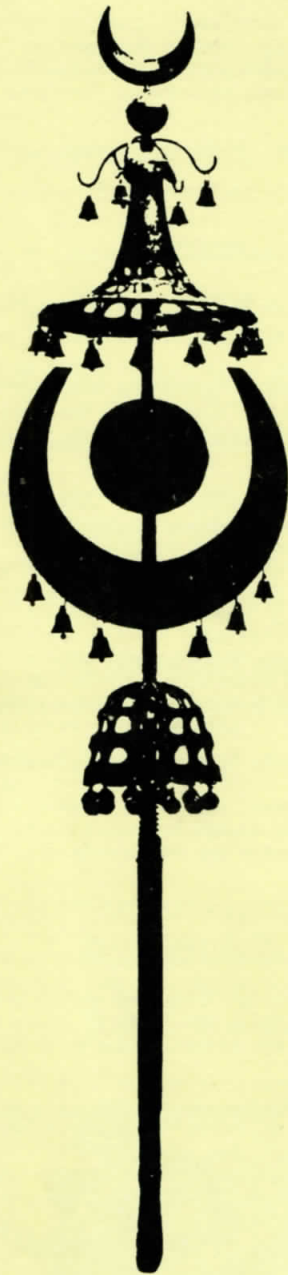


Sir Arthur Sullivan Society



Magazine No. 19

Winter 1984

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN SOCIETY

MAGAZINE No 19 AUTUMN 1984.

Editorial: Dairy Flat, Audley End House, Saffron Walden, Essex, CB11 4JF.

Dear Member,

I have to apologise for my inability to produce the last issue of the Magazine, No 18. However the work was performed so ably by Stephen Turnbull that I have no doubt that I too am numbered among those who never would be missed. D.E.

Stephen Turnbull, to whose admirable organization of the Sullivan Festival we are all indebted, writes as follows:

The first ever Sullivan Festival, organized by this Society, took place in York during the weekend of 22/3 September, and I am delighted to report that it was well attended, and that all 75 or so of the participants considered the event worthwhile. May I take this opportunity to thank all those who attended or contributed in any way to the success of the Festival. Participants will by now have received a questionnaire seeking their detailed views, and you may rest assured that these will be carefully considered in the planning of the next Festival, which will take place on 14, 15 and 16 March 1986, to coincide with Sir Charles Mackerras' performance of The Golden Legend in Leeds. Base for the Festival will almost certainly once again be York, with transport provided to the Leeds performance.

A souvenir cassette of some of the highlights of the 1984 Festival will be issued shortly. Details in the next Newsletter.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND

The Golden Legend will be performed by the Chelsea Harmonic Society, President Sir Colin Davis, at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on 24th February 1985. The proposed performance in Brighton will not now take place. Edward de Rivera will conduct the New Symphony Orchestra, the Chelsea Harmonic Choir and the Choir of Farlington School For Girls. Soloists will be Morag Nicholson, Una Bary, Wynford Evans, and John Noble. Tickets from £2.00 to £6.50. Further information from the Chelsea Harmonic Society Business Manager, Robert Moffatt, 13 woodside, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, IG9 5DR. Tel 01 505 2499.

The choir for this performance will number over 100. The Sir Arthur Sullivan Society has so far supplied 30 vocal scores, and a further 30 have been obtained from Liverpool Central Music Library. Members with access to junk shops and second hand book shops are urgently asked to track down as many vocal scores as possible. The Society will pay reasonable prices for copies of vocal scores, which will be added to the library. Please contact the Editor about any spare scores you may have.

The Chelsea Harmonic Society exists to perform the neglected choral masterpieces of the nineteenth century. Their performances have been warmly praised in the national press, though as one might expect the music itself has been dismissed. It is to be hoped that as many Sullivan Society members as possible will attend, to give them the encouragement they deserve.

ON SHORE AND SEA

A cassette recording of the recent performance of On Shore and Sea is now available. As the performance showed, On Shore And Sea is a very lively work, the highlight of which is an exhilarating 'Chorus of Muslim Triumph', accompanied by, among other things, the Jingling Johnny or Chinese Pavilion, a picture of which appears on the front of the Magazine. The performers are as follows. Il Marinajo - Tim Johnson; La Sposina - Sally Wilson; Chorus of Genoese Sailors, Riviera Women and Moorish Sea-rovers - Chorus of Imperial Opera; Orchestra of Imperial Opera conducted by Michael Withers.

Also included in the recording are two items from Ivanhoe: Chorus - Plantagenesta; Confrontation duet between Rebecca and the Templar (Act 2). Rebecca - Elizabeth N. Bundy; Templar - Anthony Pearce. In this performance the part of the Templar is taken by a tenor, with, perhaps, some gain to the power of the music. The duet is uncut. Orchestra of Imperial Opera conducted by Michael Withers.

Price £3.50 inc p&p in U.K. Overseas Sterling draft for £4.70 or domestic cheque for \$7.00 air mail. Available from David Lisle, 28 Cator Rd, Sydenham, London SE26 5DS. Please make cheques payable to the Sir Arthur Sullivan Society.

A commemorative booklet, including libretto, for On Shore And Sea is also available. Written with characteristic learning and vigour by Selwyn Tillet, the booklet gives full background information on the first performance of the cantata. Price £1.15 inc p&p or \$3.50 overseas airmail. Available from David Lisle as above, or from The Secretary, 51 Nowton Rd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

Also available - copies of the full programme for the above music @ 55p inc p&p or \$2.50 overseas airmail. Contact David Lisle or Stephen Turnbull (Secretary) as above.

The Jingling Johnny

All purchasers of the On Shore And Sea recording owe a special debt of gratitude to our Chairman, Selwyn Tillet, for his efforts first in obtaining, then in playing the Jingling Johnny for the performance. The Jingling Johnny is a Turkish instrument in use in European military bands from the eighteenth century onwards. However it seems to have passed from favour (outside Germany) in the middle of the nineteenth century, and playable specimens are now rare. The instrument shown on the front cover, taken from the 5th edition of Grove, gives a good general idea of the one played by Selwyn Tillet at the momentous concert. So far the world has seen no really top-flight virtuoso of the Jingling Johnny. Any member of the Society who nurtures aspirations in this direction is advised to dose himself liberally with bhāṅg before commencing rehearsals. An easy practice piece for beginners is Mozart's Turkische Jingspiel (K-1) written at the age of six months for the harem of Pasha Selim, to whom he had been presented as an infant prodigy. The more advanced student may care to try the 500 concertos of the little-known English composer Henry Mugwump (1701-1815). In the opinion of many musicologists Mugwump is second only to Thomas Mudflat as the unsung genius of eighteenth century English music.

DAVID LISLE

Has for sale a number of programmes for the Military Band concert at the Crystal Palace on 7 July 1984. This programme marks the first time massed bands have played at the Crystal Palace since 1936. It also commemorates Sullivan's association with the Palace, including a photograph and article concerning his last public appearance, when he conducted massed bands in a performance of The Absent Minded Beggar. All trace of the original band parts for The Absent Minded Beggar having disappeared (they were published by Enoch and taken over by Booseys, who have 'lost' them) a new arrangement was made by David Russell Hulme from a piano arrangement made available by Peter Joslin. This new arrangement of The Absent Minded Beggar was well received, the British Bandsman Magazine calling it 'Sullivan's stirring Absent Minded Beggar'. All proceeds from the sale of the programme, which is to be regarded as a collector's item, will go to the Golden Legend Fund.

Price £1.15 inc p&p; overseas airmail \$3.50. David Lisle - address as above.

To mark the centenary of the first revival of The Sorcerer the Society is now preparing one of its celebrated commemorative booklets, to include also Trial By Jury. We have to apologise to members who have already ordered, but not received the booklet. A delay in the preparation of one of the articles has held up publication. However it will be ready very soon, and may be ordered now with confidence. Price £2.95 inc p&p. Overseas \$11.00 airmail. Available from Hon Secretary, 51 Nowton Rd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. Cheques to Sullivan Society.

BRITISH OPERA IN RETROSPECT - 1985

By Stan Meares.

The British Music Society aims to identify, research and promote unjustly neglected British Music through its publications, recordings and live performances. As its contribution to European Music Year, 1985, it is mounting an ambitious and unusual project named British Opera In Retrospect.

The objective of the project is to encourage the performance of as many British operas as possible during the year. Within the project, prize monies worth over £2000 are being offered for 'the most enterprising and worthwhile presentations' of neglected works on a list provided by the Society.

Those approached have included music academies, universities, occasional professional bodies, semi-professional and selected amateur societies. To date about 30 events are anticipated. Operas in the competition of likely interest to Sir Arthur Sullivan Society members include confirmed entries of Delius' Irmelin, Smyth's The Boatswain's Mate, Boughton's The Lily Maid, and Stanford's Much Ado About Nothing, together with unconfirmed entries of MacCunn's Jeanie Deans and Boughton's The Immortal Hour.

Additionally the Prince Consort of Edinburgh are presenting a concert performance of Ivanhoe in about November as a non-competitive entry. It is strange to think that Irmelin was contemporary with Ivanhoe, is it not? But a worthy performance has been awaited for a long time, and Ivanhoe is an important ingredient in British Opera In Retrospect.

The prize monies and the cost of sending the (unpaid) judges from Plymouth to Aberdeen and from Brighton to Ayr are being raised from members and supporters. If any SASS members are sympathetic to our work, donations made out to 'The British Music Society' will be very welcome indeed, and should be sent to me at 30 High Beeches, Gerrards Cross, Bucks, SL19 7HX. Please ring me on GX 884970 if you need any more information.

Stanford's Much Ado About Nothing will be performed by Opera Viva, conducted by Leslie Head, at the Jeanette Cochrane Theatre, London, in the second week of March, 1985.

EDWARD GERMAN

Rare Recorded Editions have issued a tape cassette of little-known music by Edward German taken from 78 rpm recordings supplied by Mr David Jacobs. Included are items from A Princess Of Kensington, Tom Jones and Merrie England, plus a generous selection of songs and orchestral pieces. Price £4.95 plus 20p postage and packing. Michael Thomas, Rare Recorded Editions, 54 Lymington Rd, London NW6 1JB. Tel 01 435 1476.

MAGIC OF D'OYLY CARTE

The Magic of D'Oyly Carte have announced the following dates for performances: Plymouth, 17 November; Leeds (Grand Theatre), 25 November; Leatherhead (Dorking Hall), 7 December; Burton On Trent, 9 December; London (Royal Festival Hall), 13 January & 16 March. The A.G.M. of the Sullivan Society will be arranged to coincide with the March 16 performance, which will be a celebration of the Mikado centenary.

OPERA NORTH

The Opera North production of The Gondoliers, which uses the New Sadlers Wells staging, will be played at the Grand Theatre Leeds on December 20, 22, 28, 29 (+mat), 31; January 2, 11. There will be a Sring Tour embracing the Grand Theatre, Leeds (March 12 & 14); Nottingham Theatre Royal (March 20 & 23); Hull New Theatre (April 3 & 4); Manchester Palace Theatre (April 11 & 13).

SULLIVAN'S MACBETH MUSIC

By David Russell Hulme

This article represents the completion of the article by David Russell Hulme which appeared in Magazine 18, page 11. The article reads from the conclusion at the top of page 17, Mag 18. (Ed).

Extensive though it was, the new Macbeth score did not meet all the musical requirements of the 1888 production. Whilst Sullivan did compose music to precede the immediate rise of the curtain before each of the acts and a number of other scenes, entr'actes as such were not provided. Clearly there was a limit to the amount of labour the composer was prepared to 'throw away' (24). To meet the requirements of music between the acts, two of Sullivan's earlier Shakespeare scores were pressed into service: The Tempest and Henry VIII.

Macbeth was performed at the Lyceum following the text of Irving's acting version of the play. (25). Apart from imposing various cuts, this divided the drama into six acts. (For the 1888 production a purely musical scene with chorus was created in the Witches' Cavern, presumably for Sullivan's benefit). The Times carried an advertisement on 29 December 1888, which listed four pieces of entr'acte music and gave their position within the format:

Between Acts I & II: Prelude Act V (The Tempest)

Between Acts II & III: Prelude Act III and Banquet Dance (The Tempest)

Between Acts III & IV: Water Music (Henry VIII)

Between Acts V & VI: Martial Introduction (Henry VIII)

The programme for the first night at the Lyceum, however, printed the following different and shorter list:

Between Acts I & II: Water Music (Henry VIII)

Between Acts II & III: Martial Introduction (Henry VIII)

Between Acts III & IV: Prelude Act V (The Tempest)

The Act V Prelude from The Tempest would not have seemed unduly incongruous, but the same cannot be said regarding the extracts from Henry VIII. So marked are the differences in musical style and atmosphere between these pieces and the Macbeth music that one is not surprised The Times should have urged their removal 'without hesitation'. (26).

24) See Sullivan's letter of 6 March 1885, quoted above (Magazine 18, p. 11).

25) See Henry Irving and F.A. Marshall (general editors), The Henry Irving Shakespeare, Vol V. London, Blackie, n.d.

26) Sir Arthur Sullivan's Macbeth Music, The Times, 31 December 1888.

A NOTE ON IVANHOE

Dr Terence Rees has supplied the Editor with the two following press notices, which suggest that Ivanhoe was not forgotten in the years following the première. The Stage 24 Nov 1892, page 12, col 1:

Sir Augustus Harris announces the last week of his season proper. - - - But there are several schemes agitating the mighty brain of the great Augustus. - - - There is an idea of playing opera on three or four nights a week, and it is said that La Basoche and Sir Arthur Sullivan's Ivanhoe will in all probability be amongst the operas given.

Mr Rob Cunningham, the managing director of the new National Grand Opera Co. Ltd., is contemplating a revival of - - The Siege of Rochelle (Balfe) - - - Otello and Falstaff, and Sullivan's Ivanhoe will also be features of the repertory.

THE SULLIVAN FESTIVAL - AN APPRECIATION

By Richard Moore

As a Society member who arrived for the Festival half an hour late, I am perhaps the last person who should venture a critique of the event. Yet it is precisely because of my humble slot in the proceedings that I can speak with truth for the feelings of the majority of those present who were simply grateful that the whole thing had been organised (by others) at all. It is more an expression of thanks - an appreciation not in the 'practical criticism' sense of the word, but in the everyday way of saying thank you to Stephen Turnbull, his wife Julie, our Chairman Selwyn Tillett, and all the committee members responsible for getting the event off the ground in the first place.

It was entirely appropriate that the first item in the Sullivan Festival should introduce us - through the talk of Mr Arthur Jacobs - not to a shaving or fragment of the man but to the whole being, warts and all, but with, on the whole, a very healthy musical complexion. Not everybody may agree with Mr Jacobs' assessment of the sacred music and/or the last operas, but the wealth of sheer knowledge he brings to his subject is a vital corrective to the coffee-table colour supplement versions of Arthur Sullivan which perpetuate the trivialisation of the man and his musical mission. What Mr Jacobs has given us is the complete Sullivan, whose multifarious musical aspects all stem from the same musical soul, well or less well used according to external pressures, commitments and health.

And so on to the organ recital, again enjoyable and worthwhile, though the realisation of orchestral works on the organ still strikes me as difficult to achieve satisfactorily. Mere replication of the score using appropriately named stops can produce confused and dense texture verging on muddiness; this was not wholly eliminated, to my mind, in the performances of the overtures The Sapphire Necklace and In Memoriam. More successful perhaps were the extracts from The Light of the World where sensitive registration, applied to music written more surely for an ecclesiastical setting, gave hints of the glories to be found in some of Sullivan's sacred music. We are certainly in debt to the organist, Richard Grievson, for his considerable achievement.

Both the remaining chief items of the day were very successful. David Russell Hulme's Ruddigore talk certainly taught me much about the way alterations creep mysteriously into a score, and then get attributed to the wrong interpolator. I have long admired The Prince Consort on record, but in the flesh the charming manner in which they introduced the vocal items and the modest depreciation of their own excellence, could not fail to win the audience. And won we were. Cox and Box in particular got a very spirited performance, and the newly discovered lullaby is a very palpable hit.

SUNDAY

It was in a weary frame of mind and body that I went to hear Martin Yates deliver Dr Terence Rees's talk on the Ruddigore portraits. The talk must have been very good, for it succeeded in waking me up. As a rule I never believe in unproven theories, but this one cohered in such a way as to have the ring of truth. And so to the rest of the day. I liked tremendously (so did everybody) Selwyn Tillett's address in church which frankly acknowledged Sullivan's extreme paganism while suggesting that his creative soul could not help drawing on and expressing the creative energy which is God. Of course, Sullivan was a rake and a gambler, but he was humane too, with the humanity which is paradoxically an expression of the divine. Elsie Maynard's little cry when 'Leonard' is restored to her in the Yeomen Act 2 finale is quite enough to say all that to me, or, as Selwyn Tillett implied, to bring human warmth and loving quality to cardboard. One touch

of nature does, after all, make the whole world kin. Which is why Sullivan's music is so readily appreciated (except by half-dead barren-hearted musicologists).

To be truthful I found Sunday afternoon's activities rather long and a bit of a curate's egg in terms of quality. Helen Clarke performed a striking range of Sullivan's arias for female voice, differing widely in mood and indeed, perhaps in this case regrettably, tessitura. It all goes to show that Sullivan's music is far harder to sing than people think, and requires a rock-solid technique and tonal control. Alan Borthwick provided both in The Window, and was duly appreciated for it.

Finally the orchestral concert which I liked, though the playing was robust rather than subtle. It is a great pity that excellent songs like 'Fold your flapping wings' went for nothing; but there were some vocal delicacies on the way, and all the comic opera selections were great fun.

And what of the future? I personally would love to see the Festival continued and developed. Perhaps another time there could be a theme linking the various lectures and song selections. Perhaps a sherry party might be a good way to get going and break the ice. In the meantime we again express tremendous thanks to all involved; in admiration of their efforts all criticism is stilled.

L'ILE ENCHANTEE AT COVENT GARDEN 16 MARCH 1864

Extracted by John Gardner from The Orchestra, Saturday 21 May 1864

A short instrumental prelude suggestive of the charms of fairyland is followed by an andante to which the curtain rises, disclosing a sea-shore with sleeping nymphs. Satyrs enter, and waking the slumberers join with them in a characteristic dance in 2/4 time. After a languid and beautifully slow movement (in which the playing of Mr Lazarus upon the clarinet calls for the highest praise), this number concludes with a sparkling galop in the key of E. A storm arises which scares away the fairies and washes on shore a shipwrecked mariner (M.Desplaces) who falls exhausted upon a rock. The Queen of the Fairies (Mlle Salvoni) then appears, and as a matter of course a long love scene ensues. The descriptive force of the music which accompanies this scene is especially remarkable.

Led by his fair enslaver the mariner is conducted to the fairy bower, which has afforded Mr William Beverley an opportunity which he has not failed to avail himself to the utmost. The result is indeed a masterpiece of scenic art. After being subject to numerous bewilderments at the hands of his supernatural guide, expressed by Mr Sullivan in music unusually picturesque and beautiful, the stranger encounters other nymphs, who test his constancy with all the fascinating allurements of terpsichorean art. A valse, a variation for Mlle Carmine, and a grand pas de trois conclude this number.

An episode of jealousy (agitato in G minor) is followed by the entrance of the entire corps de ballet. The grouping of figures in this scene has been most artistically devised, and its effect is much enhanced by the charmingly appropriate music (common time in F major) which accompanies it. The story, which we have but imperfectly sketched, draws to a close. The mariner succeeds in rendering his fairy preserver mortal by means of a kiss, and is rewarded for his fidelity by her hand. There remain but two pieces, the first of which, a galop in C major, is so bright and spirited that we may expect to hear it in many ballrooms; and the last takes us back to the love scene by the sea-shore.

We cannot conclude without a word of hearty recommendation to Mr A.Harris, to whom the credit of the superb mis en scene is due. Of the excellent performance of the orchestra it is almost needless to speak. It is sufficient to say that they played the highly elaborated, and in some parts extremely difficult music, which Mr Sullivan has allotted to them with the greatest brilliancy and finish. Coreographer M.Desplaces; Dresses Mr James and Mr Combs; Machinery Mr Sloman; Appointments Mr Bruton; other dancers Mlle Navarre, Mlle Assunta, Mr W.H.Payne.

SULLIVAN AND THE SCOTT RUSSELLS - A Victorian love affair told through the letters of Rachel and Louise Scott Russell to Arthur Sullivan 1864 - 1870. By John Wolfson. Packard Publishing Ltd, 16 Lynch Down, Funington, Chichester, West Sussex, PO18 9LR. Telephone West Ashing (024 358) 621. Price £7.95 + 10% postage; airmail postage + 50%.

The existence of this book was first rumoured early in 1979. Since then we have seen the publication of George S. Emmerson's excellent Arthur Darling, which covers the same ground. Since both writers are dealing with exactly the same events as recorded in exactly the same letters it is inevitable that there should be a close similarity between their works. However John Wolfson appears to make fewer and shorter extracts from the letters, while his academic presentation of them is not so accurate as Emmerson's. The interlinking commentary is of about the same standard in both books, but again Wolfson seems to be less precise. He prints a few passages that are not present in Emmerson, but on the whole the choice of letters is closely similar. No doubt the passages both writers omit are of lesser importance.

The Editor has received the following letter from Penny Newland, who points to an apparent anomaly in John Wolfson's book:

. . . there appears to be a little confusion over the appearance of Louise Scott Russell. On page 84 of the Wolfson book appears a photo labelled Louise Scott Russell, much enlarged, and, I think, possibly touched up, especially round the neckline and the arm. This picture again appears on page 2 of the illustrations in the centre of the Emmerson book as Rachel Scott Russell. No wonder poor Arthur had tangled love affairs!

Prof Emmerson quotes the source of his three photos at the front of the book (page ix). The photo concerned has 'J.Granz, Zurich, Oct. 1868. Rachel was in Zurich in October '68, where Sullivan saw her, but I think Louise stayed at home, so I'm sure the photo is of Rachel not Louise. I also suspect Mr Wolfson could not find a photo of Louise, and substituted Rachel as they must have been of similar appearance. . . . I have also noticed that the likeness of John Scott Russell has been printed as the mirror image of the Emmerson one.

The Editor will welcome clarification on this point from any member who can provide it. The general verdict on John Wolfson's book must be that it is not as satisfactory as that of Professor Emmerson, though a decent enough performance in its own right.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN - THE D'OYLY CARTE YEARS. By Robin Wilson and Frederic Lloyd. 216 pp inc 16 in colour. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £12.95.

The Editor has not yet seen a copy of this book. However all reports suggest that it is a first rate compilation, well worth the asking price. The publisher's advance blurb runs as follows: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company was created in the 1870s for the presentation of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and it continued to perform them regularly until its demise in 1982. This new and exciting publication contains the largest collection of D'Oyly Carte photographs ever assembled in book form, including many pictures never previously published. It has been compiled from the D'Oyly Carte archives and from various museums in Britain and the U.S.A. Among the special features of this attractively-designed and authoritative book are: over 450 b&w photographs covering the Company from 1875-1982; over 40 colour photographs of early posters, programmes and original stage sets and designs; forewords by Dame Bridget D'Oyly Carte and John Reed; introduction by Lord Wilson of Rievaulx.

14 GREAT LYRIC WRITERS. By Caryl Brahms and Ned Sherrin. Ross Anderson, £5.95.

Buyer Beware.

Price £17.50. Review by John Gardner.

Arthur Jacobs' 470 page book is a beautifully written chronological account of Sullivan's life. It comprises 36 distinct logically titled chapters, 27 photos and illustrations, a Sullivan family tree, a catalogue of works, and additional notes on the text, which together with the bibliography is an education in itself, and shows the huge extent of Mr Jacobs' researches.

The book has been widely noticed, welcomed and praised by the press and broadcasting media. The Daily Mail under the heading 'Sullivan's Sexy Secrets Revealed' says 'This book gives the fullest documentation yet . . .'; the Financial Times says 'Mr Jacobs has sedulously assembled a prodigious chronicle'. No doubt when published in America the press there will also acclaim the book, in spite of Sullivan's own opinion of Americans (p 130). The Editor will welcome any overseas reviews members may be kind enough to send.

The Financial Times mentions that the book contains no musical type. True, but this is certainly no weakness. Mr Jacobs' flair for critical analysis enables him to make his points in words. For me especially his observations on several Ruddigere settings give actual reasons to appreciate qualities of Sullivan's music of which I was previously only subconsciously aware. In any case the main aim of the book is 'a wholeness of portraiture' and 'a truer understanding of an artist's life'.

This aim Mr Jacobs more than achieves. With the advantage of having read Sullivan's diaries in Yale University, and the huge collection of letters in the Pierpont Morgan Library, he shares with us a vast amount of new information on Sullivan's amorous affairs, bank balances, card playing, composing schedules, contracts, dealings with Gilbert and Carte, family, finances, friends, gambling, health, opinions, productions and reviews, royal acquaintances, servants and travels. Ample detail is given of persons mentioned in passing, and events referred to are explained without interrupting the flow of this scholarly yet easily readable thesis, nearly every page of which contains extracts from previously unpublished letters, as well as previously unpublished diary entries.

New evidence about the differences between Gilbert, Sullivan and Carte is so fully set out in the chapters entitled 'Conflict', 'The Furthest Point' and 'On the Carpet', that the old questions ask themselves again: Why did they quarrel? (neither won, says Mr Jacobs); Why could they not have continued providing the series of masterpieces which effectively ended with The Gondoliers? Mr Jacobs provides an answer and evidence for the answer: 'They were both proud, and had preconceived grounds for grievance'.

In a later chapter Mr Jacobs shows that in May 1899 Sullivan was coming round to the realisation that Gilbert may have been right all along, at least in one respect. Carte could be cunning in drawing up his contracts. Ominous mention is made of 'the agreement', and Sullivan in a letter to Helen Carte claims that 'the agreement' is 'one sided' (page 388). Balanced against this is the chapter on the Royal English Opera, specially built by Carte for the production of Ivanhoe; but as Mr Jacobs says, 'Carte was not ruined when the Opera House failed'.

As well as difficulties with Gilbert, Mr Jacobs tells us of Sullivan's problems with a dung heap, a bath in which his housekeeper Clothilde Raquet was twice blown up, and the income tax. I was sorry to read the letter to the tax authorities, written by his secretary, Walter Smythe, in which Sullivan threatens to use influence with his high-placed friends in an attempt to stop the tax authorities from pestering him with letters. But I was glad that Mr Jacobs included this, as well as other evidence of Sullivan's darker side.

Other features are the excellent first chapter, which gives detailed account of the state of British music at the time of Sullivan's birth, new information about his parents, and the fact that the bandsmen at Sandhurst 'numbered only 12'. (As from 5 August 1984 the band is unfortunately done away with altogether). In chapter 2 Mr Jacobs goes about his task of correcting the mistakes and omissions in the Newman Flower book. As one example he takes the story of Sullivan's singing of a Costa anthem at the christening of Prince Leopold. He judges the story fictitious, and states that Sullivan was not a member of the Chapel Royal at the time. As another he takes the last entry in Sullivan's diaries 'in very shaky handwriting', and suggests it may read 'I am sorry to leave. Such a lovely day.', rather than Flower's 'I am sorry to leave such a lovely day'.

This to my mind would be more human, and would not detract from the poignancy claimed in the Flower book for a single unpunctuated sentence.

In case anyone thinks I have gone over the top in lauding this magnificent book, I mention just one thing. The first paragraph of chapter 10 says 'An exact date of birth,' (for Mrs Ronalds) 'is not ascertainable'. As Mr Jacobs mentions the day of Mrs Ronalds' birth, 23 August, several times, especially in proving that the 'L.W.' of the diaries is Mrs Ronalds, he means 'year' rather than 'date'. Her gravestone in Brompton cemetery states 'Born in New York 23 August 1839'.

JOHN STAINER AND THE MUSICAL LIFE OF VICTORIAN BRITAIN By Peter Charlton. David & Charles
1984. Price £16.00. Review by David Eden.

Sir John Stainer (1840-1901) was a substantial figure in Victorian musical life. He was primarily an organist, famous as an improviser, and only secondarily a composer. His career as Organist of St Michael's College, Tenbury, Magdalen College, Oxford, and St Paul's Cathedral, shows him raising the standard of musical performance in these places from a very low ebb. He was also Professor of Music at Oxford and a Government Inspector of Music in Schools. Peter Charlton's book reveals him as an aimable and humble man, who made no claims for his own music; nor does Peter Charlton make them on his behalf. From the point of view of the student of Sullivan the main function of the book is to expose in detail the type of worthy and moral musical career that might have fitted Arthur Darling for the hand of Rachel Scott Russell, and unfitted him for any of the things he actually did achieve. Stainer, it seems, already regarded the Prodigal Son of 1869 as a reprehensible attempt to make money. However he had not then written The Crucifixion. In spite of his temperate view of Stainer's music, Peter Charlton would hardly have undertaken a biography at this distance of time if The Crucifixion did not survive to remind us of its composer's existence.

THE RATEPAYERS' IOLANTHE

As we have already made clear, the Sullivan Society does not necessarily approve of the proliferating over-produced versions of Gilbert and Sullivan. However, we think it is part of our function to record the passing of at least the more important of these productions. By reason of its great success The Ratepayers' Iolanthe seems to call for some sort of acknowledgement in the august pages of this Magazine. For the benefit of overseas members who may not be au fait with current affairs in Britain, it should be explained that the Government of Mrs Thatcher is about to abolish the Greater London Council, which has recently come to be dominated by the Left Wing of the Labour Party. The Leader of the G.L.C. Kenneth Livingstone, known as 'Red Ken', has conducted an effective publicity campaign, using ratepayers' money, against the Government proposals. The Ratepayers' Iolanthe was a show put on at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, as part of the publicity campaign. It was so successful that it transferred for a limited period to the Phoenix Theatre. It was called The Ratepayers' Iolanthe because £78,000 of the ratepayers' money was used to fund the production. The following edited account is taken from the Holborn Guardian, 3 August 1984.

Ned Sherrin and Alastair Beaton have taken the plot and the merry tunes of Iolanthe, added a few more Gilbert & Sullivan songs, and rewritten the dialogue and most of the lyrics. They have switched the fairies into punk and converted the Lords into a chorus of Upwardly Mobile Gentlemen ('Sign, sign the contract, fill the glasses') to provide a witty, gay, sparkling, entertaining, quite delightful, brilliantly sung and more than a little biased presentation of the controversy between Mrs Thatcher and Mr Livingstone.

The Strephon of Iolanthe becomes Ken Livingstone lookalike Red Strephon ('Tis I, Citizen Ken) who has designs on Sloane Ranger Phyllis (Gay Soper), or at least to the vast estate of the GLC to which she is heiress. In this he is in competition with the Kentucky-Fried-Chicken-guzzling Lord Chancellor, played in fine voice and engaging personality by Doug Fisher, whose Nightmare patter song on the collapse of monetarism is a tour de force. Supporting the Lord Chancellor, if not the GLC, is the Chief Minister,

rompingly played by Margaret Thatcher lookalike Gaye Brown. The Chief Minister has assumed the role of Queen of the Fairies, having locked the real Queen up in the Tower. But since she has acted as if she were queen for so long, nobody has noticed the difference.

To aid her in her grand design are two Italian spivs in identical pinstripes. One of them answers to the name of Mr Saachi; the other likes to be called Mr Saachi. Mr Sherrin, using the image-fixing stereotypes so beloved of the left, venomously satirises our saintly Prime Minister as strident, hysterical and mad, borrowing the Mad Margaret song from Ruddigore for the purpose. Predictably, poor Margaret comes off worst.

Recognising the danger posed by this putative purloiner of the rich GLC estates she tries to find a place for Red ('Into Parliament he must go') on the back benches of Labour where he can do no harm. But eventually even Parliament must go: 'We are a Queen and have no need of Parliament'. But as her plans for foiling Red Strephon come increasingly unstuck she falls in love with Special Branch Detective Sergeant Willis ('Surely he must be one of the pretty police') who assures us that when all night long he taps our phone he does it to protect democracy.

Predictably Red has the best lines, though not all of the best tunes. He has to explain away his limp-wristedness and answers the charge that he is a fairy by admitting that he is only half a fairy ('Oh, that explains tons and tons of things'). His fiancée, rightly suspecting that he is more interested in her estate than in her, plaintively asks how she can seriously care for a man who is always asking her if she has a brother.

But Red is bothered by none of these things. Not being over-ambitious, willing to settle for a kind of immortality, he has a dream of an Arcadian London with gay adventure playgrounds on every street corner, a land of free classes in socialist aerobics, a land in which there is no Evening Standard, and in which the Marylebone Residents Kneecapping Association lives in peace or disappears. He is only marginally puzzled how it is that every Social Democrat can be both a little Socialist and a little Conservative.

What chance, one may ask, has half-a-fairy, even if he is the son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, against the Leader of the Upwardly Mobile Classes? Every chance - when the script is written by Mr Sherrin with some prior help by Mr Gilbert. Red Strephon captures the estates of the GLC heiress and goes off with her in a crimson glow that owes nothing to the sunset.

A note on the music by Stephen Turnbull

Musically the production was excellent, with John Owen Edwards directing a standard Sullivan pit orchestra and a company composed almost exclusively of trained singers. The chorus (which included Meston Reid) sang extremely well. Regrettably all the singers wore body microphones and the orchestra had to be concealed behind - or under - the stage; the singers had to follow the conductor's beat on a TV screen. Only Gaye Brown as the Queen had insufficient voice to do justice to her music. David Kernan (Red Strephon) was quite excellent.

The Ratepayers' Iolanthe deserves its place in history as one of the wittiest, most intelligent and downright funny adaptations of Gilbert in recent years. Sullivan, was not adapted - a wise decision which surely contributed in large measure to the success of the piece.

Mr KEVIN JECKELLS

Is endeavoring to obtain photos of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company from the 1950s, 60s and 70s. He will be grateful to hear from anyone who has photographs of the Company from this period. Kevin Jeckells, 120 Lowestoft Rd, Gorleston, Gt Yarmouth, Norfolk, NR31 6ND. Tel 0493 662112.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

Following their success in America with Patience, E.N.O. have revived the work at the Coliseum for performances on 3, 9, 21, 27, 30 November.

PATIENCE STUDY DAY

By Michael Symes

On 25 February 1984 English National Opera joined with the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, to present a study day on Patience, one of the operas in the ENO repertoire. This was one of several such days devoted to various operas, including Orpheus in the Underworld (Nov 17).

Over 100 tickets were sold, and there was no space left. The conditions were not ideal: there were problems with audibility and seeing slides from the back of the audience, but there was plenty of interesting material to consider during the day. Your reporter was chairman and began with a very brief placing of Patience within the Savoy canon. T.F.Evans of Gilbert as a dramatist, with reference to Shaw and contemporary critics, and also touched on the literary side of the aesthetic movement. The visual side was dealt with by Hilary Morgan, who took us through the intricacies of Victorian art, including the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the aesthetes and the founding of the Grosvenor Gallery, with the aid of slides which included some wonderful du Maurier cartoons and a teapot in the shape of a languid young man with a limp wrist as the spout. There were some apposite and very witty anecdotes of Frith, Whistler and Wilde.

After lunch Cathy Haill from the Victoria and Albert Museum Theatre Museum showed a large number of slides of D'Oyly Carte productions (scenery and costumes) from the original onwards. She had also brought a dress for an 'everyday young girl' from their last production.

David Ritch, ENO Staff Producer, talked amusingly about the ENO production, including an exposition of Bunthorne's calomel poem, which was a revelation to many. Finally Victor Morris, the conductor, dealt with Sullivan, and all speakers formed a panel for questions and discussion.

Although it cannot be claimed that hardened G&S buffs would have found much new in the day, nonetheless the background and contextual material were helpful. And the audience was certainly not confined to the cognoscenti, so that even the familiar material would have been fresh to some. The feedback from those present indicated that they had found it worthwhile and enjoyable.

PINEAPPLE POLL/OVERTURE DI BALLO/CHARLES MACKERRAS

By Stephen Turnbull

It is 33 years since Sir Charles Mackerras' arrangement of music from twelve of Sullivan's operas plus Di Ballo first saw the light of day, and the ballet is now firmly established in the repertoire, as is the music in the repertoires of orchestras and bands. The suite was, for instance, heard at the last night of this year's Proms. Sir Charles has recorded his score three times (the first on Columbia 78s) and the present recording, with all the advantages of digital sound, must be counted the best.

The Philharmonic Orchestra plays throughout with great flair, yet the more reflective passages (particularly those based on the centenarian Princess Ida) are for me the highlights. The inclusion of a spanking account of Di Ballo, which must rank with the Arthur Fiedler and Anthony Collins versions, sets the seal on one of the most delightful Sullivan discs of recent years.

Significant too that the French and German sleeve notes (seemingly standard on Decca issues these days) are not a paraphrase of the plot of Pineapple Poll with all the music identified, but a sympathetic potted biography of Sullivan followed by a shorter synopsis. Decca SXDL 7619; cassette KSXDL 7619.

Sir Charles Groves' record of Sullivan overtures is also reissued by HMV. No ESD 1077541.

THEATRE  ROYAL,

By Royal Letters Patent.

MANCHESTER.

Acting Manager - - - - - Mr. A. D. CORRY.

❖ THE ROYAL ❖
CARL ROSA OPERA SEASON
1898.

THE Management have the honour to announce that the Annual Operatic Season will commence at the Theatre Royal on

Monday, April 18th, 1898,

And that the performances by the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company will this year consist of Representations, from the most popular Operas of the Company's now extensive Repertoire.

*Morning Performance every Wednesday
and Saturday until further notice
at 2 o'clock.*

The following arrangements are respectfully submitted, and it is hoped will meet with the approval of the patrons of the Lyric Stage in MANCHESTER, and that HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS may continue to merit the support hitherto accorded to their efforts.

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH AS AN OPERA

The following account of The Martyr of Antioch staged as an opera is taken from The Musical Times April 1st 1898, p. 247. The Editor has to apologise to the member who contributed this article, and the accompanying programme, for having mislaid his or her name.

Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company

For the second time this company has transferred to the stage a work intended for the concert room. As must be in recollection, a beginning was made by the production of Berlioz's Faust a few seasons ago. Now we have The Martyr of Antioch, with 'scenery, dresses and appointments'. This double act of the company is an interesting matter for consideration, and may be significant. What is the cause of it? Are there no operas available that give reasonable promise of paying their way? Or must we take it that the directors wish to profit by the popularity of other works, where it is possible to present them in stage dress? However this may be, we find that, as a matter of fact, it has been thought prudent to offer the public what may be called cantata-opera, while, from all we hear, the results have, so far, justified the policy. This opens up a wide field for the Carl Rosa Company, seeing that there are many cantatas more or less easily adaptable to stage requirements, and sufficiently popular in their original form to encourage a hope that the public would follow them to the theatre.

The names of these works will easily spring to the reader's mind. Conspicuous among them is the Rose of Sharon (A.C. Mackenzie), which could easily be turned to the new use. The procession, with its great chain of choruses, would necessarily require modification; but, apart from that, no great difficulty offers itself. Cowen's Sleeping Beauty is another example, and there are not a few others like it. The directors of the company will no doubt consider these things in the light of the experience they are now gathering. By the way, does the fact that such a question has arisen at all suggest indifference among the provincial public to opera proper? Here, again, is a field for speculation.

The Martyr of Antioch in its new form was produced in Edinburgh a few weeks ago, and has since been performed in Brighton to large and interested audiences. It is with particular reference to one of the Brighton representations that the present remarks are made. Some changes were made in the work by, or with the sanction of, the composer; though, curiously, none of them resulted from the exigency of new conditions. The removal of 'Brother thou art gone before us', and substitution of 'Wreaths for our graves' was, of course, purely arbitrary. So was the introduction, as an adjunct to the Funeral Scene, of 'Thou'rt passing hence, my brother', and so, strictly speaking was the expansion of the final chorus by using themes from Margarita's triumphant Death song. These were the noteworthy changes; for the rest, the piece was performed without departure from the familiar concert-room text.

In putting it upon the stage, a doubt probably arose as to whether the the slow action of the drama would stand in the way of success. The long chain of choruses in the first act offered an easy problem, solved by the obvious course of animating the stage with the picturesque ceremonies of heathen worship. This was capitally done by Mr Friend, the bright spectacle and the charming music leaving nothing to be desired. The crux appeared in the Funeral scene, where the stage is absolutely immobile. This the company faced squarely, trusting to the interest of the music, and, at Brighton anyhow, they were justified by events; for although 'Wreaths for our graves' is not so valuable a number as the one whose place it took, the interpolated air, 'Thou'rt passing hence', completely mastered the situation. Impressively sung by Mr Charles Tilbury, it held the house and had to be repeated. In the last scene there was some flagging during 'Have mercy, unrelenting Heaven', which made small amends for hindering the dénouement, but this was no great drawback, and we may fairly say that the cantata, as an opera, ran its course with success. The stage arrangements were not uniformly excellent. It surely cannot be necessary, in clearing the stage after the Funeral scene, to haul the 'properties' representing an open grave to the wing in full view of the audience. We have nothing but praise for Mr Robson's scenery or for the effective costumes.

FIRST TIME IN MANCHESTER,
 WILL BE PRESENTED THE SACRED LYRIC DRAMA,
 IN TWO ACTS,

THE ...
Martyr of Antioch,

By SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN,
 WHO HAS COMPOSED SOME NEW MUSIC FOR THIS SPECIAL
 ADAPTATION.

Words by the late Very REV. DEAN MILMAN.

New and Beautiful Scenery, by W. F. ROBSON. Adapted for Stage Representation,
 by T. H. FRIEND.



MISS BESSIE MACDONALD.

	HEATHENS :	
OLYBIUS (Prefect of the East)	MR. ROBERT CUNNINGHAM
	AND	
JULIA (a Sun Worshipper)	MISS KIRKBY LUNN
CALLIAS (Priest of Apollo)	MR. LEMPRIERE PRINGLE
	CHRISTIANS :	
FABIUS (Bishop of Antioch)	MR. CHARLES TILBURY
	AND	
MARGARITA (daughter of Callias)	MISS BESSIE MACDONALD

Lords, Senators, Priests, Sunworshippers, Harpers, Trumpeters, Roman Soldiers, Lictors,
 Trophy-bearers, Slaves, Artisans, Flower Girls, Egyptians, &c., &c. PERIOD—Antioch in the reign
 of the Emperor Probus.

The characters were, generally speaking, in good hands. Miss Bessie Macdonald gave full effect to the interesting figure of the martyr maiden, whose character she displayed with a power made none the less by gentleness. She lacked strength, however, in the Death song. Miss Kirkby Lunn was an excellent Julia; Mr Robert Cunningham, though not in good health played the part of the Roman Prefect, and sang its music with acceptance; Mr Tilbury satisfied all requirements as the Bishop, especially in 'Thou'rt passing hence', where he did invaluable service, and Mr Lempriere Pringle gave due effect to the character of Callias. On the whole, and allowing for some drawbacks scarcely removable, the experiment justified itself. Certainly it did so in the estimation of the particular audience concerned, by whom no opportunity of showing satisfaction was allowed to pass unimproved.

The Editor has received the following letter from Mr Leslie Weaver, whose researches into Sullivan's ancestry have made an important contribution to the new biography by Arthur Jacobs.

130 Rudston Rd
Liverpool L16 4PJ

Dear Sir,

Referring to the last sentence of the article entitled SULLIVAN'S GRANDFATHER on page 14 of the summer 1983 issue of the Magazine, surely it would not have mattered whether Thomas Sullivan had been killed in the Peninsular war or not, since his son, also named Thomas and Sir Arthur's father, had already been born some 12 months before Grandad Thomas joined the 58th Regiment of Foot in Jersey on 25 June 1806.

We are all delighted, of course, that he did survive, but the fact that Sir Arthur's father was born on 7 June 1805 did ensure that the birth of England's foremost composer could in no way have been influenced by events in the Peninsula.

Yours faithfully,
L.Weaver.

PUBLICATIONS

A new edition of the madrigal from Haddon Hall is published by the Roger Dean Publishing Company. Entitled 'Earth Was Made For Man's Delight', the madrigal has been edited with an introduction by Frederic Woodbridge Wilson, now Curator of the Gilbert and Sullivan Collection at the Pierpont Morgan Library. In his preface Mr Wilson describes the madrigal as 'one of the finest examples of the Victorian madrigal', and quotes Bernard Shaw's judgement of Haddon Hall as the 'highest and most consistent expression' of Savoy opera. Roger Dean Publishing Co, Division of Heritage Music Press, 501 E. Third St, P.O. Box 802, Dayton, OH 45401-0802. Serial no HRD 131. Price 75 cents.

Mr G.Bolstridge has made an arrangement of Sullivan's Princess of Wales March for recorder ensemble: descant, treble, tenor, bass. Anyone interested in performing this arrangement should contact him at 6 Broadhaven Close, Leamington Spa, Warwick, CV31 1NP.

IOLANTHE IN EAST GERMANY

The summer production of Iolanthe at the Komischer Oper in East Berlin appears to have been well received. Dr Percy Young, our Patron, gave a talk on the opera, which was produced by David Pountney. The Lord Chancellor's song dealt with shortages in East Germany, and Private Willis appeared before the Berlin Wall. The podium of the Politburo appeared in the March of the Peers. However it seems that the great event of the evening was the releasing of a number of blue balloons. Balloons are scarce in East Germany, and the audience seized them eagerly. The newspaper of the Communist Party liked the show, and this fact, together with the annexation of Iolanthe by Red Ken, seems to indicate that G&S will probably survive the Revolution when it comes, even though the rest of bourgeois culture may be consigned to the waste bin of history.

SULLIVAN AND VIOLET BEDDINGTON

Sullivan's love affair with Rachel Scott Russell is not the only one of his amorous adventures to have seen publication in book form. It is generally known that in 1896 he proposed marriage to Violet Zillah Beddington. She refused him, but later married the novelist Stephen Hudson, who included a thinly disguised account of the affair in his novel Myrtle (Constable 1925). Copies of Myrtle are not easy to find, but Professor George Hilton has obtained a photocopy of the chapter concerning Sullivan, and made it available to the Society. It is reproduced here with the consent of the publishers.

It would be unwise to think that the novel represents a completely accurate account of Sullivan's state of mind in the summer of 1896. However the background is credible in general terms, and the information must have come from Violet herself. The various pseudonyms employed do little to disguise the personalities concerned. The narrator is Sullivan himself, called Sir Michael O'Halloran. For completeness one might add that there is another fictional account of this affair in A Victorian Masque, The Love Story of Arthur Sullivan by Mary Teresa Ronalds. Macdonald & James 1975, p 254 f. Stephen Hudson's version is the sixth chapter of Myrtle, beginning on page 115. (Ed).

Sir Michael O'Halloran

She took my advances seriously from the beginning and from the beginning I laid my hand on the table. It lies there now, not a very strong one, but though I can't say it looks like a winner, I intend to do my best with it. Let me see. How did I come to care for Myrtle in this way? I'd known the Vendramins for some years, taken there first by Richter, or was it Rubinstein? She was a child then of course. I vaguely remember an elder sister singing one of my songs with a very fresh young voice. About that time Lenora came into my life and I lost sight of them. I don't suppose I should ever have brought her and the Vendramins together. They were quiet and dignified, Mrs Vendramin very musical, not at all Lenora's sham kind of musical. Years passed. Years of what is called success. There were good moments, success has its value. I was courted and Lenora having annexed me, was courted too. That was a big fly in the ointment. Fool. All men are fools. Weak. All artists are weak, the best are the weakest. Of all chains the hardest to break is the one which binds a single man to a married woman. After twenty years of it, the strain was too great. Illness came. Some of the links have worn very thin. A chain can't bind a shade and I was little more than a shadow. It didn't suit Lenora to come the round of German bads where I sought a cure for incurable diabetes. Thank God it didn't. I caught my first glimpse of freedom at Aix and with it my first glimpse of Myrtle. Thus freedom and Myrtle synchronised. Only a glimpse. That was last summer. I went back to the treadmill for the autumn. Winter found me worse. Ordered South. Cannes didn't suit me, fortunately it suited Lenora. Monte Carlo protected. Another glimpse of freedom, another glimpse of Myrtle. No season this year, no musical "At homes," no Lenora. Motreux, Spa, then Aix. Rheumatism on top of the old malady. Can't last long. What does it matter after all? Done my work such as it is. Tender eyes, sympathetic eyes following my bath-chair. Whose eyes? Myrtle's eyes. Vendramins at Aix, Mr Vendramin for the cure that had nearly finished me. But I came to life in my bath-chair while the orchestra was playing a pot-pourri of "The Beefeaters," "Old Japan," "The Buccaneers."

"I love every one of them," she said.

"Scarrell's success. The wittiest man in the world, Scarrell."

"The wittiest music in the world, yours."

I went on coming to life.

"Where's the best place now, doctor?"

"Engadine."

"Tomorrow? Must you really go tomorrow? You're looking much better."

"I am, but I'm going to be better still. Come to St Moritz and see."

"Perhaps I will."

I lived on that "perhaps." I'm living on another now.

It's a delicious morning with all the freshness of the Alps in its breath. The green slope opposite is bathed in sunshine and far beyond, the snowy peaks rear their uneven masses against a cloudless sky. Not a sound but of cowbells. How can one sleep late on such a morning? You and I, Myrtle, should be exploring that footpath, do you see that cow lazily crossing it, she's nosing about for the sweetest grass, epicure that she is. That path must soon cross the stream. I can't go far and you won't want to get hot, the sun is getting stronger every moment, we shall cross a little footbridge and sit down on a mossy bank in the shade, there will be sweet scent of thyme about us. You shall eat these peaches I've brought you and we will talk.

What is time on such a morning? What is age? Look at that mountain. Is it not old and white and is it not beautiful? My hair is grey but it is very thick. See, Myrtle, how thick it is and my teeth are as strong as a boy's and I can tell you things no boy could tell you. I will tell you all the story of my life, of the life I lay at your feet. I will tell you of the songs I have not written because you were not there to inspire them but now I will write them. I will write songs for you to sing, songs that shall bring laughter and tears to your eyes for laughter and tears are always together. They shall be such songs as no woman ever had written to her before. I will pour into them all that I have missed in life, all that life might have held for me. Lenora is nothing to me, Myrtle. I will break the bond at one word from you. Can you not give me a few short years out of your life? Can you not spare me a little of the love that will renew me and give music, poetry back to me again? Marry me, Myrtle, I can arrange it so that no one will know until you are my wife. Then the world can know and what if they say that I am old and infirm? They will also say that I did not come to you quite empty handed. And to Lady O'Halloran that world will bow. You say that means nothing to you. Is it, after all, nothing to be the wife of one whose music is known in every country of the world? Would it be nothing to be courted wherever you go, to be honoured by the greatest in the land? You told me there was no man you loved. Where will you find a man you can love, Myrtle? While you are waiting for him, those years will be wasted and those few precious years I ask of you. I have told you I have but a few to live. You will be a young and charming widow soon enough to make another life. I shall not grudge it. I shall leave you everything I have to leave. Is not that a fair exchange?

It is easy to say all these things - to myself. Could I say them to her? And if I could, would it help me? Myrtle is exceptional. If she wanted to marry me, she would, age notwithstanding. But my bribes would be useless. Humour is ever lurking beneath her smiles and I can see her face when I make my offer. I could not bear to appear ridiculous. A girl in her position isn't likely to be tempted by what I have to leave and I don't believe she cares a fig for social position. Yet she seems to like my society, prefers it to Bob Shaughnessy's who is young and handsome, and came here on purpose to propose to her - and he's rich enough! There's a great sweetness in her manner to me, almost, one would think, a tenderness. When I told her yesterday how sad and lonely I had felt all day while she was off with them walking across the glacier, she said "I wouldn't have gone if I had known." Her eyes were moist. Was that only pity?

A knock on the door. That means half-past seven and Dinck with my coffee and rolls. It's a good thing Dinck is an Austrian and doesn't mind early hours. As one gets older one gets earlier. "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man happy, contented and wise." Does it indeed? In my case it's because I'm old, tired and sleepless. Helpless without Dinck. Well, well, it's something to have a good servant.

"Come in, Dinck. Too early for letters, eh?"

"Yes, my Sir, but there's a little note."

"Bring the tray on to the balcony, Dinck. A little note. Let me see." I take up the small envelope. Myrtle's writing! I must compose my features, I mustn't be impatient. I refuse to be ridiculous even before Dinck.

"Put my despatch box and my key-chain on a chair beside me, Dinck, and go and have your breakfast."

Glasses. Now for the note.

"I'm so sorry to have left you all day. I would much rather have been with you. I'll make up for it tomorrow. Good night."

Sweet thoughtful Myrtle. She wrote that last night after I said good-night to her. I pretended I was going to play bridge with Mayer and Bob at the Kulm. I didn't want you to know I was dreadfully tired, Myrtle dear, and that I was going straight to bed. Not to sleep, sweet one, oh dear no, not to sleep. I had lots and lots of time to think of you before sleep came. I'm ever so much stronger and better today, dear. You'll be surprised when you see me. I can walk what - a mile - two miles? Shall we say as far as the Kursaal and the shops? Never mind how far. Blotter, pen, Lenora's last letter - not answered yet - damn it, not answered yet.

"Dear Miss Myrtle,

A thousand thanks for your last note. What do you propose doing? Shall we saunter to the Kursaal and look at the shops, then slowly meander back to lunch? I've been sitting on my balcony this priceless morning thinking about you since an early hour. Put on your best bib and tucker and we'll show these modish Italian signoras what's what.

Yours ever,

M.O'H.."

That will have to do. I must show her I'm not too old to be frivolous, too ill to be gay. Now for Lenora. Why does her writing always remind me of cheap tin soldiers?

"Beloved Micky,

Here I am at Deauville much earlier than I intended. There's nobody here yet but I gave up Coves when I knew I was to be left out of the 'Iolanthe' party this year. P. wrote me a gushing letter enclosing the Squadron tickets and saying he was 'so full of royalties this year - dreadful bore, isn't it, my dear? etc'. C'est tout. Of course it's the same story as C. and the Ascot party - vouchers for the Royal Enclosure but no invitation to Fairlawn. They don't want me unless I can contribute you and the music, that's clear enough. I told you what would happen when the Sunday musicals had to be given up. Then you had to go off to your cure at Wiesbaden without saying a word to Tummy. Consequently I'm not seen at Marlborough House the whole season. It's extraordinary how selfish people are.

You must be better to have been able to go on to St Moritz, it's such a very tiring drive. Bertola came in the Sunday before I left London and told me the Vendramin girl wrote him she was going there. From the way you behaved about her at Monte Carlo last winter, I imagine that had something to do with your decision. Now, dear Micky, don't please don't make a fool of yourself. You know she wouldn't look at you if you weren't a celebrity. Has Dinckenspieler made all the arrangements for Bayreuth and are you going to meet us at Munich or not? Roxana says there's sure to be a muddle and Freddy Bryce won't find a room. She'll hate it if he isn't there. Do make sure. Did you write to Siegfried again? There's going to be a fearful crowd this year and they're all after him.

Lots of love from us both,

LENORA.

P.S. Adams writes 'The Buccaneers' is going off in the provinces, 'Bookings very poor.'

"What do you think now, Miss Myrtle?"

"I think the mountain air is divine."

"Are you really going to give me a whole day?"

"Not quite a whole day, Sir Michael, it's nearly twelve now. Look at that pretty girl in the mauve dress. Maria Paulucci."

"One pretty girl at a time, please. Is it any pleasure for you to be walking along this path with me? Would the sunshine flickering through these fir-trees, that little brook gurgling down to the green lake there below, would the trim figure of Maria Paulucci walking beside the smart young duca in flannels give you as much pleasure if I were not here? You look at me and you smile but you do not answer. It requires thought then to decide. For me all this would be nothing without you. I'm walking on air. Everything is beautiful. I'm in love. I'm in love."

"And I do not want to be anywhere or with anyone else in the world at this moment but here with you."

I look into her face. Those were true words. This is a golden moment.

"See! We are at the chalet. Let us eat some of these delicious Alpine strawberries and heavenly cream. I believe in the here and now. No looking backwards. Eyes front. To what are you looking forward?"

"Only to being with you, to having a perfect day with you."

"You are making it perfect. You look at me with those dwelling eyes. You are firm and you are gentle. Windows of your soul. I love you, Myrtle -."

"Lady Gosforth. Charmed. Let me introduce Miss Myrtle Vendramin."

"How d'y do, Miss Vendramin. Very hot isn't it? Those strawberries do look so refreshing. When did you arrive, Sir Michael? Fancy! What an early bird you are." The tiresome, damned tedious woman looks at Myrtle. Anywhere, anywhere out of the world where Lady Gosforth lives. Pursuing voice "How's dear Lenora? She wasn't at Cowes this year. Coming to join you I suppose?" Damn her! Damn her! Who's that cursed Italian? "Ah! How d'you do, Manfredi." Bow in a manner suitable for one distinguished composer to another. "Ah, signorina! Che piacere etc. etc." Damn him too. Damn everybody. Myrtle likes him. Manfredi's star is rising.* Mine - !

Up and Up and Up. Glorious afternoon. Victoria with rubber tyres. Italian coachman from Nice, hot, thick shade under and under blessed fir-trees. Much whip-cracking, gay but head-splitting. Pull out Lenora's letter brought on purpose. She reads it, hands it back. Her eyes are full of sympathy.

"Now you know something about my romantic attachment. New York twenty years ago. Never let go of me since. Will you save me?" A mouthful of dust. Crack - crack. From under the parasol "How can I?"

"Marry me. Back in London next month. Cab round the corner of Sussex Square. Registry Office. Lovely young Lady O'Halloran. Old man's darling. Two years, three? Young widow. All I possess plus royalties . . ."

"Don't, dear Sir Michael."

"But say you'll think it over."

"I'll think it over."

She's gone. St Moritz is a blistering festering sore - a dog-hole. There's only one place in the world, Cadenabbia. Cadenabbia is heaven, the Hotel Bellevue is the best corner of it. Everybody I ever wanted not to know is here wriggling about in this infernal dust. Spend my time avoiding them, reading and re-reading "La Nuit d'Octobre," monogram M.B. surmounted by a coronet, above that "Myrtle from" in a pointed foreign handwriting.

"There is no-one I care for in that way."

"No-one?"

"No-one."

That was at the very last, on the way down to Silvaplana before I handed her over to Miss Grey and the rest of her bodyguard. She put the little green volume into my hands as the heavy old travelling-carriage lumbered down the winding mountain road, bells tinkling, on its way to Chiavenna in a cloud of dust.

*Manfredi: probably Puccini, who was a confidant of Violet's sister, Sybil Beddington.

PAT & PETER GIBBONS

Ask any overseas members planning to visit Britain to contact them. They will be glad to help with plans and information, or to act as hosts if dates permit. Pat & Peter Gibbons, 71 Hockley Lane, Eastern Green, Coventry, CV5 7FS. Tel 0203 463883.

The Society has been asked more than once to publish a list of overseas members. We now propose to do so. Will any overseas member who does not wish to be included in such a list please in form the Hon Secretary, Stephen Turnbull. (Address on cover).

Lot	Lot	Lot	Lot	Lot	Lot	Lot	Lot	Lot	Lot
1 £140	31 £65	61 £150	91 £240	121 £110	151 £95	180 £65	210 £65		
2 £95	32 £120	62 £150	92 £320	122 £160	152 £50	181 £420	211 £30		
3 £50	33 £110	63 £160	93 £240	123 £85	153 £180	182 £55	212 £70		
4 £120	34 £80	64 £280	94 £240	124 £360	154 £95	183 £70	213 £45		
5 £100	35 £220	65 £260	95 £260	125 £240	155 £120	184 £38	214 £25		
6 £55	36 £180	66 £300	96 £260	126 £140	156 £480	185 £55	215 £100		
7 £200	37 £120	67 £120	97 £220	127 £200	157 £450	186 £85	216 £70		
8 £220	38 £110	68 £95	98 £170	128 £260	158 £70	187 £70	217 £600		
9 £240	39 £100	69 £90	99 £160	129 £220	159 £32	188 £15	218 £25		
10 £300	40 £85	70 £170	100 £170	130 £350	160 £95	189 £150	219 £20		
11 £180	41 £85	71 £220	101 £60	131 and	161 £65	190 £90			
12 £70	42 £130	72 £280	102 £85	132 £360	162 £55	191 £20			
13 £60	43 £170	73 £130	103 £65	133 £130	163 £55	192 £45			
14 £60	44 £260	74 £170	104 £300	134 £100	164 £60	193 £55			
15 £85	45 £240	75 £160	105 £160	135 £110	165 £60	194 £50			
16 £90	46 £75	76 £80	106 no lot	136 £100	166 £70	195 £50			
17 £35	47 £200	77 £120	107 £200	137 £300	167 £20	196 £80			
18 £45	48 £120	78 £180	108 £480	138 £240	168 £35	197 £70			
19 £50	49 £150	79 £70	109 £420	139 £150	169 £65	198 £65			
20 £70	50 £160	80 £100	110 £200	140 £350	169A £40	199 £85			
21 £90	51 £220	81 £160	111 £150	141 £200	170 £20	200 £180			
22 £40	52 £120	82 £75	112 £140	142 £300	171 £400	201 £50			
23 £70	53 £130	83 £70	113 £160	143 £200	172 £45	202 £240			
24 £130	54 £75	84 £120	114 £130	144 £350	173 £80	203 £50			
25 £110	55 £85	85 £75	115 £130	145 £120	174 £140	204 £40			
26 £65	56 £160	86 £40	116 £110	146 £120	175 £80	205 £60			
27 £75	57 £160	87 £85	117 £50	147 £110	176 £400	206 £120			
28 £40	58 £130	88 £45	118 £130	148 £140	177 £40	207 pass			
29 £110	59 £120	89 £55	119 £130	149 £80	178 £75	208 £85			
30 pass	60 £110	90 £75	120 £100	150 £200	179 £140	209 £30			

(20)

Full list of prices realised at the DOC sale. Christies no TOS24/01/84. (24 Jan 1984).

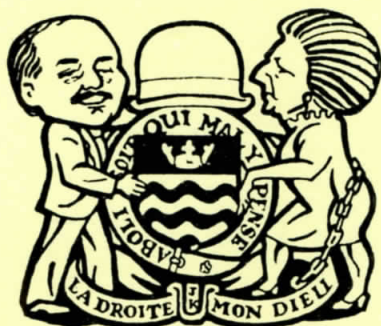
THE GLC PRESENTS
THE
RATEPAYERS' IOLANTHE



Directed by NED SHERRIN Designed by DAPHNE DARE
Based on the operetta by GILBERT and SULLIVAN
adapted by NED SHERRIN and ALISTAIR BEATON

24 July - 11 August 1984

Presented by arrangement with Raymond Gubbay
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DEPARTMENT FOR RECREATION AND THE ARTS

The Ratepayers' Iolanthe

Government proposals for the Abduction of London
and the Foundering of Local Democracy

*Presented to the People by the
Chair of the Arts and Recreation Committee
by Command of our Leader
July, August 1984*

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60p