practical sense has made the seemingly impracticable Delius more practicable. In the opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet" there is a descriptive orchestral entr'acte that is, on the whole, the loveliest thing in that lovely opera. What happened? The curtain being down, of course the audience talked all the time, and nothing was heard of the music. Beecham made up his mind that they would have to listen to it; so he devised a little stage business to accompany the music and as the curtain remained up the public now refrained from conversation.

In the second place, Delius is difficult to fit into any of the categories so beloved of the general public. They like to know, or to think they know, what a composer "stands for." It has always been the peculiarity of Delius that he defied categorization. He belongs to no party, no national or other school; and the result is that he has never had a party or a school to push his claims. Not being a university man, and having nothing in common with the standardized university type of mind, he could not count, in his earlier days, on the support of what was at one time the most powerful clique in English musical life. (It was Elgar's great service to destroy the influence of this clique by showing that a composer who owed nothing whatever to it could do what no university musician had ever succeeded in doing – make an international reputation for himself and for English music, an offense for which the clique found it hard to forgive him.)

Nor has Delius been any more fortunate in other respects. Neither he nor his music have any "national" characteristic so marked as to make it possible for a nation to take him up and exhibit him as its own. He was born in England in 1862 (not 1863, as the dictionaries say), of German parents. Germans cannot see anything typically German in him, while to English people he is not typically English as, for example, Elgar is. At the age of 17 he was sent to Germany to fit himself for joining his father, a Bradford merchant, in the wool trade. In 1882, he entered a Manchester office. His father having refused to allow him to devote himself to music, he was given an orange grove in Florida in which to make good in the business sense. In Florida, however, he spent most of his time studying counterpoint and soaking himself in the atmosphere of the place and in Negro melody; his impressions of this period are recorded in his "Appalachia."

In 1886 his parents, recognizing that they could do nothing with him, allowed him to go to Leipzig to study. He was one of those artists, however, who can learn only in their own way; they instinctively know what they need for their own self-development, pick out from their environment what will conduce to this, and let the rest go by. Of far more influence than Jadassohn and Reinicke was Grieg whom Delius met in Leipzig in 1887, and to whom be owed that acquaintance with Scandinavia that has given his mentality a slightly northern cast. He married a Scandinavian woman, Jelka Rosen, in 1897. After some further wandering he settled at Grez-sur-Loing in France, in the same year – and apart from an interruption caused by the war, Grez has been his home ever since.

The queer result of it all has been that a German by ancestry, born in England and largely molded by Florida and Scandinavia, has spent the greater

part of his mature life in relative seclusion in France. There he has had little public success; anything less likely than the music of Delius to commend itself to the rather narrow French view of music could hardly be imagined. Though some of his works have made a great effect in Germany, his music is not German enough for the Germans to be able to regard him as part of their tradition, nor is it English enough for it to have formed a party for him in England. His music is simply himself, Frederick Delius; and I doubt whether so curious a case has happened before in the whole history of music.

A more denationalized mind could not be conceived in music; and it is easy to see how this peculiarity of his has operated to his disadvantage so far as performances are concerned. His denationalization shows itself in sundry other little ways. His English, while of course thoroughly correct and idiomatic, has something in its inflections that, to my own knowledge, has made people who have met him casually, and who knew nothing of his antecedents, regard him as a "foreigner." The basis of his accent is his native Yorkshire. This local tang he has never lost; but an indefinable something else has been superimposed upon it in the course of the years. On the other hand, representatives of other nations have assured me that his accent in their languages is not that of a native. There are many passages in his settings of English poetry that, while showing the utmost sensitiveness to the poetic content, suggest a lack of feeling for the specific genius of the English language *qua* language; and I should not be surprised to hear that his settings of French and German poems create the same impression on Frenchmen and Germans.

His conversation gives one the same feeling of a mind wholly individual, non-party and non-national. He thinks along none of the traditional local lines; he sees everything in life and literature from his own angle; an angle determined by the years-long impact on him of many varieties of national impression. He is, in short, a type of which there is only one representative – himself. When I first met him, many years ago, it was a great refreshment and a great illumination to me, immersed as I was in the English musical and cultural tradition, to see how the English situation shaped itself in the eyes of this Englishman who cherished none of the sanctified illusions about England; and his conversation revealed a similar objectivity of outlook upon all other nations and their cultures.

I saw him again, after the lapse of many years, just before he left London after the conclusion of the recent Festival. He is now blind and paralyzed, but his mind functions with the old vigor and the same independence: even the voice has preserved its characteristic resonance and timbre. His conversation, as earlier, gave the impression of a personality of great concentration and

driving force. His head and face are those of a man who can be warranted not to be turned from his self-chosen path by any obstacle; and his sharp-cutting intonation and staccato delivery go perfectly with his clear judgments upon men and art. He knows what he himself likes and wants in music, and despises conventional politeness toward the things he believes to be wrong. The professional writers upon music, who have to be diplomatic toward developments that in their heart of hearts they dislike, but that they feel to have a certain news Value, have often to hedge in a way that would do credit to the most experienced bookmaker. Delius scorns to hedge; and his verdicts on some of his contemporaries have always been distinguished more for penetration than for flattery. His mind is a well-stored one, and his international associations have given him an exceptionally close acquaintance with all contemporary cultures. He is what Nietzsche would have called a good European.

He has faced, with extraordinary courage, an accumulation of misfortunes that would have taken the heart out of most men, although it is true that matters have been made easier for him by his financial independence and by the devotion of a remarkable wife, whose clear-eyed calmness and fortitude are almost the equal of his own. He is still composing. The paralysis descended on him in 1922, and his sight failed him three years later; but in spite of these handicaps he composed, by dictation, his second violin sonata in 1923 and "A Late Lark" in 1925. During the last couple of years or so he has had with him a young Yorkshire musician who particularly understands him, and who has made the work of dictation easier for him, so that we may still expect further products of his genius.

The recent Festival was not in the least a conventional demonstration of piety on the part of the public toward one who has suffered grievously in the battle of life. It was a spontaneous expression of delight in the music for its own sake, and of wonder that so many beautiful things should still be so little known. As I have said, the general feeling was one of surprise that with so pronouncedly personal an idiom a composer should be able to express so great a variety of moods; not the least of the mysteries is how a harmonic language that on the surface of it seems inclined to softness can on occasion say so much that is big and strong. It may be true that the basis of much of Delius's music is wistfulness, regret for the evanescent loveliness of things and for the tragedy of man's lot; but it is also true that there is no weakness, no sentimental self-pity in this regret – and this music is really a passionate Yea-saying, as Nietzsche would put it, to life, not a denial of it, for proof of which we have only to look at the magnificent "Mass of Life."

I remember Delius saying to me, about the time that this great work was being written, that the world had had enough masses for the dead, and that it was time it had a mass for the living. Half the fascination of his music as a whole is its paradoxical combination of a texture that seems soft and yielding and a mentality that is decidedly positive and vigorous.

Jean Beraud: *Representation au Théâtre des Variétés* (1888)
(Musée des Arts Decoratifs, Paris)

THE REAL DELIUS

A Conversation between Julian Lloyd Webber and Paul Guinery

[This is a transcript of part of the cover CD for the December 2007 edition of the Gramophone magazine, and it is reproduced here by kind permission of Haymarket Publications]

PG: Welcome to another in the series of The 'Real' Great Composers – and this month we're focussing on the life and music of Frederick Delius. I'm delighted that one of the composer's most enthusiastic advocates has joined me, someone who's performed and recorded his music regularly. He's the cellist, Julian Lloyd Webber.

Julian, let's put Delius in historical perspective first of all. He spans two centuries pretty equally, I suppose: his dates are 1862 to 1934. He was certainly English in the sense that he was born in England, in Bradford, but one of the first things we ought to say about him is that he doesn't fit into any sort of real national stereotype. To all intents and purposes he was a cosmopolitan. His un-English sounding surname was in fact German – his parents had emigrated from Bielefeld – and he hardly lived in Britain at all after his early twenties. There are, I think, about four other adopted homelands: America, where he spent (or perhaps misspent) his youth trying to run a plantation in Florida; Scandinavia, where his father, who was in the wool-trade, sent him on business as a sort of commercial traveller – that was another disastrous episode but it did leave Delius with a life-long love of Denmark, Norway and Sweden; then comes Germany, where he studied music in Leipzig; and lastly France, where he spent his formative years in Paris and settled in greater seclusion in the village of Grez-sur-Loing not far from Fontainebleau and which was his home until he died. All those locations: England, America, Scandinavia, Germany and France – it's hard to think of another major composer who had all those influences.

JLW: That's right. I don't really think of him as an English composer at all. Obviously there were certain elements – if you go back to a piece like *Brigg Fair*, it shows he had a knowledge of England. But basically he got out of Bradford pretty soon. I was interested you mentioned that he wasn't a real national stereotype. I think this is the whole thing about Delius, that he wasn't a stereotype of anything. Delius was a one-off, a unique composer. People try to compare his music to other composers, but I think that view always falls

down because he was a unique voice, and the more you get to know his music in all its different aspects, the more you realise there was nobody like Delius. I think that's perhaps one reason why people either really love or loathe his music.

PG: Absolutely.

JLW: Some people detest Delius and some people love Delius – and they're not always the people you would think of. A lot of people who don't like classical music very much have a soft spot for Delius. My son, who's 15 at the moment and going through his rock-music phase, heard *The Walk to the Paradise Garden* the other day in a concert and thought it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever heard, which is very interesting.

PG: That's very interesting. I think recently Delius has become known for his smaller pieces, more as a miniaturist, but the amazing thing is that he wrote on a large scale – he wrote six operas and there are four concertos (for piano, violin, cello and one for violin and cello). There's no symphony, but there are big orchestral works, big choral works such as *A Mass of Life, Songs of Sunset* and so on; then there's all the chamber music: masses of songs, piano music, violin sonatas. An incredible range and nowadays we tend to hear just a very small part of it, don't we?

JLW: Yes, if anything not much at all. I think he's horribly neglected. I think one of the reasons for that is that his music is hard to perform; it's hard to put it across to an audience, and you really have to be very strongly sympathetic as a performer. Take for example the *Cello Sonata*: if you play that cello part on its own, it's almost meaningless. You need to rehearse and practise it with a pianist – so I think that, particularly for people who don't know it at all and who try to sight-read that piece through, it doesn't mean very much. In some ways there's an absence of 'role models' whom young players can hear performing, for example, the *Cello Sonata*, the *Cello Concerto* or the rest of the cello music. Because they're played so rarely, especially outside England, I think young players have no idea, really, how they should go.

PG: It's the tradition, if you like, of performing Delius that has been lost. You mentioned your son being, as it were, invited in to listen to Delius by *The Walk to the Paradise Garden*, well, let's hear a bit of that because it really is the quintessential Delius sound.

JLW: It's an extraordinary work, a marvellous piece and it's strange because he wrote it later, didn't he, as a fill-in between the acts….

PG: He expanded it because at Covent Garden they couldn't change the scenery as quickly as they'd been able to do abroad and it was almost by accident that we have this absolutely ravishing piece. You've chosen the

Barbirolli recording, with the LSO. Why is that?
JLW: I suppose it's because, like so many people who collect records. Barbirolli's was the first version I heard and I always loved it. I love Barbirolli's way with Delius though often he takes slower tempos than Beecham. Another choice I was going to make was Barbirolli's version of *La Calinda* which is terribly slow, but I love it. He is sentimental but he's sentimental in a convincing way. He obviously loves the music and that's the key thing with Delius. Barbirolli knows the musical lines, he knows where he wants to go and maybe he goes there much slower than Beecham and many other interpreters but he's convincing because he's convinced himself.

MUSIC: *The Walk to the Paradise Garden (excerpt): Barbirolli / LSO.*

PG: Julian, just for sheer beauty of sound that's absolutely ravishing music, isn't it?
JLW: It's a gorgeous piece of music. I have this theory that Delius is actually far more popular with the public and with audiences than with musicians themselves. There's a fascinating book that came out called 'Desert Island Lists, from the old Roy Plomley days of the programme, which gave all the choices of every castaway that had ever been on. What I noticed immediately was how many people had chosen Delius. It was fascinating because that sort of ratio isn't reflected in the concert hall – even in those days it wasn't. So I do have this theory.
PG: It's also what you were saying with the *Cello Sonata* about the separate parts not necessarily making sense on their own. I've talked to orchestral musicians who can't get on with Delius.
JLW: Especially for the strings. There are masses of bars rest where instruments don't play at all and all they're doing is counting. It's not easy. The whole thing has to blend together. It's the same with the *Sonata* or the orchestral pieces. Of course, I also think that so much of the music fades quietly away at the end – do conductors like that? The *Cello Concerto* does that: a long ending where it's so unlike any virtuostic concerto, yet on the other hand it's actually very difficult to play. It doesn't sound that hard, but it's not easily written for the cello; in fact the original version was revised by Herbert Withers with Delius's approval and that's the one everybody plays now because what he wrote at first was almost unplayable.

PG: You actually have the cello that belonged to Barjansky who gave the original performance of the *Cello Concerto*.

JLW: That's right; many people think that the *Cello Concerto* was first played by Beatrice Harrison but it wasn't, it was played by Alexandre Barjansky. Apparently Delius loved the way that he played: he was a very fiery player, and there's a story in Eric Fenby's book about Barjansky coming to Grez to rehearse. It's a very vivid tale and I think it's the first time Fenby actually played to Delius. The remarkable thing was that I'd been playing the *Cello Concerto* quite a lot – I'd played it at the Proms and I'd recorded it – and then the year when the recording was released Barjansky's cello came up for sale at Sotheby's. I was amazed, so I went to try it out and fell in love with the instrument – but it was very odd that that was almost certainly the instrument that Delius's *Cello Concerto* was premiered on.

PG: You mention playing it at the Proms – what was the reaction?

JLW: I was very nervous beforehand. I'd played the piece several times, and you might say that it's the last cello concerto to play in the Royal Albert Hall because it's intimate, almost like chamber music with the interaction with the harp and the woodwind. It's twenty-five minutes of 'idyll' with very little loud music. But the audience was absolutely rapt and it was a marvellous, a wonderful experience.

PG: Have you played it much abroad? Is it ever asked for?

JLW: Very little. Obviously a piece like the Elgar is played all the time abroad, but Delius, virtually not at all.

PG: You mentioned Beatrice Harrison: she was quite an influence on you, wasn't she?

JLW: Yes, she really was. It may sound odd to say it, but I would say the two greatest influences on me in terms of players were Beatrice Harrison and Rostropovich – and you couldn't have two players more diametrically opposed. But they both had or have this incredible passion, and I always felt that both of them tried to put over the music as clearly as they could without getting in the way of it too much themselves. That's always been my approach as well. Beatrice was a very, very free player, too free for some people's tastes today, but I find that at her best, which she often was in Delius's music, she's a very powerful, emotional player. Again, not a text-book cellist – she had a completely off-the-wall technique and she was her own person, but I love it.

PG: Let's hear the very end of the concerto and that wonderful dying fall it ends with; this is your own recording.….

JLW: Yes, this extract starts with a wonderful sweeping tune that comes for the first time near the end of the concerto. But there's also a very unusual moment when the concerto seems to be coming to a close, and then Delius suddenly produces a faster-moving theme, an absolutely beautiful one with a line that

could only be Delius. A friend of mine, a very good musician, once said to me, "The thing about that concerto, Julian, is that it actually could end anywhere, at any point." I don't agree with that at all. But it's interesting how people view Delius and hear Delius – I think the end of this is absolutely natural and marvellous.

MUSIC : Cello Concerto: Julian Lloyd Webber / Vernon Handley / Philharmonia (excerpt).

PG: That is such an unconventional ending to a concerto, you don't get a great big flurry of notes at the end.
JLW: I don't think you'd be taught that's the way to do it at music college!
PG: The thing is, we're talking about a composer who, to all intents and purposes, was self-taught. He had some lessons in America from a local organist, he went to Leipzig Conservatoire – though I don't think he ever actually finished the course he was on – but that was more or less it. He used his ears, he didn't follow text-books – which is why, I suppose, he didn't end up like so many English composers writing second-rate Brahms. He's in a world of his own, in many ways.
JLW: Yes, although it's also quite interesting that Elgar was virtually self-taught – and it's extraordinary that those two massive figures in British music had no real formal training.
PG: I think that's why perhaps, from the outside, it sometimes seems as if Delius's music is a bit amorphous. I often hear detractors saying, "Oh, it's formless, it meanders". I don't believe that. Because if you actually study the music there's an awful lot of structure to it. But I think, for me, the way to approach it is not so much on an intellectual level, looking for first and second subjects or development sections and all that, but just in terms of sheer inspiration. Delius follows his own path.
JLW: Well, you see, I would be one who'd say that both the *Cello Concerto* and the *Cello Sonata* are beautifully structured. They're totally untraditional, and I guess that's what upsets people. There's no other point of comparison. But in terms of his own music it's uniquely structured, and it couldn't really be any different. But, of course, that's not what people are used to and that's where you come back to this: either you love the music or you can't bear it. I think that the public actually prefer it to musicians. Obviously there are a few in every generation who will champion Delius, but I do think it's strange that the public seem to appreciate Delius more than musicians do.
PG: He's so individual that you can tell mature Delius within a bar or two,

which is always a very valuable thing.

JLW: That's right. I first learnt the Delius *Cello Sonata* with Douglas Cameron, who was a wonderful old Scotsman, always full of stories. I remember one day I was playing it to him and he said, "You know, recently I examined a young girl playing this piece in Northern Ireland, and when she came in I said "What are you going to play today?" She replied "Oh, the sonata by De-lie-us." His response was "By whom? – oh, you mean Dee-lius." And I asked Douglas "How did she play it?", and he said, "Just like she pronounced it!"

PG: That's wonderful! Talking of musicians who really have understood him, we're going to hear part of the *Second Violin Sonata* in the recording by Yehudi Menuhin and Eric Fenby. Now, at this point we introduce the name of Fenby; Eric Fenby was the man who worked with Delius in the last six years of his life, helping to complete works which Delius had left in an incomplete form, or in some cases helping him compose music more or less from scratch. Why did you choose this particular sonata? There are three sonatas I should say, but this one was written in 1923.

JLW: I've chosen to hear this little second subject in the first movement which I think is absolutely beautiful, the most simple, but totally Delian, harmonies on the piano and an absolutely gorgeous melody. One particular reason I chose it was that it was one of the first pieces of Delius that I actually heard in the concert hall – and I never forgot that. I even went to the piano to try to play it, which was a unique experience! So I just love it, and it was after that, that I started investigating the cello music. And, of course, personally I got to know Eric Fenby very, very well.

PG: Now, tell me a little about that.

JLW: Well, actually the first thing I did with Eric was recording the *Caprice and Elegy*, which he'd worked on with Delius, with the BBC Concert Orchestra at the Hippodrome in Golders Green. Then after that we recorded it for Unicorn and that was on The Fenby Legacy – it was a well-known recording at that time.

PG: Did he talk much about his time with Delius?

JLW: Yes, a lot. In fact I remember now that when I played the Delius *Sonata* for my Wigmore Hall debut – that's how I first met Eric. Clifford Benson and I went to play it to Eric, and I've never had a lesson like that in my life or since. Even before we'd started the first bar, he stopped us and said, "With Delius, you mustn't make that kind of immediate gesture", and he absolutely transformed the way we approached it. Whether we actually changed that much about the way we played it, I don't know! But Eric really did understand Delius, and he transformed our approach to it. That's why, although he would never have

claimed to be a great conductor or a great pianist, there is something special about Eric's interpretations of Delius: He just had an incredible knowledge of how the composer himself wanted it to go. The other reason I chose this recording is that I did work very closely with Menuhin, so I couldn't really resist it.

MUSIC: Violin Sonata No.2: 1st movement (excerpt): Yehudi Menuhin / Eric Fenby.

PG: That sonata was completed in 1923, rather a crucial year for Delius. By that stage he was suffering very, very badly from the syphilis which he'd contracted in Paris years before. In fact some of that sonata had to be written down by Delius's wife, Jelka. Delius really stayed in limbo, didn't he, for about five years after that, until Fenby arrived – a very shy young man who'd written originally to Delius offering his services. There'd been reports that Delius was now paralysed, that he was blind, that he could do very little, but that there were some works which he still wanted to complete. Of course, there is that very famous Ken Russell film which quite a lot of people have seen – although I think it's a bit of a pity in some ways that we think of Delius only as we see him in the film, as a crotchety, elderly man, rather formidable. But I guess that, as a young man in Paris, for example, he must have been very charming, very sociable. He had a huge circle of friends, including painters and playwrights.

JLW: It's one of those strange things, isn't it? Ken Russell made that marvellous film – and, of course, Eric did play a really crucial role at the end of Delius's life – but I remember Eric himself saying that he thought it was a great pity that Delius was always portrayed as this old man in a wheelchair. He knew an awful lot about Delius's history, and that Delius was nothing like that as a person – so I think in some ways that gave a false idea of how his music should be played. Because he was a vital young man, and a very vital person, much of his music needs to be played with that degree of abandon and passion.

PG: It's very interesting you used the word "passion", because for me that is also another key to it. Too many people tend to approach Delius thinking, "Oh, it's all rather fey and a bit wishy-washy, and it's just nature music" but it has this amazing ebb and flow, that makes it work and come off the page.

JLW: That's right, and it can only be an instinctive thing. Either you have a feel for Delius or you don't. He really is unique in that. But people can confuse speed and climaxes with passion. Some of his chords are extraordinarily intense, and you have to know that that's the important chord to go for. There's a moment in this *Elegy* coming up, one of the pieces Delius dictated to Eric, where there's

this extraordinary chord, about a minute in, with the oboe on top – according to any text-book you'd have to tear that up!

PG: If you go into any of the big record shops in London, there are racks and racks of Delius recordings; virtually everything he wrote has been recorded at some stage or another and yet he's not performed all that much these days.

JLW: You know, I think partly that's because the music is actually so difficult to put together. Many times when I have played the *Concerto* I have been incredibly upset at the first rehearsal, because it was always chaotic. The cello has a lot of material with the harp, and the harp is always at the back so that you can't hear each other; the woodwind don't know the piece, they come in wrong; the strings are bored. When you have in your head how this piece should go, unless you've got a conductor who's absolutely one hundred percent behind the music, it's quite a soul-destroying experience.

PG: And also, let's face it, Delius is quite profligate in the huge orchestras he demands, with masses of players. Very often, if you look at the scores, the actual number of notes which, say, the 4th horn has to play are relatively few – so he sits there for hours and hours counting bars – that can be quite off-putting for him.

JLW: That's quite right, but as far as I'm concerned it's all worth it in the end.

PG Do you think that a younger generation of conductors will take Delius up more than they have?

JLW: I think Delius is one of those composers whose music one or two people who will want to play, and it'll be a complete surprise when somebody totally unexpected, maybe like this young guy Gustavo Dudamel, will suddenly come out and say "I adore this composer." Who knows? Rozhdestvensky used to do a lot of Delius and that's something you'd just not imagine would have happened. So I think there always will be people who will do Delius – I just wish there were a few more of them!

PG: Hear, hear. Well, we're going to listen to this *Elegy* which is for cello and small orchestra, commissioned in 1930 by Beatrice Harrison. It had been sketched earlier, but the orchestration was dictated to Fenby, so this was one of the pieces they worked on together. You've actually recorded this with Eric Fenby, but you've chosen the recording with Sir Neville Marriner. Why's that?

JLW: When I recorded this with Eric, it was at the tail-end of the session and there was basically not very much time. Although we got it down OK in the end – and I do like that recording – it was made with my previous cello and I prefer the sound on this one. It is from quite an obscure recording of mine called

English Idyll where we mixed a lot of pieces from that generation of British composers – and, although they perhaps have in common a slow tempo, I've always felt that everyone, completely wrongly, lumps them all together. Listen to composers like Frank Bridge, John Ireland, Delius, Holst or Elgar – they were all in a sense loners, doing their own thing. Bridge, for example, never sounds like Vaughan Williams, especially the later Bridge which is wonderful music but totally different. I think that John Ireland is a hugely underrated composer, who used very strange chords and harmonies, and there is massive passion in the music – although perhaps he's not always played like that. But I just don't go along with "Oh, it was all this cow-pat school of pastoral music". It wasn't like that at all, and Delius certainly doesn't fit into that picture.

PG: There's real passion in so much of that music, as we were saying earlier. There really is. If you play it like that, it works.

JLW: That's right. I think we mustn't lose that tradition, it must be passed down. Otherwise, when you just see Delius's markings on the printed page, it's not much help, because they're not very good – or, in a way, very professional – there's so much ebb and flow in that music that it's almost impossible to mark it. Either you feel it as a musician or you don't. Beecham is always there as an example of how to phrase Delius. So I don't think the tradition will be lost – but we do urgently need some new interpreters of his music, people who love it and play it convincingly.

PG: Julian Lloyd Webber, thank you very much for talking to me. It's been fascinating to have an insider's view as a performer, and let's finish with your own recording of the *Elegy*.

MUSIC: Elegy: Julian Lloyd Webber / Marriner / ASMF

If any Members wanted to while away part of an evening, and be amused (or appalled, or both) they might care to type "Delius" – not "Frederick Delius" in the Search box on www.youtube.com

THE MUSICIANS' WINDOW AT LIMPSFIELD CHURCH

Roy Fredericks

On Thursday 22 November – the Feast of St. Cecilia – my wife, Delia, and I drove over to Limpsfield to attend the evening Service of Dedication of the Musicians' Window in St. Peter's Church. The church itself is very beautiful inside, with the walls and ceiling largely painted white. The vestments of the choir and attendants were crisp – red gowns, otherwise white.

After initial prayers the choir sang Britten's *Hymn to St. Cecilia* extremely well. There followed an extract from Gerald Moore's *Am I too loud?* read by David Candlin, chairman of the Harrison Sisters' Trust. Graham Powell on the organ gave us *Master Tallis's Testament* by Herbert Howells. The Bishop of Southwark's address then followed; it was touched with humour, even invoking at one stage Fred Astaire as the favourite of the songwriters of the 40s and 50s – the actual context for this now eludes me! The dedication of the window and plaque then took place with incensing and asperging. A fifteen-minute break followed with a glass of wine. We were encouraged to go outside where candles had been lit and placed on the musicians' graves. Unfortunately, the wind had blown the candles out and it was too dark to see.

After the break, we heard Ann Osborn sing Purcell's *Music for a While*. The promised recital then took place in the side chancel. This consisted of Frank Bridge's *Cello Sonata* performed by Alice Neary and John York. A spirited piece indeed, and far removed from the Delius *Cello Sonata* which was given a very sympathetic performance. Between these two works were three spirituals, *including Swing low, sweet chariot* arranged for cello and piano by Lawrence Brown.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Delia and I had been slightly involved with the design of the window, since we had represented Daphne, the daughter of my cousin Denis Stevens (who is one of those commemorated on the plaque) at an earlier meeting at the Church. Consequently, it was a particular pleasure to see how well it had turned out. It appeared that I was the only member of the Delius Society present, so that I made myself known to the Vicar since it seemed right that the Society should be represented on such an occasion.

The musicians commemorated on the plaque are:

Frederick Delius – Jelka Delius – Sir Thomas Beecham – The Harrison Family
Norman Del Mar – Denis Stevens – Eileen Joyce – Jack Brymer

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The Musicians' Window in
Limpsfield Church

TWO OF DELIUS'S SONGS – THE MYSTERIES —

Mark Stone

[Mark Stone is a baritone who has sung major roles for the Royal Opera House, English National Opera and many foreign opera houses. He has recently recorded all Roger Quilter's songs with Stephen Barlow on Sony BMG 88697-139962 – and also has more than a passing interest in Delius's songs.]

Over the mountains high

Over the mountains high (RT V-2 in Robert Threlfall's catalogue[1]) is Delius's earliest surviving song, dated 1885. There is possibly an earlier song entitled *When other lips* (RT V-1) which was supposedly composed during his time at the International College, Isleworth between 1876 and 1879. The record of this composition comes from his sister Clare[2], although her failure to produce the manuscript coupled with the fact that the song title was already the name of a famous aria from the opera *The Bohemian Girl* by Michael William Balfe (1808-1870) leads Robert Threlfall to believe that this was more probably a transcription or an arrangement of an already popular tune[3].

Assuming this to be the case, it was therefore under the private tutelage of Thomas Ward in Florida that Delius composed his first group of songs, of which *Over the mountains high* is the only one that remains.[4] The words are a translation of a poem from Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's (1832-1910) short novel *Arne*. In the Complete Works the text is listed as an unidentified English translation of verses 1, 5, 6 and 7 of his poem.

Although, according to Beecham, Delius had a decided linguistic knack and had gained some knowledge of the Norwegian and Swedish tongues whilst working for the family business in Scandinavia[3], I thought that it was most likely that he had used an existing translation of the Bjørnson novel when writing this song. It was fairly straightforward to test this theory: how many English translations of Bjørnson's Arne were there likely to have been in 1885? Well, more than one is the simple answer to that question, although after wading through a few of the available texts on the internet, I finally came across some familiar words. I found a digitised copy of *Arne* in the University of Michigan library, translated by Augusta Plesner and Susan Rugeley Powers[5]. In this edition the relevant verses of the poem (on page 154) are translated as follows:

What shall I see if I ever go
Over the mountains high?
Now I can see but the[(a)] peaks[(b)] of snow,
Crowning the cliffs where the pine-trees go,
Waiting and longing to rise
Nearer the beckoning skies.

Birds, with your chattering, why did ye come
Over the mountains high?
Beyond, in a sunnier[(c)] land ye could roam,
And nearer to heaven could build your home;
Why have ye come to bring
Longing, without your wing?

Shall I, then, never, never flee
Over the mountains high?
Rocky walls, will ye always be
Prisons until ye are tombs for me?
Until I lie at your feet
Wrapped in my winding-sheet?

Away! I will away, far away,
Over the mountains high!
Here I am sinking lower each day,
Though my Spirit has chosen the loftiest way:
Let her in[(d)] freedom fly;
Not beat on the walls and die!

This was clearly the text that Delius had used.

My search was aimed primarily at discovering the identity of the translators of the song. However, it had also thrown light on certain textual discrepancies that existed between the song and the Bjørnson novel, and which have now been checked against the manuscript by Robert Threlfall[6]:

(a) Verse 1, line 3: Delius omits the word "the" in the manuscript – assumed to be an intentional omission;
(b) Verse 1, line 3: Delius's version should be "peaks" (checked against the manuscript) and not "flakes" as included in the Complete Works;
(c) Verse 2, line 3: Delius's version should be "sunnier" (checked against the manuscript) and not "summer" as included in the Complete Works;

(d) Verse 4, line 5: Delius omits the word "in" in the manuscript – assumed to be an intentional omission.

One wonders why!

Aus deinen Augen fliessen meine Lieder

Aus deinen Augen fliessen meine Lieder is listed by Robert as RT V-11-4, the fourth of the "Songs to words by Heine". However, since its inclusion in the Collected Edition Volume 18a, this song has been something of an enigma. It is detailed as having words by "? Heinrich Heine" and the date of composition is not given.

The recent history of the song is fairly straightforward. The manuscript came into the possession of Sir Thomas Beecham after the composer's death. It was the only copy of the song, and it was neither in Delius' hand nor the hand of any of his regularly used copyists[7]. Sir Thomas thought that the text was Heinrich Heine, and it was tentatively suggested as such when it was published in the Collected Edition in 1987. However, there is no record of this poem in any known edition of Heine's work. So, who wrote the words and when did Delius compose the music?

I began some research to ascertain the exact origins of the song. I had just completed recording *The Complete Quilter Songbook*, featuring all 142 songs of Roger Quilter (1877-1953), and we were looking for our next 'victim'. Delius seemed to be an obvious choice. Following on from the straightforward elegance of Quilter, Delius' songs seem to take the next step in harmonic discovery. In fact, although still being within Quilter's 'tone-world', some of his songs do have elements of Delius' music, particularly, for example, *Cherry valley* (Opus 22 number 2). In compiling the Quilter CD booklet, I had battled with the various questions that hung over the dates and identities of some of the poets whom he had set. I was able to shed some light on the dates of various poets that had eluded previous researchers – although unfortunately a couple still escaped my grasp. As such, I became quite adept at internet research, and hunting down information armed with little more than a free evening and a good search engine.

So it was that I discovered that in The University of Michigan Library is a song album by the composer Franz Ries (1846-1932)[8]. The album is digitised, so it was possible to see it online. It was published in 1888 by Edward Schuberth &

Co. The first song in it, *Aus deinen Augen fliessen meine Lieder* (Opus 21 number 1), is exactly the same song as that previously thought to have been by Delius. It contains a few more dynamic markings, but is otherwise identical. This time the words were attributed to the poet Dorothea Böttcher von Schwerin with an English translation by the music critic and New York Herald journalist John P Jackson.

As this song is part of a collection, the composition date was probably some years prior to the publication date of 1888. This is further suggested by the holdings in the British Library, which holds various volumes of compositions by Ries. They range in opus number from 2 through to 36 – but unfortunately not including opus 21. Most pertinent to the song in question is the fact that opus 20 was published in 1872 and opus 25 in 1876.[9] Therefore, assuming a chronology of opus numbers, this would place the composition of opus 21 number 1 as no later than 1876, when Delius was 14 and just starting at Bradford Grammar School.

The new question raised by this finding is why Delius had a copy of this song together with his manuscripts.

1 A Catalogue of the Compositions of Frederick Delius (The Delius Trust, 1977).
2 Clare Delius: Frederick Delius (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 1935).
3 Robert Threlfall: Frederick Delius: A Supplementary Catalogue (The Delius Trust, 1986).
4 Sir Thomas Beecham: *Frederick Delius* (Hutchinson, 1959).
5 Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson: *Arne*, 1895 – see http://mdp.lib.umich.edu/cgi/pt?id=mdp.39015030023090
6 Letter from Robert Threlfall, 2 November 2007.
7 Conversation with Robert Threlfall, 27 October 2007.
8 Franz Ries, "Song Album" pp. 3-7 (University of Michigan Library, http://hdl.handle.net/2027/mdp.39015007919379).
9 Franz Ries, *Vier Lieder für eine Mittelstimme mit Begleitung des Pianoforte. Op. 25*, British Library, System Number: 004610649, Shelfmark: H.1777.m.(23.).

JEAN MICHAUD – PUBLISHER EXTRAORDINARY

Suzanne Michaud

[Jean Michaud was a Dutchman who, both before and after World War II, acted as the London Agent for two of Delius's German publishers — Universal Edition and Leuckart. After a wide-ranging career in music-making, he worked as a music publisher in his own right, as well as doing agency work for a number of other publishers, but he then became deeply interested in the occult, theosophy, astrology and other quasi-religions. Lyndon Jenkins introduced the Editor to his daughter, Suzanne Michaud; we met earlier this year, and she has provided this account of her father's astonishingly full and unusual life —which makes an interesting 'companion piece' to the review of Bob Montgomery and Robert Threlfall's book that appears below. Members who are intrigued will find a much longer article on Michaud's private life and his interest in the occult at http:llwww.weiserantiquarian.com. catalogtwentyonesupplementl

My father was born Johan Bastiaan Campagne, in Amsterdam on 10 November 1884. The story I had grown up with was that his real father had died before he was born, and that he had been brought up by a strict and cruel step-father called Boudewijn Grotendorst. He was in fact the illegitimate son of Anna Campagne, but she married Grotendorst on 24 March 1887, thus legitimizing him. I believe that he was a child prodigy, and wrote an opera when he was 11 – in the first act of which all the singers were murdered one by one and then, in the second act, they all came back as ghosts. Much later he thought that it was rather silly, but at the time he laughed at the reactions of his teacher.

Jean Michaud

On 2 March 1901, aged 16, he signed on as a soldier in the Dutch Army for 8 years. He began as a

bugler, was promoted to a corporal, then to 'Overgeplaaht als Muzikant' (presumably something like a band sergeant) in the 3rd Infantry Regiment. Although he became an officer in 1907, he left the army the following year. During his service he formed his own string quartet, the Haydn Quartet, of which he was the leader.

It seems that the family Grotendorst told him that they would set him up with the money to have his own orchestra, but only on condition that he left Holland; he could go to Vienna, Paris, Rome, Berlin or London. My father was not pleased, but to upset the Grotendorsts, he chose London. The family agreed, but forbade him to use the family name – so he changed it and his christian name and became Jean Michaud. He possibly brought the quartet with him, as I remember hearing that he played in a "gypsy band" in his early days here. Why he got expelled by the family I have no idea, but my half brother recalls that he had a lot of girlfriends, not least of whom later on was the harpist in the orchestra he formed, Miss Pursey; she was on the scene for many years and a good friend to my half siblings. There was also a singer called Annie May Huxley, and when these ladies died, they both left him legacies!

My father became a musician of considerable expertise and experience. He could play any orchestral instrument, and did indeed form his own orchestra – my half brother recalled that he found that out at about the age of 3 or 4, when he was taken to watch him conduct it at a local theatre (from a box, of course). He was too young to appreciate why he was conducting and not playing, but he learned later that my father had smashed his shoulder falling down a flight of stairs, and was unable to play the violin to his own standards again. He also recalled, that, after they had moved from Clapham to Nicosia Road off Wandsworth Common, that my father
would softly play the violin to himself in his study at all hours of the night. He took to performing "magic tricks" as a form of remedial therapy, and it maybe that it was that which led him, in later years, into philosophy and the occult. Cyril Scott could have been an influence too, as my father had many of his books in his library.

He married Jacoba Antionia Verbon on 3 June 1909 in Utrecht. After he came to London in 1910, he moved house often. His first one was 171 Blythe Road, West Kensington, and his second, five years later, 11 Keplar Road, Brixton — from where, in the late '20s or early '30s, he ran the London and Suburban College of Music. He then moved to Clapham, and in 1943 he bought 2 Nicosia Road, SW18. That was the time of the *blitz,* and, after bombs had fallen very close to them one night, my father heard that the owner of a

nearby property, 22 Routh Road SWI8, was moving away because he feared that his home was next on the German's list of targets – so my father bought it for a bargain. Each time he moved, his enormous and always-increasing, collection of books and scores moved with him.

My brother recollects that our father got to know the tenor Richard Tauber, for whom he did a number of favours. Tauber had many admirers, and lots of the ladies wanted to "Sing with Richard", but had not the range for that to be easy, so they would come and see my father at his office in Langham Street, and he would arrange the song they hoped to sing in a suitable key. The recitals usually took place on Saturday mornings, when he would take my half brother in a taxi, and he would have to sit and watch (and listen) to the howling concert. He not only conducted a lot of light music — for example, in February 1927 his orchestra was playing for a silent movie at The Majestic, and in July 1929 he was performing at The Pavilion in Deal as Jean Michaud's Famous Octet (a favourite form of light music ensemble at the time) – but he composed too. His pieces had titles such as *The Flight, Adagio, Simple Tunes, Voices in the Forest, La Chinese Garden, The Silent Tomb, Mystic Thoughts, The Shepherd at Sundown, A lonely Sea, Unrest, Fugue* and *The Seasons Suite (Spring, Summer, Autumn & Winter);* for his orchestra, he made a selection from *Parsifal,* and his orchestration of Bach's celebrated D minor Chaconne was published in 1930 by A. Cranz & Co of Brussels (a long established firm which eventually became part of Schotts). The British Library Sound Archive has told me that, very remarkably, in 1921 he played the violin in a recording of *La Dame aux camelias* (which was the original story for Verdi's *La Traviata);* so far, however, I have not been able to discover whether they have a copy of it, nor have I succeeded in tracking down anything more about it.

It must have been soon after the end of World War I that my father started his first music publishing business – The London and Continental Music Publishing Company, at 40/41 Great Marlborough Street W1, which later moved to 132 Charing Cross Road, WC2. Among the composers he published were Cyril Scott (the *Second Piano Sonata* in 1935 and *La Belle Dame sans Mercie* in 1934) and Kaikhosru Sorabji *(Correspondences* and *Pantomime* from *Trois Poemes* for soprano and piano in 1918; two piano pieces, *In the Hothouse* and *Toccata; Fantaisie Espagnole* for piano solo and his *Piano Quintet No 1* in 1920). He also formed the UMA (Unusual Music Publishers) Press, and the Universal Music Agencies – which, despite its name, was just a publishing business, and he sold it in the late 1940s to either Curwens or Boosey & Hawkes.

He became the London Agent for four very well-known German publishers – Universal Edition and Leuckart, Josef Weinberger and Eulenburg, and had

his office at 40 Langham Street, near The Queen's Hall. The first two of them had, of course, published a large number of Delius's works, and it was through his connections with them that he got to know not only Delius's music but the Deliuses themselves— and when the original Delius Society was formed in 1932, he became the chairman of its committee. He may, however, have found that he had a conflict of interest, in that, as the Agent for those publishers he had to negotiate the highest fees he could get for performing rights and hire fees, but the Delius Society wanted, of course, to pay the lowest. Early in 1934, before Delius's death, he was involved in a dispute over the fee that Universal Edition wanted to charge Beecham for doing *Appalachia* with the Hallé — and as the accompanying copy of a letter to the Deliuses about this shows, he seemed to be trying to ride both horses at once?[1]

He is briefly mentioned in the letters between Harold Truscott and Havergal Brian in the late autumn of 1949, when the latter was trying to retrieve a copy of his *Gothic Symphony,* as well as an opera called *The Tigers,* from Cranz and Co.: Truscott said "I spoke on the phone to Dr Michaud and got nothing from him. Miss Pursey died two weeks ago – so the whole affair is a mix up. I am now writing to Cranz of Brussels".

MUSEUM 1888.

UNIVERSAL MUSIC AGENCIES,

Music Publishers,

40. LANGHAM STREET, GT. PORTLAND STREET,
LONDON, W. 1.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

THE UNIVERSAL EDITION OF VIENNA, LEUCKART EDITION, etc.
JOSEF WEINBERGER OF VIENNA, ERNST EULENBURG.

March 18th 1933

Mr & Mrs Delius
Grez-sur-Loing
France

Dear Mr & Mrs Delius,

Many thanks for your nice and explicit letter on all the various subjects I wrote to you about. I can completely see your point of view and will write to the Universal Ed.accordingly.
It is especially in view of the Delius Society that I am so anxious to get some of the prices of your works down,as they have always been rather too high to make them popular,and that is why I wrote to you with regard to your royalties, although I had no wish to cause you any loss of revenue-all of which you deserve only too well and should receive to the fullest extent possible.
In the meantime you may be sure that all my sympathies are with you in respect of the various queries and I will do all I can to get the U.E.into line so as to arrive at a fair and proper solution of our present problems.

I hope you have not forgotten to let me have the first chance of any new works you are now engaged upon as I should be very proud to be able to say that I also have some Delius works in my catalogue.
I do not know if Mr Fenby told you what I would really like you to write if possible,but could you write an orchestral Suite entitled"Grez-sur-Loing",embodying some of the happiness and inspiration of the last 30 years or more you have lived there? It would give you the greatest scope for your wonderful descriptive power of nature. I hope you will not think I am presumptious in saying this or that I am asking the impossible Beecham also hopes you will write another orchestral work.
With kindest regards to you all
Yours very since ely

Alfred Kalmus

He began to get interested in spiritualism and the occult in the mid-1920s — and his collection of books on the subjects grew and grew, until he had over 50,000 [sic]. In September 1929 he joined the Faery Investigation Society, founded by a Captain Quentin Crauford. He then got to know a quite extraordinary man, Aleister Crowley; the Aleister Crowley Society is mentioned on a number of websites, and in one of them, accompanied by a most unpleasant picture, he is described as "perhaps

the most controversial and misunderstood personality to figure in the new era of modern-day witchcraft"; "magician, prophet and famed occultist"; "The Wickedest Man in the World" and "The Great Beast". Crowley's diary entry for 26 July 1937 reads "Met Michaud, the A.M.O.R.C. Publisher." The AMORC was the Ancient & Mystical Order Rosae Crucis – the Rosicrucians – and they both became heavily involved in its affairs. They subsequently had an argument about control of it, and then (possibly as a result of that) in 1940 my father founded his own occult fraternity, a very secret society called the Order of Hidden Masters – for which the one-time harpist Miss Pursey, evidently still in favour, used to do the typing! My father was well known in occult circles as "M", and I recently came across a book called *The White Brother,* written in 1927 by Michael Juste (the pen name for Michael Houghton, my mother's first husband and owner of the Atlantis Bookshop) which tells of his experiences with his spiritual teacher "M". In 1946, my father was running the London School of Health from his Langham Street office – a consultation-by-post operation dealing in dietics, bio-therapy and psychotherapy.

His first book, *Occult Enigmas,* was published in 1939 in just five vellum copies, and over the years it was followed by *The Golden Star: A Book for Initiates – A Mystic Crescendo in Twelve Visions;*[2] *The Book of Sa Heti, The Teachings of Li Wang Ho, The Quest of Ru Ru* and *Symphonie Fantastique.* He also wrote, but did not publish, a children's fairy story called *The Elfin Queen,* and shortly before his death he had just finished writing a book on Trarispersonal Astrology.

Perhaps as the result of having obtained a degree from Leiden University in Holland, and many years later a Ph.D from Temple Bar College, Missoula, Montana, my father had a wide variety of other interests – archaeology, antiquities, comparative religions, numismatics, philately and entomology, as well as one of the largest butterfly collections in the country.

The curiosities continued even after my father's death at Cambridge in June 1961. Following the publication of an obituary in *The Times,* the Duke of Orleans wrote to my half brother offering the title of the Count of Blois, saying that it once belonged to his family; however, even in 1961 he wanted £2,500 for it – and my father was buried in the same grave in Wandsworth Cemetry as Annie May Huxley! And opposite to Miss Pursey!!

© Suzanne Michaud 2008

1 A full account of this incident is in Lyndon Jenkins's *While Spring and Summer Sang* (Ashgate 2005).

2 These first two books can be downloaded from the Argotique website.

BOOK REVIEW

MUSIC AND COPYRIGHT:THE CASE OF DELIUS AND HIS PUBLISHERS

Robert Montgomery and Robert Threlfall (Ashgate, 2007; 410 pages; ISBN 978-0-7546-5846-7) £25

This book reveals a side of Delius which I suspect many of us never thought existed: Delius the businessman! We all remember his avowed disdain for his father's wool business and in his youth his failed attempts at being a wool salesman and later a citrus grower. B ut this book shows that as a composer he was as astute and tenacious as any successful business executive in securing his rights.

Most of the book (over 360 pages) consists of a fascinating collection of letters between Delius and his publishers – over 300 in all and spanning a period of over 40 years. These are preceded by several short chapters outlining a history of music copyright law and a concise historical summary of Delius's relations with his publishers. There is also an Appendix with extracts from a number of Delius's publishing contracts. The initial chapters are not an easy read and it may be tempting to skip them, but it's worth persisting because they illuminate so much that is in the letters. Delius's income came from music sales, hire fees, performing right income, broadcasting fees and royalties from recordings (mechanical rights). Major changes in copyright law occurred during Delius's lifetime, introducing the concepts of mechanical rights, and fees from films and broadcasting – and the letters show just how astute he was in realising the potential of these new media: he was, for example, an early member of the Performing Right Society and its German equivalent. Of particular interest is a table showing his PRS income for 1927-1985 alongside that of Holst, Bridge and Ketelby (Delius fares better than Bridge but Holst does best!). There is also an important chapter explaining the setting up of the Trust, and how the harmonisation of EU copyright law led to a revival of copyright in Delius works and the complex situation that evolved from this.

The history of Delius's relations with his publishers is unusual and rather complex. Despite major efforts Delius had practically nothing published until his mid forties. From 1906 he signed deals with a series of German and Austrian publishers: Harmonie, Leuckart, Tischer & Jagenberg and Universal (who later took over the Harmonie works). The First World War, coupled with hyper-inflation in post-war Germany, had a disastrous impact on Delius's income,

so he turned to English publishers: Augener, Winthrop Rogers and, at the end of his life, Hawkes. Through a complex series of deals which lasted well after Delius's death the bulk of his works were eventually transferred away from his German publishers, most ending up with Boosey & Hawkes and smaller numbers with Augener, Oxford University Press and Universal. This was the UK publishing position when work started on the new Collected Edition. The chapter dealing with this complex history is very concise and I would have liked a little more explanation and perhaps a flow-chart or table to show how each major work moved between publishers over time.

But the greater part of this book is devoted to some 341 letters, mostly between Delius and his publishers. Much of the correspondence that has survived is with Harmonie and Universal and is presented in English translations. They show Delius's business acumen very clearly and are surprisingly enjoyable reading, peppered as they are with forthright comments such as: "it is incomprehensible that you take me to be so naive"....."I refuse to pay for the parts of the score you have lost"....."I am tired of this hopeless, repetitive correspondence"...."such a disadvantageous proposition beggars belief"..... etc. He goes through all the figures presented by his publishers and by the PRS in minute detail, questioning anything that looks doubtful; he drives a hard bargain (eg asking for a 33% royalty for the *Cello Concerto*) and is acutely aware of pricing issues (hire fees in Germany are too low, those in the UK are too high). Aware very early on of the potential for recorded music, he astutely retains mechanical rights in his early agreement with Universal: years later, when times are hard for music publishers, Universal are pleading with him for these rights, but to no avail! Another fact emerging from these letters is how badly Delius was served by the incompetent copyists used by Harmonie and Universal. One of them even managed to disappear without trace, taking with him 17 pages of full score which subsequently had to be reconstructed from the parts! Time and again proofs sent to Delius for checking arrive late, are illegible and riddled with errors. Last minute delivery of the chorus parts partly wrecked the 1910 London premiere of *A Village Romeo* and the appalling state of the orchestral parts caused the planned 1913 premiere of *An Arabesque* to be cancelled. Determined not to lose the premiere of *Fennimore & Gerda* in the same way Delius worked himself "into the ground" correcting thousands of errors. By the time the same thing happened with the *Requiem* he was too ill to deal with it. Delius was thoroughly practical in these matters, and berates the copyists for not following normal conventions and not putting cues into orchestral parts. There is a fascinating letter about reprinted chorus parts for the *Mass of Life*. He realises that the vocal parts are too difficult to sing

from single line copies but rejects Universal's suggestion to use vocal scores because they would be too bulky and heavy to hold, and frequent page turns would lead to "an ominous rustling". Sadly, his practical suggestion for the chorus sections of the vocal score to be reprinted separately (with cues) on lighter paper was never carried out, and many of Delius's choral works have been bedevilled with poor chorus parts, often as single line copies, until quite recently. And performers blame Delius for this!

Although the tone of many letters is critical, they are entertaining to read and throw a new light on Delius's thoroughly practical musicianship and his astute business sense. They also explain why, despite his best efforts, orchestral and choral parts for Delius works remained poor for years. Overall, this book is a work of considerable scholarship by two authors who, together, could hardly be better qualified to write it! It is beautifully produced, with a great deal of technical detail and copious comments and references as footnotes. The subject matter may not instinctively appeal to all Delians, but I strongly recommend it to anyone who would like an insight into an aspect of Delius which we do not normally see, and a glimpse of the day- to-day financial and technical problems that concern any musician trying to make a living from composing.

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The Daily Telegraph of 19 February 2008 gave details of the service of thanksgiving for the life of Ned Sherrin, held at St. Paul's Church Covent Garden. There was some live music and recordings were also played. They included some Kurt Weill, Peter Dawson, Balfe, G & S, Julian Slade and Sondheim. Of interest to us was the inclusion of "Walk through a (sic) Paradise Garden".
[Courtesy of Roy Fredericks]

DELIUS SOCIETY MEETINGS

LONDON BRANCH

New Cavendish Club, London on 27 September 2007

Which other Composers did Delius admire?

A talk by Tony Summers

This, the first event of the winter season, was well attended – and the subject an unusual one.

Perhaps not surprisingly more at the end of his life rather than early on, Delius was in the habit of making sweeping and often disparaging statements about other composers – but his comments were a minefield of contradictions, and it could well be that he often didn't really mean what he said. It is, however, possible to get an overall picture of what music really appealed to him, and what didn't. The paper therefore started by looking at the composers whose music Delius genuinely liked and admired – and then, as it progressed, at those who didn't 'come up to scratch'.

There were three composers who had an enormous influence on Delius's music: Chopin, Grieg and Wagner – all harmonic innovators. Grieg was the first to experiment with the harmonic, rather than melodic, variation of a theme – and, of course, he was also a great friend and mentor. Delius knew and greatly admired Wagner's operas, particularly the later ones, with their immense flow and continuity, but he only liked some of the music of Wagner's great successor, Richard Strauss. *Zarathustra* was "a complete failure", but Delius greatly enjoyed hearing *Don Juan*, and there are certainly Straussian influences in *Paris* and *Appalachia,* and, indeed whenever Delius is portraying youth, vitality and energy.

Apart from that of Berlioz, which Delius thought vulgar, Delius liked almost all French music. He greatly admired Bizet (actually, another harmonic innovator) – and there are obvious similarities between the *Marche Caprice* and bits of *Jeux d'Enfants;* he spoke warmly of César Franck's Symphony and the *Violin Sonata.* Debussy would perhaps seem to be the other composer to whom Delius would have felt most closely drawn, for their harmonic language and artistic aims were very similar, but, apart from *Pelleas et Melisande* (which Delius thought had great dignity, poetry and delicacy), nothing really seems to have appealed –"mannered and lacking in melody". Ravel, on the other hand, was definitely preferred – perhaps because Delius knew him much better than

he did Debussy. Both Debussy and Ravel were very 'clever' orchestrators, but Delius was not interested in 'cleverness in music', and as a result sometimes his music is almost unnecessarily difficult to play.

Elgar was a particular problem for Delius. Although they occasionally met in connection with The Musical League in 1908/9, and there was the famous visit to Grez towards the end of Delius's life, they didn't know each other, and frankly Delius didn't like much about Elgar's music. On principle, he had no time whatsoever for anything that had Christian connotations – i.e. Elgar's three oratorios – and he once said, for example, that the *First Symphony* was "completely unoriginal – the first theme taken from the Prelude to Parsifal, the second from Verdi's Requiem, plus Mendelssohn and Brahms, and all thick, without any charm whatsoever"!

Delius had an antipathy to music with a 'palpable design', and thus none of the 'Big Five' of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart interested him, or could be said to have had any influence on him. It seems that he had no strong views on Bach – sometimes he liked him and at others ("he is endless and slow") not. Beethoven, to whom order and tonal relationship were all, was thought of by Delius – to whom beauty of sound was all – simply as an "intellectual giant" rather than as an attractive or exciting musician; that remark shows, however, that Delius was undoubtedly capable of appreciating greatness in others, even if he didn't like what they wrote. He was consistently rude about Brahms – but Schubert songs were acceptable, and, apparently, so was "the Schumann Piano Quintet in A minor", although there is in fact no such work! One thinks of Delius as a musical recluse, but clearly he heard quite a lot of what was being played and broadcast – or otherwise he wouldn't have had views on it. Mahler was "long, dull and pretentious"; he had met and liked Sibelius – his *5th Symphony* was good and its predecessor was "interesting". Of the Russians, he admired Borodin's, and to a lesser extent Mussorgsky's, operas; he seems to have liked *Firebird* and *Petrouchka*, but not *The Rite of Spring* ("pretentious rubbish"*).* Bartok was dismissed, as was Schonberg, with the somewhat curious comment that "You can't make music out of theory – and if a man has to write about his method of composition he clearly has nothing to say". A work in many ways not dissimilar from *The Rite* is Percy Grainger's *The Warriors* – but, almost certainly because Grainger was a very great friend, Delius surprisingly described it as "A very strong, vital and interesting piece", which would actually be a fitting comment on the Stravinsky. Indeed, so far as is known, Delius was never rude about the music of his friends, his English contemporaries such as Bax, Bantock and Scott (although a lot of his music is pretty discordant).

This intriguing paper was illustrated with (in the first half) the Scherzo from Chopin's B minor Sonata, and excerpts from Grieg's *Cowkeeper's Tune* from the *Two Nordic Melodies* for string orchestra; the *Siegfried Idyll*; *Pelleas et Melisande*; *Le Gibet* from Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit*, and the Angel of the Agony's solo in Part 2 of *The Dream of Gerontius.* Then, in the second half, extracts from *The Rite of Spring, The Warriors*, and finally the whole of the 1890 *Summer Evening* – to show Delius, as it were, paying homage to the three composers whom he revered above all others, Chopin, Grieg and Wagner.

ML-B

LONDON BRANCH

New Cavendish Club on 18 October 2007

A Breath of Fresh Mountain Air: the friendship of Delius and Grieg

A talk by Roger Buckley

An enthusiastic group of Members and friends met on this autumn evening to hear a fascinating talk. We heard first how many famous musicians came to the Delius household when Fritz was young, and of one occasion when he stood in for an absent member of the Joachim Quartet – for which he certainly gained praise. At this time Delius was no more than 13 years of age. Our speaker quoted from the reminiscences of Delius's sister Clare, who maintained that he was a normal boy, but intensely musical. Roger told us that Delius recalled hearing a Chopin Waltz at the age of ten, and how it made a great impression on him. Delius recalled later in life that since childhood he had always loved Grieg's music. It is highly likely that what Delius heard as a youth was Grieg's piano music. Other influences were the music of Wagner and, of course, the Afro-American music he heard in America in the 1880s.

Both Delius and Grieg studied at The Leipzig Conservatory at different times, but nevertheless sharing one tutor, Carl Reinecke. Delius met Grieg at Leipzig in the Autumn of 1887, having travelled that summer in Norway. We heard extracts from Delius's account of his meeting with Grieg. Roger Buckley had some interesting things to say about the correspondence between Grieg and Delius – whose friendship continued until Grieg's death in 1907. We were told that some of Delius's letters may have been destroyed by the Griegs

because of their sensitive content. Roger quoted from a number of the most interesting letters between the two composers that survive to show the depth of their friendship.

A highlight of this talk was the description of the meeting of Delius, his parents, and Edvard and Nina Grieg in London in 1888. Julius was persuaded by Grieg to support his son in his ambition to travel to Paris to further his musical studies. Roger's description of how this important meeting might have unfolded was particularly vivid. Once Delius's career began to develop, Grieg was interested in his achievements – particularly in *Paa Vidderne*, which the composer promised to send him – and Grieg's music influenced the nature of the music Delius was to compose in the coming years.

Delius's notebooks of his trip to Norway in the Summer of 1889, when he had met up again with Grieg and other Norwegian friends are fascinating – and this trip was to deepen the friendship between Grieg and Delius. A further meeting took place in 1891 at the time of the first public orchestral performance of *Paa Vidderne,* conducted by Iver Holter. In 1897 the friendship seems to have come under strain because Delius accepted a commission to write incidental music for the satirical play *Folkeraadet.* Delius's music for the play contained a variation on the Norwegian National Anthem in the form of a funeral march which outraged the audience and apparently Grieg too. After a time, however, matters were healed, and in 1903 Delius sent letters firstly to congratulate Grieg on his 60th birthday, and later to tell him that he had married Jelka Rosen and was now Frederick Delius. Delius did send two of his scores to Grieg, but did not see the older composer before Grieg's death in 1907.

In his vote of thanks, Lionel Carley praised Roger Buckley's fascinating recreation of the meeting of Grieg with Delius and Delius's parents. It was very sad that there are no letters home from Delius when he was studying at Leipzig – and there is no clear answer as to why Delius chose to insult the Norwegian National Anthem. It was a talk which helps our understanding of this important friendship in the life of Delius's life.

Paul Chennell

MIDLANDS BRANCH

Weston Underwood on 18 November 2007

Members Choices

Graham Parsons had the idea of asking members to make a personal choice of a piece of Delius (or a part in the case of long works), or to put together a group of pieces showing most aspects of Delius's oeuvre. It proved a very popular idea, and rather than review the meeting, I give below details of the choices made. The only comment I would make is that the excerpt from *A Mass of Life* came from a recording given to me by German member Hans Peter Dieterling of a performance celebrating 150 years of the Cologne Philharmonic Choir — an excellent performance by all concerned. What an honour for Delius to be chosen for that prestigious event!

Name	Work	Artist
Brain Radford	*Suite d'Orchestre* (Scherzo)	Lloyd-Jones
Beryl Winfield	*Young Venivel: To Daffodils: A Page sat in a Lofty Tower*	Kenny & Lane
Wyn Evans	*Fenimore & Gerda* (Intermezzo)	Beecham
Graham Parsons	*A Mass of Life* (Final section)	Neuhoff (Cologne)
Jerry Rowe	*Brigg Fair* (1st section)	Beecham
Richard Kitching	*Double Concerto* (3rd Movt)	Little & Wallfisch
Peter Williams	*Sleigh Ride*	Beecham
Gwen Parsons	*In the Garden of the Seraglio*	Bonde-Hansen
Margaret Trotman	*Irmelin Rose; Summer Nights*	Bonde-Hansen
Stewart Winstanley	*Songs of Farewell (I stand as on some mighty eagle's beak)*	Sargent
John Rushton	*North Country Sketches (Autumn)*	Handley
Ray & Sheila Piggott	*Midsummer Song; To be sung of a Summer Night on the Water*	Halsey
Peter Thorp	*Sea Drift (O rising stars - O reckless despairing carols – O brown halo)*	Hampson & Mackerras

Richard Kitching

LONDON BRANCH

New Cavendish Club, London on 22 January 2008

Song of Farewell

A showing of the film, with a talk by Nick Gray

By a remarkable feat of clairvoyant perception, the Editor selected one of the very few in the audience who had not previously seen the film to review the evening! This reviewer must immediately record that *Song of Farewell*, directed and produced for Yorkshire Television in 1981 by the speaker, Nick Gray, made a deep impression on his 'innocent eye and ear'. What was shown was extraordinarily moving – a beautifully modulated production of about an hour, illuminated by the clear winter light of a North Country Sketch or a late symphony by Holmboe, in which Eric Fenby (without being interviewed) probed very revealingly into memories of his life and his Delius years. Fenby made significant revelations and confessions that he had never put into print, and which it is not this reviewer's task to reveal: Members are urged to purchase the DVD which, Stewart Winstanley reported, would soon be available to us. No member should be without it. The film demonstrated all Fenby's finest qualities, for he was allowed, by a skilled and sympathetic director, to tell his own story. His beautifully articulated speaking voice – a quality not unrelated to the gift of perfect pitch – provided the golden thread that ran through a poetic and sensitive film, in which Delius's music, carefully selected, was lovingly integrated. Here were Scarborough, with the imposingly momentous Cloughton Cliffs and seascape to the north; Fenby's London flat; the Menuhin School in Surrey (Menuhin mesmerising – the Cello Sonata in rehearsal – the young Tasmin Little glimpsed); Grez with its house, garden and river; and Limpsfield Church, with an appropriate crane shot as Fenby walks reluctantly away from the grave at the close of the film. Especially important to this reviewer were the scenes at those Cliffs – Fenby's 'Holy Place' – where he did much of his thinking and studied scores. There his life changed when, in a moment of revelation, he came to understand that he must offer his life to the stricken composer whose music he had first heard whilst losing a game of chess. Its texture and mood had 'taken him by the heart.' It was *The First Cuckoo.* Delius too, as we know, had his moment of revelation by the St Johns River, as harmonious voices floated over it. Only genius can, perhaps, respond as these men did.

For the record, the evening was structured as follows: Nick Gray's introduction; the film; a break; and then questions and answers. Nick's

informative and unduly modest prologue was very helpful to this uninitiated reviewer. His interest in Fenby had been triggered by Fenby's appearance in the Russell Harty Show on television – with Kate Bush. When Harty asked what Delius would have thought of the Kate Bush rendition of *Wuthering Heights*, Fenby judiciously replied, after a pause, "Delius always liked modern music." Nick then sought out Fenby, Felix Aprahamian and Lionel Carley by way of research, visited locations and seized a 'window of opportunity' for filming over a three-week period – during which Fenby, not a well man, required a three-day break. The film's title, *Song of Farewell*, reflected Delius's final work with Fenby, Fenby's final words on Delius and Nick's homage to Ken Russell's great film.

Readers might be interested in three of the pieces of evidence that emerged during the course of the evening – one, only, from the film itself. Fenby laid great emphasis on the unique fashion in which *A Song of Summer* came into being. It was the only work that was constructed away from the piano: it was painstakingly dictated in the garden and related specifically to the visual images that the blind Delius evoked in his mind – cliffs, waves, seagulls. Was this (for Fenby at least) Cloughton Cliffs? Did this bind the men even closer in an artistic collaboration? Was Fenby merely 'the pen' and Delius the 'dictator', as the modest Fenby said at one point? At all events, Fenby was most proud of *Songs of Farewell.*

Later, the director revealed that he had also made a film about Scarborough, and that Fenby had told him that, once, when Charles Laughton had returned to his home town, the great actor had recited scenes from Flecker's *Hassan* in one of the Laughton-owned hotels; Fenby stole up to the piano and began to accompany this remarkable performance with Delius's music.

In his vote of thanks (as always, a work of art), Lionel Carley emphasised how, with the passage of time, the film was becoming more and more significant. More interesting still was his quotation from one of Jelka's many letters to Bernard van Dieren (1932) in which she characterised the young Fenby with acute perception. It cannot be summarised here, but, one hopes, it might be in print before long.

So this was an excellent, well-attended, evening: there were no technical mishaps, thanks to the expertise of our Chairman.

Ian Walker

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

St Mark's Church, Locust Street, Philadelphia on 25 January 2008

A Concert by The St Mark's Church Choir

It may have been cold and windy outside, but it was warm and friendly inside at "The Choir of Saint Mark's Church in Concert", sponsored by the Delius Society, Philadelphia Branch, in the evening of January 2008. In a program of entirely English music, the choir of twenty was conducted by Matthew C. Glandorf, with guest organist Bernard Kunkel. The fine choir displayed very accurate pitch and balance throughout the whole evening, and Mr.Kunkel's accompaniments were also well balanced with good registration.

The program opened with *Adam lay ybounden* by Boris Ord, sung *a cappella*, with the choir lined up in front of the chancel, where they are best heard in this church. It was a splendid rendition. Next came, three Elizabethan partsongs, edited by Peter Warlock, in the style of English music in the first half of the 20th century. They are nicely contrasted and were very well sung by a quartet. The well-known carol by Gustav Holst *Tomorrow shall be my dancing day* featured beautiful soprano tone, was sung in a sprightly manner and with feeling by the full choir.

An organ solo played by Matthew Glandorf: *Chorale, Cantilena and Finale* by William S. Lloyd Webber showed off some of the recent organ additions, with the rear organ in nearly all registrations. The first two movements were prevailingly quiet, and sounded gorgeous on this historic instrument. The finale began with a moderately fuller sound, and built up to a thrilling conclusion. *Missa Maria Magdalene*, also by William Lloyd Webber is a Missa Brevis in Latin. It opens with an a cappella contrapuntal *Kyrie*. The *Gloria* was nicely accompanied after the organ comes roaring in. After the *a cappella Sanctus*, the organ joins for the *Agnus Dei* and on to the end. The registration was perfectly chosen and balanced to the quiet ending.

At this point in the program the spotlight was on Frederick Delius – for some works that pointed out his less English and more German Romantic and French Impressionistic style and sound. *On Craig Dhu* was short and deeply felt. *The Splendour falls on Castle Walls* was also slow and descriptive of the subject, with delicate color and a fade-away ending. *Midsummer Song*, a short work with a rocking tempo, ended this *a cappella* Delius set. Bernard Kunkel then played an arrangement of Delius's *A Song Before Sunrise* by Don Gregory Murray for solo organ. He used both front and rear organs, with lovely solo voices, including the superb solo flute. He had a great deal of feeling in his

interpretation of the Delius picture. His use of the String Organ and the dreamy fade-away ending were indeed touching.

Warlock's *Benedicamus Domino* and *Corpus Christi Carol*, are both *also a cappella*. The short but interesting first one featured Shari Wilson (a soprano with a great soprano tone) and tenor Steven Bradshaw; the slow, soft carol was rather appealing, even if it did not sound like a Christmas carol. The next three Warlock pieces began with *Tyrley, tyrlow* with organ, a lovely work which they did quite well. For these later pieces with organ the choir moved up into the chancel, which improved balance and performance. The second piece, sung *a cappella*, with soprano Jessica Beebe, had a beguiling charm. *The Sycamore Tree*, with organ, really moved along, with a substantial organ finale. An imposing ending for this unique and fascinating concert. Well, not quite – there was an encore with organ, the *Gloria* from the Communion Service *Collegium Regale* written by Herbert Howells for King's College, Cambridge. A fine choral work, it was sung with great enthusiasm, which truly capped the evening – one to be long remembered.

Enos E. Shupp, Jr.
(Mr Shrupp was 93 on 6 March – Ed.)

MISCELLANY

Support for Young Musicians

The Society is definitely 'doing its bit' (albeit on a modest scale) to encourage young performers. On 19 October 2007, at St. James's Piccadilly, Liv-Marie Fletcher (the violinist winner of our Prize in 2006) gave a lunchtime recital, and the evening a piano one was given by Bobby Chen (who played to the Midlands Branch on 28 April 2007). The same evening, Brian O'Kane (the cellist of the Kappa Quartet, who won the Prize in 2005) played at the Guildhall School of Music with some of their students – and he also gave lunchtime recitals at Walton-on-Thames (10 October), St Martin's-in-the-Fields (16 October) and St James's Piccadilly (24 October). Finally, the whole Cappa Quartet played Haydn, Ligeti and Mendelssohn in Cheltenham Town Hall on 31 March. We are very pleased for all of them!

'The Walk' *on the organ*

Michael Jackson has written to say that some Members may be interested in a recent CD, titled *Spirit of the North*, of Ian Hare playing the organ of Burnley Parish Church. It is a celebration of music by composers associated with the north of England. Ian Hare is University Organist at Lancaster, and has performed at the BBC Proms and all major cathedrals in this country. He was an Organ Scholar at King's College, Cambridge, and studied with André Marchal, David Willcocks and Nadia Boulanger. The CD contains: Kenneth Leighton: *Fanfare;* Francis Jackson: *Procession*; Matthew Camidge: *Concerto in G minor*; Edward Bairstow: *Scherzo in Ab*; William Cruickshank: *Tempo di* Minuetto; Frederick Delius: *A Walk to the Paradise Garden*; Alfred Hollins: *A Song of Sunshine* [!! – Ed.]; J H Reginald Dixon: *Pastorale*; William Wolstenholme: *Fantaisie Rustique*; Adrian Self: *Improvisation on Crimond*; Ian Hare: *Three Dances*; Henry Smart: *Postlude in C* and William Walton: *Crown Imperial.* Copies cost £7 to UK addresses, E12 to Europe and E14 to Canada and the USA (post & packing free), and can be obtained direct from St. Peter's Church, Church Street, Burnley BB11 2DL. Cheques should be made payable to St Peter's Church, Burnley. Profits from the sale of this CD will be used to promote concerts at the Church.

Broadcasting

The BBC has (in its own terms and therefore in a very limited way) been excelling itself since the last Journal went to press! In one week, that beginning 15 September last year, both the Barbirolli/LSO *A Song of Summer* and Richard Hickox's *Songs of Farewell* were broadcast on Radio 3, and a mere 15 weeks later, on one day, Tuesday 7 January this year, one could have heard not only the Barbirolli again, but an unspecified one of Beecham's versions of *Paris.* Only a week after that there was a recording of Simon Rattle and the Berlin Philharmonic doing *Brigg Fair*. Finally, on 12 February they broadcast a 45-minute play on Radio 4: *Two Brown Eyes* by Angela Turvey, about FD in Florida and his love affair with 'Esther'. They, however, simply ignored the Editor's request for a transcript and/or to forward an email or a letter to the author. That notwithstanding, are we to get a 'Delius Day' on Radio 3 soon?

A new CD of A Mass of Life

In March 2002, Lionel Carley and the Editor went to Bonn in Germany to hear a performance of *A Mass of Life* by The Bonn Philharmonic Choir, the Cologne Philharmonic Orchestra and soloists conducted by Thomas Neuhoff. A review appeared in DSJ 132 (Autumn 2002) at page 55. The performance was recorded, and the 2 CD set is now available for E20 (including postage & packing). It can be ordered from a member of the Choir (who is also a member of the Society), Hans Peter Dieterling at dieterling.hans-peter@netcologne.de – and Richard Kitching reports that he found the performance excellent and well worth acquiring.

Delius and the world of film

Yet another 'connection' between Delius and the 'not-quite-so-serious' side of Art: Bill Thompson reports that a Dr. Jack Sullivan has written a book called *Hitchcock's Music*, in which there is a section on FD and other mentions of him throughout. Bill will supply further details: mailto:bill@thompsonian.info

See a performance of Sleigh Ride

Members can watch and hear a "delightful" performance of *Sleigh Ride* by the Conroe Symphony Orchestra of Texas, USA at http://youtube.com/watch?v=TJ_mcilytrE [Courtesy of Bill Thompson]

The Cuckoo *lives on – just*

Peter Ratcliffe reports, from Bratislava:

"*The First Cuckoo in Springtime* (sic) was on Oesterreich 1 on 18 March, in a recording by the LSO and Barry Wordsworth. I wish I could say it was a pleasurable experience, but the presenter's comment afterwards just about summed it up: "What a sad cuckoo!" The performance was so slow, I thought that the bird would have flown off again for the winter before the end."

From Sir Thomas Beecham's A Mingled Chime:

> For my first symphony concert [in Rome in I selected a programme of ancient music in more or less equal parts. I knew very little of the state of local musical culture, and had I been better informed about it I should have proceeded even more conservatively, for Rome is not really a musical city if compared with other great European centres. But things went smoothly enough until we reached the *Paris* of Delius, a piece of musical impressionism *pur sang,* mysterious and poetic for the most part, with here and there wild outbursts of hilarious gaiety. The public of the Augusteo, dumbfounded by the tone-picture of a city of which their acquaintance probably did not extend much beyond the Avenue des Champs Elysées, the Ritz tea-room and the cabarets of Montmartre, endured it in silence for about ten minutes, and then began to shuffle their feet and break into conversation. A few serious listeners endeavoured to silence the chatter, but succeeded only in increasing it. Presently a few bolder spirits began to whistle; the opposition responded with furious cries and gestures of protest, and from that moment on rest of the work was inaudible. I did not attempt to finish it, but waited for a likely place to stop and walked off the platform. The unexpected cessation of the music had the instant effect of quieting the uproar, and I returned to play the little overture of Paisiello's *Nina o La pazza d'amore* whose artful simplicity enchanted both sides of the house and saved the situation.

CONCERTS

A NEW ARRANGEMENT OF 'THE CUCKOO'

22 September 2007 in St Mary's Church, Roecliffe, Cumbria
Martin Offord (Piano)

It was a pleasure to hear a good 'heavyweight' piano recital in this old, barrel-vaulted church, with its excellent acoustic. I arrived regrettably late for the first part, but was fortunately in time to hear a fascinating item which should interest all Delians: *On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring* in a 'piano arrangement by Gerard Bunk'. Any doubts as to whether the complex chromatic harmonies of this piece could be captured in a piano performance were soon dispelled. The arrangement somehow manages to convey both the beauty of line in the simple folk melody and the variety of the ever-changing supporting harmonies. And I heard the music afresh; Delius's orchestral colours, so original in 1912, can nowadays sometimes sound like the soundtrack to a holiday advertisement – not so in this pure 'black and white' arrangement, which took me right away from the concert hall into the great outdoors of the Norwegian mountains. But who, you may ask, was Gerard Bunk? A little online research led me to his website *gerardbunk.de*. From a machine translation of this site, I learnt that he was a Dutchman, born 1888 in Rotterdam, and for many years organist at St Reinoldi, Dortmund and a close friend of Albert Schweitzer. His two Delius transcriptions for piano – listed, with perverse computer stupidity, as *'On hearing the roofridge cuckoo in jump'* and *'Buzzer night on the more river'* – were made in 1914.

Godfrey Newham

AND STILL MORE DUETS AT BATH

23 September 2007, The Pump Rooms, Bath
Simon Callaghan & Hiroaki Takenouchi (piano duet)

This recital – organised by the indefatigable Tom Clarke for his Bath Recital Artist's Trust, through which he promotes the careers of talented young performers – was the third in as many years by this extremely talented duo (see the reports on their earlier concerts in DSJ 139 and 140). The programme was built around arrangements of three of Delius's orchestral works for four

hands at one piano – *In a Summer Garden* and *Dance Rhapsody No 1* 'dished up' by Philip Heseltine, and *Eventyr* by Benjamin Dale (1885-1943) – and they were played very naturally, sensitively and warmly. It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine better performances. Sometimes, however, whilst all the Heseltine arrangements are very good, quite often they seem to be too full of notes – in several letters he wrote to Delius about making them, he made that comment, and suggested that four hands at two pianos would be much better. That was the case here, for in places it was not easy to pick out all the threads in the texture – and it was not the fault of the pianists. On the other hand, the Dale transcription was quite exemplary – even though, as the programme note said, Delius's orchestra was "deployed to its Ravelian limits" – and it is most satisfying and faithful to the original. Without, though, seeing the music, it is difficult to know why it should sound more so than the Heseltine ones. Only one thing disappointed – we had no "Wild shouts"! Perhaps Dale – an interesting composer and a musical educationalist, who was an occasional attender at the 'Frankfurt Gang and Others' meetings at Balfour Gardiner's house before the Great War – thought that, whilst orchestral players were presumably not embarrassed at having to make them, (indeed they might well relish the unusual opportunity of emulating one of Beecham's well-known idiosyncracies)!), just two pianists might well think it beyond the call of duty, and so he just didn't mark them in.

For the rest, we had *Three Diversions* by Sterndale Bennett – very Mendelssohn-derived, but none the less enjoyable for that; Brahms's *Variations on a theme by Schumann* – a not immediately appealing work, it has to be said, but very well crafted and certainly well worth giving an airing; and Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite.* The arrangement of the last (by Stépan Esipoff) was in fact made in 1891-2, before the ballet itself had been premièred; it achieved instant popularity – and the delicate and sparkling playing rounded-off a thoroughly enjoyable evening in style. (It is also worthy of mention that there was a bonus for the audience in the shape of a huge birthday cake for Tom Clarke that was cut and offered around during the interval – Branch meeting organisers please note!).

ML-B

TWO PERFORMANCES OF THE VIOLIN CONCERTO

Lucy Baker & Guildford Symphony Orchestra cond. Darrell Davison
Guildford Cathedral on 1 December 2007

Guildford Cathedral and *Tintagel*, which began this concert, are both stunning, and the piece is absolutely the right music for the building – if you accept that lots of detail will get lost, as, for example, was the violin solo in the middle section. Although it is a difficult piece to do badly, it is not easy to play, and the orchestra made a very good job of it; the storm was suitably rousing, and throughout the dynamics were well controlled. Darrell Davidson is a straightforward, unfussy conductor, and one got the impression that the orchestra liked working with him.

Lucy Baker is a graduate of both the RCM and RNCM, and worked with Igor Oistrakh at the Summer Academy Motzarteum in Salzburg; she is a member of the Northern Sinfonia and plays a lot of chamber music. Her performance of the *Violin Concerto* was beautiful, and she obviously loves the work. Clearly having 'got inside' the music, she was strong and vigorous where needed in the outer sections, and with her magical, sweet, singing tone the 'slow movement' and the end of the last section were very affecting. Although most performers seem to avoid it, it could be easy to let those parts of the work sag and almost come to a standstill, but she knew exactly where she was going, and, with Darrell Davidson, kept the forward movement going without compromising the sense of repose. He also really 'controlled' the acoustic, for almost every note of the violin was audible, and the accompaniment was creditably clear; the tempo changes throughout were well managed too. The first oboe and first horn were excellent; the rising horn motive and the trombone scale in the slow movement were gorgeously 'up in the air'; the good lilt of the last section 'suited' the Cathedral acoustic; and the accompaniment in the slow music was really sensitive.

It is not easy to know what should follow the Delius, and a *con brio* performance of Crown Imperial certainly made a forceful contrast. There was then a 'surprise item' – five Advent carols composed by local schoolchildren, provided with an orchestral accompaniment by Darrell Davidson, and sung by numerous school junior choirs. The music was (not surprisingly) bright and breezy in a 'pop' idiom, but for this member of the audience the really important things were not only that the children's efforts were being professionally performed, but that they were in that amazing building, having, for probably 99% of them, their first experience of a classical concert.

The concert ended with an attractive performance of the *Enigma Variations.* Darrell Davidson had a strong sense of the shape of both the individual movements and the work as a whole, and (despite some not very accurate tuning before the start) the orchestra played very creditably. In some places the violin parts are very difficult, but the rushing arpeggios and scales were well done, and the horns relished their high notes. The build-up to the end was very exciting – and it had been a concert well worth attending. After the concert the writer had a few words with Lucy Baker, and, on behalf of the Society, hoped that she would play the Concerto many times again.

Tasmin Little & Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by
Vernon Handley
The Cadogan Hall, London on 18 February 2008

Tasmin Little has played the *Violin Concerto* many, many times – but there can be no question at all of her having got 'bored' with it, for every time she weaves a magic spell and gives a deeply satisfying performance. All the comments above about the way Lucy Baker played it in Guildford last year apply equally well, but (obviously with no disrespect at all to her), as it were, 'times 50'. Her feel for the line, her immaculate tuning (whether in double stopping or the golden threads of the quiet parts) and her obvious love of the music remain in the memory long after the concert. The end was spellbinding. No-one playing an English concerto could do better than have the guiding hand of the doyen of conductors of English music, 'Tod' Handley, but even he found it difficult to curb the brass (and the trumpets in particular) in a hall which is not sympathetic to loud music, nor could he prevent a certain amount of ragged playing by the orchestra generally. Nevertheless it was marvellous.

The concert began with Holst's *The Perfect Fool* ballet music, from his now long-forgotten opera (which had its premiere four years after the Delius) – and, again, it was too loud for the acoustic and quite raucous in places. It's a curious piece – sometimes you are not sure whether you are listening to *The Planets*. With its ebullient energy – in that respect it has similarities with Bliss's *Checkmate* – it makes a good 'curtain raiser'.

Vaughan Williams's *A Pastoral Symphony* combines a sense of immense peace with unsettling undertones, and it was given a memorable performance. Handley has this music in his, now sadly damaged, bones, and he shapes it to perfection. The soprano solo in the last movement needs, so this reviewer

feels, less vibrato and 'ripeness' than Lisa Milne (singing, unseen, from the gallery up behind the orchestra) brought to it, but in no way did that spoil the hushed beauty of the closing pages.

ML-B

From an unidentified musical journal, December 1908 issue:

The Philharmonic Concert

[The first performance of *In a Summer Garden*]

We had a very British evening at the Philharmonic on Friday with Mr. Landon Ronald conducting, and a new work by Mr. Delius, who also conducted it. Admiration for Mr. Delius as a composer should not blind one to the fact that he nearly piloted his own work to shipwreck. The music of Delius requires an experienced conductor if it is to make any impression, not one to whom the orchestra looks for necessary leads in vain. Indeed, the agonised faces of the players were a study of absorbing interest, and almost distracted one's attention from the music. In the circumstances it was a splendid achievement to keep together. The music is, it appears, a purposely vague and elusive presentmcnt of the daydreams which come to a sojourner in a land wherein 'twas always afternoon; but though this is its object and its content, it is to be presumed that it must be played with precision if it is to make the proper effect. As far as it was possible to judge, the music is entirely a matter of "atmosphere," and thematic development does not enter into the composer's scheme at all. Nor does what may be called development of mood. It seemed as if the composer wished absolutely the same *élat d'âme* to persist from the first bar to the last—at least so it sounded. If so, the composition is too long; the virtue of homogeneity, when carried to excess, is apt to pall. The sense of orchestral colour and the original skill in obtaining it are as notable as in any other of Delius's works, and appeal as strongly to the imagination. Unfortunately, however, the last word of sultry afternoon music seems to have been said some years ago in Paris, and said very decisively and unmistakeably, and more authoritatively, though with an immeasurably smaller expenditure of means, than by any later composer. The resemblance between Mr. Delius's work and the prototype is only superficial, however, for I fancy that the reverie in the summer garden which he asks his hearers to share is on subjects less, let us say, dangerous than in that of Mallarmé's Faun. Mr. Landon Ronald's conducting of Brahms's Second Symphony showed that nothing in the way of conducting is beyond his reach.

DELIUS: PIANO CONCERTO IN C MINOR

Benno Moiseiwitsch, BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent recorded live from the Proms on 13 September 1955.
(Guild GmbH GHCD 2326)

We seem to be having a plethora of recordings of Delius's *Piano Concerto*. I recently reviewed a CD of Clifford Curzon playing the work at a Prom in 1981, together with a re-issue of Betty Humby Beecham's recording (see Journal 141 page 142). In that review, I said that neither of those were the equal of Moiseiwitsch's 1947 recording.

We now have a further Moiseiwitsch recording from a Prom performance in 1955 and very fine it is, in my view more vibrant and passionate than his commercial recording. The sound (as in all four recordings under discussion) is not wonderful, but is an improvement on the 1947 recording, at any rate as recorded by Testament. Moiseiwitsch's tempi are faster in the Prom performance (18.42 as against 20.62), but this helps to give his performance the extra liveliness and punch over and above his earlier recording. It is interesting to find that in the *largo* section (bars 19 page 37 and 23 page 38 of the score), whereas the chromatic runs in thirds are marked *pp*, Moiseiwitsch starts both runs *mf.* He does not do this in the 1947 recording. Furthermore, at the *improvisando* on page 45, again marked *pp,* he begins the run *forte*. I would not, though, wish to criticise him for this, as his interpretation of these sections increases the drama of his performance.

In my view, anyone wanting a historic recording of this work should now go for this new Moiseiwitsch version.

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FEDERATION OF RECORDED MUSIC SOCIETIES AGM

27 October 2007 at Huddersfield

As in past years, our Committee invited me to represent the Delius Society at the 71st AGM of the FRMS, held at Huddersfield University, under the auspices of the Huddersfield Recorded Music Society. The event was meticulously organised and this has been a feature of a re-vitalised Committee with their sound management and administration. The formal proceedings, under the chairmanship of John Davies, went very smoothly. He reported that since the last AGM, the Committee had met on four occasions. Bob Astill and Keith Cheffins had now stood down from the Committee and a new website manager, George Steele (Rochdale RMS), had been appointed. Over the past 12 months, four societies had folded – but three, the Hereford Music Circle, the North Dorset Jazz Record Club and the Barnoldswick RMS had joined. Overall membership of the 208 societies had remained stable, with the Delius Society continuing to be one of the largest affiliates.

The Honorary Treasurer, Graham Kiteley, reported that in the past 12 months, financial activity had been higher than in previous years. This year's increase in the scale of affiliation/licence fees had been kept well within inflation. And income from all sources amounted to £39,000 with a cash flow of a little over £75,000. The surplus was an encouraging £3266, an increase of 42% on last year. This very satisfactory situation indicates that the problems of the past are well and truly over and the financial report was accepted unanimously. Much of the rest of the meeting was taken up with a discussion about the Polfreman Peport on the perception of a future declining membership of the FRMS and affiliated music societies, together with a management action plan to meet this eventuality. This Report had been commissioned by the FRMS in 2006, and as your representative, I had been able to contribute. It concentrated on the problem of an ever-aging current membership and an inability to attract younger members; the difficulties of recruiting volunteers to hold office; more competition for members from a greater diversity and availability of leisure activities and, to a lesser extent, the financial difficulties in meeting membership and travel costs. It was a lengthy report on a very current problem, and it would be quite inappropriate for me to go into further details here. I have, however, passed on a very helpful FRMS digest of this report to our own Committee; should any member be sufficiently interested, I am prepared to send out copies. Please write to me at 1 Shipfield, Aldwick Place, Aldwick, West Sussex, PO21

4AE, including an A5 sae.

After the meeting, an amusing and light-hearted presentation on the Huddersfield Choral Society was given by Jim Bostwick, followed by a convivial delegates' dinner. The busy and enjoyable day ended with a relaxing concert of vocal and instrumental music given by the baroque ensemble arioso. It featured music from Italy and England, composed in the baroque style developed at the turn of 16th and 17th centuries.

Anthony M Lindsey

Was Delius really mixing with these people …..?!

[From The Musical Times of 1 March, 1906]

Berlin:
First performances are also announced of 'Romeo and Juliet in the Village,' by Fritz Delius (for the first time anywhere); 'Onkel Dazumal' (Uncle Once-upon-a-time), by Jacques Dalcrose; 'Die schwarze Nina, by Alfred Kaiser; Leoncavallo's *'Zaza,'* Filiasi's 'Manuel Menendez,' Dupont's 'The Goatherdess,' and Pizzi's 'Rosalba '– a comprehensive and attractive list *if* the promises made in the prospectus are only kept. An early work of Richard Strauss – which, strange to say, is still in MS – a Suite in B flat for wood-wind, four horns, and bass tuba, was performed at the third orchestra-chamber concert under E. N. von Reznicek [of *Donna Diana* fame, Ed.] without, however, creating any deep impression. Mr. Frederick Delius's Symphony with Chorus 'Appalachia,' produced by Professor Julius Buths at the Lower Rhenish Festival of 1905 (at Düsseldorf), was performed on February 5 by the Stern'scher Gesangverein, and made a deep impression. The performance under Herr Oskar Fried was excellent, the glowing orchestration especially causing delight, while the originality and imagination, the daring polyphony and poetic feeling displayed in the elaborate work stamped it as a 'novelty' of quite exceptional value. When will this English composer come to his own in the land of his birth?

EVENTS 2007-2008

23 September 2007 (Late entry)
The Pump Room, Bath
Hiroaki Takenouchi & Simon Callaghan (Piano duet)
In a Summer Garden, Dance Rhapsody No 1 & Eventyr, plus Sterndale Bennett & Tchaikovsky

11 November 2007 (Late entry)
Tewin Bury Farm, Welwyn (01438-71849 or at door)
Welwyn Garden City Orchestra cond James Ross
A Song before Sunrise, plus Mozart, Weber (Clarinet Concerto 1) & Haydn 104

18 November 2007 (Late entry)
MIDLANDS BRANCH
Ravensdale, Weston Underwood, Derbyshire
An afternoon of Members' choices of Delius recordings

24 November 2007 (Late entry)
Fairfield Halls, Croydon
Wimbledon Choral Society, New Queens Hall Orchestra & soloists, cond Michael Ashcroft
The First Cuckoo, Elgar *Cello Concerto* & Vaughan Williams *Sea Symphony.*

7 December 2007 (Late entry)
Conroe, Texas
Conroe Symphony Orchestra
Programme included *Sleigh Ride* and Mel Tormé's *Christmas Song*
(See DSJ 141, p.111)

15 December 2007 (Late entry)
Sir Jack Lyons Hall, York University
York Symphony Orchestra
Programme included *Sleigh Ride*

9 March 2008 (Late entry)
MIDLANDS BRANCH
Ravensdale, Weston Underwood
Delius and the Dance – a talk by Michael Green

16 March 2008 (Late entry)
Thatcham, Berkshire
Andover Light Orchestra, cond. Kevin Riley
Programme included the *Irmelin Prelude*

12 April 2008 at 7.30
St Andrew's Church, Linton Road, Oxford
(Enquiries 01235-532179; tickets available at the door)
St Giles Orchestra, cond. Geoffrey Bushell
Brigg Fair, plus Elgar's *In the South* and Dvorak's *Cello Concerto*

5 May 2008 at 7
Arena of the Rudolf Steiner Schule
Rahlstedter Weg 60, Hamburg
Wansbeker Sinfonieorchester & Ensemble Felix (John Ehde's group)
Programme includes the *Cello Concerto*

6 May 2008 at 8
Kulturmix in Hamburg-Langhoen
A repeat of the concert on 5 May

25 May 2008 at 11 am
Radley College Chapel, near Oxford
(See www.englishmusicfestival.org.uk)
Bridge Quartet
Late Swallows, Bridge *Rhapsody for String Trio* & *Quartet No.2*, etc.

27 May 2008 at 2.30
Radley College, Silk Hall
(See www.englishmusicfestival.org.uk)
Phillipe Graffin & Marisa Gupta
Legende, Elgar *Sonata*, Alwyn *Sonatina* & Coleridge Taylor

14 & 15 June 2008
Cambridge
The Society's Weekend and AGM
Programme includes Choral Evensong in King's College Chapel and a talk

9 August 2008
Kings College Chapel, Cambridge
(See www.cambridgesummermusic.org)
English Voices
Programme includes Delius, Byrd, Allegri

26 September 2008
Westminster School Hall, London SW1
Ian & Jennifer Partridge – Farewell Recital
Programme expected to include Delius songs

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