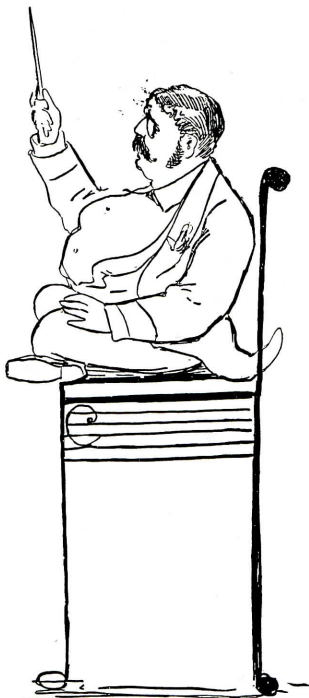


SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN SOCIETY



*The little Cherubs that sit
up aloft at Covent Garden*

MAGAZINE No 47

AUTUMN 1998

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN SOCIETY

Magazine No 47 - Autumn 1998

Dear Member,

The eighth Sullivan Festival has now passed off successfully. Held from 23-25 October 1998, the Festival took place at the West Retford Hotel, Retford.

We assembled during Friday afternoon, 23 October, for the welcome and Festival Banquet at 7 o'clock. Opening the programme were the New Savoyards of London, led by Leon Berger. These expert entertainers, in costume, gave us a programme largely based in the G&S repertory, but including excerpts from relatively less familiar operas such as *Utopia Limited* and *The Grand Duke*. The concert got the Festival off to a splendid start, creating a 'feel good' atmosphere that was maintained throughout.

First event on Saturday morning was the auction of G&S memorabilia, conducted by Rosemary Wild. A good number of high-quality lots included some bargains, and some, notably the Readers Digest boxed sets of LPs, that nobody wanted at all (everybody has these sets, it seems). The prize lot was the *Vanity Fair* cartoon of Sullivan, which went for £150 - less than it would cost from a dealer. A total of more than £900 was raised - the Society's commission will be used to finance a Sullivan commemoration in St Paul's Cathedral in November 2000.

After a capital lunch Stephen Turnbull talked about the background to Sullivan's 1888 message to Thomas Edison (see Mag 45 p. 8). It was a curious experience to be virtually present at a Victorian dinner party, and to hear the guests joking amongst themselves. We did not hear the message itself, because that was reserved for Roger Wild's talk on Sunday.

We then repaired to the Majestic Theatre for a performance of *The Rose of Persia*, given by Generally G&S, conducted by Martin Yates. The musical merits of Generally G&S are well known. This was a well-cast *Rose*, with intelligent production, and beautiful costumes, notably those for the elegant female dervishes who accompanied the arrival of the Sultan and his seneschals. However we learn with great regret that Gerald West, who played Abdallah very effectively from a wheelchair, has subsequently died.

Before the evening performance David Eden gave a talk on the background to the work. He sketched in the precarious financial circumstances that drove Sullivan to write for the Savoy, and read extracts

from the composer's diary during the production period. The inquest on the death of Basil Hood in 1917 revealed that he died of a heart attack, having previously starved himself in order to increase his mental ability to solve imaginary Shakespearean cyphers. The talk ended with extracts from some of the enormously successful musical comedies which competed with *The Rose of Persia* for the favour of the playgoing public.

The evening performance of *The Rose of Persia* had a level of zip and attack which had not quite been attained in the matinée. The extra ingredient gave us a thoroughly enjoyable show in which everyone, soloists, chorus, and orchestra played a full part. Congratulations, as always, go to Martin Yates for his dedication to Sullivan opera.

On Sunday morning we heard Roger Wild on vintage recordings, the highlight of the talk being a kind of Last Night of the Proms in which we all waved flags to the (modern) recording of the Union March from *Victoria and Merrie England*. He gave us Sullivan's message to Edison in full, including the initial joke about Edmund Yates - 'He has his lucid intervals' - and the familiar world-historical prophecy about hideous and bad music being put on record for ever.

Now followed a service at Grove Street Methodist Church for which Generally G&S provided the choir. Sullivan provided the hymns (*Lux Eoi; Samuel; St Gertrude; Golden Sheaves*). Margaret Doherty - last night's excellent Dancing Sunbeam - sang 'O Lord Save Thy People' (*Festival Te Deum*) and Claire Pimperton sang 'Tell Ye The Daughter Of Zion' (*The Light of the World*). The choir gave us the closing chorus of *The Light of the World*. The congregation departed to the rousing strains of the March of the Peers on the organ. We are greatly indebted to Generally G&S for their further invaluable contribution to the Festival.

After lunch Richard Suart and Susan Cook (piano) entertained us with *A Matter of Patter*. Richard Suart is a past master of his own art, and he tailored the G&S-based show to the audience, giving us the 'Typical Irish Pat' (*Emerald Isle*) and 'Ho Jolly Jenkin' (*Ivanhoe*) as well as 'Once Again'. For the rest, airy persiflage is always good for a laugh, and Richard Suart extracted plenty of laughter from us with well-honed expertise.

The last item was a concert by RJB Brass, conducted by David Fretwell. The multi-talented Pimpertons are as prominent in RJB Brass as they are in Generally G&S. Jan Pimperton (Scent of Lilies) gave an astounding virtuoso xylophone solo in *Helter Skelter* while Claire Pimperton did the same on her own chosen instrument, the euphonium. Peter Pimperton introduced a nicely varied programme, which included 'O'er Mirlmont City' (*The Beauty Stone*) and ended with the now-traditional *The Long Day Closes*, performed in memory of Ivor Lishman and Matthew Bowle.

As always chief thanks are due to Stephen and Julie Turnbull, the dynamic duo who make life so easy and enjoyable for the rest of us. The consistently high level of the Festivals is due entirely their dedication and efficiency. We are all indebted to them. The next Festival will be held in May 1999. Full details are included separately with this Magazine, so why not book now?
David Eden.

REVIEWS

SULLIVAN & CO - The Operas That Got Away

Extracts from: *The Martyr of Antioch*; *Ivanhoe*; *Haddon Hall*; *The Chieftain*; *The Beauty Stone*; *The Rose of Persia*; *The Emerald Isle*.

Arthur Davies; Gareth Jones; Gillian Knight; Valerie Masterson; Frances McCafferty; Richard Suart. National Symphony Orchestra c. David Steadman. That's Entertainment Records CDJAY 1302.

This CD helps to plug a gaping hole in recorded Sullivan - his operas written without Gilbert. Some of these operas are worth a full recording in their own right, and some are not, but in either case the cost of such recordings on a fully professional level makes such an option a daunting prospect. This selection is, therefore, invaluable, and perhaps more to inquisitive non-members of the general public than to Society members, most of whom will know the content.

The Society is specially to be congratulated on the quality of its singers. All will be known to members, but it needs recognising, in particular, that Valerie Masterson reached the very top of her profession, specialising mainly in the French and baroque repertory, at the Royal Opera, ENO and numerous international festivals, Arthur Davies was principal tenor at WNO for many years; while the versatile Richard Suart has probably sung with all the major and minor companies in the UK. Directing this fine cast and the National Symphony Orchestra is David Steadman, reliable and straightforward in a manner that does justice to Sullivan. My only reservation is about the thin-sounding chorus. It sounds more like a few singers boosted by recording techniques than a proper chorus, but I have no idea what the position was in reality.

All the pieces come over well, but I felt 'Mine at last' (*The Beauty Stone*) makes the greatest revelation of power and drama. 'O moon art thou clad' (*Ivanhoe*) is also impressive, though I am less happy with the unenterprising technique used at the end to disconnect it from the on-going score. *Haddon Hall* contributes to the quality of the recording, as it should, and *The Emerald Isle* is entertaining and moving in turn. The drinking songs have suitable vigour, and it was a good idea to include *The Martyr of Antioch* as an opener (Carl Rosa makes for a good excuse!). The weakest portion is, in a personal view, *The Chieftain*, perhaps predictably, and possibly a strange choice for inclusion.

Of course any idiot can criticise a selection such as this, and on balance it was fine. What worried me was the lack of numbers given relative to the original publicity. 52 minutes is rather short for a full priced CD. Costs, one gathers, precluded the full schedule. On the one hand it seems strange that estimates/costings can become so far adrift in two or so years. On the other hand, all of us ever involved in recording know full well that this can and does happen, though I shall refrain from adding a corollary of my views on the ethics of the music business.

Most members will already have this CD. To those who have yet to purchase it, I urge you to do so. You will not be disappointed. **Stan Mcares.**

NELLIE FARREN By GEORGE W. HILTON

This valuable monograph represents the fruit of much original research. We tend to think of Nellie Farren solely in terms of her part in *Thespis*, but she was one of the most important and popular actresses of the Victorian stage. Professor Hilton gives a full account of *Thespis*, placing it in the context of John Hollingshead's general policy at the Gaiety. Nellie's Gaiety career is traced in detail, including her part in *Little Jack Sheppard* (1885), which stands at the head of musical comedy as *Thespis* stands at the head of Savoy opera. It is clear that *Thespis* was not in itself a particularly important event in Nellie's career. This career was ended, financially speaking, by the failure of her burlesque of *Trilby* in 1896. Professor Hilton gives the background to this event, as well as a detailed account of the subsequent benefit performance of 1898, in which Gilbert appeared as the Associate in *Trial by Jury*. From about 1873 Nellie was afflicted by a physical condition, described as rheumatic or arthritic, which became progressively disabling, eventually forcing her retirement and possibly contributing to her death in 1904. The illness is analysed, and its effect on her career traced. Her marriage to Robert Soutar, the Gaiety stage manager, is described, together with the careers of her children. The general conclusion appears to be that in spite of her enormous success Nellie Farren did not quite fulfil her talents, or her own ambition, which was to play Lady Macbeth. Professor Hilton has made an essential contribution to our understanding not only of G&S opera but of the Victorian stage generally. His study should be in the hands of every member of this Society. **D.E.**

A Sullivan Society publication. 50 pp, with numerous black and white illustrations in the text. Available from: The Sales Officer, Savoyard Halt, 71 Hockley Lane, Eastern Green, Coventry, CV5 7FS. Price £5.00 inc p&p. Overseas members please ask for quote in the usual way. It is always cheaper to pay in Sterling. Cheques to Sullivan Society.

THE BALLETS OF ARTHUR SULLIVAN By SELWYN TILLET

This pamphlet consolidates and updates all of Selwyn Tillett's research into Sullivan's ballets, including his account of the truly Holmesian identification of the *Thespis* ballet music. The works treated are as follows: *L'île Enchantée*; *Victoria and Merrie England*; *Thespis*; *The Mikado*; *Pineapple Poll*; *Savoy Suite*. David Lardi writes about *Savoy Suite*, Stephen Turnbull adds a note on recordings, and the account of *Pineapple Poll* is by Sir Charles Mackerras.

Much of the Sullivan Society's reputation for scholarship is owing to Selwyn Tillett. The work gathered together here effectively creates a new composer - Sullivan the balletmaster - whose existence was previously unsuspected. The meticulously presented research sums up everything that can reasonably be known about Sullivan's ballets, not least the all-too-French *Mikado* ballet concocted for a performance in Brussels in 1889. In recommending the pamphlet thoroughly to all members it should be stated that a printing fault has given a slight blur to one or two of the illustrations. The text, and most of the illustrations, are unaffected. **D.E.**

A Sullivan Society publication. 46 pp, with black and white illustrations. Price £5.00 in p&p. Available from the Sales Officer, as detailed above.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE

By

Richard D. Jackson

Of all Sir Arthur Sullivan's non-opera songs the one that is probably regarded as most characteristic of Victorian religio-sentimentality is *The Lost Chord* which was published in 1877, the year of the death of his brother Frederic. Arthur Jacobs, in his biography of Sullivan, states that there is contradictory 'information' about the origin of the song, which says that it was written 'in sorrow at my brother's death' and while watching by his bedside during his last days. Curiously enough the Prince of Wales, the future King Edward VII, who might have been expected to enjoy more lively numbers, said that he would travel the length of his future kingdom to hear Fanny Ronalds sing it. Such a compliment is evidence that its solemn intensity was well attuned to the taste of the time and Jacobs points out that similar, though not identical, musical formulas can be found in 'How Many Hired Servants' in *The Prodigal Son*, and 'I Hear the Soft Note' in *Patience*, and in 'Now to the sunset' in *The Golden Legend*.

A song in similar vein is *The Sailor's Grave*, with words by H.F. Lyte, dedicated to Mrs Bourne of Hilderstone Hall, and published in 1872. An unpublished letter that surfaced in Edinburgh some time ago provides interesting evidence about Sir Arthur's attitude to the composition of this redolently melancholy song, the words of which are as follows:

There is in the wide lone sea
A spot unmark'd but holy
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep
That oft to triumph call'd him,
He sleeps a calm and pleasant sleep
With the salt waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe
From tempest or from billow
Where the storms that nigh above
him chafe
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever
It was his home while he had breath
'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they found thee
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless waters round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here;
No hand profane shall move thee;
But gallant fleets shall proudly
steer,
And warriors shout above thee.

And when the last trump shall sound,
And tombs are asunder riv'n,
Like the morning sun from the wave thou'lt bound,
To rise and shine in Heaven.

The letter of Sullivan that includes a reference to this song was written on 4 October 1876 from his address at 8 Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, London. The recipient was a Mrs Mitchell. The text reads:

'Dear Mrs Mitchell.

I quite agree with you in your praises of Balcarres and its owners. I know of no place where I feel more thoroughly at home. One is not drilled all day, but allowed to do exactly what one likes.

My visit to Glasgow is timed for the 20th Nov: and I shall be there 5 weeks. I shall be very glad indeed if you will let me write and propose myself when I arrive there. I shall know then what days I have free from engagements.

"The Sailor's Grave" shortened my life. Why did I ever write that terrible ditty!

Mrs Grant wrote to me the other day. She is settled in her new house & is of course very busy over it. The boy is here again at school.

Yrs very sincerely

Arthur Sullivan.

Mrs Wodehouse came to tea yesterday.'

The mansion of Balcarres is situated in the East Neuk of Fife and looks across the Firth of Forth to the Bass Rock and to Edinburgh. It belonged to Sir Coutts Trotter Lindsay and his wife Lady Caroline Blanche Elizabeth, whose tastes and habits accorded with those of Sullivan. His visits there provided country-house sociability and the kind of artistic atmosphere to be expected of the home of a man who, in 1877, founded the Grovesnor Gallery in New Bond Street which was much patronised by Pre-Raphaelites and was satirised in *Patience* as a habitat of greenery-gallery, foot-in-the-grave young men. A poem of thanks to the Lindsays written at a railway junction on his way home by W.E. Gladstone's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr G.J. Goshen, relates how a visit to Balcarres had inspired him:

But fresh from you, my mind is so aesthetic,
That, even here, I'm forced to be poetic.

Fortunately Goshen was also a very statistical Chancellor in that it was he who devised the precursor of the so-called "Barnett formula" whereby Scotland's Secretary of State receives a "Block" of money related to public expenditure in England.

In 1874 Sullivan accompanied the Lindsays on a continental journey where they met, in Franzenbad, Mrs David Beach Grant, an American who, with her children Douglas, Adèle and Edith, became a close friend of the composer. The next year Sullivan travelled with the Grants to Kissingen, where he hired a pianoforte for them and engaged a tutor for Douglas. In the last months of 1875 Sullivan accepted the conductorship of the Glasgow

Choral and Orchestral Union and gave a series of concerts there before spending Christmas at Balcarres. Sullivan's mother was given the task of searching for eau de cologne and pommade to send to Douglas Grant, who was now with a private tutor in London.

As regards the music of *The Sailor's Grave*, it dies and falls only to rise again in an apotheosis worthy of the descriptive powers of a Dickens and Thackeray. Sullivan felt that his life had been shortened by giving birth to such a terrible ditty. However, when darkly gloomed the sea and tempests rocked one's financial bark, it was sometimes necessary to pay meet adoration to the household god of Victorian sensibility.

And who were Mrs Mitchell and Mrs Wodehouse? I regret to say that of that I'm not aware. (Sullivan's letter is reproduced on the inside back cover. **Ed.**)

*

ANOTHER SULLIVAN LETTER

The following letter was sold for £483 as lot 219 at Sotheby's sale on 5 December 1997. Addressed to Benson Rathbone, it is inscribed by the recipient 'I pd 26 May/69 £100' and 'The £100 was never repaid.' The letter extends to 4 pages, and also describes Sullivan's 'Lectures on Vocal Music at the S.K. Museum.' The editor is grateful to Dr Vincent Daniels for the transcribing this significant extract. *Cox and Box* was produced with Gilbert's *No Cards* by German Reed on 29th March 1869, before this letter was written. It seems that Reed had asked Sullivan for another work which was never written. **Ed**

47 Claverton Terrace
St George's Road SW

1869

My Dear Rathbone,

I am writing a little operetta for German Reed to be produced as soon as it is ready, for which I shall get £100 - paid a week after the performance. This will be about the 1st week in June. But as I am very short at my bankers and I have life insurances and other things to pay this month I have been thinking at what good Samaritan I could apply to who would let me have £100 until then, and I immediately thought of you! Of course I shouldn't dream of asking such a thing if I hadn't such good security. It will be about five or six weeks.

And the beauty of writing to you is that I don't mind you saying NO, if you don't like the investment! There are some such I shouldn't like to ask them . . . If you say 'yes' I will send you an I.O.W.!! (sic)

Arthur Sullivan

CORONATION OF EDWARD VII

A copy of the Coronation Service for Edward VII in the possession of Selwyn Tillet reveals the nature of Sullivan's contribution to the service. Selwyn Tillet writes: From this we learn (and the music is there to prove it) that the Communion part of the proceedings was begun with the singing of an Introit *O hearken thou unto the voice of my calling, my King and my God, for unto thee will I make my prayer* - which consists of essentially the last 11 bars, repeated, of the 'Men and bretheren' chorus from *The Light of the World*, adapted by Sir Frederick Bridge. The adaptation is referred to in the commentary which accompanied the publication, and Sullivan's name appears in the table of contents alongside Parry (I was gläd), Tallis, S.S. Wesley, Handel (Zadok the priest), Stanford (Te Deum in B flat), Purcell, Stainer, Gibbons and Bridge himself. As Bridge was responsible for putting the music together, and not Parratt (Master of the King's Music), it reads like a gentle tribute and an assurance that Sullivan would not be forgotten.

ENTERTAINMENTS IN SIMLA

The Editor has in his possession a first edition vocal score of *The Chieftain* which was sold by Steiert's Music Warehouse of Simla. The hill station at Simla was the summer resort of the British Raj. The score was the property of Francis Harper Treherne, who was on the personal medical staff of the C in C India (*Army List*, 1895). The score is marked up for performance, and was almost certainly used for a performance of *The Chieftain* at the Gaiety Theatre, Simla, in August 1895 (*Centenary Brochure of the Simla ADC* by Major P.H. Denyer, Simla, 1937). This would be the only known amateur performance of *The Chieftain* before modern times. Most of the G&S operas were performed in Simla over the years - see page 9. I am indebted for information from the *Centenary Brochure* to Professor Martin Banham of the University of Leeds. (Ed).

MIKE LEIGH UNTITLED

While most of Soho is filming the hip and the contemporary, Mike Leigh has opted for an older London. The just wrapped Untitled '98 depicts Victorian London at the time when Gilbert and Sullivan were staging *The Mikado*. Insiders who claim to have seen 40 minutes of footage call it "toe-tapping good" and a Cannes contender. Produced by Simon Channing-Williams' Thin Man Films, and backed by the Greenlight Fund, Newmarket Capital Group and Goldwyn Films, it stars Timothy Spall, Alison Steadman, Lesley Manville, Jim Broadbent and Kevin McKidd. (*Screen International* 29 Oct 1998).

MAGIC OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN

G&S A La Carte in association with Raymond Gubbay Ltd announce two winter concerts: 1) Sunday December 27th at 3.00 pm. Barbican Hall, London. With Jill Washington; Patricia Leonard; Lorraine Daniels; Alastair Donkin; Kenneth Sandford; Geoffrey Shovelton; John Ayldon; c. Fraser Goulding.
2) Saturday January 16th 1999 at 7.30 pm. Bridgewater Hall, Manchester. With Sandra Dugdale; Patricia Leonard; Lorraine Daniels; Alastair Donkin; Kenneth Sandford; Geoffrey Shovelton; John Ayldon; c. Fraser Goulding.

DIGNIFIED PANIC

Modified rapture is something we are all familiar with. Have you ever stopped to consider what its opposite might be? Our Librarian, Selwyn Tillet, suggests 'dignified panic' - as that is the state in which he finds himself. During recent reorganisation in his study he has absent-mindedly thrown away the book in which he records all items currently out on loan from the Society library and which member had borrowed them. This is not an opportunity for members to rejoice at a sudden trophy - but would *all* members please check their shelves and if necessary the music cupboards of any groups they might have borrowed material for. Some items have been out on loan for a long time! Then would members please contact Selwyn as quickly as possible to say what they have and make arrangements for its return. In particular, would whoever has them please return *at once* the piano duet vocal score of *The Tempest*, the piano duet arrangements of *In Memoriam* and *Di Ballo*, both instrumental parts of the *Duo Concertante*, a ring-bound photocopy vocal score of *Kentworth*, several vocal scores of *The Rose of Persia* and the piano duet Suites, full score and our complete set of orchestral parts of *Victoria & Merrie England*.

Selwyn Tillet, The Rectory, 18 Bloxworth Close, Wallington, Surrey, SM6 7NL. Tel 0181 647 1973; Fax 0181 773 2383; email: Selwyn@workingorder.demon.co.uk.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

Miss Ellen Terry the Great Actress writes: 'I have used KOKO FOR THE HAIR for years, and can assure my friends that its stops the hair from falling, promotes its growth, and is the most pleasant dressing imaginable. KOKO-MARICOPAS Co, Ltd, Earls Court. (*Daily Graphic*, 29 Sep 1893, p.11).

SHORT STORY

William Gilbert's story *The Sacristan of St Botolph* is printed as the first item in *The Oxford Book of Short Stories* edited by P.D. James (O.U.P. 1998). William Gilbert is the father of W.S.G.

FOR SALE

David Jacobs has for sale *Haddon Hall*, by W.E. Cooke, 1892 (47 Illustrated pages). Offers to David Jacobs, 167 Western Avenue, Dagenham, Essex, RM10 8UJ. Reserve price £49, with 10% going to the Sullivan Society. Note this is a book about Haddon Hall the place, not *Haddon Hall* the opera.

CELLO CONCERTO

Sullivan's Cello Concerto will receive its American première on 9 January 1999 at Nashua, New Hampshire. The Nashua Symphony Orchestra conductor Royston Nash will accompany Inbal Fegez, the cello soloist.

PERFORMANCES AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, SIMLA

Trial: August 1888; *Sorcerer*: 1892; *Pinafore*: July 1912; *Pirates*: July 1906, 1920; *Iolanthe*: Oct 1896, 1901; *Mikado*: Sept 1900, 1910, 1919, 1926; *Yeomen*: Aug 1889, 1899, 1907, 1924; *Gondoliers*: Sep/Oct 1890, 1909, 1925. (Courtesy of Prof. Martin Banham).

GALA CONCERT IN PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL

A telephone enquiry in late September about band parts led to a journey the length of England to be in Portsmouth Cathedral on 9 October for a concert by the Concert Orchestra of the Band of H.M. Royal Marines, Portsmouth, and Portsmouth Cathedral Choir (slightly augmented). Nestling in a mixed programme (Parry, Stanford, Elgar, Walton, Berlioz, Handel and others) were no fewer than four pieces by Sullivan. The choirs, conducted by David Price (organist on the Society's Ely Cathedral CD of 1992) gave a beautifully phrased rendition of 'Lead, kindly light' and an attractive 'Lost Chord' in the Henry Gheel arrangement. Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Waterer took 'Sink and scatter, clouds of war' from *On Shore and Sea* (using Rod Spencer's arrangement for brass ensemble commissioned by this Society in 1992) rather too slowly; whilst the nobility of the piece came through it seemed to drag, especially in the opening. The climax of the first half, and the highlight of the whole concert, was 'God sent his messenger the rain', the finale of *The Golden Legend*. Our late Vice President Arthur Jacobs more than once urged that the best way to bring *The Golden Legend* back into the repertory is to begin by presenting the finale as a separate item, and it was interesting to note that the orchestra played from a set of printed Novello parts for that number only. The orchestra, with a string section of 8:8:4:4:2, was substantial, and probably outnumbered the choristers, in front of whom they were placed. Given these setbacks the choir sang valiantly, and the resulting sound was more balanced than might have been expected. All the Sullivan pieces were well received by a large audience. Well worth the journey. **S.H.T.**

COX AND BOX

Don't forget that the Society's CD of the complete 1866/7 *Cox & Box* is now available. This CD, with Leon Berger (Cox), Ian Kennedy (Box), Donald Francke (Bouncer) and Kenneth Barclay (Piano) has been praised by Andrew Lamb in *The Gramophone*. Catalogue No DC2-4104. Available from The Divine Art, Tindle House, 31 Beach Rd., South Shields, NE33 2QX price £8.99 inc p&p; pr from John Brooks at Classic Tracks 0116 253 7700; or from the Sullivan Society Sales Officer (address inside cover).

EMERALD ISLE

Produced by Alan Borthwick, and staged with full orchestra, *The Emerald Isle* will be presented in Edinburgh on 10, 11, 12 December 1998. (Evenings 7.30; Saturday matinée 2.30). Conductor David Lyle. Ticket £7 from Alan Borthwick, 11 Dalkeith Street, Edinburgh, EH15 2HP. Please enclose sae.

IVANHOE

Ivanhoe will be performed by the Gilbert & Sullivan Society of Edinburgh at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh from 23-27 February 1999. Producer Alan Borthwick; conductor David Lyle. Further information from Alan Borthwick at above address.

MIKADO

Crystal Clear Opera presents *The Mikado* at the Fairfield Hall, Croydon from 26 December 1998 to 3 January 1999 (Excluding 1 January).

A SULLIVAN LETTER

By

John Cannon

The September 1888 Birmingham Festival performance of *The Golden Legend* conducted by Richter (Magazine No 42) was not the only unauthorised performance of the work to have been planned. Some readers may recall the text of my undated letter which was included in Magazine no 13 in Autumn 1982, and is now reproduced in autograph form. The addressee's name has been so heavily scored out in ink, that even infrared photography revealed only a central 'ag' or 'eg' and a few squiggles. However, when these are considered in conjunction with the length of the name and the phrase 'an old and valued friend' in the text, it seems highly likely that the addressee was Sullivan's fellow composer and conductor Alberto Randegger, who did conduct *The Golden Legend* on at least five occasions in the 1890s. This being so, the proposed May 13th performance would now seem not to have taken place, since John Gardner's extensive research into *The Golden Legend* has failed to find *any* May 13th performance by anyone, which would tie up with one or other of Sullivan's two stays at the Villa Mathilde in 1896-7 and 1897-8.

A point not previously made is how Sullivan's proverbial good nature is revealed, even though he was clearly unhappy about the circumstances under which the letter came to be written. [We may also note Sullivan's reluctance to conduct in public, which can only have been due to the orchestrated campaign in the press to disparage his ability as a conductor, thereby paving the way for Stanford to take over at the Leeds Festival. The letter is reproduced in facsimile on pp. 12-13. The text is given below. **Ed**]

Villa Mathilde

Saturday

St Jean de Villefranche

It gave me much regret not to be able to wire "yes" in reply to your request; but in the first place I am more and more indisposed to appear in public conducting my own works - I dislike it. Then again the 13th May is my birthday, & I generally have some friends to dinner that evening - the Prince of Wales amongst others has honoured me for many years on this occasion. Thirdly, I did not know anything about the performance of the "Golden Legend" - because I have resolved to sanction no more performances of it in London for some time to come. It is getting too hackneyed, and I fear that very shortly people won't listen to it at all. I told Bendall to give no more permission for its performance, as I want to give it a year or two's rest, that is in London. Of course, to an old and valued friend like yourself, I should be sorry to do anything which appeared ill natured, and even if the manager of your concert has forgotten to apply for permission to perform the work, I won't stand in the way of your doing it, if you have made arrangements for it. But if you are only as yet proposing to do it, I would really much rather you didn't for the reasons I have already given. You have always been kind and helpful to me, and I wouldn't put you into an embarrassing position. And so I leave it to you to do as you like about it.

you into an embarrassing position.
And to shame you to do as you
like about it.

Yours sincerely

Arthur Sullivan

With love & thanks

St Jean de Villefranche

Saturday

My dear

It gave me much regret
not to be able to give "yes" in
reply to your request, but in the
first place I am more and more

indisposed to appear in public
concerning my own works. I do like it

then again the B. ¹⁴ Reg is my
brother, & I personally have some
friends to dinner that evening - the

Price of States amongst others has
lowered me for many years on this
occasion. Finally, I did not know
anything about the performance of
the "Heller depot" - because I have
overlooked to mention no more
performances of it in South for
some time to come. It is getting too
backwards, and I fear that very
shortly, people would feel like to
ask. I shall be glad to give no
more information for its performance, as
I want to give it a review too.

Well, better in London. Of course, to
an end and we had found like yourself,
I should be sorry to do anything which
might affect the structure, and even
if the managers of your contract has
forgotten to apply for permission to
perform the work, I want to stand in
the way of your doing it, if you have
made arrangements for it. But if
you are only as yet proposing to do it,
I would really much rather you did
for the reasons I have already given.
You have always been kind and
helpful to me, and I would not put



THE RIGHT HAND OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Plate XLVL

SULLIVAN'S HAND PRINT

By Vincent Daniels

Readers of this journal may be interested to know of the existence of a published reproduction of Sullivan's hand print. It is reproduced in some editions of *Cheiro's Language of the Hand*. The copy in my possession is listed as the 15th edition and published by William Richter and Son Limited, London, (1912). The book contains 163 pages of text dealing with 'the sciences of cheirography and cheiromancy' and then reproduces thirty-eight handprints of various characters and personalities. Handprints reproduced include those of a suicide, a murderer, Sarah Bernhardt, Mark Twain, Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Frederick Leighton, Madame Melba and W.E. Gladstone. With the exception of Gladstone none of the prints is lifesize so we are denied the exact dimensions of Sullivan's print, which was produced on 6 November 1894. In this edition, Cheiro does not comment on Sullivan's print; however, in a later edition, the 26th, produced in 1938, the following appears:

The reproduction of his right hand in Plate XLVI shows the line of head separated from that of the life, long and gently curved into the middle of the Mount of Luna. The space between the head and life lines denotes the dramatic quality of his work, while the curved line of head into the Mount of Luna indicate his great powers of imagination and originality.

The line of fate so closely tied to the Mount of Venus accurately portrays the difficulties of his early life when he sacrificed himself to help his family and relations. The second or inner fate line, starting out towards the middle of the line of life and rising upward into the Mount of Jupiter, in itself promised successful ambition to be followed as it was later by the main line of fate also curving towards the same mount.

In spite of the recognition of his work by the public hardly any of the Lined Sun can be seen on his hand, but it has to be remembered that this great composer had not by nature a sunny, happy disposition. He cared little or nothing for personal fame or glory, nor did his work bring him any great amount of worldly possessions or wealth.

I have persuaded an amateur palmist, Ms Celestine Enderly, to make a reading which is reproduced, with her permission. Ms Enderly declared no prior knowledge of Cheiro's book.

Unfortunately the print is not very good and reproduction has not helped. Many of the lines are in 'shadow' and, therefore, not visible. I feel that this is the hand of a man by the width of his

wrist. The overall shape suggests quite a practical person. However the shape of the thumb shows artistic talent, this is emphasised by the sensitive lines on his fingers.

Lines on the upper palm are not distinct but one career is very successful. There are also lines showing great generosity in spending money. The attachment lines are also difficult to see but there appears to be at least one strong relationship with the possibility of two children. It is also possible that he has the sign of Jupiter which indicates fame and power through science or eloquence in some field. It is possible that this person has travelled quite a lot, but the lines are in shadow so I can't be positive.

Strong passion - one love affair which was scandalous. There was the death of a close friend which would affect the person deeply.

Disappointingly the life line is difficult to see in detail again due to the poor quality of the print. Early life impossible to say anything but by the time he reached his fifties life changed. It is possible that getting his career going could have been difficult - perhaps from family interference! At about fifty he could have had some medical problems which were overcome. There could be the possibility of lawsuits/divorce etc. This person could have suffered from headaches throughout his life through liver problems.

I see a restless disposition - ultra nervous. Quite difficult to please, possibly quite superstitious and very imaginative which is desirable in the hands of artists.

I am not sure if this man had a very happy life, but he was prepared to sacrifice an awful lot for affection. I see generally difficult relationships with people. He could have had quite a deceiving nature in close relationships. Sorry I can't get much more out of this print.

Cheiro was also known as Count Louis Hamon. The British Library Catalogue has forty entries under Cheiro's name, some of which are for different editions of this work. The most recent and therefore probably the most easily found is a Pan paperback edition printed in 1974. However this does not contain Cheiro's reading.

[Sullivan's hand print is also reproduced in the *Strand Magazine* Vol XVI (December 1898) pp. 769-70 plate 9. The text, by Maud Cherton, reads: Sir Arthur Sullivan's Intellect-line is peculiarly sloping. He is evidently a man of sentiment. Strong dramatic instinct is shown by the separation of the lines of Intellect and Vitality as aforesaid; and the rounded formation of the base of the thumb is said to indicate love of melody. The line of individuality ascending right up to the second finger is another sign of musical ability; and the fact that this line is joined so far with the line of Vitality denotes that the destiny did not develop early.] **Ed.**

CD: THE VICTORIAN CLARINET TRADITION

Colin Bradbury (clarinet), Oliver Davies (piano) with Elaine Barry (soprano).
CLARINET CLASSICS CC0022 (From 77 St Albans Avenue, London E6 4HH)

We in the Sullivan Society do not often consider the instrumental background to the Sullivan era, but this disc should give us some idea as regards the clarinetists - Henry Lazarus, George Clinton, Charles Draper, and so on, creators of a superb tradition up to the present time, and for whom most of the pieces here were written. The main work is Ebenezer Prout's D Minor Sonata, rather Mendelssohnian, and a fine piece, well written and argued; but two amiable potpourris, on 17th Century Shakespearean song by George Macfarren, and on Favourite Scotch Melodies by Lazarus himself, are quite substantial. Also here are attractive, tuneful lollipops by C. Harford Lloyd, cathedral organist, Otto Goldschmidt, husband of Jenny Lind, Algernon Ashton, RCM professor, and Edward German, Sullivan's heir, represented by a charming Romance in F, plus two songs with clarinet obbligato by Macfarren, of which 'Pack Clouds Away' is a genuine find. Performances are excellent - Colin Bradbury in particular is a specialist in the period, as well as one of the later exponents of the tradition previously mentioned - as is the recording. Sullivan wrote no solo clarinet music, but this disc is useful background for Sullivan enthusiasts, to whom I thoroughly recommend it. **Philip Scowcroft.**

FRONT COVER

The illustrations on the front and back covers are taken from the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 13 September 1878, kindly supplied by Hal Kanthor. They refer to Sullivan's conductorship of the Gatti Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. 'Our Captious Critic' says this: It is many years ago now since Carlo Gatti established at that almost forgotten portion of London - Hungerford, a place of entertainment where ices at a moderate price might be purchased, consumed, and enjoyed. It was, I believe, at that time the custom for at least a few of the Chapel Royal Choristers - those little Beefeaters who dispense sweet music for the saving of highborn souls - to proceed from St James's to Hungerford, and waste their substance in the consumption of Gatti's far-famed ices. Amongst these ardent devotees of Gatti were little Arthur and Alfred. Their pocket money was quickly consumed in the form of the cool and refreshing ice. Those two little boys are grown up and are now receiving those pennies spent in reckless fridity back from the coffers of the Gatti family, for they are none others than Mr Arthur Sullivan and Mr Alfred Cellier, the co-conductors of the Promenade Concerts. It is pleasant to find that Mr Sullivan, who, when the concerts commenced this season, was prostrate with illness, is better, and seated on his musical chair conducts at least a portion of the programme.

DEREK OLDHAM'S FILM DEBUT - THE BROKEN ROSARY

Romantic melodrama with music and songs, recounting the love affair of Italian singer when his best friend gains the love of the girl. Strong popular appeal invested in sentimental development, supported by introduction of emotional ballads, and popular entertainment specifically for the sentimentally inclined. Popular appeal: very good. Director Harry Hughes. U Cert. (*The Era*, 24 October 1934, p.10 col c.)

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL CAREER

BY CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS

(Clara Barnett)

The following extracts are taken from *Memories of a Musical Career* by Clara Rogers. They were kindly supplied by Meinhard Saremba, whose attention was drawn to them by Mrs Birgitte Höft, the former director of the music library at Mannheim, who has a copy of the book. The first edition was published in Boston in 1919; the second edition, used here, was privately printed at the Plimpton Press, 1932.

Clara Barnett (1844-1931) was the younger sister of Sullivan's early girlfriend Rosamund Barnett. In 1878 she married a Boston lawyer, H.M. Rogers, becoming a musical hostess of note. These memories of Sullivan relate to his student days in Leipzig, where her friend Madeline Schiller referred to him as the L.G.D.: Little Gay Deceiver. (p.187). Sullivan's String Quartet, referred to by Clara Barnett, has recently come to light. (See p. 23 below). **Ed.**

CHAPTER VI

One morning, at the Gewandhaus rehearsal, Franklin Taylor brought us news of a new arrival from London, Arthur Sullivan, who had been sent to the Conservatorium as "Mendelssohn Scholar" to finish his musical education. He added that Sullivan was armed with splendid letters of introduction to Moscheles and Schleinitz from Sterndale Bennett and Goss, both of whom highly commended his talent. He had come to Leipzig ostensibly to study the last word in counterpoint with Hauptman and composition with Rietz. I pricked up my ears at this, experiencing a certain excitement mixed with awe at the coming of this paragon, for a genius for composition always appealed to me more strongly than the highest degree of excellence in a performer on any instrument! My eager interest grew every moment, and I listened to all accounts of his achievements. We were told that he had written a quartet for strings among other things, a great thing to have accomplished before entering the Conservatorium! He must indeed be a genius! - So ran my thoughts.

I first caught sight of Sullivan at the morning session of our second midyear examination though he had been constantly in my thoughts since his coming had first been heralded. He had been invited by Schleinitz to attend the examination to sample the talents of his future confrères.

Suddenly I heard Taylor, who sat behind Rosamond and me, exclaim "There's Sullivan!" I turned round and beheld, standing in the doorway, a smiling youth with an oval, olive-tinted face, dark eyes, a large generous mouth and a thick crop of dark curly hair, which overhung his low forehead. His whole attitude was so free and unconstrained one would have thought he had always been there! Although he actually knew no one he looked as if he found himself among old friends. The sight of him excited in me a strange emotion never before experienced! Something happened within me, I knew not what! When my turn came to play I had no thought of either Director or Faculty, but only what impression my playing would make on that dark-eyed, curly-headed youth! After the session was over he was introduced to us by Schleinitz as a compatriot with whom we ought to make friends. Rosamond and Domenico at once invited him to visit us and meet Mamma, their minds being made up that he would be a proper addition to our little circle and a legitimate partaker of our Sunday evening pies and jam tarts!

When he paid his respects to Mamma, which he did promptly, his ingratiating manners appealed to her at once, and she heartily agreed that he should be gathered in as a member of the *Barnettsche Clique*, as our coterie of chosen friends was called by those of our fellow students who were not in it. Sullivan's obvious appreciation of the quality of Mamma's hospitality and the gusto with which he attacked the good things on our supper table won Mamma's heart so completely that later he was the only one of our friends who was ever allowed to come on other evenings besides Sunday.

From the first Sullivan showed a distinct inclination to flirt with Rosamond, who, for her part, accepted his attentions in much the same spirit as she did those of several others who found her very attractive. But she was too much like Sullivan, both in appearance and in disposition, to be violently impressed by his personality, her preference always being for blond types like Walter Bache, or medium types like Albert Payne, and for diffident rather than bold assertive characters. So, there was Sullivan wasting his attentions on Rosamond, who accepted them carelessly while I would have given anything only to be noticed by him! It was acute agony to be regarded as only a child! My youth became my despair! What could I do about it? That was the great question which absorbed me.

I was determined to make myself felt somehow. Happy thought! I would distinguish myself in some extraordinary way! Sullivan's string quartet had brought him into notice; I too would write a string quartet! Sullivan's was in D minor and in the vein of Mendelssohn, mine also should be in D minor and in that same vein. So I started boldly in with a will, without knowing anything about the rules of classical form! This led me, however, to study the simple sonata form of Mozart with a new purpose. But there were more problems to solve than I had bargained for. How to tether my unbridled musical ideas to those conventional nodes was a tough problem! I consulted cousin John [*John Francis Barnett*] as to the amount of license I might permit myself, here and there, and he encouraged me by telling me that I need not cramp myself by following any model too closely, that there was always a wide margin for individual expression.

How I must have plagued poor Johnny with my incessant questionings, such as, "Is such and such a chord easy for the violin, or does this passage go too high for the 'cello?" I was nothing more nor less than an ambulating note of interrogation! But cousin John was always very good-natured about it and took the trouble to explain things, so that really I got to understand both classical form and the possibilities of the different instruments. But it bothered me terribly to write the viola part in the tenor clef and my impatient spirit rebelled at having to do it!

At last, after a long struggle, the first movement was finished! With what pride I looked at the score after it was all neatly copied! And oh, what bliss when I saw Sullivan take it up and peer into it one evening as it lay on the piano.

"Who wrote this?" quoth he.

"I did; it is my *Quartet*," quoth I, snappishly, at the same time attempting to snatch it from him.

"Oh, no," laughed he, teasingly, "you can't have it now I've got it; I'm going to keep it till I've had a good look at it."

I now began to feel horrible misgivings lest he should find dreadful things in it, and to dread that quizzical smile of his!

After he had examined it attentively, he looked at me curiously from head to foot as if I were a new kind of creature that he had never seen before. "Well done, little girl!" he exclaimed heartily in his most captivating manner; and behold, I was the happiest and most triumphant being in the creation at that moment! The whole of me was aglow with a great joy, though I would not have allowed him to suspect it for anything! My outward bearing was that of snorty indifference!

That silent event marked an epoch in my life! From that momentous evening I ceased to be a nonentity. I felt that at last I stood for something in His eyes, even though I was only in my fourteenth year. Cousin John had praised my work when I showed him parts of it from time to time, but though his praise gave me increased assurance and encouragement, there was no "thrill" in it like unto that excited in me by those four words of Sullivan's: "Well done, little girl!"

Can a child scarcely more than thirteen years of age be really in love, I wonder? What is this strange premonition of the "Grande Passion" in a perfectly innocent creature in whom sex consciousness has not been awakened? Here is another mystery which must still remain unfathomed!

About a week later Rosamond was taken ill. It was pronounced congestion of the lungs. There was fever, and our piano practice at home had to be stopped for the fortnight that she was confined to her bed. Our English friend, Mrs Brooks, invited me to do my practice at her house. She also invited me to tea and to spend the evening; and Mamma, who saw that my spirits were affected by the atmosphere of sickness, allowed me to accept her invitation for that once. So I went to my first and only tea-party. Sullivan was there! An unexpected bliss, and there was no one for him to

flirt with, for Annie Brooks did not count. His attention was practically forced on to me, and he accepted the situation with all the grace and charm that were part of him. He talked quite seriously with me and drew from me a recital of my inmost aspirations. He had a happy manner of seeming to be intensely interested in the concerns of the person he was talking with which invited confidence.

From that time forward he was mine! I was no longer a child in his sight; he had recognized in me the potential woman!

When I came to tell Rosamond about the tea-party at the Brooks', with a heart full to overflowing, I was suddenly seized with a horribly guilty feeling, - a feeling that I had taken a base advantage of her illness in appropriating what, up to that time, had been hers! But she, for her part, seemed to think that there was nothing out of the common in my tale. It was all very nice, very natural, and she was glad I had had such a happy time!

It may be that her sympathy was awakened by my transparency as to how greatly I cared for what actually mattered little or nothing to her. In any case, it was easy to see that she was not jealous, and that was a great relief to me! I often smile to think how seriously I took myself in those days! (pp.155-160).

CHAPTER VII

[*Clara Barnett is on holiday*] One auspicious day who should appear at our cottage but Arthur Sullivan! That was indeed a most unexpected pleasure for me! Oh, the wonderful rambles we took together, often scampering over hill and dale, hand in hand, with shouts of laughter for the very joy of it! He only remained a couple of weeks, but his coming glorified the summer for me. But apparently it is not intended that there should be any such thing as unalloyed bliss, even in a little paradise like Schandau! Sullivan's flirtatious propensity had a chance to assert itself even there in the wilds! On one of our long rambles, when we started to make a day of it, we fell in with a party of tourists from Ireland in some romantic spot. In the party were two distranctingly pretty young girls with whom we forthwith struck up an acquaintance, and from that moment Master Sullivan was neither to hold nor to bind! He devoted himself to the prettiest of the two in the most barefaced way, to the complete neglect of myself. Was I jealous? I should say so! I was not angry with her, but I was very angry with him! When we reached home I treated him with marked coldness, absolutely refusing to listen to his remonstrances. As he bade me good-bye next day - for this fall from grace happened on the last day of his visit - he said impressively, while looking unutterables, "You will be sorry when you know more than you do today!" There was some mysterious allusion in this speech which at the time, of course, I did not understand; what happened later, however, made it clear.

A week or two after our return to Leipzig, and after parting with Papa, Mamma announced to us one day that we were to have an extra evening at home with some of our friends. This was a great surprise, as never before had Mamma let us have a party in the middle of the week. She said, by way of explanation, that Sullivan had begged and begged for it, and she had

given in. Of course we were nothing loth, but there was something queer about it, I thought, though Rosamond and Domenico seemed not to take my view of it. When the time came, Sullivan appeared, followed by Carl Rosa, Paul David and two fellow students who were not frequenters of our Sunday evenings. They all four brought their instruments and desks with them, - an unusual proceeding, for the viola and the 'cello were not accustomed features at our musicals.

The strangers were duly welcomed to our supper table and initiated into the joys of jam tarts. After supper some excuse was made by Mamma to detain me in the dining room for a few minutes, after which I hastened into the music room to see what was going on. What was my bewilderment when I saw the four players seated gravely at their desks, Sullivan near them in a convenient position to turn the leaves - and - what I heard, as in a dream, was the introduction to the first movement of my *Quartet*! It was too much! My sensations cannot be described; I only know that I burst into tears, and that I sat listening to my composition, my face hidden from view to hide an emotion which I could not control! It was so wonderful to hear played what had existed only in my imagination!

Meanwhile Mamma was beaming at the success of her little conspiracy with Sullivan, and so were the others at having kept the secret so that not even a suspicion of the truth had entered my mind. As soon as my thoughts got out of their tangle, I began to do some wondering. I had not taken the trouble to write out the parts of my *Quartet*, - why should? - as there was no chance of ever having it played? Now where did those parts come from? Nothing had existed but my score, which I had left among our music on the piano when we closed our apartment before leaving for Schandau. I now approached Sullivan very humbly; for I had been very nasty to him ever since we parted at Schandau, begging him to tell me how it all came about.

His story, which he told me with a sweet reproachfulness, was that when he came to bid us good-by the night before we left Leipzig, he fumbled among our music until he found my manuscript; this he managed to secrete when I was not looking, having already conceived the idea that it would be nice to give me the surprise of hearing my *Quartet* played, and reflecting that during the holidays he could take the time to write out the four parts from my score. Having completed that task before he joined us at Schandau, the next step was to get together four of the best players as soon as the Conservatorium opened its doors for the new session. He had, of course, to get permission to use one of the classrooms for rehearsal, which led to some curiosity on the part of both teachers and students, as they heard unwonted strains issuing from the classroom.

"What were they about?" "Whose *Quartet* was it?" and so forth. When the answer came that it was a *Streichquartett* by the youngest Fraülein Barnett, some surprise and interest was shown, and Sullivan added, "I shouldn't be surprised if you were told to send it up for inspection at the next examination."

As I listened to this story I felt very contrite and much ashamed at the thought of my bad treatment of Sullivan just because he flirted with the

little Irish girl. This proof of his devotion touched me very deeply, and I concluded that his flirtations were, after all, only ripples on the surface of his feelings, and that when all was said he cared for me more than for all of the others put together. So we were quite reconciled, and from that time forward, or at least for some time to come, I overlooked his lapses from faith, frequent though they were.

It was part of Sullivan's very nature to ingratiate himself with everyone that crossed his path. He always wanted to make an impression, and what is more, he always succeeded in doing it. Whenever some distinguished person came for the Gewandhaus concerts or to visit the Conservatorium, Sullivan always contrived to be on hand to render some little service which brought him to their notice and formed an entering wedge to their acquaintance. In this way he got into personal touch with most of the celebrities, while the rest of us only worshipped in the distance. It was this instinct, followed on a larger scale, that had much to do with his subsequent social success in high quarters and his intimacy at the Court of England. He was a natural courtier; which did not prevent him, however, from being a very lovable person. (pp.164-168).

Meanwhile my attitude towards Sullivan had by some miracle undergone an entire change. He was no longer anything more to me than our other friends. I liked him, enjoyed his cheery and sympathetic companionship, but there the matter ended, and I found it much more comfortable that way. My thoughts were really at that time taken up with other things. We were facing an entirely new chapter of life, a complete change of base, as it were. (p. 187).

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SULLIVAN'S STRING QUARTET DISCOVERED

By DAVID RUSSELL HULME

The String Quartet in D Minor that figures amidst the short list of Sullivan's chamber music has long been regarded as lost. It was never published and the manuscript seems to have disappeared from sight at an early stage. Stories about treasures that turn up at the bottom of boxes of second-hand music abound - and sometimes they are true, for that is exactly where the autograph manuscript of the missing quartet was recently discovered. In this case, in a book-shop in Oxford. With it was Sullivan's autograph copy of a short untitled duet for soprano and alto with piano accompaniment not found in any list of the composer's works. The German lyric is by E. Geibel, and the manuscript is 'Dedicated to the Misses R. and C. Barnett.' Rosamund and Clara Barnett were, of course, students with Sullivan at Leipzig. Their triangular romantic attachments are recalled by

Clara (under her married surname Rogers) in her *Memories of a Musical Career* (Boston, 1919), extracts from which are reproduced above. In all probability Sullivan gave the manuscripts to one or both of the Barnett sisters, from whose effects they passed into unwitting obscurity.

The manuscript, which has no title-sheet, is headed 'Quartett für 2 Violinen, Viola un Violoncell' and signed at the opening, on the right-hand side of the page above the first stave, 'A.S. Sullivan 1858'. The few references to the work are found in Sullivan's own reminiscences in the Arthur Lawrence biography (*Sir Arthur Sullivan: Life-story, Letters & Reminiscences*, London, 1899), Constance Bache's *Brother Musicians: Reminiscences of Edward and Walter Bache* (London, 1901) and the Clara Rogers (née Barnett) volume already mentioned. The last is the only one to comment on the musical character of the work, rightly describing it as being 'in the vein of Mendelssohn'. However, Clara's statement that Sullivan brought the quartet with him from England is contradicted by the Leipzig supplier's imprint on the paper. (The German title is also significant, albeit not conclusive proof of the place of composition.) Indeed, because of the many revisions evident in the manuscript, including paste-overs and rewritten sections, it is reasonable to surmise that this is the composer's working score and not a copy of an earlier composition.

The Quartet is in a single movement of about 8 minutes duration. It is possible that other movements were written or planned but there is no specific evidence of any. As one would expect, the movement is a sonata structure. An introductory six/eight *Andante grazioso* in the relative major key of F leads to the common-time *Allegro con moto*, which begins the D minor sonata section proper. This is worked through with an exposition repeat to a close in the tonic major (D major), the key of the second subject's recapitulation. The writing shows a good understanding of the string quartet medium as it would have been familiar to Sullivan through the works of Mendelssohn and one can imagine that it must have done much to draw attention to the remarkable gifts of the young Mendelssohn Scholar, newly arrived in Leipzig.

Phrasing and other performance indications are quite scantily entered in the manuscript and the intentions often inconclusive, leaving the text far from definitive in these, or indeed some substantive details. Undoubtedly many points of bowing, articulation and dynamics as well as other refinements would have been written directly into the individual parts. Unfortunately these are probably lost for ever. To make the quartet available for performance, I have edited the score and arranged for publication of both score and parts. Details of this will be available shortly, and also of the professional performance that the owner of the manuscript is hoping to arrange in London in May 1999.

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B. ALBERT MANSIONS
S.W.

4 Oct: 1876.

Dear Mr. Mitchell.

I quite agree with you
in your praises of Balcones
and its owners. I know of
no place where I feel more
thoroughly at home. One is
not drilled all day, but allowed
to do exactly what one likes.

"The Sailor's Grave" shortened
my life. Why did I ever
write that terrible ditty!

Mr. Grant wrote to me
the other day. She is settled
in her new home. ~~She is of~~
course very busy over it.

The boy is here again at
School.

Yr. very sincerely

Arthur Sullivan.

Mr. Wodehouse came to tea yesterday.

My visit to Congress is timed
for the 20th Nov: and I
shall be there 5 weeks.

I shall be very glad indeed
if you will let me write
and propose myself when
I arrive here. I shall send
then what days I have
free from engagements.



Little Arthur and Alfred